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"A LONG WAY FROM THE HUSKING BEE!"

—The Day of Rest at Coney Island.—Page 24

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XIX.

J U L Y , 1908.

No. 1.



BRYAN—JOHNSON

on

What the Matter Is In America and What To Do About It

By LINCOLN STEFFENS

Author of "The Shame of the Cities," "The Struggle for Self-Government," etc.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Last month Mr. Steffens, through interviews with the Republican presidential candidates, showed what they really think about our national problems and how, if elected, they would go about solving them. He now undertakes to place the Democratic candidates on record in the same way. Bryan and Johnson explain what they believe to be the matter in the United States, and what they propose to do about it. Every one to whom the destinies of the republic are important should read this article.

WHEN, along in the early nineties, the present revival of democracy began in the United States, neither of the two great political parties represented the people. Hence the Populists.

The Republicans and the Democrats represented the same thing. They had inherited different principles, and their platforms contained planks which did not look alike: on the tariff, for example. But their contests

were farces. We used to say, you remember, that they fought only for the "spoils of office"; and now we know that the political spoils were but a small part of their purpose. What they really made us march for in those old torchlight processions was to win for them the privilege of letting privileges to—business. Hence, for example, the Democratic failures with "tariff reform."

Now both parties are beginning to represent us. Hence the fresh promises from both of tariff revision. But beware. It is not the machines that are for us; "organization costs money," and both the old organizations are loyal to the same old non-partisan sources of their equal, bi-partisan corruption. It is only the leaders that are really democratic; a few men who have appeared in about equal numbers in both parties and who have used public opinion (the demagogues!) to force their organizations with about equal difficulty to pay heed in about equally slight degree to a few of the demands of—the whole nation.

Hence the hard, quiet fight of those same old interests to beat the new leaders in both the old parties.

And hence the wisdom, especially at this time, of looking askance at the party platforms and listening instead to their leaders; not all the leaders, but those few in both parties who are offering to lead us and their parties out of corruption and trouble. We know who these leaders are. We know they are honest; but that isn't enough. We believe they are loyal, and we have seen them fight; that is much, very, very much; and for awhile it was enough. But it is not enough now. What we want to know now is what they think the matter is; how they propose to fix it, and what they want us to do, all of us, all together, like a nation of intelligent, concerned, sovereign citizens, with ballots in our hands, with good will in our hearts, and in our heads some few ideas of our own.

We heard last month from Roosevelt and Taft and La Follette, the democratic leaders of the Republican party. Now for a couple of the democratic leaders of the Democratic party; and first:

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

It is just twelve years since Mr. Bryan appeared as a national leader. He looked, with his democracy, like a menace, then; he was called dangerous, impossible. Now he is "not so dangerous as Roosevelt" and is regarded as, at least, a possibility. Bryan is, in a sense, a measure of our progress. For it isn't Bryan that has changed. He is more mature, steadier, quieter, but he is surer, too, and his doctrines are, at bottom, the same. And this is a remarkable fact about this man.

From the moment he raised in protest the "cross of gold," Bryan has taken seriously his leadership of the Democratic party. He has had against him the old leaders and their organization, and he has fought them. But—have you ever thought of this?—he has fought the Democratic organization, not with organization methods, but with democracy. He has appealed to the members of it, to the people themselves, and it is their pressure that has counted. Like Roosevelt and Hughes, La Follette and Folk, Bryan has wielded the power of public opinion. To have and to hold this power he has gone up and down this land, day in and day out, year after year, teaching and preaching, pleading, debating, defending; he has been watched; criticised; lauded; but

—best test of all—he has been defeated and defeated and defeated.

And he is unchanged. And his organization is unchanged. It hates and it dreads Mr. Bryan as much as the "regular" Republicans hate and fear Mr. Roosevelt. Yet, like Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Bryan is the acknowledged leader of his party, and all the world acknowledges that he is a loyal leader, sincere, simple, true to his principles, courageous, patient, and full of hope.

In brief, there is no doubt whatsoever about the character of the man. But what does he teach? What are his principles? What does he think the matter is, and what does he propose that we shall do about it?

He answered, as he has always answered, easily. Not as Taft did; not forgetting that he was a candidate for the presidency. Mr. Bryan never forgets that; and this is no gibe at him. Mr. Bryan has accepted, with thought, all the responsibilities of his leadership.

"When I first realized," he said once when we were resting, "when I saw that I had an influence upon the minds of men, I pledged myself never to forget that this meant for me a moral responsibility, and I never have forgotten it."

And so it is with his responsibility to his party. He is a partisan; I mean that his partisanship goes to the extent of biasing his mind. He excuses some bad chapters in the ancient history of his party. And, in this interview, his sense of his partisan candidacy stood in the way of that free, full expression of his mind which was so winning in Taft. Mr. Bryan thinks some things which he will not say, because they are "not issues now" and, also, because the people are not ready for them. But what Mr. Bryan had to say he said easily, slowly, and of himself; he was, in an absent-minded way, impatient of questions.

"What the matter is in this country?" he repeated, and his heavily lined face leveled itself in thought. He wasn't puzzled, like Taft; he understood the question, as La Follette did. He had thought about it before.

"But," he began, "there are several ways of answering it." He paused. "It is one problem," he thought aloud, "but several factors enter into it," and, summing them all up, at last, he said:

"There has been a lowering of our ideals of life. The measure of success has been money, and the method by which the money was ac-



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WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

quired has not been considered. Hence the lowering of American ideals has led to the debauching of society as well as to the corruption of politics."

"Society in the big sense?"

"Yes. Society in its social, business, and political sense; all the relations of man with man. And, of course, they must be all about equally corrupted, for we cannot separate the political from the social and economic man. If he goes wrong in part, he is apt to go wrong all through."

"Now it is this false ideal which has led to extravagance—in order to keep up appearances; to gambling in business; to disturbing methods in politics; finally to the corruption of government. For the government can be, and it is, used as an asset in business."

"And back of all that?" I asked.

"Wait a minute," he said. "I am speaking now of the evil that can be cured by individual action, and the cure for it; the cure for the lowering of our ideals is to raise our ideals. And that has begun. The tide has turned; the trend to-day is upward. Men and women are looking to higher, better things, and they must be encouraged to look to higher, better lives. Everybody can help in that."

Mr. Bryan is, as he calls himself, an individualist, and he lays always great stress upon the moral responsibility of each man and woman. But he recognizes the influence of the conditions of life, both in causes and in cures, and when I asked him next what was the cause of the bad ideals, his answer was ready:

"The opportunities to make money fast. We have a rich country, rich, I mean, in natural resources, and we have made prizes of them for the few. Business has been converted into a wheel of fortune. There were a few large prizes and many blanks. And these prizes have given us false ideals."

But not only the resources of the country were prizes. No. "Invention has multiplied the productivity of machinery and labor; and the man who owned the machine, not the inventor and not the worker, has profited by the rapid multiplication of wealth."

"But these owners of the machines think that they made their money by their own efforts," I suggested. "Aren't they abler than the inventor and the worker?"

"Not always," said Mr. Bryan soberly. But he wasn't thinking of those men; his

mind was intent on the moral effect of their "success" on others.

"Their prize-winning excited hopes which can be realized only in a few cases," he continued. "Just as a wheel of fortune raises in all who play it hopes which only a few can realize."

It was impossible to stop Mr. Bryan there for further analysis of these economic causes and cures; he was headed straight for political issues.

"The greatest invention of this, our era of opportunities for the few," he said, "is the corporation! That is a great machine, good and useful, but a great cause of evil. I am not speaking now of economic evil, nor industrial, but political. I am seeing its use of the powers of the government. Corporations are created by law. And we have made the mistake of creating corporations without sufficiently controlling or regulating them."

"We have allowed railroads, for example, to incorporate. That is perfectly proper. And we have given them the sovereign power of eminent domain. Perfectly proper. But after granting these corporations a part of the state sovereignty on the theory that they were public enterprises for the public service and good, we have allowed them to be conducted as private businesses. And they have been conducted as private enterprises; as great prizes. They have been managed without regard to the interest of either stockholders or patrons. The directors of railroads have been permitted to water stock and acquire subsidiary corporations, which they bought cheap themselves personally and then sold dear to themselves as controllers or officers of the parent road."

"Why," he said, looking up, "it would take a railroad president fifty years to earn five millions at \$100,000 a year. Sometimes he has made that much in a week by juggling the stock of his own road: buying it in low for himself and selling it high to himself as president. And the many pay. These men have added millions to their wealth by the issue of stocks and bonds predicated upon excessive rates to be paid by the coming generations."

"But those men think," I objected, "that they have done so much for the development of the country that they should be paid more than merely high salaries."

"One moment," said Mr. Bryan, sticking to his own line of thought.

He said that railroads were but one phase



Photograph by Kuhnle, St. Peter, Minn.

JOHN ALBERT JOHNSON.



AUDITORIUM BUILDING AT DENVER.

In which the National Democratic Convention of 1908 will be held.

of the subject. They were one kind of corporation, the public-service kind, and, before saying what to do about them, he described the other kind, viz.: "that which controls merchandise; not the transportation of goods, but the goods themselves."

"These are the trusts," he said. "Their object is to suppress competition, corner the market, and exploit the country. They offer a great prize—to the few. Our population is so large that a corporation which can control any necessity can make millions by adding a few cents or even mills to the price to the consumer. The increased cost to the

consumer on one item looks too small to notice, but when a large number of these monopolies get to work, the total burden is great."

And, going back to his moral answer to the main question, Mr. Bryan traced the consequences to our ideals.

"The unearned income from such organizations demoralizes those who collect it and"—looking up to drive home the point—"their 'success' excites imitation and extravagance in others, in the people."

So, you see, Mr. Bryan thinks these trusts have corrupted not only government and

business, but also their directors and the people.

Distinguishing clearly between these moral consequences and the economic cause, Mr. Bryan went on to say:

"The great economic evil to be remedied, then, is the unequal *distribution* of wealth after it is created." He calls the American people the most intelligent producers in the world, and he said we both produce and consume twice as much as any equal population. "But," he feared, "inequality of distribution will finally paralyze production. For it will kill that great stimulus to endeavor: the assurance that the reward will be commensurate with the effort."

Since unequal distribution is the one, fundamental cause of our various evils, what must the remedy be?

"The remedy," Mr. Bryan said, "must be found in an approach to equity." And he took up "two plans that are under discussion," socialism and individualism.

"The Socialist," he said, "proposes to eliminate the employer. The government is to own and operate all instrumentalities of production and distribution.

"The Individualist says that competition is the better regulating force, and he proposes, therefore, to restore and safeguard competition.

"Our action on all political and economic questions depends upon which of these two points of view we take," he proceeded slowly. And he implied that, consciously or unconsciously, we all choose one or the other of these two positions. He used the trusts to illustrate; and he showed how the promoters of these great organizations are making, unwittingly, of course, but certainly, toward socialism.

"The Socialists," Mr. Bryan said truly, "are for the trusts. They believe that competition is wasteful and that there is an economic advantage in monopoly; so they propose that the government, instead of exterminating trusts, should simply take possession, and, by owning and operating them, give to the whole people the benefits of—monopoly."

Mr. Bryan rested a moment, then he proceeded:

"The Individualist believes that the condition, the very principle of private monopoly should be exterminated. Not the industry, of course; on the contrary, the industry should be revived, increased, enlarged, upon a natural, stable foundation."

He was speaking, observe, not now of public-service monopolies: railroads, light, water, and gas. These he wished to leave till later in the interview, and, as we shall see, he proposed to *try* to regulate them. He was thinking now of "merchandise trusts": oil, steel, paper, etc. He wouldn't even try to regulate them; they must be forbidden.

"Those who advocate the government control of such trusts go half-way to socialism. For they are granting the Socialist contention that there is an economic advantage in monopoly. They not only declare against competition as a regulating force; they eliminate all questions but two:

"First: whether the benefits of monopoly shall be enjoyed by all the people or by only a few; and they will hardly contend in the open for the few. So that we come to the

"Second: Whether the state can secure to the people by regulation the benefits of monopoly. And if monopoly is good and it can't be regulated, then public ownership is inevitable.

"And I believe," he decided, "that regulation of monopolies will be found impossible. Their interests are so large, their power is so concentrated, their means so ample to corrupt and to force out competition, that the monopolists will have constantly an advantage over the people at large, who, suffering each only a little bit, can be brought only by great effort to an effective cooperation in opposition. For example, politically, the candidate for office will always favor regulation, if that plan is decided upon, but the trusts can contribute so largely to campaign funds and can exert so powerful an influence over their employees that the man in office is apt to listen to the trusts rather than to the people. This is exactly what has happened, what happens now, and it will happen in the future."

Thus, then, Mr. Bryan came to two clear conclusions:

(1) That the trusts are, and that they must continue to be, the great source of our so-called political corruption.

(2) That the government isn't strong enough to govern (or regulate) trusts.

It is in this second particular, by the way, that Mr. Bryan differs essentially from the President and Mr. Taft, who, believing in the power of the government, would let the trusts grow under the regulation of the law. Mr. Bryan, sceptical of man-made law, would depend upon an economic law, the law of competition.

"I believe," he said, "that competition is a necessary force, and that competition should be relied upon wherever competition is possible. And competition is possible except where, in the nature of the case, one corporation must have the entire business."

Here is where he returns to his important distinction between the railroads and other such public-service corporations, which are natural, necessary monopolies, and "merchandise" corporations, which are artificial and bad.

"City water is an example," he said, "of natural monopolies. It is not possible to have several water plants in one city. It is better to make water a monopoly. And, one by one, the cities have learned this and taken possession each of its own one plant. They come naturally to it. They find, first, that they can't have competition; then they find that they can't control a water monopoly. The monopoly won't let them; it goes into politics and it neglects the water. And, having taken possession, the cities find that the dangers following public ownership are less than the evils of private ownership. The same experience will bring the people to the same conclusion about any public service which must be a monopoly."

The conversation ran off into a comparison of notes, showing how cities everywhere now are struggling with street-railways, gas, electric light, and other public services, trying hard to regulate in the interest of the public and to stop corruption; how these interests fight regulation and redouble their corruption. But Mr. Bryan believes in letting the people find out for themselves what they can and cannot do in the cities.

"I think," he said, "that the people prefer private ownership wherever private ownership is possible, and it is the refusal of franchise holders to deal fairly and honestly with the public which will finally drive us to ownership of natural monopolies in self-defence."

"Isn't there a conflict of interest there," I asked, "which makes political corruption necessary, economically unavoidable? Take the steam railroads, for an example."

"The steam railroads," he said, "are not so clearly monopolistic as municipal services, but the consolidation of lines and the absorption of competing roads are introducing the monopolistic condition." He cited cases where, in spite of present attempts to "regulate," this merger process was continuing. The natural monopoly is coming naturally,

and Mr. Bryan sees it. And as we have seen above, he says in general terms that natural monopolies cannot be regulated. Therefore, the railroads must be publicly owned. Indeed, he spoke his conviction on this point in his speech in Madison Square when he returned from Europe. But he doesn't care to hurry the people in their settlement of the question. He leaves that to the railroads. He will give regulation a fair trial.

"It has failed in all the states except Wisconsin," I suggested.

"And Texas and Oklahoma," he added.

"But," he went on, "regulation has not been tried sufficiently to enable the public to pass upon the question whether it can be made effective. The railroads make it ineffective. See how they opposed the Esch-Townsend bill to regulate. They organized their opposition to it, and they were able to prevent the passage of an effective measure. For the law we got was a compromise and unsatisfactory. And the railroads soon learned that they had made a mistake. When the states began to reduce fares and regulate traffic, the roads ran to the federal government for legislation to deprive state legislatures of power to regulate even interstate commerce, and to vest in Congress the exclusive control. And this demand is not in the interest of regulation, of course, but to prevent it. For Congress is not as responsive to the public even as the states are. They are headed, those interests, for the national government, and if they could concentrate all regulative power at Washington, it would simply increase their interest in national politics and make regulation more difficult than it is now."

Mr. Bryan paused, then he referred to the fact that just as the railroads deliver the privileges which corrupt business and facilitate the growth of trusts, so they are the carriers also of most of the big financial and business corruption of politics.

"And," he concluded, "no one who understands the great power and the various uses of the railroad lobby can regard complacently an increase of railroad activity in our national politics."

Regulation is impossible; trying to regulate increases the corruption of government. What, then, are we to do? Mr. Bryan says:

"First, we must strengthen the representative character of the government by electing senators by direct vote of the people.

"Second, as to the railroads and other

natural monopolies, we must try faithfully and fairly to regulate them till they have taught the people that they cannot be regulated.

"Third, as to the other, the artificial monopolies, we must exterminate them and return to the competitive system. And the ways to exterminate these trusts are several." He gave them.

(1) Enforce the criminal laws.

(2) Tariff reform. "I would put on the free list foreign-made articles in competition with domestic trust-made articles."

(3) "But the most effective way is a national license; not like the President's; his would embarrass legitimate and help illegitimate corporations. It is possible to require a license for corporations controlling, say, twenty-five per cent. This would leave the small corporations untouched. Not more than one in a thousand would be required to take out a license. But a licensed corporation should act under federal supervision till it controls, say, fifty per cent. of the product. Then forbid its further growth."

I was unable to see how the government could regulate such businesses any better than it could railroads, but Mr. Bryan said the government could withdraw the use of the mails, express, telegraph, and railroad facilities from any corporation that is conspiring against the public good. And he proceeded to show how the license system could provide against watering stock and cutting prices to beat competition in one locality. "This method," he concluded, "hits only the man you are after: the monopolist."

Returning to the tariff, Mr. Bryan called it "the great source of privilege and prizes." Manufacturers had been permitted to make the schedules in their own interest and to levy tribute and increase their private fortunes. He would go after the tariff in the public interest: first, making free, as he said above, articles in competition with trusts; then, "cutting materially the tariff on the necessities of life"; and so on down to the revision basis.

Mr. Bryan, unlike the President, does not put the trusts and the labor unions in the same category, nor would he legislate against them together. To Mr. Bryan, unions are associations of men to improve the conditions of labor and living, and they are not at all like combinations to control a commodity. His attitude toward injunctions and other details of the labor question is well known, and I pass that by. What I wanted to know was what

we all were to do about this struggle of Labor and Capital, each for a greater share of the profits of production. He said it was a struggle that would never be settled. "We shall gradually approximate to justice."

Certainly this is as bad as Taft's reply, "God knows," when the voice in Cooper Union asked what he proposed to do about the unemployed.

Indeed, these two men—and for that matter all the leaders questioned—do not differ essentially in the final analysis of their programs. They all would return to competition, which socialism and the trusts would abolish. They all want the struggle for survival to go on; it is to be a fair fight, but a fight, and for wealth, too, even between Capital and Labor. Bryan, having had more time to reflect and having lived out West, where the problems of business and politics are clearer and simpler, sees them more definitely than Roosevelt and Taft, who have been men of action always. Bryan sees it more as La Follette does, who, though a man of action, has been occupied also in the West. For example, Bryan goes at the problem of poverty consciously. All his policies are directed, as he himself points out, at excessive wealth, which is, at bottom, the same as excessive poverty. And besides the remedies listed above, he advocates, like the President, an inheritance tax and, more important still, "a tax on incomes as a regular item in our fiscal system." So does Taft advocate these measures; but Bryan sees the relation to other taxes. "An income tax would offset a little the burden of other taxes, which fall most heavily on the poor." The constitutional objection of the Supreme Court Bryan meets with a proposition to amend the Constitution. Taft regards this as unnecessary. Indeed, Taft doesn't want any more legislation than is necessary to make our present laws effective. And there we have a big difference between the two men.

Bryan sees the part privileges play in our system; he sees it clearly as a cause of injustice, and he would legislate and legislate and legislate till he had abolished all the artificial advantages that are granted by government. "Privileges for none, justice for all," he repeats. And he sees how much of our political, commercial, and social corruption would be removed if the government were to cease to be a source of advantages for one man over another.

Taft, a proved executive and a born judge,

would depend upon the executive and judicial powers of the government to achieve the same end, more vaguely seen. Bryan is not of the executive type, and there is reason to fear that he is no better judge of men than Roosevelt, to say nothing of Taft; but, seeing the end more clearly, he would not depend so much upon the men he appointed and the courts to prevent and punish evil as he would upon legislation to remove the cause. And, unlike Taft, but very much like Roosevelt, Bryan would preach and teach and—lead. For, as he began his talk with our lowered ideals, so he ended it with higher ideals: "We must not only see to it that the government shall take away the prizes that make men pursue a low ideal; we must all of us as individuals strive to live better lives and to inculcate higher ideals in others." Taft should give us better government of things as they are; Bryan, leading us on to change things, should make us a better people.

JOHN ALBERT JOHNSON

JOHN JOHNSON is the newest of those new leaders toward whom the American people are looking with hope. And there is hope in him. He differs from the rest in this, that his loyalty to democracy is questioned. Not by me. It is said in Minnesota that he is "Jim Hill's man." I don't believe it. This Democratic governor of a Republican state has put through his Republican legislature acts too many and too democratic to qualify as any railroad man's man.

He did his work smoothly, and, as I suggested to him, he should explain how he accomplished so much good without a fight; without achieving either the hate of the "low-down" politicians or the execrations of the "high-up" business men.

His wrinkly face wrinkled all over with humor as, with mock seriousness, I went on.

"You are a fit subject for inquiry," I said. "Roosevelt, Folk, and La Follette, Heney, Hughes, Ben Lindsey, and Tom Johnson—they all have to fight, while you—you ought to be investigated."

The Governor enjoyed it. "Well, come on out and investigate," he laughed. "I wish you would."

Refusing to rake any more muck, I asked him to tell me himself how he did it. He tried to. He is a tall, angular figure; not like

Lincoln: not too tall; not ungainly; and his face isn't homely. It is long, thin, and wrinkled. Charles Edward Russell said that Governor Johnson looks more like a Yankee than a Swede, and that is pat. But the type is the Yankee of the West. And there is the key to Johnson, inside and out. He is a Northwesterner. His wrinkles are the dry lines of the dry Western air, and the ready, amiable, genuinely humorous smile that rises out of his blue eyes overflows through those wrinkles like water through an irrigation system. And the effect is the same. His thin, plain face becomes fat with humanity. So with his mind. It is strong, but patient; sure of the future, but struggling now, earnestly, pleasantly, and, best of all, candidly.

Sitting on the arm of a great hotel chair, his great, useful hands helping him talk, he proceeded with his apology for doing good without arousing hate. Seriously, yet with a twinkle of the wrinkles, he described his method of dealing with an opposition legislature.

"I used to go up and sit with the members," he said. "The way I did when I was one of them. I made them understand. And I made them understand that I wasn't playing a game. They are all right——"

Other things he had said indicated that the legislature of Minnesota was just like any other legislature. And the Governor meant, evidently, that his legislators are all right only as most men are all right—when they are not tempted and forced to be all wrong. Governor Hughes's legislators also wanted to do right, and they sweated and trembled and got drunk when they were forced to do wrong. But forced they were; and bribed; and corrupted. Why were not Governor Johnson's legislators forced and bribed and corrupted?

He explained, and he illustrated with the stories of particular measures; in vain. He must be a wonderful personality to have done what he did, but, of course, he had to leave himself out, and without himself his account of himself was no account at all. As he must have felt, for, in the midst of his apology, he laughed, and quit.

"You better come out and see for yourself," he said.

And, really, some one should go out there and see how it happens that they do not say of him as they do in the East of Roosevelt and in the West of Heney: "Oh, his purposes

are good, but his methods—I don't like the way he does things."

They say just the opposite of Johnson. They don't like some of the things he does, but his methods are popular. There is ground for suspicion in the distinction, but I think the doubt about this man is due only to his newness as a national leader; and that is as it should be. A people should not go running after every new and unknown leader so long as the old and proved men are true and willing and able to serve them. But give John Johnson time, and he will make good.

The man has intellectual integrity. He sees what he sees straight; and he sees now the evil consequences of our evil conditions with a vivid clearness which proves that he will see more. His grasp at present is neither broad nor deep; it is the Northwest that he knows, and the rest of the world appears to him from the point of view of the Northwest. Provincialism is a limitation, but his is not a mind made up, like Taft's and Bryan's. He is teachable, and, like Roosevelt, he learns cheerfully and fast, from anybody.

"What the matter is?" he repeated, when I told him what I wanted to ask him. "Hum! What the matter is, and what to do about it? Oh, yes, I understand, and I'll tell you how I see it; but you go 'way and give me a couple of hours to line it out."

That afternoon, in a gloomy hotel bedroom, he stretched himself full length in a big armchair, and—he talked.

"To begin with," he said, "the trouble is due to the indifference of the American citizen to his political power and his political duty. We could do anything with the suffrage, anything; but we vote for a party, not for measures. Some men are even proud to say that they have always voted the Democratic (or the Republican) ticket, and I've heard them say that their family voted for the same party before them!"

Mr. Bryan should have seen the exclamation point Mr. Johnson made with his two wondering eyes.

"Why," said this Democrat, "the allegiance of a citizen is due to his country, not to a party. Political parties are controlled very often by men who are not moved by impulses to give the best possible service for the people, and such men can betray the party and the state and the people, *because* the voters vote for the party, no matter who controls it, whom it nominates, or what it does."

Tracing the party absurdity up through candidates and elections into legislatures, local, state, and national, the Governor showed how the individual sank his individuality in the organization, which betrayed him and the state. It was plain to see that the picture was very clear in his imagination, and incredibly preposterous. His own experience in the legislature kept his mind open sympathetically to the temptation, yes, the force, which carries men along; and he has therefore no contempt for those who sold or gave themselves away. But in a mild, though most convincing manner, he declared that an individual legislator, for example, could defy his party and serve the people with success.

"I did it," he said, not boastfully, but rather in wonder that more men didn't try it. "The combine began by taking me in; surrounding me; working me—you know how. And when the time came and I refused to go into caucus with them, they punished me. But I didn't let that bother me. And, by and by, they let me go my way."

An individualist, Governor Johnson blames individuals for our political troubles, and his remedy is—insistent individuality. He would have the voter be an individual and he would have the man in office be an individual; as he himself is.

"If one individual will fight," he concluded, "others will fight with him."

"But why don't they want to fight?" I asked. "What is it that makes us not want to fight? What is it that doesn't want us to want to fight for the right? What is back of the politics?"

The puzzled expression that had come over his face as he was talking about the men who wouldn't fight passed away, and he rose, relieved and interested.

"I was coming to that," he said, and he seemed to see the world from the top of a hill in the great Northwest. "It is a wonderful country," he began. "It was full of rich resources, open to anybody. Coal, forests, land, gold—fortunes, and few men. But the people came, more and more, and some of them worked and some of them found things. It was great," he reflected, seeing, as he made me see, a population fall upon the wilderness and settle upon what it happened to be their luck to light upon—gold or labor. "But"—he swept away the vision of the pioneers' gamble with a wave of his arm, and, sitting upon the arm of his chair, he went on.

"There's no wilderness now, no resources,

no more free land; or not much. Everything is claimed, owned. The public domain is practically 'taken up.' No more chances now; no more luck; it's work."

Looking off into space, he saw the workers work. "Eighty millions of us now," he said, by and by. "We are becoming very, very fast a congested population, and there will soon be hardly room enough for all."

"Politics," I suggested, to bring him back, and back he came.

"Yes, politics," he said. "Some men went into farming, some into cattle, some into railroads, gas, electric light." He waved his hand. "These brought improvements. They developed the country, and the people were grateful. The people helped develop the country and the railroads and—the improvements. But they gave the promoters full swing and that, with the gratitude, was political power. The men who own the forests and the mines, the railroads and the—improvements, they had to go into politics to preserve their interests. They put into office their friends. They didn't always bribe and buy, you understand; they picked, they nominated men who were friendly to them, who *represented* them!"

John Johnson turned and looked keenly at me. Concern was on his face. He cared; and that's why I'm sure he will not betray us. He will not represent the railroads; no man will who sees that vision as John Johnson sees it, with regret; no man.

"That," he said, sinking down into his chair, "that is what has broken down our system of representative government. Our government represents the men who own the resources of the country, and they make it represent interests and not men. They make it take the business, not the human point of view."

That was the big idea in his mind.

"The people must earn and pay six per cent. on \$12,000,000,000 invested in railroads. They can. The country is rich. But the people aren't getting richer. They are getting poorer. Now, the charges were high, at the start, per capita, but nobody cared; everybody had enough. But as the population increased, the values did not go down, per capita. We each pay about the same—per capita, you understand. For, as the population increases, the capitalization increases, and only the allotments of land diminish. There is competition in farming; the railroads are beating competition.

Farmers earn less and less; the railroads earn more and more. They pay always about the same—dividends."

He looked at me to see if I understood, then he explained further:

"The people compete with one another. Monopolies—railroads, land companies, mines, public service corporations, and trusts—they don't compete. Nothing can check them but the government, and the government represents them."

That was perfectly clear, but what of it?

"The monopolies are combining. Railroads and banks, trusts and banks and railroads. The commercial power of the United States is becoming unified."

"Well?"

"They control also the political power. They receive our money as well as our votes on deposit, and—they don't do well with them." He told the story of the panic of 1907 from the point of view of Minnesota. "Our crops were good. We were well-to-do. We owned money. But they were scared in Wall Street and they wouldn't let us have *our* money. They were indignant when we asked for it, and they are indignant when we ask for our political rights."

"That, then, is the condition," I said. "What's the matter?"

"All power, political and commercial, is centralizing, and it is getting more and more of the wealth of the country. The workers as a mass get more, but as individuals ever less and less. And that is going on getting worse and worse. The people increase, the country remains the same; we develop more; we add to our wealth as a nation, but—the division at the bottom becomes less and less."

"There's a condition," I repeated. "What's the matter?"

"We have classes," he persisted. "We have those who control political power and natural resources, and we have the—peasant class."

He paused and he asked: "Do you know what that means? You have been to Europe? Do you know what peasants are? The first American farmer, he who found the land and worked it first, he made his money. He was a farmer; now he is a capitalist. He is moving into town. He rents his land, he, the small squire, to the peasant, who works it for a living wage. The condition will soon be deplorable; not in our day. It will come so gradually that we shall get used to it, we and the peasants."

"And the workers in town?"

"The same, I guess," he said. The Northwesterner knows the country and the country people best; sees them clearest; feels their troubles most. He wasn't vivid on cities and Labor.

"What is the matter?" I recalled again, and he answered:

"I don't know."

"What are we to do about it?"

"I don't know," he said.

I laughed. "Aren't you ashamed," I said, "to come out offering yourself as a leader of such a people in such a condition, with no idea of what to do?"

He looked ashamed, but he laughed and, with a shrewd twinkle in his eyes, he asked about the other candidates.

"Do they know what to do?"

"No," I admitted. "Most of them don't, and it is amazing that they don't. They have remedies——"

"Oh," he interrupted, "I have remedies. There are things I would do." And he told how he would gradually knock out the tariff, the mother of privileges; how he would be for an income tax; an inheritance tax; how he would have the cities own the public service monopolies.

"And the railroads and trusts?"

He balked. He has a stereotyped answer for that. "I wouldn't have the state do anything individuals could do." He is, like the rest, for regulation.

"But you have just shown," I argued, "that the trusts and the railroads regulate the government, which they have filled and corrupted with their friends. And, since those interests plead that they must corrupt the government in self-defense, won't your attempts at regulation stimulate their political activity?" He did not answer. "Why wouldn't you take over anything that hurts us?"

"Oh, I would, if it seemed unavoidable. But," he said, a protesting hand outstretched, "all these remedies are mere palliatives. You asked for a cure. They won't cure, any of them. I know that. But I don't know what will go to the root of the matter, and I don't believe anybody in the world does."

"But we must get at the root of the matter?"

"Yes; and the way to do it is to begin somewhere and feel our way. I would have the people take back their political power and then use it gradually (as they would), fairly,

cautiously, but firmly, to save our civilization."

And this is to be noted well of John Johnson. Most of his legislative acts have been in the direction of giving to the people the tools wherewith the more easily to assert their sovereignty in the government and to elect and control representatives who, in their interest, will deal with the "interests that control them commercially, industrially, and financially."

"We *must* make the government represent humanity," he repeated, "instead of interests. But by 'we' I mean 'we, the people,' not me. A democracy is what I believe in; self-government. We must get back to Jefferson, Jackson, Adams, even Hamilton!"

So says Mr. Johnson; and so say they all of them: our leaders are all looking backward for our future. They are striving to return to something that has been; or, worse still, to something which they think has been. For when did we ever have democracy? Or even a truly representative democracy? Not in Jefferson's day, nor in Jackson's. These Democratic leaders looked forward to democracy as an ideal of the future; and that is the way to look. And yet our present-day Jeffersons and Jacksons are all looking behind them!

Hasn't it been a remarkable exhibition, this series of interviews, of political and economic—absent-mindedness? Our leaders—the best of them—don't know much more than we do! Perhaps that is what the matter is with them. They represent us; represent, like the President, not only our interests, but our state of mind. We are a "practical people"; they are "practical men." We haven't been thinking; neither have they. We have been doing things; so have they. They have been fighting, and it has been enough heretofore that they have seen only the eyeballs of the front rank of the foe. But now—now that we and some of them are beginning to see that the war is to last "more than sixty days"; that there is an army behind the skirmishers, and that behind the army is an organized government, which is not ours; now, at length, it would seem to be time for us, and for them, to do some thinking; to consider what the matter is in this country, fundamentally, and to make up our minds, and theirs, what we ought to do about it, fundamentally.



NO MAN IS A HERO TO HIS SADDLE-HORSE.

THE LAST OF THE TROUBADOURS

By O. HENRY

Illustrations by Will Crawford

INEXORABLY Sam Galloway saddled his pony. He was going away from the Rancho Altito at the end of a three-months' visit. It is not to be expected that a guest should put up with wheat coffee and biscuits yellow-streaked with saleratus for longer than that. Nick Napoleon, the big negro man cook, had never been able to make good biscuits. Once before, when Nick was cooking at the Willow Ranch, Sam had been forced to fly from his *cuisine*, after only a six-weeks' sojourn.

On Sam's face was an expression of sorrow, deepened with regret and slightly tempered by the patient forgiveness of a connoisseur who cannot be understood. But very firmly and inexorably he buckled his saddle-cinches, looped his stake-rope and hung it to his saddle-horn, tied his slicker and coat on the cantle, and looped his quirt on his right wrist. The Merrydews (householders of the Rancho

Altito), men, women, children, and servants, vassals, visitors, employés, dogs, and casual callers were grouped in the "gallery" of the ranch house, all with faces set to the tune of melancholy and grief. For, as the coming of Sam Galloway to any ranch, camp, or cabin between the rivers Frio or Bravo del Norte aroused joy, so his departure caused mourning and distress.

And then, during absolute silence, except for the bumping of a hind elbow of a hound dog as he pursued a wicked flea, Sam tenderly and carefully tied his guitar across his saddle on top of his slicker and coat. The guitar was in a green duck bag; and if you catch the significance of it, it explains Sam.

Sam Galloway was the Last of the Troubadours. Of course you know about the troubadours. The encyclopædia says they flourished between the eleventh and the thirteenth centuries. What they flourished

doesn't seem clear—you may be pretty sure it wasn't a sword: maybe it was a fiddle-bow, or a forkful of spaghetti, or a lady's scarf. Anyhow, Sam Galloway was one of 'em.

Sam put on a martyred expression as he mounted his pony. But the expression on his face was hilarious compared with the one on his pony's. You see, a pony gets to know his rider mighty well, and it is not unlikely that cow ponies in pastures and at hitching racks had often guyed Sam's pony for being ridden by a guitar player instead of by a rollicking, cussing, all-wool cowboy. No man is a hero to his saddle-horse. And even an escalator in a department store might be excused for tripping up a troubadour.

Oh, I know I'm one; and so are you. You remember the stories you memorize and the card tricks you study and that little piece on the piano—how does it go?—ti-tum-te-tum-ti-tum—those little Arabian Ten Minute Entertainments that you furnish when you go up to call on your rich Aunt Jane. You should know that *omnia persona in tres partes divisa sunt*. Namely: Barons, Troubadours, and Workers. Barons have no inclination to read such folderol as this; and workers have no time; so I know you must be a troubadour and that you will understand Sam Galloway. Whether we sing, act, dance, write, lecture, or paint we are only troubadours; so let us make the worst of it.

The pony with the Dante Alighieri face, guided by the pressure of Sam's knees, bore that wandering minstrel sixteen miles south-eastward. Nature was in her most benignant mood. League after league of delicate, sweet flowerets made fragrant the gently undulating prairie. The east wind tempered the spring warmth; wool-white clouds flying in from the Mexican Gulf hindered the direct rays of the April sun. Sam sang songs as he rode. Under his pony's bridle he had tucked some sprigs of chaparral to keep away the deer flies. Thus crowned, the long-faced quadruped looked more Dantesque than before, and, judging by his countenance, seemed to think of Beatrice.

Straight astopography permitted, Sam rode to the sheep ranch of old man Ellison. A visit to a sheep ranch seemed to him desirable just then. There had been too many people, too much noise, argument, competition, confusion at Rancho Altito. He had never conferred upon old man Ellison the favor of sojourning at his ranch; but he knew he would be welcome. The troubadour is his own

passport everywhere. The Workers in the castle let down the drawbridge to him, and the Baron sets him at his left hand at table in the banquet hall. There ladies smile upon him and applaud his songs and stories, while the Workers bring boars' heads and flagons. If the Baron nods once or twice in his carved oaken chair he does not do it maliciously.

Old man Ellison welcomed the troubadour flatteringly. He had often heard praises of Sam Galloway from other ranchmen who had been complimented by his visits, but had never aspired to such an honor for his own humble barony. I say barony because old man Ellison was the Last of the Barons. Of course, Mr. Bulwer-Lytton lived too early to know him or he wouldn't have conferred that sobriquet upon Warwick. In life it is the duty and the function of the Baron to provide work for the Workers and lodging and shelter for the Troubadours.

Old man Ellison was a shrunken old man, with a short, yellow-white beard and a face lined and seamed by past-and-gone smiles. His ranch was a little two-room box house in a grove of hackberry trees in the loneliest part of the sheep country. His household consisted of a Kiowa Indian man cook, four hounds, a pet sheep, and a half-tamed coyote chained to a fence-post. He owned 3,000 sheep, which he ran on two sections of leased land and many thousands of acres neither leased nor owned. Three or four times a year some one who spoke his language would ride up to his gate and exchange a few bald ideas with him. Those were red-letter days to old man Ellison. Then in what illuminated, embossed, and gorgeously decorated capitals must have been written the day on which a troubadour—a troubadour who, according to the encyclopædia, should have flourished between the eleventh and the thirteenth centuries—drew rein at the gates of his baronial castle!

Old man Ellison's smiles came back and filled his wrinkles when he saw Sam. He hurried out of the house in his shuffling, limping way to greet him.

"Hello, Mr. Ellison," called Sam cheerfully. "Thought I'd drop over and see you a while. Notice you've had fine rains on your range. They ought to make good grazing for your spring lambs."

"Well, well, well," said old man Ellison. "I'm mighty glad to see you, Sam. I never thought you'd take the trouble to ride over to as out-of-the-way an old ranch as this. But

you're mighty welcome. 'Light. I've got a sack of new oats in the kitchen—shall I bring out a feed for your hoss?"

"Oats for him?" said Sam, derisively. "No, sir-ee. He's as fat as a pig now on grass. He don't get rode enough to keep him in condition. I'll just turn him in the horse pasture with a drag rope on if you don't mind."

I am positive that never during the eleventh and thirteenth centuries did Baron, Troubadour, and Worker amalgamate as harmoniously as their parallels did that evening at old man Ellison's sheep ranch. The Kiowa's biscuits were light and tasty and his coffee strong. Ineradicable hospitality and appreciation glowed on old man Ellison's weather-tanned face. As for the troubadour, he said to himself that he had stumbled upon pleasant places indeed. A well-cooked, abundant meal, a host whom his lightest attempt to entertain seemed to delight far beyond the merits of the exertion, and the reposeful atmosphere that his sensitive soul at that time craved united to confer upon him a satisfaction and luxurious ease that he had seldom found on his tours of the ranches.

After the delectable supper, Sam untied the green duck bag and took out his guitar. Not by way of payment, mind you—neither Sam Galloway nor any other of the true troubadours are lineal descendants of the late Tommy Tucker. You have read of Tommy Tucker in the works of the esteemed but often obscure Mother Goose. Tommy Tucker sang for his supper. No true troubadour would do that. He would have his supper, and then sing for Art's sake.

Sam Galloway's repertoire comprised about fifty funny stories and between thirty and forty songs. He by no means stopped there. He could talk through twenty cigarettes on any topic that you brought up. And he never sat up when he could lie down; and never stood when he could sit. I am strongly disposed to linger with him, for I am drawing a portrait as well as a blunt pencil and a tattered thesaurus will allow.

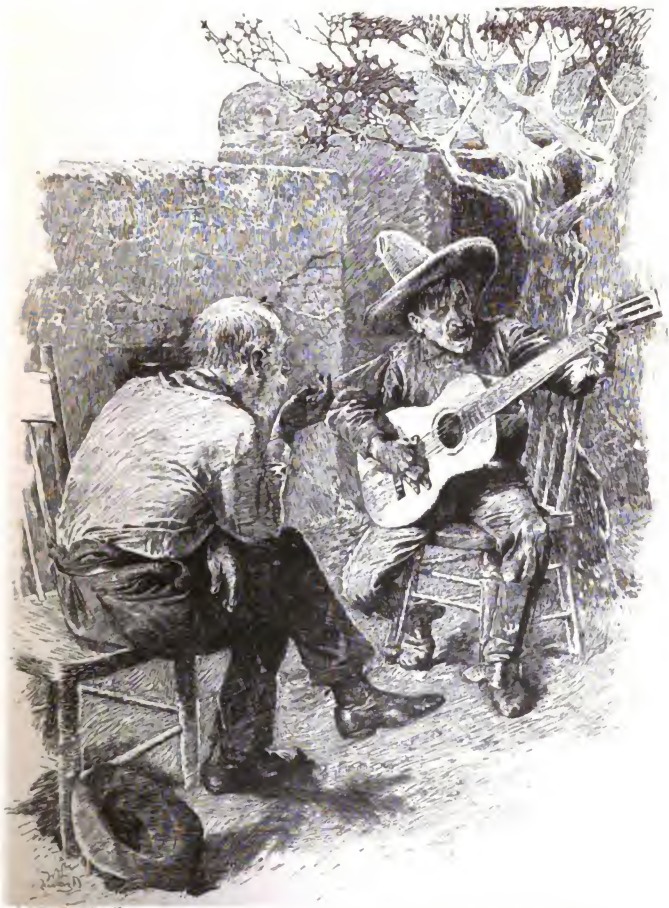
I wish you could have seen him: he was small and tough and inactive beyond the power of imagination to conceive. He wore an ultramarine-blue woolen shirt laced down the front with a pearl-gray exaggerated sort of shoestring, indestructible brown duck clothes, inevitable high-heeled boots with Mexican spurs, and a Mexican straw sombrero.

That evening Sam and old man Ellison

dragged their chairs out under the hackberry trees. They lighted cigarettes; and the troubadour gaily touched his guitar. Many of the songs he sang were the weird, melancholy, minor-keyed *canciones* that he had learned from the Mexican sheep herders and *vaqueros*. One, in particular, charmed and soothed the soul of the lonely baron. It was a favorite song of the sheep herders, beginning: "*Huile, huile, palomita*," which being translated means, "Fly, fly, little dove." Sam sang it for old man Ellison many times that evening.

The troubadour stayed on at the old man's ranch. There was peace and quiet and appreciation there such as he had not found in the noisy camps of the cattle kings. No audience in the world could have crowned the work of poet, musician, or artist with more worshipping and unflagging approval than that bestowed upon his efforts by old man Ellison. No visit by a royal personage to a humble woodchopper or peasant could have been received with more flattering thankfulness and joy.

On a cool, canvas-covered cot in the shade of the hackberry trees Sam Galloway passed the greater part of his time. There he rolled his brown paper cigarettes, read such tedious literature as the ranch afforded, and added to his repertoire of improvisations that he played so expertly on his guitar. To him, as a slave ministering to a great lord, the Kiowa brought cool water from the red jar hanging under the brush shelter, and food when he called for it. The prairie zephyrs fanned him mildly; mocking-birds at morn and eve competed with but scarce equaled the sweet melodies of his lyre; a perfumed stillness seemed to fill all his world. While old man Ellison was pottering among his flocks of sheep on his mile-an-hour pony, and while the Kiowa took his siesta in the burning sunshine at the end of the kitchen, Sam would lie on his cot thinking what a happy world he lived in, and how kind it is to the ones whose mission in life it is to give entertainment and pleasure. Here he had food and lodging as good as he had ever longed for; absolute immunity from care or exertion or strife; an endless welcome, and a host whose delight at the sixteenth repetition of a song or a story was as keen as at its initial giving. Was there ever a troubadour of old who struck upon as royal a castle in his wanderings? While he lay thus meditating upon his blessings little brown cottontails would shyly frolic through the



THE TROUBADOUR GAILY TOUCHED HIS GUITAR AND CHARMED AND SOOTHED
THE SOUL OF THE LONELY BARON.

yard; a covey of white-topknotted blue quail would run past, in single file, twenty yards away; a *paisano* bird, out hunting for tarantulas, would hop upon the fence and salute him with sweeping flourishes of its long tail. In the eighty-acre horse pasture the pony with the Dantesque face grew fat and almost smiling. The troubadour was at the end of his wanderings.

Old man Ellison was his own *vaciero*. That means that he supplied his sheep camps with wood, water, and rations by his own labors instead of hiring a *vaciero*. On small ranches it is often done.

One morning he started for the camp of Incarnacion Felipe de la Cruz y Monte Piedras (one of his sheep herders) with the week's usual rations of brown beans, coffee, meal, and sugar. Two miles away on the trail from old Fort Ewing he met, face to face, a terrible being called King James, mounted on a fiery, prancing, Kentucky-bred horse.

King James's real name was James King; but people reversed it because it seemed to fit him better, and also because it seemed to please his majesty. King James was the biggest cattleman between the Alamo plaza in San Antonio and Bill Hopper's saloon in Brownsville. Also he was the loudest and most offensive bully and braggart and bad man in Southwest Texas. And he always made good whenever he bragged; and the more noise he made the more dangerous he was. In the story papers it is always the quiet, mild-mannered man with light-blue eyes and a low voice who turns out to be really dangerous; but in real life and in this story such is not the case. Give me my choice between assaulting a large, loud-mouthed rough-houser and an inoffensive stranger with blue eyes sitting quietly in a corner, and you will see something doing in the corner every time.

King James, as I intended to say earlier, was a fierce two-hundred-pound sunburned blond man, as pink as an October strawberry, and with two horizontal slits under shaggy red eyebrows for eyes. On that day he wore a flannel shirt that was tan-colored with the exception of certain large areas which were darkened by transudations due to the summer sun. There seemed to be other clothing and garnishings about him, such as brown duck trousers stuffed into immense boots, and red handkerchiefs and revolvers; and a shotgun laid across his saddle and a leather belt with millions of cartridges shining

in it—but your mind skidded off such accessories; what held your gaze was just the two little horizontal slits that he used for eyes.

This was the man that old man Ellison met on the trail; and when you count up in the baron's favor that he was sixty-five and weighed ninety-eight pounds and had heard of King James's record and that he (the baron) had a hankering for the *vita simplex* and had no gun with him and wouldn't have used it if he had, you can't censure him if I tell you that the smiles with which the troubadour had filled his wrinkles went out of them and left them plain wrinkles again. But he was not the kind of baron that flies from danger. He reined in the mile-an-hour pony (no difficult feat), and saluted the formidable monarch.

King James expressed himself with royal directness.

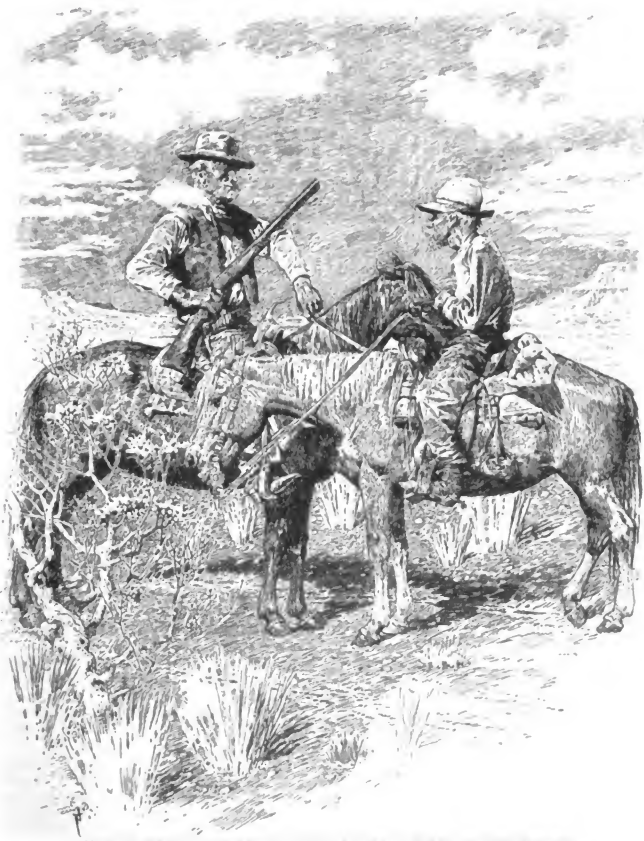
"You're that old snoozer that's running sheep on this range, ain't you?" said he. "What right have you got to do it? Do you own any land, or lease any?"

"I have two sections leased from the state," said old man Ellison, mildly.

"Not by no means you haven't," said King James. "Your lease expired yesterday; and I had a man at the land office on the minute to take it up. You don't control a foot of grass in Texas. You sheep men have got to git. Your time's up. It's a cattle country; and there ain't any room in it for snoozers. This range you've got your sheep on is mine. I'm putting up a wire fence, forty by sixty miles; and if there's a sheep inside of it when it's done it'll be a dead one. I'll give you a week to move yours away. If they ain't gone by then, I'll send six men over here with Winchester to make mutton out of the whole lot. And if I find you here at the same time this is what you'll get."

King James patted the breech of his shotgun warningly.

Old man Ellison rode on to the camp of Incarnacion. He sighed many times, and the wrinkles in his face grew deeper. Rumors that the old order was about to change had reached him before. The end of Free Grass was in sight. Other troubles, too, had been accumulating upon his shoulders. His flocks were decreasing instead of growing; the price of wool was declining at every clip; even Bradshaw, the storekeeper at Frio City, at whose store he bought his ranch supplies, was dunning him for his last six months' bill and threatening to cut him off. And so this last



"YOU'RE THAT OLD SNOOZER THAT'S RUNNING SHEEP ON THIS RANGE,
AIN'T YOU?" SAID HE.

greatest calamity suddenly dealt out to him by the terrible King James was a crusher.

When the old man got back to the ranch at sunset he found Sam Galloway lying on his cot, propped against a roll of blankets and wool sacks, fingering his guitar.

"Hello, Uncle Ben," the troubadour called, cheerfully. "You rolled in early this evening. I been trying a new twist on the Spanish Fandango to-day. I just about got it. Here's how she goes—listen."

"That's fine, that's mighty fine," said old man Ellison, sitting on the kitchen step and rubbing his white, Scotch-terrier whiskers. "I reckon you've got all the musicians beat east and west, Sam, as far as the roads are cut out."

"Oh, I don't know," said Sam, reflectively. "But I certainly do get there on variations. I guess I can handle anything in five flats about as well as any of 'em. But you look kind of fagged out, Uncle Ben—ain't you feeling right well this evening?"

"Little tired; that's all, Sam. If you ain't played yourself out, let's have that Mexican piece that starts off with: '*Huile, huile, palomila*.' It seems that that song always kind of soothes and comforts me after I've been riding far or anything bothers me."

"Why, *seguramente, señor*," said Sam. "I'll hit her up for you as often as you like. And before I forget about it, Uncle Ben, you want to jerk Bradshaw up about them last hams he sent us. They're just a little bit strong."

A man sixty-five years old, living on a sheep ranch and beset by a complication of disasters, cannot successfully and continuously dissemble. Moreover, a troubadour has eyes quick to see unhappiness in others around him—because it disturbs his own ease. So on the next day Sam again questioned the old man about his air of sadness and abstraction. Then old man Ellison told him the story of King James's threats and orders and that pale melancholy and red ruin appeared to have marked him for their own. The troubadour took the news thoughtfully. He had heard much about King James.

On the third day of the seven days of grace allowed him by the autocrat of the range, old man Ellison drove his buckboard to Frio City to fetch some necessary supplies for the ranch. Bradshaw was hard but not implacable. He divided the old man's order by two, and let him have a little more time. One article secured was a new, fine ham for the pleasure of the troubadour.

Five miles out of Frio City on his way home

the old man met King James riding into town. His majesty could never look anything but fierce and menacing, but to-day his slits of eyes appeared to be a little wider than they usually were.

"Good day," said the king, gruffly. "I've been wanting to see you. I hear it said by a cowman from Sandy yesterday that you was from Jackson County, Mississippi, originally. I want to know if that's a fact."

"Born there," said old man Ellison, "and raised there till I was twenty-one."

"This man says," went on King James, "that he thinks you was related to the Jackson County Reeveses. Is he right?"

"Aunt Caroline Reeveses," said the old man, "was my half-sister."

"She was my aunt," said King James. "I run away from home when I was sixteen. Now, lets re-talk over some things that we discussed a few days ago. They call me a bad man; and they're only half right. There's plenty of room in my pasture for your bunch of sheep and their increase for a long time to come. Aunt Caroline used to cut out sheep in cake dough and bake 'em for me. You keep your sheep where they are, and use all the range you want. How's your finances?"

The old man related his woes in detail, dignifiedly, with restraint and candor.

"She used to smuggle extra grub into my school basket—I'm speaking of Aunt Caroline," said King James. "I'm going over to Frio City to-day, and I'll ride back by your ranch to-morrow. I'll draw \$2,000 out of the bank there and bring it over to you; and I'll tell Bradshaw to let you have everything you want on credit. You are bound to have heard the old saying at home, that the Jackson County Reeveses and Kings would stick closer by each other than chestnut burrs. Well, I'm a King yet whenever I run across a Reeveses. So you look out for me along about sundown to-morrow, and don't worry about nothing. Shouldn't wonder if the dry spell don't kill out the young grass."

Old man Ellison drove happily ranchward. Once more the smiles filled out his wrinkles. Very suddenly, by the magic of kinship and the good that lies somewhere in all hearts, his troubles had been removed.

On reaching the ranch he found that Sam Galloway was not there. His guitar hung by its buckskin string to a hackberry limb, moaning as the gulf breeze blew across its masterless strings.

The Kiowa endeavored to explain.

"Sam, he catch pony," said he, "and say he ride to Frio City. What for no can damn sabe. Say he come back to-night. Maybe so. That all."

As the first stars came out the troubadour rode back to his haven. He pastured his pony and went into the house, his spurs jingling martially.

Old man Ellison sat at the kitchen table, having a tin cup of before-supper coffee. He looked contented and pleased.

"Hello, Sam," said he, "I'm darned glad to see ye back. I don't know how I managed to get along on this ranch, anyhow, before ye dropped in to cheer things up. I'll bet ye've been skylarking around with some of them Frio City gals, now, that's kept ye so late."

And then old man Ellison took another look at Sam's face and saw that the minstrel had changed to the man of action.

And while Sam is unbuckling from his waist old man Ellison's six-shooter, that the latter had left behind when he drove to town, we may well pause to remark that anywhere and whenever a troubadour lays down the guitar and takes up the sword trouble is sure to follow. It is not the expert thrust of Athos nor the cold skill of Aramis nor the iron wrist of Porthos that we have to fear—it is the Gascon's fury—the wild and unacademic attack of the troubadour—the sword of D'Artagnan.

"I done it," said Sam. "I went over to Frio City to do it. I couldn't let him put the skibunk on you, Uncle Ben. I met him in Summers's saloon. I knowed what to do. I said a few things to him that nobody else

heard. He reached for his gun first—half a dozen fellows saw him do it—but I got mine unlimbered first. Three doses I gave him—right around the lungs, and a saucer could have covered up all of 'em. He won't bother you no more."

"This—is—King—James—you speak—of?" asked old man Ellison, while he sipped his coffee.

"You bet it was. And they took me before the county judge; and the witnesses what saw him draw his gun first was all there. Well, of course they put me under \$300 bond to appear before the court, but there was four or five boys on the spot ready to sign the bail. He won't bother you no more, Uncle Ben. You ought to have seen how close them bullet holes was together. I reckon playing a guitar as much as I do must kind of limber a fellow's trigger finger up a little, don't you think, Uncle Ben?"

Then there was a little silence in the castle except for the spluttering of a venison steak that the Kiowa was cooking.

"Sam," said old man Ellison, stroking his white whiskers with a tremulous hand, "would you mind getting the guitar and playing that '*Huile, huile, palomita*' piece once or twice? It always seems to be kind of soothing and comforting when a man's tired and fagged out."

There is no more to be said, except that the title of the story is wrong. It should have been called "The Last of the Barons." There never will be an end to the troubadours; and now and then it does seem that the jingle of their guitars will drown the sound of the muffled blows of the pickaxes and trip-hammers of all the Workers in the world.



The Day of Rest at Coney Island

By ELMER BLANEY HARRIS

Illustrated with Photographs

THE little camp-stool steamer, flags flying, made fast at the wharf, and from the Sabbath quietude of the sea, with its occasional winging note of a bell-buoy, we were plunged into a pudding of people.

"Guess your weight! Guess you within three pounds!"

Up the pier was a parade of eating-booths, each with its own inviting odor: Vienna rolls, choking with hot frankfurters in their mouths and drooling mustard; snow-torrents of fresh-popped corn; boas of chewing taffy; sea-food from a boat-shaped counter. Came next a huge brindle bossy cow, her swelling udder fitted with brass stop-cocks, "giving" lemonade.

"Pipe the heifer!" exclaimed a kid to his kiddo, pinching her elbow. "Handed a lemon, what?"

She cuffed him.

The beach was embroidered with varicolored canopies, among which trudged a swarthy Italian lugging a stem of bananas and a basket of macaroons. Babies, with and without bottles, nestled in the laps of squatting, gossiping mothers who nursed and fanned and fumbled for sandwiches. Little girls, thin as willows, their hair in pig-tails, their skirts in a pug, poked fun at the waves and pattered to safety. In the deep water was a thicket of men diving; nearer shore were ropes to which clung chattering women, thick as blackbirds on a wire.

Mingling with the screams and laughter and the distant charivari of Surf Avenue was the thunder-roll of the waves breaking upon the beach and spreading swiftly like fans. Just beyond their reach crouched a little maid in wet, diaphanous green, combing her hair, her nether limbs part buried in the sand with which she had dried them.

I stopped, fascinated by the grace of her hands as they smoothed and twisted the cable of ruddy gold.

My shadow fell upon her and she, with a question on her tongue, looked up as if, like Diogenes, to demand by what right I obstructed her sunshine. I doffed my hat and apologized. She, smiling faintly, arched her head in ever so slight an inclination and went on with her combing. Her eyes were as blue as the cloudless summer sky above us, the bath-dress she wore was as translucent as sea-water when it leaps against the sun—a little image of jade and gold and ivory perched imperiously upon the sand. With regret I left her, wondering to what harness of life she belonged and whether chance would throw me in her way again.

The hotel, whither I climbed, my shoes full of sand, displayed its name in a tiara of man-high letters on the roof. In its lap was a white-coated orchestra whooping it up literally to beat the band across the street, both playing a medley of national hymns. Every table on the veranda was taken. The manager was refereeing the dinner on the porch and could not be disturbed. The clerk pointed him out:

"See him? Gray Prince Albert coat and straw hat."

I cornered the manager and speared him with my card.

"We don't advertise," he declared quickly, trying to push by. "Don't have to. Turnin' 'em away. Racin' week, an' we're chock-a-block—full up to here!" He dabbed his Adam's apple with one fin. "Scuse me a minute—! Hel-lo, Dolly! I'm much obliged to meet yuh! When yuh goin' to bring 'er down, Sam? August? Good boy! Say, she's lookin' fine—like to kiss 'er!—Hey, waiter, scrape the butter off that chair!—Goin',

Sam? So long! Be good! Keep 'im away from the nose paint, Dolly!" Then to me, his eyes following the mushroom hat and its plume lingeringly: "No, sir, we don't advertise."

I suggested that I might pay—

"Oh, I kin make yuh a rate all right. Come in—I want yuh to meet my cashier. Charley, give this gentleman the best yuh got in the house—with a bed in it." To me: "We been usin' cots. 'Scuse me a min-

ute," he added, reaching up and patting me on the shoulder. "Fix 'im up, Charley. See yuh later, sir." Off he rushed. and through the window I saw him waylay a waiter who had dropped an armful of dishes, plant his feet, shove back his hat, and ask the trembling, perspiring menial, "Now, what the hell—!" etc.

Charley fixed me up: scratched a number after my name, tossed out a key with a metal tag, and said: "Four bucks a day, à la carte,



From stereograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

DOMES AND SPIRES WERE SKETCHED IN FLAME AGAINST THE BLUE.

pay in advance." While waiting for me to "come through," he stood on one foot, looked wearily at his diamond ring and then off left, where he presumably saw some one he knew, for he winked like a "perfect devil."

The Judge, as the manager was called, found me a place on the veranda and left me to the mercies of the waiter who dealt the butter.

Under my chair, as I hitched up to the table, I found three wads of chewing-gum. I changed chairs and found two more. Down at the other end of the porch I tried again—four, this time, two on each side. Had they been left there, I wondered, through economy, charity, or malice aforethought?

Night came, and with it the tumult and clangor doubled. Autos streamed down from the city. Electric cars sagged by, heads protruding from windows like pins from a cushion. Out of the vegetable gardens and firelilies of the Borough of Brooklyn came the "L," one train after another, a procession of luminous snakes, laden to the gates. Kites began ripping the sky with Bostock's advertisements, under the silver wand of the searchlight. The tower of Dreamland sprang up like a geyser of fire.



Photograph by Brown Bros., New York.

"HOLD YOUR HATS!" WARNED
THE GUARD.

All along the western horizon domes and spires were sketched in flame against the blue.

Down Surf Avenue, opposite the chariots and red-jacketed gate-keepers of Luna Park, is an electric sign—"Ziz!" If you dodge across the street and push your way through the meandering, munching multitude, you will catch a glimpse of green and the twinkle of colored lights beyond the acre of heads dining. Further exploration will reveal that "Ziz" is an electric "scenic" that gallops out to the sea and back, while the green is a Deutscher-Garten under low-swinging boughs of maple in full leaf and containing at the far end a

Tyrolese band, fat, comfortable women in velvet bodices, and men with white stockings and a feather in their hats. There is a multitude of tables and chairs on the gravel under the trees, and a great commotion in which the orchestra, a near-by merry-go-round, the scenic, and the waiters with their glasses and dishes join. There is one thing at Coney Island that you can get for nothing, and that is Noise.

Here I again found her, the maid of the golden hair and sea-green bathing suit. She was sitting alone, entirely preoccupied with



Photograph by Phelan, New York.

A PUDDING OF PEOPLE.



Photograph by Brown Bros., New York.

IN THE CITY OF LATH AND BURLAP.

eating a bit of sandwich, and I had ample time to note the faded roses on her last year's hat and the characteristic grace of her hands before she looked up and saw me. Man is naturally a gregarious animal, but there is no place quite so lonely as a crowd when

one is a stranger, and I had already formed for this *piquante* little water-sprite, with her pointed chin and eyes that slanted to an impish nose, a predilection that my neighborhood only intensified.

Now, at the table next but one a lone

young father was feeding a cherub of five or six some frankfurters and sauerkraut and losing his patience because the child persisted in using her fingers. Above his head: "*Mensch, aergere Dich nicht!*"—"Don't fuss!"—But he had no eye for mottoes: he kept growing more and more exasperated until finally: "*Um Gotteswillen!*" he exclaimed, and threw down his napkin. The child rolled up a pair of mildly reproachful, meek gray eyes:

"Well, papa, how'd jew like it if the knife was larger than your mouf?"

I caught Dora's eye (her name was Dora, if I may announce it without being anti-climactic), and in the freemasonry of the crowd we laughed simultaneously. At her table was the only unoccupied chair in the garden, and I asked her if I might sit there.

"Sure, you can sit there!" said she, still smiling. "Anyone can sit there with a laugh like that. I'm never afraid of a man if he laughs loud."

"Are you alone?"

"Of course I'm alone!" She folded her hands under her chin. "You *have* kept me waiting!"

"Waiting?"

"Yes. I thought

you were coming back."

"Back?"

"This afternoon—on the beach. Oh, you needn't think I'm alone because I have to be, or because I like it. I s'pose there's thousands of men in this crowd I'd like, but—well, most of 'em—you know how it is—always the third rail—see?"

I told her I saw perfectly, and that, if she pleased, we'd walk between the tracks.

"When my mother was alive, I didn't have to think of the three dollars board," she explained naively, "and I never learned anything but the harp. I like the harp—it's so graceful and reminds you of Cleopatra. Then when I had to earn my own living, I took up manicure. There wasn't anybody I wanted to marry, and manicure, if you take care of the hair and figger, especially in a barber-shop, pays well. A fellow comes in and says: 'My Lord, here's something pretty nice! I'll take a chance!' And one day I made twenty-nine dollars."

"That's going some!" I assured her comfortably.

"Oh, but it don't keep up, dearie! And now they've tore down the building, and I have to find another barber-shop.



Photograph by Brown Bros., New York.

THE TOWER IN DREAMLAND.



Photograph by Brown Bros., New York.

THE HUMAN TOBOGGAN GIVES THE CELLAR DOOR CARDS AND SPADES.

That's why I came down here. But, my gracious, they're so dirty! I'd sooner act. Wasn't the sea lovely to-day! I was in twice. If ever I marry a man I want him to be like that—not too rough, you know, but so big you just can't help yourself! What's your ideal for a woman?"

I held the mirror up to nature, allowing Dora to eclipse the entire landscape, for never, it seemed to me, was there a more happy combination of the time, the place,



Photograph by Byron, New York.

"R-R-R-RIDE? R-R-R-RIDE ON HOLY MOSES?"

and the girl; and the thought flashed through my mind that here perhaps was the best possible guide I could have for Coney.

"What do you say to showing me around the Island?" I asked. "This is my first visit."

She jumped up, gave her skirt a little shove down in front, shrugging her shoulders, and with a mischievous sparkle of teeth: "Ain't we devils!"

At the gate crouched a pretzel vender, pinching her coppers

into one bony claw. Dora gave her a penny.

"That's just the way I am," she explained, apologetically. "I can't stand to see anyone suffer."

Impressions come quick at Coney, as in that brief moment at the gate of the German Garden. Here was Dora, rosy with energy and hope and confidence; here an oyster-eyed female with kangaroo arms furtively dropping a coin into a box painted with moons and stars and comets, and getting her "fortune"; here a man in a celluloid collar dragging a step-ladder of tired infants; here the pretzel vender, her life over, all but the wheezing; and here was I in one of those convex mirrors, with a face that had a grin on it a foot and a half wide. To be sure, it was an infinitely sad grin, but it set us both to laughing and we fled from the tombstones with which our mouths seemed filled. Behind us in the garden a man lifted a seidel of Coburger to the tilted hat opposite: "*Es lebe das Leben!*"

"Me for the camels," said Dora. "They're in Dreamland."

The camels we had come to see were squatted in a row on mats, chewing complacently, like the people who watched them.



Poor beasts!—relics of ancient philosophies, enduring Americanitis with supercilious patience.

"R-r-ride? R-r-ride on Holy Moses?"

"Going up!" said Dora.

She got perched, taking a firm hold, and then winked back. Up got Holy Moses, tail first, and off they paraded. While waiting, I dropped in on Bostock.

The performance was under way. Silence. The bravest of Bostock's protégés was in the arena, driving Baltimore to his perch against the bars. Nine other tawny noblemen of the jungle sat round, licking their chops. Inch by inch the man-eater gave way before the lash that spat into his eye. Now and then, as the whip bit closer, there came a flash of fangs, a sidewise crouch, and a blur as the lion threatened the trainer with his fist. He turned once and delivered—the nine others pointed their heads—but he missed. Baffled, humiliated, still muttering his defiance, he deliberately took his place—and the man had won. In the audience women relaxed and fanned; men dried the palms of their hands and shook a smile at one another.

When I returned, Dora was nowhere in sight.



Photograph by Phelan, New York.

READY FOR A FROLIC IN THE SEA.

"Gee, lend us your cigarette!" signaled a barker hoarsely. "I'm dying fer an inhale!"

He drew a half-burned butt from his pocket, ignited it, and, crouching down in his pulpit, filled his lungs once or twice with smoke.

"This way fer the Feast of Belshazzar! One hundred and fifty Oriental beauties! The warmest spectacle on earth! Anywhere else but in the ocean breezes of Dreamland it would be consumed by its own fire! Get your tickets here!—Thank you, Miss!"

I searched the park—no Dora. Then it occurred to me to look up. There she was in the Air Ship, a whole car to herself, her face lifted into the wind and smoothed by the rush of it. On the third return she saw me and smiled faintly, without losing her hold or relaxing her pose of a little Tanagra. She came down floating.

"How love-ly!" she cried, her arms outstretched. "I'm flying! What a heavenly sensation! Oh!" She wobbled and sank into a chair. "It don't do a thing to your knees!"

"Have you been giving me the slip?"

"No, dearie, but you didn't come, and there was a man there looking at me as if about to spring, so I thought I'd beat it." She preened her hair in a near-by mirror. "I think I'll take this glass home: I look so nice in it!"

There was a long queue at the rustic box-office of the Great Divide, and we had to wait our turn. At the mouth of the tunnel hung a collection of scalps—wrecked headgear, a switch, some back combs. Above them: "Hold your hats!" Another sign: "No skylarking!"



Photograph by Brown Bros., New York.

THERE WAS A MOUNTAIN TORRENT DOWNS WHICH WE WOUND IN A BOAT.

Formerly, in the development of the scenic railway the ride alone sufficed. Now scenery has been added. Across the park is Switzerland with chalets, frozen torrents, and the alpen glow, the cars sleigh-shaped and laden with bells; elsewhere, on the Bowery and Surf Avenue, are tableaux from the Spanish War, with the attendants in Rough Rider's costume, or scenes from a mining camp, showing picturesque wax figures at work over derrick or cradle by the side of a running stream; a ride through the Dragon's



Photograph by Brown Bros., New York.

HOT FRANKFURTERS ON THE GRILL.

these are of the open-air, sensational variety, like Loop the Loop or Dip the Drop, from which one emerges drunk of a new drug, the thrill of falling. To whistle while head downward at the crest of the circle in Loop the Loop is the test of the true Coneyite.

Our turn came, and Dora quickly packed herself into a back seat and made room for me.

"Hold your hats and keep your arms inside!" warned the guard. "Ride!" And the toy train of two cars started.

The Great Divide combines a third rail with gravity, and no time is lost. We were whisked into a tunnel and out into the Rocky Mountains before we knew it, churning up grade through pine forests and steep cliffs, with now and then a glimpse of lake or river as we serpentine through tunnels and colonnades. Up and up, our nerves tightening like the strings of an instrument. Now we caught sight for an instant of the lighted park below, squirming with straw hats; now had a gleam of sea,

Gorge in Luna Park shows you the Arctic Regions, the Bottom of the Sea, and other familiar pictures from the dime geography. Also each year the tunnels are growing longer and darker!

There are, of course, rides where both scenery and tunnels are omitted, but

tintseled by moonlight. At last we balanced on the brow of the summit.

I looked at Dora. She was biting her lip, as she clutched the swaying car and me.

"Whee!" she cried ecstatically, and caught her breath.

We swung free of the cliffs and faced the lights of the park and the straight, narrow, parallel drop of the tracks, sagging like tight-ropes. In the cañons below, cars seemed to be shooting in all directions, in and out of tunnels and around sharp curves or over trestles. We braced ourselves, and our little dwarf of a train shot over. A prolonged, lifting cry broke from the women in the seats in front of us, a cry not of fear, not of joy, not of pain; a cry peculiar, even uncanny, having all of these things blended with something delicious and startling—the Coney Island cry! Quicker than I can describe it, we swooped bird-like into the trough of the wave, the cry swelling. Dora, her grip tightening, shrank together and swooned forward with a groan. We reached bottom, and immediately the strain relaxed as



Photograph by Brown Bros., New York.

BEST OF ALL—THE TICKLER.

we shot heavenward and were pillowed on the air.

"Lordy, what a feeling!" she panted, weakly. A man in front turned round laughing and wiped his forehead.

Hardly had we got our breath before down we went again. Up



Photograph by Brown Bros., New York.

A DENIZEN OF DREAMLAND.

and out, circling round and catching a comet glimpse of another train doing the big dip above our heads, the same cry reaching us sharply before choked by a turn; then a third plunge, then a fourth—this last into pitch blackness!

Neither Dora nor I was ready to alight when the car, deciding finally to come back to earth, glided impassively out into the brilliancy of the park and halted; and I noticed that few of the others, though they responded quickly enough to the command, "Step lively!" did so with any degree of assurance that their feet would stay put.

"A long way from the husking bee!" remarked one old fox.

A million rides a day at ten cents per is the average record on the mechanical riding devices of Coney Island, when the season is good. People stand in line an hour for a ride that is "over" in two minutes. They ride before eating to stir up an appetite, they ride after eating to soothe the "hot dogs," they ride when exuberant for the fun of riding, they ride when jaded to buck themselves up. Like any other excitant, the scenic has become a habit.

Behind us in the waiting pen at Jackman's Flyer we heard:

"Get the scenic bee in your bonnet and it's worse than hops!"

"Oh, sneeze, kid: your brain's dusty!"—this from the girl. "How many tickets you get?"

"A dollar's worth. Will that do you?"

Jackman's Flyer is the fastest ride on the Coney Island Bowery. After the destruction by fire of the Dip the Drop, it was the champion thriller of the world, for nowhere on God's earth could be found its equal. The speed is so great, the turns are so swift, the undulations so violent as it porpoises through the trestles, that the guard-rail alone saves the necks of the passengers. This rail, a bit of iron pipe locked across one's chest, is all that stands between life and death. At the exit is placed a bench, and here frequently a girl, her hair down, will drop in a faint, the laughter still on her lips; while outside the fence the crowd guys her discomfiture. As we emerged, Dora caught her hands against her breast:

"Oh, goodness, how it makes your nerves jump!"

She tucked one arm under mine, and we headed for the Human Roulette Wheel at the end of the alley. It was only two blocks away, but they were busy blocks—eating

booths, hot frankfurters on the grill, beef dripping on the spit, wash-boilers of green corn steaming in the center of hungry groups who gnawed the ears as if playing harmonicas; photograph galleries, the sitters ghastly in the charnel-house glare of the Cooper-Hewitt; open-faced moving-picture shows with shades dropped so that passers-by could not steal a glimpse without stooping down, which ignoble attitude never failed to invite effrontery from the jocose crowd; chop suey joints, fez-topped palmists, strength tests; dance halls and continuous song-and-dance entertainments, the girls in white, according to the regulation that obliges them to lay off their tights and spangles out of respect for the Sabbath. Bands, orchestras, pianos, at war with gramophones, hand-organs, calliopes; overhead, a roar of wheels in a deathlock with shrieks and screams; whistles, gongs, rifles all busy; the smell of candy, popcorn, meats, beer, tobacco, blended with the odor of the crowd redolent now and then of patchouli; a streaming river of people arched over by electric signs—this is the Bowery at Coney Island.

We took a peek in at Stauch's dance hall. The place reeked of beer, and above the oblong of dancers, some *gauche*, some graceful, all cheek to cheek, very business-like, hung a cloud of cigarette smoke. The small tables beyond the railing were deserted during the dance, but filled as the music ended after a perfunctory encore, and waiters, sweat-marked and sullen, began the harvest that supports the place, counting their tips between whiles as a dog guards a bone.

Luna Park was a repetition of Dreamland. The noise was deafening and we had to shout. The Biblical shows were replaced by the Trip to the Moon, a Kansas Cyclone, the Mirror Maze. There was a Mountain Torrent down which we wound in a boat and from which we emerged drenched with spray so that Dora's shirt-waist looked like a polka-dot; continuous vaudeville on the bridge over the lake—acrobats, trained dogs and ponies; a Wild West Show; and the Tickler.

We stood for a time on an eminence above the multitude, watching the Human Toboggan. This game is always amusing. The passengers are lifted on an automatic stairway to the top of the high tower, where an attendant gives each a door mat. The mat is welcome, whether it says so or not. This they adjust under them and down the slide they go, head first or heels first, as it

pleases them. It gives the cellar door cards and spades. No nails, no knots, no splinters—which is something. The element of danger becomes purely esthetic. The descent itself is about fifty feet, with high sides, like a bath-tub, and it twists and turns suddenly, a man standing guard at the bottom to pick up the passengers. A fat woman came to a standstill at one of the turns, and it required the combined impetus of the next four to dislodge her. Dora's only comment was:

"I'm never going to eat another potato!"

Best of all—the Tickler. This unique device is the most surprising, the most disconcerting, speaking from the inside, of any on the Island. We laughed at the tubfuls of unfortunates until Dora, catching the fever, tightened her hairpins and declared she would try her luck. No sooner said than done. Before we had time to reconsider, we were seated in the tub and on our way up, facing half a dozen others all getting a strangle hold. The tubs are on casters, allowing them to play the deuce with direction. You no doubt have seen that game on a species of billiard-table where the ball is shot up an incline and allowed to fall by gravity through an arrangement of pegs. This is the principle of the Tickler. We reached the top and away we went. As one soon finds, unless the neck is kept rigid one's head may be snapped from one's shoulders. We descended with a sort of reverse English, hanging on for dear life. As usual, Dora was the star performer. She early lost her grip, and in my efforts to keep her in the seat I lost mine. Like a couple of shuttlecocks we were battered around in the bottom of the car, submerged under a plump young lady who held her mouth to keep her teeth in, screaming through her fingers.

"Come on, now, dance!" commanded Dora, as we alighted and untied the knots in our limbs, and away she skipped to the pavilion, where a policeman cleared the floor after each number.

Although prepared for much, I was surprised at the grace with which she danced. She didn't wish to be held in the prevailing fashion, tight and affectionately; nor was the slow half-time at all to her liking. She gave me but the tips of her fingers, and, eyes half closed, lips parted, allowed herself to be wafted away on the wings of the music. Her color heightened and her breath quickened in an ecstasy that, so to speak, suffused and etheralized her being. She succeeded in

making me feel that I was in no wise necessary, merely useful as an escort. Imagine my surprise, therefore, when, at the close of the encore, she suddenly, with a little purr, flung both arms around my neck and kissed me lightly on the cheek.

"Oh, look!" she cried, pointing over my shoulder.

I looked. And when I turned back—she was gone—swallowed up in that impenetrable crowd. I laughed at her ruse, both amused and chagrined at her impromptu good-by—or was it premeditated? While still revolving it in my mind, I reached the gates of the Park. An "L" was just pulling out from the station. And there, hands folded on the window ledge, was Dora, her hat off, looking at the lights of the Park in a kind of serene indifference to it, to me, and to all else about her. The train increased its speed, turned a corner—and that was the last of Dora, with her last year's hat, her harp, and her notions of Cleopatra. Good hunting, Dora!

I drifted back into the full tide of the Coney Island Bowery. All evening long the exits had been draining the Island, until now there was little left but scum. Midnight sounded. The parks shut down. The Tower in Dreamland closed its fifty thousand eyes. The fun in the lesser resorts became diseased. Piano playing and tipsy laughter flooded the concert halls magnetized by a horseshoe of tired females trading jests with a masculine audience. Here and there, a few steps off the beaten path encumbered with ruins of celebration—corn-cobs gnawed clean like bones, trampled rind of watermelon, muddled candy bags, and refuse from a day's dishwashing upon the curb—were snap-shots in low doorways of disheveled women and men in shirt sleeves, a gray-helmeted policeman, club swinging, alert in the shadow. In the flood of the early evening this machinery for "taking the gold out of your teeth" by painless extraction was concealed from view. Now, as the waters subsided, it filled the whole horizon.

From somewhere: "Love me-e-e-e an' th' wor-r-r-ruld izz mi-i-ine!"

It was too late for bed and too early for anything but a bath, so I strolled across the city of lath and burlap, forded the beach with its sleeping couples locked in each other's arms, like birds in a snare, donned the simple swim—and had a swim!

The Day of Rest at Coney?
There ain't none!

THE SURRENDERS OF CORNWALLIS

By ANNE WARNER

Author of "Susan Clegg," "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary,"
"Seeing England with Uncle John," etc.

Illustrations by Ethel Farnsworth



CORNWALLIS, JR., was six years old. His full name was Cornwallis General—a conjunction of names which any reader will admit to be most trying. It was so trying, in fact, that when the mother of Cornwallis had—at a period antedating my story by about eight years—first met the man named General, she had remarked to her bosom friend that *there* was one man whom she *never* in *any* circumstances should even *dream* of marrying, because of their two names.

But she had changed her mind and married the man a year after—a way that young ladies have of doing—and young Cornwallis General had appeared later and taken the burden of the inevitable at the baptismal font. Young Cornwallis didn't mind being the bearer of his reversed title, though; *his* trials in regard to nomenclature were of quite another sort; it was not that his name savored of too much and too unique a dignity that he rebelled—it was because he was almost altogether denied the use of it, such as it was.

Young Cornwallis was a person of great distinction; at two he had become an individual with one paramount object in life—not to be treated longer as a baby. It is difficult at two years of age to overawe one's superiors,

and Cornwallis had a hard time, even though he made it an invariable rule to refer to himself only as either "he" or "Tunwattis." "Tunwattis" merged into "Tornwally" a year later, and when he was four he pronounced every syllable with an emphasis that should have shamed his father, who said "Major Trot," his nurse, who called him "Toddy Butterball," his grandmother, who cried out "Oh, my itty Blessin'," whenever she saw him, and his grandfather, who would stop anywhere on the avenue and inquire, with a cheerful smile that added insult to injury, "Well, how's Skiddy-winks to-day?" But although all these were bad—very bad—it was his mother, his dear, sweet mother, who was the very most awfully cruel person of them all, for in all the interminably long existence that they had shared together, she had never yet mentioned him by any other name than the one which he detested worst of all—"Baby."

Oh, how he did hate to be called "Baby"—his small teeth and hands used to clinch, in spite of himself, whenever he heard it. He had hoped that when his curls went she would stop—but she didn't. Then he hoped that when he graduated into knickerbockers she would stop—but she didn't. And then he

thought that when Santa Claus brought another baby she would surely stop—but—that is the story.

I must digress here to explain that Grandpapa and Grandmamma Cornwallis lived away out on the avenue in a huge, white marble house, and had three motors, a garden, chickens in the latticed yard, and ever so many maids and men, and that Papa and Mamma General lived much nearer town and just had Norah and Nellie and Mrs. Tray (who came and went spasmodically) and Lotty, who cooked, and the runabout, and Star to drive. There was a telephone between the two houses, and a system of inter-domestic dining and lunching far too intricate for me to elucidate, and Grandpapa always came at six o'clock and took Mamma out in the motor, and Cornwallis went regularly on his velocipede to see Grandmamma every day at ten in the morning, and again after his nap at half-past three in the afternoon. It was during one of the latter calls that his grandmother asked him his ideas as to Santa Claus's bringing a baby. Cornwallis's face fairly radiated at the suggestion—not because he wanted a baby, but because he thought that the baby would surely absorb all the nicknames.

"You would love a baby dearly, wouldn't you, you Sugar-plum, you?" said Grandmamma.

Cornwallis's radiance turned dark. "No one would call *me* 'Baby' then," he said, coldly, not quite liking to be so pointed as to mention the offensive "Sugar-plum" to a grandmother whose cook made cakes full of them.

Grandmother laughed a great deal over this and went at once and wrote it down on her pad, so as to be sure to remember to tell Grandpapa how clever their only grandson was becoming. Then she ordered out the biggest automobile—the dark-blue one—and took Cornwallis and Nellie and the velocipede home in state.

When they all three went up to Mamma's room they found Mamma rocking idly and Mrs. Tray trimming a clothes-basket. Grandmamma whispered Cornwallis's brilliant remark in Mamma's ear, while that young man walked around Mrs. Tray and her task. It was quite a novelty to him, for he had never seen such a clothes-basket before. It was not only that they had quilted the inside with pink silk, but Mrs. Tray was sewing a great flounce of the same silk around the outside, and draping white lace and big knots of ribbon over that.

"Well, Babykin," said Mamma, smiling, and holding out her hand to the small boy whose face was so full of curiosity, "what do you think of it?"

Cornwallis ignored the hand, knowing that it would drag him to a long and smothering kissing-siege.

"I suppose that it is for your dresses," he said.

"Not so," said Mrs. Tray, threading her needle with wonderful ease, "this is a baby-catcher."

"A baby-catcher!" repeated Cornwallis.

"Exactly so," said Mrs. Tray. "All you have to do is to set this basket by the chimney every night when you go to bed, and some fine morning you'll find a baby in it."

"Do you believe that?" Cornwallis asked, turning to his grandmother.

"Of course I do, Master Snips," said his grandmother.

Cornwallis winced slightly and went to his mother.

"Do you believe it?" he asked her.

"Of course—of course—" she cried, laughing. And then he found to his anguish that he had gone too near, for she had him pulled tight up against her chair and was kissing him ferociously, and saying, "But no matter how many other babies come, darling, you'll always be *my* baby, my first, my dearest, my—"

Just there he managed to free himself, and with a red face and much-tumbled hair, resumed his examination of the basket.

"When will it be done?" he asked Mrs. Tray.

"To-night," replied Mrs. Tray, sewing very fast.

"We will set it to-night, then," promulgated Cornwallis, and Grandmamma ran to Mamma's desk and made a note on an envelope so that she would not forget to repeat that clever speech to Grandpapa, either.

And so that night the baby-catcher was carefully baited with a little pillow and a love of a quilt, and set by the fireplace to snap up any errant baby.

The night was very short, like most of Cornwallis's nights, but when he woke he was wild to see if he had caught a baby. He tore off to his mother's room at once, and found things most painfully as usual. His mother was in bed, his father was shaving in his dressing-room, the basket was as pink and as empty as on the night before.

"Well, Tom Thumb," said his father, pleasantly.

"Tum into bed wiz me," said his mother.

"No, thank you," said Cornwallis, with great stress upon the lofty politeness of his diction. "Nellie must be waiting to bath me."

And he left his parents and their drivel in disgust.

After breakfast his father wanted to take him down to the office with him.

"You can ride back with Peter," he said.

"No, thank you," said Cornwallis. "I think that I will play in my mother's room and watch the basket."

"Oh, you'd better come on with me, Captain Jinks," urged his father.

(Captain Jinks!)

"I don't want the baby alone with Peter; suppose the horse runs away," said his mother.

(The baby!)

"But I don't want the little one to bother you," said his father.

(The little one!)

"He isn't going to bother anyone," said Mrs. Tray. "I'll look out for Buster Brown."

(Buster Brown!)

So his father went away, leaving Cornwallis with tears of real rage in his eyes at the way they all made a fool of him.

Twenty minutes later Nellie came in and took him off to see Grandmamma. They hadn't gotten a block away from home before they met Grandmamma going down-town in the motor with Grandpapa, and they were taken prisoner, velocipede and all, and carried right along. Grandmamma insisted on Cornwallis's sitting in between them for safety's sake, and kept her arm around him at that, and Grandpapa said:

"Well, Snoddy-boggins, how goes it?"

Cornwallis stood it as best he could, but the arm around him was most humiliating.

"Now, Skeeziiks," said Grandpapa, presently, "have you forgotten what I told you about this car yesterday?"

"No, sir," said Cornwallis.

"What is the name?"

"It's a—" Cornwallis hesitated, "—it's a Fearless Kerosene," he announced triumphantly.

"Oh, give me a pencil, quick—I *must* write that right down," squealed Grandmamma, and as no one else had a pencil, they had to stop while the chauffeur lent her his.

"You know, he really is *too* bright," she whispered audibly to Grandpapa, and Grand-

papa gave him a dollar and called him "Tiddley-winks" in commendation.

They took a long drive in the country later and had lunch at the Race Club, and then when they went home Cornwallis was so dead with sleep that he did not resist when his grandmother called him "Piggy-wiggy" and Nellie carried him up-stairs. But he did not forget to set the basket out again when he went to bed that night, and the next morning his disappointment was again keen when he found that no baby had been trapped.

"Santa Claus doesn't come in the summer, anyhow," he said, wrathfully, to Nellie.

"Quite right, Tommy Tucker," said Mrs. Tray.

Cornwallis could have slapped her.

The next afternoon the baby came—when the basket wasn't set out at all!

Cornwallis was up at Grandmamma's, adjusting a marvelous new railway system all over the billiard-room rug, when Grandpapa marched in, looking uncommonly beaming, even for him, and said:

"Hooray, Snooks, there's another girl in the family!"

If there was one epithet more especially and superlatively detestable to Cornwallis's ears than any other, it was "Snooks"; but he swallowed his wrath and rose, with a locomotive in one hand and its tender in the other, to repeat:

"Another girl, Grandpapa?"

"Yes; you've got a little sister."

"But I'm not a girl," said Cornwallis, indignantly.

"Your mother is, though, isn't she, young Winkum-Wankum?" replied Grandfather. "Come on; you and I are invited to go and have a look at the baby."

Cornwallis's spirit suddenly turned to joy indescribable. "The baby"—here she was, the individual who would get all the names now. Oh, bliss! Oh, ecstasy!

"What shall you call her, Grandpapa?" Cornwallis asked, ravenous to see whether he was to be that instant quit of "Skiddy-winks" forever henceforth.

"For her mother, Skiddy-winks, for her mother, *of* course," said Grandpapa, and then he snatched him up in his arms and called him "Snooks" and "Snoddy-boggins" all the way to the motor.

They fairly flew down the avenue, and Norah was in the drawing-room window watching for them. Cornwallis wondered what could be up when Norah was watching



"WELL, BABYKIN, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?"

for them from the drawing-room window. Papa must have been watching, too, for he opened the door before Norah could get to it, and the first thing he said was:

"Eyes just like Elaine's," which seemed silly to Cornwallis, but not so silly as the way Grandpapa sat down at once and hid his face in his handkerchief.

"Well, Johnny Jump-up," said Papa to Cornwallis then, "the fairies have been pretty good to us all to-day—do you know it?"

"They told me there's a baby come," said Cornwallis, wondering what he should be called next.

Grandpapa revived just then, put up his handkerchief, and said:

"I suppose the Chipmunk and I will be allowed a peep."

Cornwallis looked at his grandparent with displeasure unutterable at this, but Papa was saying:

"Come right up," and leading the way to

the staircase, where they found Nellie standing, whispering:

"Sh-h-h!"

They went softly up, and at the turning they found Grandmamma, also saying, "Sh-h-h!" and with a scratch-block all ready to perpetuate Cornwallis's first remark after seeing the baby—only she had forgotten the pencil again.

"In here," said Grandmamma, and they all went into the corner room. "Wait here," added Grandmamma very importantly, and slipped away.

"Of course she will be called Elaine?" said Grandpapa, suddenly getting out his pocket-handkerchief again.

"Well, I should say so," said Papa, and then he suddenly and irrelevantly exclaimed, "What do you say, Paws-and-Claws?" to Cornwallis.

Cornwallis felt fairly blue over the downfall of his recent hopes, and was preparing to go and look out of the window, when Grandmamma suddenly entered and said, "Sh-h-h!" worse than ever.

Right behind her was Mrs. Tray with the pink clothes-basket in her hands. She put it on the big divan, and Papa took Cornwallis up just as if he *were* another baby, and Grandpapa and Grandmamma took hold of hands as if they were children, too, and everyone gathered around the basket.

Mrs. Tray lifted a veil, and a quilt, and a shawl, and another thing, and turned back the corner of something else, and Cornwallis, looking close, saw a little round, dark head and a little pink fist, and then—why, then Mrs. Tray began to cover it over again, and the next minute she was gone, baby, basket, and all.

"A very nice little baby!" said Grandpapa, emphatically.

Papa tossed Cornwallis down on the divan and began to tousle him in a fearfully foolish manner.

"Sh-h-h!" said Grandmamma.

"Well, Major Trot, what did *you* think of her?" Papa asked.

"That's it," said Grandpapa; "what does Puss-in-Boots think?"

Grandmamma began to feel for the pencil that should be with the scratch-block.

But Cornwallis said not a word. He was disappointed and outraged. The baby had come when he wasn't prepared, had relieved him of none of the awful odium and ignominy to which he was continually subjected, and appeared most unpromising as a social proposition.

Escaping out of the clutches of his fond relatives, Cornwallis fled the room.

That evening, a wonder far greater than the coming of any mere baby took place in Cornwallis's existence—he went to Grandpapa's to sleep! He had never slept outside of his papa's house before—except at the cottage by the sea which Papa bought some summers—and so he was all excitement when Nellie told him. They had asked Nellie to come, too; Grandmamma was going to let them have the room next to the billiard-room. It was most pleasantly important to pack up, and bundle the velocipede into the tonneau of the Fearless Kerosene, and Nellie liked it, too. Grandpapa and Grandmamma went home at the same time, and Grandmamma's Nellie helped Cornwallis's Nellie to unpack, and called Cornwallis "Lambie" whenever she tripped over him in so doing. By nine o'clock he was all in bed, and Grandmamma came in and felt of his feet, and Grandpapa came in and asked him how more track and another switch would suit him in the morning, and if it was worth saying "Peter Piper" for. It was one of Grandpapa's favorite bargains with Cornwallis, this trading new toys for the recitation of "Peter Piper," but Grandmamma interfered and said it might give her Sweetest Sugar-plum brain-fever if he recited "Peter Piper" at that hour; so they each kissed him twice, and after cautioning Nellie about draughts, matches, extra covering, and other matters of which Nellie, at thirty-five, was presumably ignorant, they went away.

The next day, the next, and the next were one halcyon dream of undiluted bliss to Cornwallis. He almost forgot his trials in the avalanche of his joys. Tracks, switches, elevators, dump-cars; his Nellie and Grandmamma's Nellie both to help operate them all day long; convenient lunches of ginger-bread and milk and apples forever on tap. Grandmamma was away a good deal; Grandpapa, too; his father and mother he never saw; the baby he almost forgot. The realities of life were the railroad and the fascination of sending the little trains careering around the track, the opening and shutting of the wee signals, and the hoisting and lowering of freight before the elevators.

When Sunday came, Papa appeared suddenly in the door of the billiard-room, nodded to Cornwallis without saying anything—and went away again. This was such unprecedented behavior on the part of his father that

Cornwallis abandoned a sort of stoppage from over-loaded traffic which he was just then engaged in disentangling, and hurried after him.

But he was gone!

The next day there was a great bustle, and Grandmamma's Nellie and his Nellie conversed mainly in whispers. Strange people came and went, new curtains were put up somewhere, furniture was moved, and then about four o'clock in the afternoon Mrs. Tray and the baby arrived to visit Grandmamma also. They had the lovely pink and white bedrooms and bath right opposite Grandmamma's own rooms, and Cornwallis went down to have a second look at his sister. There seemed to him a great change of sentiment in regard to the baby, no one manifesting any particular enthusiasm over her now.

"I suppose that my mother will come to-morrow," he said, half in question, to Mrs. Tray.

But Mrs. Tray only murmured something inaudible in reply.

His mother did not come on the morrow, nor on the next day, nor all the week. When Sunday came again, Cornwallis went to his grandmother, whom he found sitting in her room, looking out of the window.

"I'm about ready to go back to my own house," he announced, abruptly.

Grandmamma turned her head and looked at him as if he were a fly or any other very little thing.

"Yes, yes, Pettie, run away," she said—not unkindly, but as if he didn't matter much—and turned to the window again.

Cornwallis had never had anyone treat him like this before; he went up to his grandmother's side and stood at her knee, and looked up in her face.

"What do you mean, Grandmamma?" he asked in a kind but slightly severe tone. His grandmother contorted her features most singularly.

"Are you going to sneeze?" he asked with curiosity.

Then she rose quickly, took him by the hand, led him out into the hall and across into the baby's room, and abandoned him without one word. He would have feared that his one and only grandmother had gone suddenly out of her senses, had it not been for Mrs. Tray and the baby. Mrs. Tray and the baby were sufficiently interesting at that minute to divert anyone's mind from anything under the sun. Mrs. Tray was sitting on a low chair before the open grate, and in front of her was some-

thing like the stool Nellie carried down by the water at the sea, only the part which held Nellie up was gone. They put a kind of bath-tub in there, and in that funny bath-tub was the baby, her little ball of a black head held up by Mrs. Tray's hand.

Cornwallis stood and grinned foolishly at the sight.

"Well, Hop-o'-my-Thumb," said Mrs. Tray, "can you think how I held you just this same way six long years back?"

"She looks so silly," said Cornwallis.

Mrs. Tray laughed, and just as she laughed she scooped the whole little bit of a dripping, wiggling sister up in her two hands, and rolled her up out of sight,—completely out of sight.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Cornwallis.

And just then Nellie appeared in the door and told him that there were two white goats and a wagon down on the back lawn, and if he liked them— Cornwallis forgot his sister as easily as he had forgotten his grandmother just previously, and he and Nellie rushed away.

The days went on and on. The baby cried a great deal. Grandpapa became very silent. Grandmamma he rarely saw, Papa almost never. He and Nellie went to matinées and dime-museums galore, the gardener made him a garden, he had rabbits bought for him, white mice, too; also a squirrel. Life was apparently one orgy of bewildering novelties.

Then the baby began to be cunning. If Cornwallis knelt close by Mrs. Tray and put his head closer yet, the baby's little hands would flap against his face and delight his very soul. One day when he was enjoying the feeble little blows, he suddenly made a remark which drove Mrs. Tray to give his sister to Nellie and rush from the room. The remark was a very simple one, but it told a long story—it showed that Cornwallis had not been as completely distracted by his new life as those older and wiser had hoped and believed. This is what he said as he huddled himself up close to his little sister's little, aimless hands:

"I should think that even if Mamma doesn't care ever to see me again, she would like to see Elaine—Elaine is so dear, and little, and funny."

He had always called the baby "Elaine" from the moment when Grandpapa had made that speech to Papa on the day of her coming, and no one had been able to make him change. Mrs. Tray had tried to tell him that

the name was too big for so small a young lady, but Cornwallis was firm.

"I do not believe in nicknames," he said, looking into Mrs. Tray's face, with powerful and biting innuendo in his tone. And the morning after, being in his grandmother's room, he had thought to give her her dose also and had said:

"I think that Elaine will enjoy her ride on the veranda to-day."

Whereupon his grandmother had also risen abruptly and left him alone forthwith.

You can see that life was fast becoming a very mysterious affair at Grandpapa's and Grandmamma's house.

The weeks went on and on. The baby was beginning to make little gurgles in her throat, and to have quite a good deal of strength in her bits of fingers. And she was crazy over Cornwallis; when he came in, she quivered all over like a bird that is making the twig shake, too, as it sings. Cornwallis thought it was too wonderful, just to be allowed to be with her.

"She does not make up for my mother," he said one day to Nellie, "but I am very glad to have her and for her to have me."

Nellie started to speak and then stopped. It had been decided that any statement to Cornwallis regarding his mother would be worse than futile in existing circumstances.

The next day was another of what Cornwallis had named to himself "the new kind of Sundays," because they were so widely different from the happy Sundays of other-time,—those Sundays when his mamma and papa and he used to frolic together and laugh out loud over how silly they were. The new Sundays were almost exactly like week-days, only still more so. His papa came sometimes in the afternoon and looked at Elaine, and patted her brother's cheek, but he hardly spoke and almost never smiled. Mrs. Tray did the talking, and Elaine was afraid of her own father, and cried.

Elaine was almost three months old now, and all her black hair had rubbed off, and she had funny little yellow duck-tails turning up all over her funny little yellow head. She could shake a rattle, too, and when she was displeased the way that she could scream was awful. She screamed just that way upon this particular Sunday, screamed right in Papa's face, screamed so fearfully that Mrs. Tray had to carry her out of the room.

"You see, she doesn't hardly know you," Cornwallis said in apology for the little sister whom he was learning to love more valor-

ously every day. "She cried just so hard at the man who brought her bed. You see, I learned to know you when I used to live with Mamma before she came, but she's never had a chance to know you, and I guess she's never going to see Mamma ever." He sighed heavily as he terminated his brief explanation, for he did sorely long to know what had really become of his mother; but as all his questions brought only the vaguest sort of answers, he had ceased repeating them.

Papa arose and began to walk up and down the room; Cornwallis remained quietly seated on the little stool by the chair that Mrs. Tray had just quitted; he still held in his hands a toy with which he had been amusing the baby before his father came in.

"See here, Captain," his father said suddenly, "would you like to go and see Mamma again?"

The woolly man fell out of Cornwallis's hands. The woolly man fell because the small hands had become suddenly palsied—suddenly palsied because all the blood in the child's body was pouring into his face.

"Can I—ever—see her again?" he stammered.

"I'll take you to-morrow," said his father, and left the room in the same sudden way in which everyone seemed given to rushing away, these days.

The next morning, just after Elaine had gone for her nap, Papa came for Cornwallis. Papa was in the runabout with Peter. Nellie brought Cornwallis out to them, and they drove away—a long, long drive.

"Doesn't Mamma live in our house any more?" the boy asked in surprise, when they were far outside of the city.

"No," said Papa, and said no more.

Then they came to a most beautiful park, and well within it was a great white house, with countless windows and balconies. There were a good many people all about, either sitting down or lying in long chairs, and ever so many gentlemen and ladies all in white, with white caps, walking around. Cornwallis was deeply interested.

They drove to a side door, and he and Papa got down and went inside.

"Now, Major, listen to me," said Papa, not exactly crossly, but in such a way that Cornwallis felt he must be obeyed, whatever came. "Your mamma is ill. She has been ill a long time. She may not know you; she hasn't known anyone for all the long time; she doesn't know that there is a baby—any baby

except you. You mustn't mind what she says, and you mustn't mind if she says nothing."

Papa paused.

"I sha'n't mind anything," said Cornwallis stoutly. "I'll be too glad to see her again. She can kiss me all she likes, you can call me Captain Jinks, and Grandpapa can say Snoddy-boggins—I won't mind one bit, because I'll be just so glad to see her again—" He had to stop right there, partly because Papa was staring so, and partly because the biggest lump he had ever had, had come up in his throat all of a sudden.

Papa held out his hand.

"Come, Cornwallis," he said, calling the boy by his right name for the first time in his life, and then they went through a great many sweet, quiet, white halls and so came to the most wonderfully beautiful room of which Cornwallis had ever dreamed.

It was not the delicate blue and cream of its walls and ceiling, nor the soft green of its floor, nor the pretty brass bed, nor the lovely flowers, nor the yellow canary singing in the window—it was the mother on the bed, the thin, changed mother, the same, unchanged mother, for whom a childish heart had sorrowed so.

Cornwallis approached the bed on tiptoe. A lady in white had risen and stood still by the head of the bed, and Papa stood still at its foot. A door opened softly, and a gentleman whom Cornwallis had never seen slipped in behind a screen, and the gentleman stood still, too. It was all strange, but the strangest of all was the mother on the bed. She did not seem to pay any attention to anything, just lay there, looking straight up at the bed-draperies, and her son saw how very big and hollow her eyes were, and what pitiful, thin, bony things her soft white hands had become.

But still it was his mother, the mother of the old Sundays and the time before Elaine came.

"May I kiss her?" he asked Papa, looking backward.

Papa just nodded.

Then Cornwallis climbed up on the white bed—he was all in white himself, even to the white bows on his new white canvas pumps—and put his arms around her and kissed her. She looked up at him with the same curious, wide-eyed stare, and then she frowned. Cornwallis didn't see the frown, because his face was down close to hers, and he was hugging her with all the strength not needed to keep

down the lump in his throat. But Papa saw it and saw her move her poor, bony hands, and saw her lips tremble.

"Speak, Cornwallis," he said in a low, sharp voice. "Say whatever you please, but say something."

"Mamma!" he cried loudly, "it's your baby!"

It was his second surrender. He had just dropped his shackles, apparently—at least, so far as one parent was concerned—and now he slipped them on again for the pleasure of the other. Something heroic in that action—for a six-year-old!

There was a hush like death in the room. Even Cornwallis felt it. Everyone was waiting for something.

"Mamma," he cried again, "please call me 'baby' just as you always do."

Then his mother's eyelids fell over her eyes, which had stared steadily so long, and a little smile chased the frown from her face.

"Oh, yes," she said, in a queer sort of whisper, "he'll sleep here to-night—the baby—" and she turned her face in upon Cornwallis's clean white blouse exactly as Elaine always turned hers in upon Mrs. Tray's bosom, and drew a funny little gasp exactly as Elaine always did—and went to sleep.

Papa laid his finger on his lip, and Cornwallis kept perfectly still. They brought ever so many pillows, big and little, and poked them in around him so skillfully that he was quite easy in his queer position. His mother put one of her hands up just as Elaine always put hers up when she slept—her hand made him think of Elaine's as it had been when she first came—like a thin little claw. He looked down at her face on his shoulder and thought how like the baby she looked in ever so many odd ways.

Papa stood at the foot of the bed and smiled. The tears came into his eyes sometimes as he looked at the two on the bed. The gentleman who had gone behind the screen slipped away and presently returned with two huge portfolios full of pictures. He gave them to the lady in white, and she set them up one at a time where Cornwallis could see them. It was as good as a picture-book, and he looked at them with interest until—until he fell asleep himself.

I don't know how they ever managed it, but when he woke up he was on the bed in his own room at Grandmamma's, and Grandmamma was sitting weeping beside him.



IT WAS ALL STRANGE, BUT THE STRANGEST OF ALL WAS THE MOTHER ON THE BED.

"Oh, Sugar-pl—I mean Cornwallis," she said, "you have saved her—she will come back to us now."

"Saved who?" asked Cornwallis, wondering if he were still dreaming.

"Your mamma, your precious mamma," said Grandmamma, and then before she could say more Grandpapa came in, with the biggest smile Cornwallis had ever seen.

"Well, Skiddy—I mean Cornwallis," said Grandfather, "I don't think much of goats;

let's have a pony—two ponies—ten, if you like—twenty—forty!"

Cornwallis stared at him, and before he could speak, there was Papa, too.

"Well, Captain Ji—I mean Cornwallis," said Papa, jovially, in quite his old way, "what shall it be—chocolate cigarettes or lemon drops?" and he took both of these articles (which were so rare and difficult to procure in the place of which I write, that often they could not be bought between Christmas and

Fourth of July) out of his pocket and gave them to the small boy.

"Is Mamma come home?" he asked.

"No, Major—I mean Cornwallis," said Papa, blithely, "not yet, but you are to go to see her every morning from now on and put her to sleep just as you did to-day—how's that?"

Cornwallis did not even notice the candies; he clasped his hands tightly.

"Oh," he said, "I will do *anything* if just I may see her every day again. I will be quite still, and you don't need to put the pillows around me, thank you."

"Oh, bless the Sug—Cornwallis!" cried Grandmamma, and then she burst into more tears.

"Never mind, Snooks—I mean Cornwallis," said Grandpapa, lifting him off the bed and carrying him over by the window; "let's have a little carriage for the ponies, one big enough for you to drive Nellie and the baby out in!"

Cornwallis's eyes flashed, but his attention being attracted back to Grandmamma at that second, he could not reply. Grandmamma was weeping still and repeating—much louder than she realized—"To think that she knew him—to think that she knew him!" He struggled down out of his grandfather's arms and went back to his grandmother's side and laid his hand upon her knee.

"Doesn't she know you?" he asked, wide-eyed.

"No, not me—not anyone—since, oh, since about the time the baby came."

Cornwallis stared fixedly ahead, considering.

"That is why no one ever spoke of her," he said slowly, working his big problem out as fast as his little brain would permit.

"I thought that I should never see her again," he said after a little pause, deciding to take them all into his confidence.

"I thought for a long time that she was gone away just as Nellie's mother went away," he said, looking around at them all, his mouth quivering as he spoke. "Nellie cried, but I did not cry. I shouldn't think that you would have minded her not knowing you," he went on, very slowly; "you knew she was there and you could go and look at her—I haven't known where she was. I've wondered and wondered and wondered. I've thought about it when I woke up in the dark, I've thought about it when I was running my cars, I've thought about it all the time when

I was playing with Elaine, because after Elaine got her eyes open her eyes were just like Mamma's. It wasn't any use my asking about—about Mamma, because no one would tell me. Everyone always thinks I am so little—and—and calls me names—but—but I don't mind names now—and I wouldn't mind if she hadn't known me, either, I would have loved her and talked about her just the same. If she doesn't know me, I will go just the same every day, and put her to sleep—I'll be so glad just to be with her again—I—" He stopped abruptly, and started to walk out of the room, but in the little armchair just at Grandmother's door he fell, head forward, and burst into tears more tumultuous than even Grandmamma's own.

His father went to him and gathered him close in his arms.

"Oh, why didn't you take me to her before?" Cornwallis sobbed. "I was what she wanted—I'm her baby; I always was what she wanted. I used to run away from her because she wanted me so tight always. I've thought how I used to run away every one of these days. That's why I let Elaine pull my hair. She's never had Mamma hug her—she's only just had Mrs. Tray—and I let her pull as hard as she could because I was always thinking how was she going to—to live—without any mamma—"

"Cornwallis, stop," said his father, very gently but very firmly; "grown-up people make mistakes often, but we are trying to do right just as much as you are. No one could tell you anything about Mamma except what would have made you very unhappy, and you had to stay bright for little sister. We couldn't smile and we could hardly speak—it was better to keep you so that you could. Don't you understand?" and then he carried him away to a quiet, dark room, where Cornwallis was soothed back to calmness, and became fit to go and see his mother again.

A week or so later he was so accustomed to the daily visit and to beginning his own nap there and ending it at Grandmother's that life merged completely out of tragedy and became a sweet, happy routine again. When his mother began to watch for his coming, when she began to speak little phrases, when she knew Papa, and wanted him to sit on the other side of the bed and hold her other hand—all these were the events of that summer.

Grandmamma became as cheerful as she had been in the long ago time; Grandpapa whistled and was always starting to say

"Snooks" and then stopping himself short; Elaine was usually down on the floor trying to eat up the embroidery on the hem of her dress, and giving little shrieks of joy whenever she saw Cornwallis, just on the mere chance that he *might* be bringing his hair to her to be pulled. They were all very happy.

And then, at last, one day the telephone bell rang, and it was Mamma, and she asked for Grandpapa and said to him, "I'm at home!" and nothing else. Grandpapa came up-stairs and told them all, and that afternoon everyone but Elaine and Mrs. Tray went down and had tea at Cornwallis's own house, and the next day Cornwallis and Nellie went back there to live.

The queer part was that little Elaine could not go, and that, while *en route* in the Fearless Kerosene, both Grandpapa and Grandmamma told Cornwallis all over again for the hundred and fiftieth time how Mamma did *not* know that there was any Elaine, and must *not* be told of the fact.

"Won't she ever know?" he said wistfully. "Won't I ever have Elaine and Mamma both at once?"

"Perhaps—after a while," said Grandmamma, vaguely.

So now, instead of going every day to see his mother, Cornwallis had to go twice a day to see his sister. Elaine was becoming absolutely irresistible. She talked with her forefinger most intelligibly, and laughed with two dimples and eight little white teeth.

"What do you do up at Grandmamma's?" Mamma asked Cornwallis one day when he came in to kiss her good-by.

"I play with my things," he said.

"Come here, Baby," said Mamma fondly, and he went straight to her and snuggled close to her side. "You are a real comfort now," she said, smiling; "you used to be such a horrid, struggling little fellow, never liking to be loved," and then she loved him with her soft cheek and both her hands, that had ceased to be bony, and were white and pretty again. "You are my own, ownest baby," she said, over and over again, and he entered no demur, but merely kissed her in return.

"Do you remember," she said, "how you used to hate to be called a baby?"

Cornwallis laughed.

"But you don't mind now?"

"I like it," he said, looking merrily into her eyes.

And then she hugged him once more in a peculiarly choking manner that had always

seemed to give her a special satisfaction, and he went away to the cunning motherless little sister who was big enough now to clap her hands and bat her little blue kid heels against the rug when she saw him enter her room.

"Elaine is going to have a birthday next week," Mrs. Tray told him this morning.

"How old will she be?" he asked with interest. Elaine was trying to chew up his thumb as he spoke, but he didn't mind her little ways—she was always wanting to bite something or somebody.

"She will be a year old," replied Mrs. Tray.

"Won't you give Mamma to her for her present?" said Cornwallis.

"We don't know just what to do," said Mrs. Tray, wrinkling her forehead thoughtfully. "You see, generally when a new baby comes it is so little that it really doesn't matter much; but Elaine is so big, she matters a good deal."

"Well, I should say so," said Cornwallis. Elaine had climbed to her feet and was clinging to his collar for support, and screaming to attract everyone's attention to the fact that she was standing up just like other people.

"And your mamma is almost too weak yet," began Mrs. Tray, but just then Elaine, in a fervor of womanly independence, let go of her brother, and instantly sat down with such violence that all other subjects dropped with her.

Nevertheless, the grown-up people adopted Cornwallis's suggestion, and decided to celebrate Elaine's first birthday by introducing her to her mother. Mamma was walking about up-stairs now, and talking and laughing quite like her old self. The lady in white who had lived there so long spent most of her time reading in her own room—she didn't seem to have any business in the house any more.

On the morning of Elaine's birthday Cornwallis went into his mother's room. He was in a very fresh white sailor-suit, and he let his mother muss the collar without a murmur. Presently Papa came in, and they all three sat on the sofa together and played Three Bears, just as they used to play long ago.

"But I'm too big to be a Baby Bear now," Cornwallis said, when the crease was almost entirely out of his trousers and Mamma was still tumbling his blouse.

"If we only had a real little Baby Bear!" said Papa.

Mamma put both arms suddenly around Cornwallis.

"Oh, *don't!*" she cried, in a queer voice, "don't remind me. Do you think I don't know and remember? Why, if the little thing had lived it would have been big enough to play here with us now!"

Cornwallis felt his father start; he slipped out from between them instantly, and stood up and spoke:

"I don't think this has been a very well-managed family this year!" he said, indignantly, comprehending perfectly that his mother had thought of Elaine just as he had thought of his mother, and sympathizing with her from the keen standpoint of an equal sorrow.

"Now don't cry," he said sternly; "nobody has done anything without they cried for ever so long," and then he wiped his eyes hard with his two hands and ran out of the room, for he and Papa both knew that Elaine was asleep in her little carriage out by the side door, waiting for a good chance to meet her mamma.

A little later she woke, and Mrs. Tray and Nellie and Grandmamma took her into the sunshine-room off of the back hall and tied a bow on her shoulder, and fluffed up some of her hair and smoothed down some, and gave her a drink of milk. And then they carried her up to Mamma, who was quite white with expecting her.

Cornwallis's heart beat very fast; he stepped behind his mother's chair, and bit his lips.

Elaine was dreadfully frightened; she didn't seem to know that she was in her own house at all. She looked at even Mrs. Tray with a most dubious expression, and her chin quivered awfully. Papa had his arm about Mamma, and Mamma said, "Ah, but she's a very pretty little thing," and then, "I wonder if she could sit on my lap for a minute," and then, "My little daughter!"

It looked as if everyone was surely going to cry *now*, and then all of a sudden Cornwallis saved the situation. He just peeped around the back of Mamma's chair, and Elaine saw him.

She fairly shrieked for joy! Mrs. Tray put her on Mamma's lap, and Cornwallis went down on his knees before her, and she grabbed the sailor collar just where the bright stripe ran, and began stuffing it into her mouth, while her little feet danced so wildly that Cornwallis had to catch them in his hands to keep her from maybe hurting Mamma.

Everyone began at once to laugh, Papa and Grandmamma first of all. Grandpapa had gotten there also, somehow, and Cornwallis heard him laughing, too, right behind him. When Elaine saw them all laughing, she laughed with them, and burying her fingers in Cornwallis's hair, just screamed in ecstasy.

It was all very silly—and nice.

Cornwallis was the first to become sober.

"Well, it's no wonder we feel happy," he said; "we all know we're all right here to-day, and all this year we've been crying because everybody thought somebody wasn't. I don't think that's right in a family."

Mamma put out her hand and pulled him closer yet (by that same unfortunate collar).

"Oh, Baby," she said, "you always knew more than all the rest of us put together."

"I do when I'm told things I ask," he replied with dignity.

Just then Norah came in with Elaine's cunning little birthday cake on a silver tray.

"Just like Sug—I mean Cornwallis's, when *he* was a baby," said Grandmamma.

"He's my baby yet," said Mamma, pulling him up to the place from which Mrs. Tray had just lifted Elaine.

"Yes, I am," said Cornwallis, meekly. His surrender was most complete, and as soul-satisfying as only the yielding of love can be.

Norah had brought up a bottle of champagne, and Papa opened it while Grandmamma cut the cake. No one ate or drank anything, because it wasn't a cake or champagne hour of the day, but they each took a sip to Elaine's health, and to Mamma's happiness. And then Grandpapa began, "And now we'll drink to Sn—" but he was arrested right there by the steadiness of his grandson's eye, and corrected his language to "Cornwallis."

Cornwallis drew a deep breath. His sweet little sister was never to be tortured with "Butterball" and "Was-a-Wee"—she was Elaine, and forever Elaine, and that through his own efforts and his efforts alone. And he was Cornwallis to everyone but Mamma, but still to be "Baby" to a mamma was better than being "Cornwallis" to a world.

So the young General marched forth, head up, flags flying, his little heart drumming the best music in all the world, and his soul serenely conscious that out of the jaws of victory he had snatched a final and most glorious defeat.

The Tenements of Trinity Church

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Author of "Soldiers of the Common Good," "Where Did You Get It, Gentlemen?" etc.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The Corporation of Trinity Church, New York City, a very large and wealthy landowner, possesses many tenement-houses that by reformers, philanthropists, and health-officers have often been made the subject of bitter criticism. This article aims to describe the actual condition of some of these Trinity tenements and to give an idea of their relation to the health and security of the city. It also raises a very great and interesting question: whether the good wrought by the charitable and philanthropic enterprises of Trinity equals the evil wrought by the tenements that finance the charities.

ON the lower West Side of New York City, in the old Eighth Ward and not far from the docks, is a place called Hudson Park, where in certain poor piles of sand the little children of the tenements sometimes come to play.

It is not much of a park; a little slice of rescued city space, a mere glimpse of open sky, a part of a city block without the usual hideous city houses and set with weary trees, uncertain grass, some rigid benches—no more than that. In the center, a curious and unreasonable depression adorned with some doubtful classicism, and at the rear the sand piles where the chalk-faced children play. That is all.

And yet you, looking upon it, poor and forlorn as it is, feel in your heart an impulse to fall upon your knees there in the reek of the filthy street and utter gratitude for even so much. All about you to the south blink the frowsy, scaly, slatternly, bleary, decayed, and crumbling old houses, leering from dirty windows like old drunkards through bloodshot eyes; the broken shutters awry like deformities, the doors agape like old, toothless mouths. All about is the hell of the West Side tenement-house

region, and compared with its outward and visible signs, this maidenhood of Hudson Park, albeit ill-clad and gawky, is something sweet. You think back upon the years of dreary struggle and contest and argument and travail that were required to secure this little island of sanity in the mad region around you, and wonder to yourself if we are all perfectly crazy that we tolerate such things.

Drunken, disreputable, decayed, topsyturvy old houses, the homes of thousands of families and the breeding-places for so many children that are to carry on the world's work—who owns these terrible places? Who draws the wretched profit of their existence?

Trinity Church, holder of one of the greatest estates in New York or in the country, owns many of them. This is the heart of her possessions: street after street is lined with her properties. Here is Clarkson Street, on the south of the tiny park—she owns a dozen tenement properties there; Varick Street, crossing Clarkson at right angles—she owns sixty-six tenement properties there; West Houston, noisome and dilapidated—she owns fifty-one tenement properties there; upper Greenwich Street—she owns sixty-five tenement properties there; Charlton Street, a dreary place—she owns twenty-six tenement properties there; Canal Street toward the North River—she owns forty-seven tenement properties there; Hudson Street—she owns 138 tenement properties there. You do not think well of the appearance of Vandam Street; Trinity owns forty-one tenement properties there. You think Barrow Street down here looks ancient and seedy; Trinity owns twenty-two tenement properties there. Wherever you walk in this dreadful region, you find something that Trinity owns, and, as a rule, it is something that you know she ought not to own.

For this is the state to which have come

certain cabbage-fields and swamp-lands once (in the earliest days of New York) bestowed upon the church by the careless hand of the good Queen Anne; this is the Jans farm of the ancient days; this is the wealth that the sheer growth of New York has made for Trinity; and this is the fortune that by the managers of this remarkable church is guarded with a strange secrecy and care. It owns in the city property worth, according to different estimators, from \$39,000,000 to \$100,000,000, from which it draws an enormous revenue, the amount of which is never made public. For many years no investigator has been able to obtain any more definite knowledge of these matters than that this is the wealth of Trinity which she holds for good purposes.

What? Expressed in wretched, rotten, old tenement-houses? Yes. Expressed in hundreds of such tenement-houses.

I have before me the testimony of a very eminent authority about tenement-houses, and she says that confirmed tenement-house dwellers are as a class sickly, anemic, lethargic, and show unmistakable tendencies toward constitutional weakness. Tuberculosis has a strong hold upon them; the effect of tenement-house life is such that the third generation of tenement-house dwellers (if you can conceive of a third generation) is usually of an inferior mentality, without intelligent interest in anything, leads dull and vacant lives, and furnishes recruits for the reformatory and the state prison.

It appears, therefore, that while the charities established by Trinity since 1857* are trying to lead men upward, the Trinity tenements, with an irresistible force, are crushing men downward; and we are therefore presented at once with a very memorable spectacle of the contradictions and inconsistencies of this our mortal state.

Because if the tenement, speaking generally, works ill, Trinity's tenements must be a matter of grave concern to us all, Trinity's tenements must work more than common ill, for they are the worst tenements in New York.

One reason why they are the worst is that they were never designed for tenements at all.

They are the residences that a century ago began to show from St. John's Park northward the growth of the young city. Two-story and basement houses, most of them, they were

planned in every case to be the homes each of a single family. You can imagine, then, the results when, with an amazing parsimony in repairs and alterations, these same houses are made to shelter five or six families. But, unless you have been there, you cannot possibly imagine the horrible dirt and neglect and slovenliness that are spread over so many of these places.

Is it not strange? No, it is not strange; it is only a part of a yellow wizardry that in many ways gives to the management of Trinity Corporation an aspect furtive and mysterious, that seems to impel it to many courses inconsistent with candor and to bewitch many good men engaged in the conduct of its affairs. Profit, much profit, very great profit, lies in property of this sort; it yields much to the golden stream. These are houses that old-time tenants built on land had from Trinity on short leases. When the leases expired, Trinity, following a consistent and profitable policy, refused to grant renewals—to the late tenants. It also refused to purchase the house that the tenant had built. The tenant, therefore, was confronted with this situation: he could tear his house down brick by brick and cart it away to the dump or the river; or he could abandon it (as it stood) to Trinity, sometimes for nothing, sometimes for a nominal sum. These are houses, therefore, in which the investment of Trinity was almost nothing, possibly an average of \$200 each, and now from these same houses she gathers \$40 or \$50 a month for rent, paying out nothing for repairs.

Some of these houses are brick, some are wooden. Very few of them are fit under any circumstances for any human habitation. Not one of them is fit for human habitation as at present it is inhabited.

Tastes differ. I know that the vestry of Trinity would be terribly shocked at a suggestion that the corporation should make money by administering arsenic to people, or carbolic acid, or deadly nightshade. But the vestry or the standing committee that represents it in these matters has no objection whatever to making money for the corporation by maintaining poisonous tenements.

As between tuberculosis and arsenic, where lies the choice?

Suppose now we turn us from these reflections (which may be supposed to threaten the sacred basis of the social edifice) and see how the facts stand. We will imagine

* Trinity was investigated in 1857 by a Committee of the State Senate. One result was a report severely condemning the church for its apparent indifference to charitable enterprises and religious benevolence.

that we guide a party of inquiring and well-fed tourists to whom the tenement-house is merely a name, comfortable and genial tourists, that sleep o' nights. We take you first into one of the tenement-houses that blink out disreputably about the little park and gather much income for Trinity, a tenement-house in Clarkson Street near Hudson. It presents to the street a dirty brick front, scaly, like its fellows, and long demanding paint. Come inside and see how you like it. Four floors there are, three of them made into dwellings for families, two dwellings on a floor. An old house, very old, very poorly built, very flimsy, very ramshackle. Everything about it seems going to decay. The halls are narrow, dark, dirty, and smell abominably. The stairways are narrow, wooden, and insecure. On the second and third floors are interior bedrooms that have no natural light nor ventilation, and must therefore, according to the Board of Health, be a prolific breeding-place for the germs of tuberculosis. A horrible, mephitic odor and the dampness that clings about old

cellars and sunless courts seem to strike against you with a physical impact. You know that in this heavy and sickly air is no place to rear men and women.*

The only sanitation for the families dwelling in this dreadful house is to be found in wooden sheds in the back yard. It is of a nature that one might expect to see in Chinese cities, but never in the foremost city of America. The back yard is a horror into which you set your foot with an uncontrollable physical revulsion against the loathsome contamination. It has much rubbish, it is vilely unkempt, it seems to exude vileness. The water-supply in the house consists of one common tap for each floor, placed in the hall. Formerly even these primitive conveniences did not exist, and the overwrought women that live in these houses were obliged to carry in pails up the steep stairs the water-supply, each for her household. The water-tap on each floor was commanded by the new Tene-

*I am pleased to state that this particular building has now been sold to the city and is about to be demolished.



HUDSON PARK—A LITTLE BREATHING-PLACE FOR WEST SIDE CHILDREN,
WON AFTER A LONG CONTEST.



A VACANT LOT WHERE THE OWNER TORE DOWN HIS HOUSE RATHER THAN LET IT PASS INTO THE HANDS OF TRINITY.

ment-House Law, and it was this feature of the law that Trinity most opposed.

In the rear, reached by a narrow passage, is another tenement-house, a four-story brick building, occupied, when I was there, by seven families. If the front tenement is bad, what shall we say of the tenement in the rear? Whatever is abominable in the one is more abominable in the other. The gloom is worse, the ventilation is worse, the aspect of dreary decay and neglect is worse. Some of the dwellers in the front house can get air and light; most of the dwellers in the rear house can get very little of either. When the building was new and clean, it might have been a tolerable place in which to house horses—temporarily; say for a day. It was never, at any time, a tolerable place in which to house human beings. For fifty or sixty years it has been unfit for anything except burning. How would you like to draw an income from the maintaining of such a place? You would want to have the money disinfected before it touched your hand, would you not? Lest into your presence it bear some odor of the rear tenement, or some bacteria from the interior bedrooms, or from the filthy courts.

Come, then, into the filthy little back yards

at the rear of No. 20 Clarkson Street, and, looking over the rotting fences, you may discover a peculiarity of many of the houses in this region. The front walls are of brick; the rear and side walls are wooden. On the wooden walls the clapboards sag and sway and are falling off, the ancient laths and plaster are exposed beneath. Window panes are broken out. On one of the days when I was there, a bitter day in December, an icy wind blew through these apertures. I went into some of the living-rooms. There were women and children around the fire in the one stove that cooked for them and gave them heat. They were trying to keep warm—with coal they bought by the pailful at the rate of \$16 a ton. They paid \$5.50 a month for the two miserable rooms—one with light, the other without.

And what kind of people are these that dwell in such quarters? "Foreigners, likely, only lately recruited from the hives of Naples or Palermo, and finding even these habitations not much worse than those to which they have been accustomed." So you think. But these are not foreigners. These are Americans; respectable and industrious Americans. They are old-time residents of the

Eighth Ward, most of them; their fathers lived there, they were born there; with that fatuity that is so common and still so hard to explain, they cling to the familiar regions of their youth. And not the least pathetic part of the unfortunate situation is the struggle they make against their environment, the painful effort to keep their poor little rooms neat and tidy; the cherished old pictures on the dismal walls, and the handful of ornaments on the shelf. You cannot crush out the instincts of the race by two decades in a tenement-house; but you can in four, or five, good gentlemen of the vestry.

The good gentlemen of the vestry have strong and steady nerves; they are not easily worried; they are not likely ever to die of heart-failure. I know that they have large and well-grounded philosophies and rest steadfastly upon the belief that a Special Providence watches over the tenement-house region. I know this must be so because otherwise they would never be able to sleep, under the terror that the condition of their tenement-houses must inspire. Of all the tinder-boxes in New York these houses are the worst. If some of them had been designed for the express purpose of trapping and destroying human beings, by no possibility could they

have been more ably arranged to that end.

The old wooden walls, the old wooden stairways, the old wooden floors, dry as powder, inflammable as oil, are only a part of the peril. The one access to, the one exit from, the rear tenement is usually through a narrow passage, or a tunnel, maybe three feet wide, sometimes with wooden sides and top; sometimes above it is part of the front house.

In the event of a fire, these tunnels would become almost at once impassable. Thereupon the people in the overcrowded rear tenements would have no conceivable chance to escape. Many of them could not even get down to the ground floor, because some of the houses have no fire-escapes. Yes, I know the law provides that there shall be such things, but here are houses on Trinity property to which this law seems never to have been applied. There are no fire-escapes on the houses at Nos. 32, 34, and 36 Clarkson Street, for instance. I suppose that technically this is not Trinity's fault; but narrow old wooden stairs, dry old tinder walls, an overcrowded building, and no fire-escapes! Yes, I think the vestrymen have good nerves; they cannot be susceptible to carking care.

And how about the rest of us that are not obliged to lead our lives in such sur-



REAR OF 593 GREENWICH STREET, A FAIR SAMPLE OF A TRINITY BACK YARD

roundings, but are still our brothers' keepers? I know that there is a belief more or less widespread among us that tenement-house dwellers do not have feelings like ours. They are differently constituted, their fibers are different, their ganglia are of another material; so by a merciful provision they do not feel the pangs of poverty nor mind dirt, darkness, and squalor. We should mind such things, but these people do not, because of some great difference in their physical and mental make-up. In fact, they are said to be very happy in the station to which Providence has assigned them, and we really should let them live on in their cellars and back rooms so long as tuberculosis and typhoid will allow.

I know this view must be correct, because I have heard it urged by very learned and wise persons, and I make a point of not disputing eminent authority. Still, I should think that even to persons of a very different fiber indeed the sensation of burning to death would be painful, and most of us would prefer not to derive an income from tinder-box houses that are without fire-escapes.

I can only suppose, therefore, that about this matter Trinity Corporation has implicit faith in the idea of a Special Providence.

The Special Providence went off watch on the night of March 29, 1896, and the tinder-box at No. 374 Hudson Street exploded into flame; for it seems an inaccuracy of speech to say that one of these places merely takes fire. Of course the wooden stairway was unusable, and the unfortunate and trapped inhabitants were driven to throw themselves from the windows. Four of them, two men and two women, were killed; about a dozen were badly injured. I gather from this that while the fiber of people that live in tenements is different from the fiber of the rest of us, it is not sufficiently different to prevent such people from being burned, nor from having their bones broken if they fall far enough.

It was also not different enough to prevent some of the survivors from grieving over the loss of their relatives and from suing Trinity as the responsible cause of that loss. So the whole story was turned up in the courts. But I have been unable to find that anything ever came of these actions. Somehow, nothing usually comes of a suit against Trinity.

Bearing in mind what happened at No. 374 Hudson Street, I should think the vestry might at times feel a slight uneasiness. No. 374 Hudson Street was a fire-proof structure compared with some of the other

properties. At Nos. 192½ and 192¾ Varick Street, for instance, is an ancient, sorry-looking structure of wood, three stories high, and there is no fire-escape at either number. What the inmates would do in case that tinder-box were fired, I do not know; burn with the tinder, I suppose. The fire-escapes that exist on some of the other houses are makeshifts. Perhaps an adult man or a woman of average weight could get upon one without fetching the whole thing away, but I do not see how. Why worry? The houses have never burned. Hence let us conclude that they never will burn.

But we tourists of the well-fed and better orders resume our excursion among the habitations of the lowly, and here are some of the places we enter; no better and no worse than others. Human beings actually live in these places; many human beings; and pay for the privilege.

No. 265 West Houston Street. Brick, three stories and basement, four families, rear fire-escape, dirty back yard, sanitation in two wooden sheds in the yard, water in halls. An interior bedroom on top floor, where an old woman says, "That's all right; we get too much air in the winter."

No. 368 Hudson Street. Brick, three stories, fire-escapes in rear, small yard, sanitation in wooden sheds, interior bedroom.

No. 342 Hudson Street. Three stories, rotten wood in front, half wood, half brick in rear; a dilapidated old shack. Fire-escape in front, house occupied by three families and two stores. Dirty little yard heaped with rubbish, sanitation in old wooden sheds.

No. 344 Hudson Street, corner of Charlton. Three stories, wooden, old, side fire-escapes, three families, water in halls.

No. 85 King Street. Two and a half stories and basement, brick front, wooden rear, eight families, including one in basement, fire-escapes, wooden sheds for sanitation, water in halls, no gas in halls, law being thereby violated. Tenant says halls are very dark and that because of the darkness an old woman fell down the stairs and died of fractured skull. In basement is interior bedroom, also one on first floor. Very dirty and repulsive place.

No. 84 Charlton Street. Two and a half stories with basement, wooden, very old, fire-escape, four families, water in halls, wooden sheds in yard for sanitation, much rubbish. The basement is at present unoccupied.

No. 196 Varick Street. Two and a half

stories with basement, frame, front fire-escape, four families, one family in the basement consisting of ten members. Interior bedrooms of worst kind on first and second floors. Two wooden sheds in back yard for sanitation.

No. 198 Varick Street. Same as above. Four families, front fire-escape.

No. 200 Varick Street. No fire-escape.

No. 202 Varick Street. Same as No. 196, four families, fire escapes.

No. 204 Varick Street. Similar to No. 198, but yard taken up with sheds.

Nos. 192½ and 192¾ Varick Street. Three stories, wooden, very old, in last stages of disrepair, no fire-escapes. Old, rotting, wooden porch hanging out from rear of second floor. House most unsafe in case of fire. Three families in No. 192½, two families in No. 192¾, one old wooden shed for sanitation in rear of each house, dirty little yards, water in halls.

No. 190 Varick Street. Two and a half stories, wooden with brick front, no fire-escape.

No. 39 Clarkson Street. Brick front, remainder of wood, three stories, three families. In rear, wooden tenement, three stories, three families, dirty yard, four rotten sheds for sanitation. This house is very old and rotten, stairway is out of plumb and looks as if it might fall. No gas in rear tenement, no fire-escapes. Owner of the buildings says, "Oh, yes, there are fire-escapes. There is a wire ladder kept on each floor." She pays Trinity \$400 a year ground-rent.

No. 41 Clarkson Street. Brick, three stories and basement. No gas. Interior bedrooms on second and third floors. Yard in very bad state, sanitation sheds very bad. Another tenement in rear, very old and dilapidated. Both have fire-escapes.

No. 32 Clarkson Street. Brick, three stories and basement, no fire-escapes. A tenant says that the hatch on the roof was nailed down, so that there was no possible escape that way. Tenants, therefore, neatly trapped. One wooden shed in yard.

No. 38 Clarkson Street. Brick, sheathed in wood, three stories, wooden extension in



ALL ABOUT IS THE HELL OF THE WEST SIDE TENEMENT-HOUSE REGION.



ROTTEN STAIRS IN THE REAR OF 501 GREENWICH STREET, SHOWING TYPICAL ALLEY BY WHICH A REAR TENEMENT IS REACHED.

rear, seven families, no gas, rusty old ladders in rear for fire-escapes, dirty yard, sheds.

Almost indefinitely I might extend this gruesome list. Indeed, decay and neglect, misery and squalor seem to brood wherever Trinity is an owner. Gladly I would give to such a charitable and benevolent institution all possible credit for a spirit of improvement manifested anywhere, but I can find no such manifestation. I have tramped the Eighth Ward day after day with a list of Trinity properties in my hand, and of all the tenement-houses that stand there on Trinity land I have not found one that is not a disgrace to civilization and to the city of New York.

I need not be told, as with much virtuous indignation I shall be told, that of the instances I have cited not all the buildings are technically owned by Trinity. I know that well enough. And I need not be told that according to the Trinity leases the lessee is responsible for repairs upon the property. I know that well enough. And I need not be told that Trinity is not technically responsible for the dirt and the misery, the poverty and squalor. I know that well enough. But the land is

owned by Trinity, wherever the bricks in the building are not, and from the moral responsibility for these conditions there is no escape on any plea I have been able to think of. To rent property and permit it to become a breeding-place for tuberculosis is exactly as bad as to rent it for immoral purposes. Whatever distinction, therefore, the good vestrymen may draw between the buildings that stand in the name of Trinity and the buildings that stand on Trinity's ground in the name of this person or that, is a technical, and no moral, defense. For, however the title deeds may say, it is from this property so conducted and so crying out against civilization that there is drawn the income that year after year pours into the mysterious coffers of the corporation.

It seemed to me after a time that I had no need for the list of Trinity holdings; I could pick them out unaided, I could tell them as far as I could see them, tell them by indubitable signs. Whenever I saw a house that looked as if it were about to fall down, one that looked in every way rotten and weary and dirty and disreputable, I found that it was owned by Trinity or stood upon Trinity ground. Frequently other owners



AN INSIDE ROOM AT 12 CLARKSON STREET—NO LIGHT, NO AIR.

seemed to make some effort to improve their property, or at least to keep it from desperate decay. Trinity seemed to make none. You can see side by side in some of these streets a tumbling and forlorn old hovel and a modern apartment-house, and if you have any familiarity with the ward, you know at once that the hovel has something to do with Trinity and the apartment-house is owned by some one that is struggling hard against the conditions that Trinity fosters.

To be sure, all tenement-houses are bad, I know that; all tenement-houses are terrific indictments of the conditions of grab and gain and splendor and shame that we tolerate. But how comes it that on the East Side of New York have been built in recent years all these bright, clean, fire-proof, and sanitary flats, in such numbers that certain regions have been transformed by them, and life for those that dwell in them has been changed from direst misery to something almost suggestive of decency, while Trinity has done nothing of the kind?

How comes it that the Astor Estate, owner of hundreds of tenements, has pursued for years one settled policy of improvement for the benefit of the tenants, and the Trinity tenants have been left to shift for themselves?

The Astor Estate maintains no charities; it has no missions, no hospitals, no beds, and no Sunday-school excursions; yet I am perfectly certain that the balance of actual good in the world is in its favor; I am perfectly certain that to obliterate one court that breeds tuberculosis is better than to spend \$70,000 a year on organ music, and that to provide a tenement with fire-escapes is better than to preach a sermon of remote and genteel theology. The management of the Astor tenements indicates what even a small measure of civilization can do in the midst of barbarous conditions; the management of the Trinity tenements shows what callous neglect can do to further and aggravate barbarous conditions.

But the owners of the Astor property can see at any time every book and every document or paper that relates to any part of their property. They know what the property is, and what it yields, and what is done with the revenue, and who is in charge of it. For ninety-four years the owners of Trinity have known nothing whatever about it. There is no growth from secrecy except some form of trouble, and the crop of trouble in the case of Trinity is large and various enough to overflow into all our seed-lands.

Yet I do not see why the crop should be reaped by the tenants of Trinity. What have they done? It is not their fault that the houses are damp and dark and old, that the stairways fall from the walls, that bacteria thrive in the unlighted rooms, that the hallways are rank and reeking, that the basements are full of horrible smells, that they dwell exposed to the most frightful forms of death. What have they done? They are not responsible for the vestry and standing committee of Trinity Church; they have not created the mysterious methods of Trinity once investigated and denounced by a Committee of the Senate of the State of New York; it is not their fault that Trinity is a bad citizen, and will not improve its propriety.

You say, why don't they move elsewhere? Yes, to Staten Island maybe, or to Yonkers or Poughkeepsie, all admirably adapted to be places of residence. Dear soul, so long as Trinity offers a tenement at \$5.50 a month somebody (in the conditions of life that we create and maintain) is certain to live in it. But how does that excuse Trinity? In what way does that clear her of the moral responsibility for the chalk-faced children that are growing up in the terrible places she owns?

The children! Ah, well, I was coming to them. I have now in mind some pictures that stand out above the others of the horrible things I saw in my wanderings here. I remember one place: a tiny and scantily stocked store in front, the living-room of the family next, and beyond that a wretched wooden shed used as a bedroom. A little girl lay sick on a bed against the further side of the shed. The old mattress she lay upon was filthy, the old blanket that covered her was filthy, the floor was filthy, the walls were bare, the room was a cold, cheerless hole, almost dark, for the one window that

opened upon the filthy back yard admitted hardly any light. The child lay close by the thin wooden wall of that shed, and on the other side of that wall were the reeking back yard and things I must not speak about. She lay there in that choking and fetid atmosphere, and a constitution enfeebled by years of such existence was still battling for her life.

What kind of children do you think will develop in such an atmosphere, supposing them to escape the mercy of death? The only times in their lives when they can breathe anything but mephitis is when they can get into the roaring streets, and when they get into the roaring streets the trucks

and cabs run them down or the police chase them off the block. Imagine the eighteen growing years of a life spent among the damp and dripping walls of some of these places, with the nauseating rubbish of the neglected back yard for a prospect and the darkness of filthy halls and stairways for a companion. Do you think it in any way wonderful that some lives thus led and thus trained should turn to crime? If you wished to rear a criminal, do you think you could devise a better training place?

Five children, two boys and three girls,

came out of one of these rear tenement halls as I entered the dirty court that separates the front building from the other. They were not going out to play—the children in this perdition do not play very much—they were going out on various errands. Of the five there was not one that did not bear some sure stamp of the tenement-house curse. One of the girls had a running sore at her ear; all of them looked unwholesome and abnormal. They were dirty, for how could you expect them to be clean in the midst of all this filth? They were pale, of course, for they slept in



REAR OF A TUMBLE-DOWN HOUSE IN
VANDAM STREET.

rear rooms and inhaled poison; they were dull, for they reflected a dreary environment; and they were obviously of an inferior vitality, for they had been stupefied by the crushing misery in which they lived.

What do you think the five will be twenty years hence, providing they escape the tinder-box, tuberculosis, and cholera infantum?

But is Trinity, which draws hence so much mysterious revenue and disposes of it as mysteriously, indifferent to its duty as a benevolent institution? Not at all. Look in the year-book of the parish. You will see there that Trinity maintains trade-schools, parochial schools, Sunday-schools, missions, many kinds of philanthropy. It teaches girls to cook and sew and gives military training to boys. Every summer it gives to the children of its Sunday-school an excursion, up the Hudson, for instance, and I am assured that these excursions are delightful occasions, and the children are very happy, and it would do one good to see how they enjoy the fresh air and the sunshine. Every chapel in the Trinity organization has its guilds and associations for charitable work; every one of its clergy is thoroughly impressed with the idea of doing good in the world. But the fact from which I have found no escape is that the money for these excellent excursions is produced from a living inferno, and the greatest of all the mysteries seems to be this: that even for the religious and benevolent purposes specified by Trinity's charter the means should come in this way.

The crushing influence of the tenement-house! I saw its perfect product in one old woman that came to the door in answer to my knock. She was sixty-five or seventy, with silver hair, and she looked respectable and decent in spite of her surroundings; but the last vestige of the human spirit had long been crushed out of her. She looked about her with a vague, senseless terror, and she cringed and fawned so pitifully at every question it would have made you sorry and ashamed to see her.

In her vision there was nothing left but dis-

aster; the coming of some stranger, the asking of the simplest question, foreboded trouble. She would not believe that anyone could come to her except with evil intent, and yet she had no idea of resenting anything, but only of trying in some blind way to propitiate misfortune. She had lived in tenement-houses all her life, and not being of the kind that finds refuge in drink, the utter dreariness of her surroundings had shriveled away the soul of humanity in her until there was nothing left but this shape of perpetual fear. Grand triumph of our civilization! You should see her; she would make you feel so comfortable and warm and full of content. She was dressed in rags, she was gaunt and bent, and in her eyes was an unspeakable terror of you and of me and of all the world that had brought her down to this.

Ah, yes, blessings on the Sunday-school excursions, blessings on the trade-schools, blessings on the parochial schools, blessings on the fruit and flower missions, blessings on the organ music, blessings on the chapel guilds, blessings on the contributions for the poor of St. John's. Beautiful, indeed, are all these things. But while they keep their wonted way, the mill of the tenement-house goes on crushing, and the products of the crushing stare us in the face with ugly questions, not to be answered with Sunday-school excursions.

So runs this extraordinary story. Many strange features pertain to it. The managing forces of Trinity control a very great property. The real owners of that property are the communicants of the church. For ninety-four years none of the owners has known the extent of the property, nor the amount of the revenue therefrom, nor what is done with the money. Every attempt to learn even the simplest fact about these matters has been baffled. The management is a self-perpetuating body, without responsibility and without supervision. All these are strange conditions. But stranger than all is this: that a Christian church should be willing to take money from such tenements as Trinity owns in the old Eighth Ward.

The Arrival of Cornelia

By HARRISON RHODES

Illustrations by F. Vaux Wilson

BY the end of the season, which began with his meeting Mrs. Morpont, Mr. John Fairchild was on the friendliest terms with a good part of New York society. If you are a pleasant, good looking, nice mannered, rich young man, this is the almost inevitable process of destiny—provided, of course, that you meet Mrs. Morpont. At Mrs. Morpont's Johnny met Mrs. Van Holterman, who liked him. At Mrs. Van Holterman's he met Mrs. Hart-Winthrop, who liked him. At Mrs. Hart-Winthrop's he met old Miss Elizabeth Lacey, who liked him. At old Miss Elizabeth's he met ———, etc., etc. The reader can fill in more names at his leisure from the society columns of his own favorite New York newspaper. And, since Johnny's history is meant to be a cheerful one, no mention will be made of those who did not like him—happily they were, after all, very few.

This was the natural course of events. But at the very outset of his career, Johnny had acquired a taste for prodding destiny when it seemed a laggard, and a distaste for the commonplace fashion in which events—left to themselves—took place. His mother and sister are, of course, not the only Western ladies who have entered the fashionable circles of the metropolis, but they arrived in not quite the usual way—were they not *Johnny's* mother and sister?

Naturally, there had been curiosity felt about our young man's family. Naturally, the name of Fairchild was often mentioned at the Colony Club as fashionable women lounged in the smoking-room. But since, as everyone knows, the tradition is of the strictest that ladies must not introduce the names of gentlemen into club conversation, it was inevitable that talk should turn oftenest upon Mrs. and Miss Fairchild.

"People are constantly asking me about them just because, as a girl, I lived in Pittsburgh. But one knows so little about those little Western towns. I think Johnny Fairchild himself is charming—" it was Mrs. Dickie Burdick who was speaking, thus transgressing the letter of the law—"he is dining with us, of course, on Tuesday, when you come, Eva, darling," turning to Mrs. Morpont. "But his people may be horrors, for all we know."

(As a bit of the secret history of the West, it may be set down that Helen Burdick, when she was a girl of sixteen and before the Elliman family made their money, had visited a school friend named Mamie Mattison in Akron, who was not—at any rate, Helen never met the Fairchilds. However, perhaps one ought not to infer that this early humiliation of simple Nelly Elliman could influence smart Mrs. Dickie Burdick.)

"For all we know?" plaintively echoed Mrs. Sanger, a dear little mouse of a woman. "Why, I thought Eva must have known them for years. Or how was it, Eva, dear, that you got to know Mr. Fairchild so well?"

It was a question which Mrs. Morpont had already parried in a thousand ways. She had lately been reading the works of Mr. George Bernard Shaw, and she now took a hint from his idea of the relation of the sexes.

"How should I have met him?" she laughingly exclaimed. "I saw him at the opera, admired him, pursued him. A note, a statement that I would be at the entrance to the park in a blue dress, with a hat covered with cherries and pale mauve ribbons——"

"I remember the hat," said Mrs. Sanger. "Virot, wasn't it?"

"Yes. So you see, of course, the story is true."

Then, with an instinct to gain some solid

advantage from this fantastic tale, to retreat to a point of safety:

"So, you see, I don't know the Fairchild family. They are probably vulgar Western women, as Helen, who should know the West, suggests. Let's hope Johnny doesn't bring them on here and raise any horrid problems. I think we ought all to set our faces against it firmly."

"Yes," said Mrs. Dickie; "Johnny is all very well, but if he tries to force a mother and a sister down our throats, I don't believe it will ever do."

The reader, who knows about social climbers from the West and about Mrs. Fairchild, can perhaps see reasons for believing there was something in what she said.

With her usual frankness, Mrs. Morpont tackled Johnny.

"Your mother and sister will be wanting to come on here next winter, I suppose."

It was the day after the conversation at the club, and Johnny had dropped in late for tea.

"I don't know," replied Johnny, with a shade of anxiety, one might have imagined. "Of course, I want them to——"

"Well, I don't know," the lady interrupted. "It's a risk. Of course we all adore you. You've almost come between me and old Miss Elizabeth Lacey, I may as well confess it. You've been the only new young man fit to talk to that anyone's discovered this season, and I'm proud of you. But a mother and a sister, too—well, I don't know. People make it very hard for Western women here."

"Mother is perhaps just a little difficult," conceded the young man.

"Don't, Johnny," Mrs. Morpont fired back at him. "Don't. It's not worthy of you, and it's far from being in the best taste. Whatever your mother may be like—and goodness knows that here in America nothing need ever surprise one—you mustn't forget that she's——"

"Good heavens!" cried Johnny, and the tone of his voice really made Mrs. Morpont sit up. "Surely you didn't think— Listen. Of course, I adore you all, and I can scarcely choose between you and old Miss Elizabeth—well, perhaps I can just choose. I like your being gay and fashionable. Perhaps I'm a snob. I like you for being the smartest woman in America, as well as the greatest dear in the world. But my mother—you see, I didn't inherit my taste for this kind of life from her. She's the sort of thing you

read about, but don't see. Perhaps you used to here in New York in the old days; but money and the newspapers have spoiled all that. Mother's the old school. What I'm afraid of is that she'll come as she always does, just to do a little shopping, to see a few pictures, to hear a little music, and then go home without being willing to meet anyone, or to get caught in this whirl of society here. Of course I tell her she ought to do it for Cornelia's sake. And then she threatens to put the poor girl's debut off another year. I think——" Johnny went on to explain at greater length just what he thought of his mother's incurable tendency toward seclusion from the world.

The reader, who knows Mrs. Fairchild of old, may find difficulty in recognizing this picture of aristocratic and inaccessible refinement, this figure, as it were, of some distinguished *émigrée* from the Faubourg St.-Germain preserving upon the hill of Akron, Ohio, the sacred flame on the altar of exclusiveness. (The reader must admit, however, that nowhere has servile submission to the demands of truthfulness been claimed for Johnny as his distinguishing characteristic.)

Mrs. Morpont's astonishment at what she heard of Mrs. Fairchild almost equaled the reader's, and had greater results. For immediate proof, we must again install ourselves in the club smoking-room, where a day or two afterward Helen Burdick again stated her fears as to the Fairchild ladies.

Mrs. Morpont spoke at once.

"I hear they are charming," she said, a little coldly.

"But, Eva, dear, only the other day——" began Mrs. Burdick, staring in surprise.

"I can scarcely think I did. I've known about them for years. Naturally, without that I shouldn't have done what I have for Johnny."

This silenced Mrs. Burdick, though later, when Eva had gone, Helen wondered lightly just what Eva had done for Johnny and whether—but over ladies' club smoking-room conversations a male author must, in decency, draw a veil.

Another incident in which Johnny's methods will perhaps repay study was his reception of Mrs. Morpont's suggestion that he should join a party she was taking out to Tuxedo over Decoration Day.

For just the twinkling of an eye he hesitated. And if one were to interrupt the narrative here to philosophize, one would say that young and



"MOTHER IS PERHAPS JUST A LITTLE DIFFICULT," CONCEDED THE YOUNG MAN.

socially ambitious people are too apt to think Tuxedo in the hand is worth Newport in its lovely bush.

"Do ask me to the country later," Johnny pleaded. "I've arranged to go to Akron for three or four days Decoration Day time. Of course, they would let me break it, but it is so charming and delightful there, and I'm so fond of it and of them. You know—don't you?—that I'd love to come with you, only—" He stopped in very becoming boyish embarrassment.

"You shall come to us at Newport later. It's really more amusing there. It's quite right for you to be fond of your family!"

"You *are* nice to me!" answered Johnny. "And it's so nice of you to understand how a man feels when he has a family like mine."

"You make me long to know them!" exclaimed Mrs. Morpont; a result, we may mention, not remote from what Johnny had planned.

So much preliminary spring ploughing of the field he did. His harvest, however, he meant to reap in the crisp, cold months of the

winter to come, when the metropolis would be again alive and gay, glitteringly and triumphantly fashionable.

Some part of the summer young Mr. Fairchild spent in the East. But its effete pleasures could not altogether withdraw him from Akron and the family "summer home" at St. Clair flats. We pass quickly over these sojourns. Charming though they may have been to Johnny, we suspect the reader will prefer the more fashionable atmosphere of the East. The front porch by the hurrying blue river, however, gave an opportunity for meditating more profoundly a plan of campaign. Johnny appeared to assume that after Christmas his mother and sister would come East, and that in due time his friends in New York would be theirs. But with a touch almost of hauteur he failed to explain to his mother and Cornelia just how soon and how he could land them by Mrs. Morpont's side. (If one likes Johnny, it is hard to criticize him, but—this, as will be seen, was perhaps a mistake on his part.)

Let us delay a moment to consider what

ammunition of war Johnny found to hand for his siege of New York.

Mrs. Fairchild we know: good hearted, but a little pushing, a little vulgar, a generation, in short, behind her charming children. Even with memories of her son's interesting descriptions of her lingering in the mind, it is impossible not to feel that she was something of a handicap.

But there remained Cornelia, a somewhat amazing product of a small Ohio town. Johnny himself was, as has been hinted, nice looking; Cornelia was growing to be almost, if not quite, a beauty. Tall, slender, with masses of gold hair piled upon her head in a strange *coiffure* evolved by the girl in the seclusion of Akron—a great crown of heavy plaits such as a German princess in a picture might wear—Cornelia had, in the mysterious manner of the occasional American woman, caught for herself some suggestion of a distinction almost foreign. Her brother was too intelligent not to know that from acquaintance with parents one cannot postulate the qualities of their offspring. He would have admitted that in himself unexplained new talents had flowered. With affectionate delight he thought he discerned in Cornelia, as well, some hint of unexpected genius. One asks the reader from now on to observe Cornelia.

January found Mrs. Fairchild in New York, but in a New York so changed for her that she scarcely recognized it. Baffled, confused, almost broken in spirit, she lived in a mysterious atmosphere which at once depressed and enraged her. For example, she had expected to enjoy the accustomed luxury and excitement of her favorite Waldorf-Astoria. Her son, almost by *force majeure*, precipitated her into the black walnut solemnity of a hotel unknown to her—the Bettingham—muttering darkly to the frightened woman something about her having gone there for so many years. Perhaps Johnny had given some faint hint to Cornelia; at any rate, that young woman somewhat inscrutably declared the hotel charming, and behaved as if she had trod its corridors since childhood.

What followed was, from poor Mrs. Fairchild's point of view, too heart-breaking. All the shimmering visions of delight which had for months enraptured her, now vanished into cold, thin air. There were no lunches at Sherry's, no dinners at Martin's. Instead, stodgy, English-tasting meals appeared upon

the table of their own sitting-room at the hotel, and were partaken of in this strange seclusion. She went scarcely at all to the theatres, except to see Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe, in solemn Shakespearean revivals. The opera was allowed, but only in stalls under the heavy shadow of the overhanging boxes, a vile position which could satisfy no one—unless, perhaps, a person fond of music. She drove up Fifth Avenue and through the park in a discreet brougham. Even the pleasant hurly-burly of the big stores was denied her; soft-voiced tradespeople came with samples to her own hotel, or she was attended to in small shops in quiet side streets. Not that it much mattered, for her smartest clothes hung neglected in their wardrobe, Cornelia joining with Johnny in urging upon her half-forgotten black garments. Johnny once even suggested that she would look well in a bonnet!

But this was too much for a woman who had often lunched amid the clattering vulgarity of Recmart's, in a hat loaded with six heavy ostrich plumes, and been seen, arrayed in pale blue, in a prominent box at Weber's Music Hall, with a jolly crowd of Chicago people. Bonnet, indeed! Mrs. Fairchild gathered her strength for rebellion.

In vain her son, in hushed and mysterious tones, endeavored to calm her by the assurance that quietness and old-fashioned habits were the only smart things now. All this might have been very well had fashionable New York sat by and held her hand, as it were, during all this dispiriting quietness. But New York did nothing, and Johnny, to all appearance, did nothing. No one called, she was allowed to call on no one. She put the case to her son, but as it is unpleasant to record family broils, only her last, solemn, exasperated speech shall be set down.

"I've made up my mind about you," she said to him. "You're ashamed of us, Johnny. You don't intend to let us know any of your friends. I think you're a snob, and I'm afraid I think you're——"

Johnny flushed and rose to his feet.

"I know it's difficult to understand, mother, but I'm not any of those things. I really have a plan."

"Yes," assented his mother sarcastically.

"You watch——"

"And wait."

"Perhaps, dear, we'd really do better than you think." Cornelia spoke with great gentleness.

"By the first of February," cried Johnny, "I guarantee you a dinner-party of the very smartest people going."

But Mrs. Fairchild was already too far on the road to tears to be recalled so easily.

"I may be dead by that time," she prophesied gloomily.

"Let's make a beginning now. Don't you want to come to tea to-morrow at old Miss Elizabeth Lacey's?"

"I'm sorry," Mrs. Fairchild was still angry and red in the face; "I'm going to a matinee with Mrs. Shoewalker. They're on from Akron, at the Holland House. I'm sorry to have an engagement, but of course I couldn't expect that you had planned anything for me."

"I'll go, Johnny, if you like," murmured Cornelia.

So the next day Cornelia sat by old Miss Elizabeth's tea-table in the famous, shabby house on the sunny side of Washington Square, and old Miss Elizabeth soon called her a dear, and she called old Miss Elizabeth the same.

"I'm almost discouraged about my family," remarked Johnny, heaving a sigh a few nights afterward. It was after a dinner at the Foster Markintowns', and they had finished their bridge. "Mother simply will go nowhere. She says she can't become caught up in this New York gaiety. And although it's quite time Cornelia came out, she is almost as bad. She goes to see old Miss Elizabeth and adores her. But even there she will only go quietly and alone."

"I mean to ask old Elizabeth about it. She's my cousin, you know." This from Rollie Delafield. "I don't much believe you have a family, Fairchild. I don't at all believe you have a sister. My opinion is that you're an orphan."

They laughed.

Johnny gravely took from his pocket a small, seal-brown morocco case, with gold corners. He opened it to display a photograph.

"My sister," he announced.

Mrs. Morpont, who happened, oddly enough, to be there at his elbow, took one look.

"You don't for one moment expect us to believe that," she said, as she handed it on for inspection. "I quite understand your carrying this photograph. She's too lovely, and somebody's sister, no doubt. But that you're such an affectionate brother as to——"

"Oh, it's Cornelia all right," interrupted Johnny, "and I'm quite in love with her myself."

Rollie Delafield drew a long breath and reluctantly handed on the seal-brown morocco case to Mrs. Markintown.

"I can believe it," he muttered.

The photograph went the rounds, and soon the room was full of the light, gay, perpetual chatter of the fashionable American woman.

"She's too lovely—A dear!—Such a success she'd be—Really, Mr. Fairchild, you must—Really, Johnny, you will—" and so on and so forth.

"I can't do anything," remarked Mrs. Morpont; "I left cards, and they left cards, and I told Johnny to ask them to lunch, and they couldn't come."

"They are too tiresome!" exclaimed Johnny in exasperation.

If you had asked Mrs. Fairchild about the matter, she would have said that she had never received Mrs. Morpont's cards. Yet the clerk at the Bettingham could swear that he had given them to young Mr. Fairchild. And if the ladies' cards had been left at Mrs. Morpont's, it was not they who left them, nor had they ever heard of any invitation to lunch.

"I'll leave cards on them to-morrow," exclaimed Mrs. Monty Rivers, "and do see if they'll lunch on Thursday, Mr. Fairchild."

"Yes, Mrs. Monty," meditated Rollie Delafield, "I *could* lunch Thursday."

"Were you asked, Rollie?" retorted the lady. "Well, you may come, if I can get Miss Fairchild—Mrs. and Miss Fairchild, I mean."

Need one suggest that Mrs. Morpont's unsuccessful experience as to lunch was repeated? Need one hint, to the reader who begins, we hope, to know Johnny, how it all happened?

Several other ladies made advances, with similar results. The clerk at the Bettingham is perhaps the only one who could have told much about it all. The thing became ridiculous. These were the strangest Westerners New York had ever seen. By the oddest turn, advertisement, which in their distinguished refinement they so much disliked, was just what they obtained. To some, its uses are sweet—but happily these sensitive souls did not know to what extent they had become celebrities.

Excitement was stimulated by one brief vision which the town had. At the opera one evening, toward the middle of the last act, as



SHE SWAYED TOWARD HER BROTHER AND KISSED HIM ON THE CHEEK.

people began to turn up in the boxes, Johnny was seen in a box well forward, with an elderly woman in black, discreetly hidden in the shadow, and a lovely girl, whose graceful head drooped like a flower under its weight of heavy golden hair. She was intent upon the music, and seemed to notice nobody, though a hundred glasses were leveled at her. Impatiently people waited for the curtain's fall. The final leisured wait for carriages promised to afford opportunity for—closer examination, shall we say? But just before the end, when a high E of Caruso's held the house enthralled, some faithful watchers observed the Fairchild party, with nervous haste, make preparations for departure. When the lights flooded the house again, Cornelia, like Cinderella, had stolen away, having been seen for only a scant quarter of an hour.

Johnny, next day, reported a headache of his mother's. Here again the reader must try to find the truth for himself. Certainly Mrs. Fairchild had urged her son to see a physician, saying that such sudden and painful attacks as had driven him home from the opera the evening before must require attention.

Johnny now at last ventured to issue invitations to a selected dozen for a little dinner in a very private room at Delmonico's to meet his family. People were glad to come, although Mrs. Dickie Burdick rather sarcastically said that she had always imagined that this period of pretended unwillingness to meet New York's rank and fashion would be short. And, in a kind of a way, curiosity about the ladies Fairchild did decrease a trifle. Still, the period was one of expectation.

The dinner took place in a very, very private room, and was as gay and pleasant and up-to-date as can be imagined. Four more or less degraded negroes, who ordinarily sang rag-time melodies at the back end of a saloon in Sixth Avenue, now entertained the loveliest and most fastidious women in New York, as was the fashion that winter. The host had spared neither thought nor expense, but alas! Mrs. Fairchild had had another of her terrible headaches, and the devoted Cornelia had insisted upon staying behind, in all her loveliness, to assuage her mother's pain. So Johnny said.

The day after, it cannot be denied, fashionable New York was in a condition of tension.

"It has been a long time," said Mrs. Monty Rivers, at a moment during the opera when the

music was soft enough to allow comfortable talk—"a long time since there was anyone in New York I was willing to meet whom I couldn't."

Everyone in the box confessed to feeling somewhat the same. The Fairchilds had now been in town six weeks, and no one could be discovered in New York who had met the fair Cornelia, with the exception of Miss Elizabeth, who was singularly reticent. Many were now curious to meet her, except perhaps Rollie Delafield, who seemed doubtful, and a discourager of enthusiasm in others, though it was he originally who had seemed so struck with the young lady's photograph.

It was shortly after this that our young gentleman, after dining with his family at the Bettingham—friendly relations had been reestablished—permitted himself a moment of expansion and self-congratulation.

"I think by this time we've convinced them that you're not the ordinary pushing Westerners."

"Pushing!" exclaimed Mrs. Fairchild. "I go nowhere, and Cornelia goes only to that Miss Lacey's."

"Where she meets no one," said Johnny.

"No one," murmured Cornelia, with a sigh. We hope the reader's eye is still on Cornelia.

"Now we'll strike while the iron is hot. I'm giving a dinner for you, really giving one this time."

"This time?" Mrs. Fairchild seemed confused. One might almost have thought she knew nothing of the other.

He told them the list of acceptances. It was impressive. Johnny had taken pains, and this second affair represented quite two hundred and fifty millions more than the earlier dinner party. On the side of fashion it was absolutely authoritative. The names of the guests, disseminated, as they would be, by the press, to the obscurest hamlets of our great country, would convince everyone that Mr. John Fairchild was "in New York society," and that he had now landed his family there. Johnny, ordinarily, as it is hoped has been made clear, took no very serious view of the importance of social position; now for a moment it is to be feared that even he rather rolled the names under his tongue. In a chair near by, his mother fairly languished at their delicious music. Then Cornelia spoke.

"Would it be asking too much, Johnny, to know the date?"

"Next week—Thursday."

Cornelia's face fell, but, oddly enough, there remained a kind of twinkle in her eye.

"I'm so sorry, Johnny, dear," she said ever so gently, "but we're engaged."

"Engaged!" screamed Johnny, bounding from his seat.

"Engaged?" cried Mrs. Fairchild.

"I am, at least," protested Cornelia, blushing a little at the excitement. "And," she went on, "as to this dinner, I accepted for mother. Oh, I forgot to tell you, dear, and I sha'n't now, just in order not to satisfy Johnny's curiosity. But we can't go."

There was rather a scene, while Mrs. Fairchild, weeping softly in her chair, lamented that a mother nowadays was helpless in her children's hands. Johnny indulged himself in a tirade. He sketched his subtle schemes and painted in dark colors their final downfall. He threw doubts upon the genuineness of Cornelia's sense of humor, if this was her idea of a joke. His temper was severely tried. It is to be feared that it almost went.

"All right, it's off. I'll tell everyone that you're going back to Akron. I don't really see why you shouldn't. You can find as good an insane asylum there for Cornelia as here."

"Dear old Johnny." His sister laughed softly.

"As for me, I can at least go to Rollie Delafield's dinner that night. I'll telephone him now and see if he'll let me come after rufusing once."

He went with an air of determination to the instrument on the wall, and there, as if to exasperate him further, Cornelia put her arms around him and laid her soft cheek against his endearingly. Laughing and vexed simultaneously, he hung up the receiver and dashed away. Below, in the hotel office, he got Rollie on the telephone and arranged to dine on Thursday. And in his confusion and despair at Cornelia's behavior, he kept his eye on Rollie's party as the one bright spot on a dark horizon. Cornelia, and to his astonishment his mother, gave no explanations, and for several days Johnny limited his attentions to telephoned inquiries as to the health of the ladies of his family. A strained, awkward situation for us to contemplate. Let us, too, cheer ourselves with the thought of young Mr. Delafield's dinner.

It would have been a pity, anyhow, to have Johnny miss it. For it was one of a rather celebrated series. It may be remembered

that society that winter had seemed to go in for eccentricity in entertaining. Johnny himself had given an odd dinner, where Mrs. Morpont, deliciously flushed, had basted a duck over the fire in the kitchen at Sherry's. And the reader cannot have forgotten the stir made by Mrs. Vanbrugh Swish's party, where three trained monkeys from Huber's Museum and an educated pig assisted her corps of faultless English servants in serving dinner to thirty "of their peers," so some harsh critic in the *London Times* said.

Quiet little Mrs. Sanger's Roman dinner, served on the marble steps leading down to her swimming-pool, helped on the pace, though there were stories that the costumes were perhaps just a little too—but it does not matter now. One only wishes to recall to the reader how that winter, at almost any invitation from the really fashionable, one experienced a thrill of nervous expectation. Of course, it was impossible to invent something new for every evening, so many dinners even that year were eaten in comparative peace. And Rollie Delafield was actually committed to nothing beyond feeding his guests. But he was alleged to have hinted darkly at surprises in store, and it was felt, perhaps, that from him were the maddest and strangest things to be hoped. Johnny took a kind of lugubrious pleasure in the prospect of this party, since his own had so ignominiously fallen through.

It was about 8.15 of the clock as Johnny approached Sherry's that evening. He was in ordinary, though of course very elegant, evening dress. Part of the novelty of Rollie's party was that it required no special costumes for the guests. Johnny, divested of his overcoat, entered the room. His first observation was that Rollie had secured most of the guests Johnny himself had originally had for this same night. The second was that in the center of the room, obscuring Rollie, who was doubtless at the other end of it, stood old Miss Elizabeth Lacey. Old Miss Elizabeth! who never dined in restaurants, who hated all modern eccentricities. For one instant of aberration it came across Johnny that she was probably going to black her face and sing vulgar coon songs; at least, that some such thing as this was Rollie's surprise. Then he saw that, as she perceived his entrance, old Miss Elizabeth was moving forward, obviously to greet him, and he suddenly realized that everyone in the room had stopped talking and that he himself was the object of every-

one's curiosity. For an instant, a chill of apprehension ran over him. He wondered whether he had forgotten to wear a tie, or to brush his hair, or to put on his trousers.

"You'll have to forgive me," was the amazing way old Miss Elizabeth began. "Rollie made me do it, and keep it a secret, too. And, of course, he's my cousin."

Johnny stared at her uncomprehendingly.

"But you like him, don't you?"

"Who? Rollie?" stammered Johnny. "Yes, of course."

Then the people in the room moved aside a little and at the farther end he saw his host. By him stood, of all people, Cornelia, Johnny's own Cornelia, in a lovely pale-blue frock he had never seen nor heard of, blushing a little, and looking at Rollie with the strangest intimate kind of air. Near by, Mrs. Fairchild, still in discreet black, but wearing her pearls, was shaking various fashionable ladies by the hand with all the air of one receiving compliments and congratulations.

As one in a dream, Johnny continued to advance. What Cornelia did was certainly odd at a large dinner party. She swayed toward her brother with that lovely poetic grace for which she is still famous, and kissed him on the cheek. Her eyes were soft with tears, yet happier than he had ever seen them.

"I've known her almost a month, old man—seen her almost every day at Cousin Elizabeth's," said Rollie. "So you can't blame me. I hope it's all right."

"It was the only way," interrupted Mrs. Dickie Burdick. "If Rollie doesn't marry her, we sha'n't see anything of her. You're so stingy with her, and your mother's such a delightful, old-fashioned, retiring, aristocratic woman. It's delightful to me, Johnny, to feel that we Middle-Westerners can surprise these New Yorkers in that way."

Mrs. Fairchild had moved nearer.

"Yes," she interrupted, and now it was apparent that she at last understood something of her gifted son's original scheme and was even herself touched with something of Johnny's and Cornelia's genius. "Yes," she went on, "I'm always telling Johnny that the only possible thing socially is to make no effort, but to let things come as they will."

"Isn't mother wonderful?" whispered Cornelia in her brother's ear. "And you invented her. And me, too. And bless you for it. You won't mind too much, dear, if this is a joke on you?"

Thus Rollie Delafield's dinner was the most eccentric and successful of the winter. And the joke, even if you like Johnny, was not on him much more than he deserved.

Telling Her

By CHARLES BUXTON GOING

WHEN the hedge blows,
Sparrow and linnet
Through the green cover

Warble: "Begin it!"

Tell her (oh, haste to her!), tell her you love her!
Tell her this minute!"

When the leaf glows
And the haws soften.

Robins call gaily:

"Tell it her often!"

Tell her (oh, stand by her!), tell it her daily,
Over and often."

Then, when it snows,
Wrens, growing bolder,
Urge it: "Caress her!
Hold her, man, hold her!"

Tell her (oh, cling to her!), tell her—God bless her!—
Love grows no colder!"



"'NAME O' HEAVEN, SLIPPY!' SAYS I, 'WHAT'S THAT?'"

Patsy Moran and the Trappings of Chivalry

By ARTHUR SULLIVANT HOFFMAN

Illustrations by Emlen McConnell

LISTEN, thin," said Patsy, comfortably ensconced with his friend Tim in his own room on Avenue A, "if ye would hear of a umbrageous evenin', and incidental why I've got it in for Slippy Johnson—the sin-faced omadhaun—and bad scan to him!

"To begin with, he was knowin' no more of the insides of the house we was to make our haul from, up on Riverside Drive, than ye know about nursin'-bottles, which ain't more than would be good for the baby. With all his philanderin' with wan of the maids, all Slippy knowed was this—and do ye mark it well yoursilf so ye can follow me easy—that they was three in the family—old man Pet-

tenby, what run to books, his sister, and a young girl—Miss Howard—what was a ward to him. Visitin' thim and courtin' the girl was wan of thim English lords. Be the same token, they was also the old gentleman's nephew, who wasn't stayin' at the house but come pretty close to it on account of the girl bein' there. Fix thim points in your mind, and I'll be addin' some facts as I go on to keep thim from rattlin' round.

"We wint Winsday because of they bein' a dinner-party on thin, and we was to slip in with the dark of early evenin', whin the rear of the house was open and the servants havin' natural troubles of their own, and lay quiet till the feed begun gittin' noisy. Did iver ye

hear the like of that for any wan with a brain harder than a fresh egg?

"But we done it, thanks to me seein' it through—leastways as far as the hidin'. Ye might almost as well 'a' tried to find a hidin'-place on the outside of a pool-ball, and be the time we reached the third floor I was feelin' a bit nervous, though the fam'ly was all wan flight down on the second floor, drissin' thim-selves. We wint into the lib'r'y room, and starin' at me as we come in the door was the most outrageous and bedeviled human image I ever seen, with the light glintin' off it scarey.

"Name o' heaven, Slippy!" says I, husky, and grabbin' him. "What's that?"

"Bah," says he, 'it's a suit of arr-more, ye fool,' says he, like as if he'd growed up with thim things. 'It's just a ornymint.'

"It's a mighty bad wan," says I. "What did ye say it was?"

"Suit of arr-more," he says. "They used to wear thim afore ye was born, whin they was no guns or fool sons of them," says he, insultin', and wint over and comminced lookin' at it. Thin I raymimbered how wancet they used to wear thim iron clothes so ye couldn't be shoot-in' thim, because they wasn't annything to do it with, and ye had to crack a man open with a axe like he was a nut afore ye could attract his attintion.

"They've been usin' it," says Slippy. "They's new straps and buckles on it. Wan of thim masquerades, most like," he says, and goes on examin'in' of it.

"They ain't no use dwellin' on it, but what come of his lookin' was another of thim plans of his. It was for one of us to go on up in the attic, which was safe but far off, and the other wan of us to git inside that tin suit of hand-me-downs, and stand up there on its box listenin' till the guests come and the fam'ly wint down to dinner, an' then to give the signal, the point bein' that even if they come into the lib'r'y-room they couldn't notice nothin'. They ain't but wan piece of advice worth takin' and that's not to take anny, but Slippy had so many argymints on the glib tongue of him that I give in just to hear him quit talkin'. Of course it was me was to put on thim warship clothes, he bein' three sizes too big for thim and me not more than wan; but of course it was only for a bit of a while.

"He begun takin' it apart, quiet-like, and puttin' all thim pieces of it on me, wau be wan, and strappin' thim there. Few of thim they was that wasn't too tight for the likes of me, so off come some of me clothes. Be

the time they was all on but the gas-range me head was to go into, I could feel me feet makin' dints in the top of the box from the weight of me. And they wasn't annything soft on the inside of that hardware.

"Slippy," says I, 'this ain't no hammock. I'm fearin' I can't be no canned human for longer than till nixt leap-year,' I says.

"Sh!" says he. "Don't be movin' anny! The noise of it will bring the whole house up here. It's proud ye should be to be wearin' that arr-more. Kings have wore it," he says.

"Yis," says I, 'and they're all dead, ivry wan of thim. Kings has had boils,' I says, 'but that ain't anny reason for me havin' thim.'

"There," says he, slippin' the gas-range over me ears and bucklin' some more straps, and I begun seein' through a row of slits in the front of me cook-stove and breathin' through another row of thim lower down. Thin he comes out in front where I could see him through the bars, pickin' up me coat and trousers and hookin' his finger through the straps of me shoes.

"Suppose," he says, grinnin' like the spalpeen he is, 'suppose I left ye here for the cops to take off on a truck, hilpless, and wint to comfort that lady frind of yours whilst ye was livin' up the river?"

"Sure," says I, me voice soundin' like a roll of thunder in me iron kittle, 'and I'd have ye sint up after me, expeditious and quicker than that. Is it a fool ye think I am?"

"Ye was fool enough to come on this job without preparin' anny alibi, and—I wasn't!" says he, grinnin' another inch into the cheeks of him.

"Me blood run cold at thim words, and I was just figurin' if I could fall off me box so as some of me'd drop on him and squash the black life out of him, whin all to wancet there come the sound of some wan on the stairs! Out wint Slippy, me clothes with him!

"That's the last of him," says I. "And the saints hilp me! They ain't but wan chancet and that's to stay still on me box like I was growed here, and maybe I am," I says, feelin' like I was all wan piece and weighed a ton.

"The steps come right up to the door, and in walked the blatherin'est Englishman that iver squeezed a rent, in his dress-suit and a eye-glass and lookin' like a whole herd of sheep.

"He give no more heed to me than to the sofy—he bein' just a ornymint now and glad of it. He wint wanderin' about, puttin' his

tie to rights as careful as if it was made of glass, with me tryin' not to breathe at all, for the air goin' through thim slits in the can on me head sounded in me ears like a wind-storm.

"I begun tryin' faith-cures on mesilf, makin' believe I was just a bone, though the idges of thim parts of arr-more was dintin' into me all over ferocious, whin all to wancet me knee wabbed, makin' a noise like droppin' a skillet, and me stummick with the fright of it comminced feelin' like it was air and bein' stirred.

"Ye could fair hear the breath come out of him, and his eyes come with it like ye was pullin' corks. Me quick wit saved me, and I stuck out wan arm straight at him, pointin', and 'Hoo!' says I, 'Hoo!'

"It scairt him so bad it made me scairt mesilf. They wasn't no more left of him than whin ye drop a wet shirt on the floor.

"'This is a warnin' to ye,' I says. 'It's wan of your ancistors I'm afther bein'. Ye're to go back to England without waitin' to pack,' says I.

"He begun comin' to, cautious-like, and the fingers of him comminced movin' round amongst thimsilves like he was still livin'.

"'Your voice betrays ye, me good man, it betrays ye,' says he, still shaky. 'Now what is it ye really want? I think none of me ancisters was Irish,' he says.

"'God save Ireland!' says I. 'But I'll tell ye the truth,' I says, startin' in on a lie so big it made me believe all other wans mesilf. 'I'm a detective,' I says, proud-like. 'There's a dangerous man in this house the night, and I'm here be request of wan of the family, and now the house is borderin' on bein' saved if ye'll just be hilpin' me off with all this arr-more so I can be more discommidious in movin' round. Ye might be beginnin' on this manhole I have me head into,' I says.

"'H'm!' says he, lookin' a bit like a man with brains would. 'So ye come for wan of the fam'ly, ye says? And was it Mr. Pettenby's nephew employed ye?'

"'Oh, no, it wasn't him,' I says, positive,



"I STUCK OUT WAN ARM STRAIGHT AT HIM, AND 'HOO!' SAYS I, 'HOO!'"

pickin' at a buckle with wan of me fingers what might as well have been feet.

"'It wasn't Mr. Pettenby, thin?' says he.

"'Well,' says I, 'it's after bein' a delicate matter for discussin' and me niver introduced to ye. But ye're a good guesser, though ye don't look it, and ye ain't right, and it wasn't Mr. Pettenby at all,' I says, not likin' him much.

"'It niver fazed him. 'Is it murder?' says he, like he was askin' a ball score.

"'Divil a bit,' says I. 'Only wan of thim git-rich-quick schemes be a man who's found he could use the money.'

"'He quit talkin' for a minute, after shuttin' the door quiet-like, and wint on lookin' wise like they was something stewin' in his mind.

"'I hope Mr. Pettenby's nephew ain't in no trouble,' he says.

"'That's nice of ye, sor,' says I, polite.

"'But Mr. Pettenby's nephew does need money,' says he, thinkin' to himself.

"'Ye can't pick a man out of a crowd be that,' I says. And right thin it come to me I'd seen me Sassenach frind afore, but I couldn't quite be placin' him.

"'Mr. Pettenby don't like his nephew much,' says he, ruminatin' some more.

"'He don't?' says I.

"'Mr. Pettenby wouldn't be standin' by his nephew in this,' he says, lookin' thoughtful at the outside of me arr-more.

"'He wouldn't?' says I.

"'I hope it *ain't* his nephew,' he says.

"'Whose nephew?' says I.

"'Mr. Pettenby's,' says he

"'Oh,' says I,

"'Look here, me man,' says he, 'ye can't throw me off like that, ye know! Is it Mr. Pettenby's nephew?'

"'Is what his nephew?' says I, innocent.

"'The man ye're after,' he says, solemn.

"'And who was it ye asked if it was? Or was it you that asked me and who was it ye asked?' I inquires of him, fumblin' unsuccessful with wan of me straps.

"'His nephew—Mr. Pettenby's nephew, man! Adolphus Bronson. Are ye a fool?' says he, irritated.

"'They's a lot of things atween me and a fool,' says I, 'but I'm wishin' ye'd take some of thim off—this piece under me arm is hurtin' me cruel, and me legs feel like sawdust with pains in it.'

"'Answer me quistion!' he

says. 'Is it Mr. Bronson ye're after?'

"'I'm after bein' dead entirely if I don't git out of this can afore long. It's gittin' amazin' warm inside here. But would it interest ye to know it *was* him?' says I.

"'It would?' says he, the face of him not bein' good to look at.

"'Well,' I says, humurin' him, 'knowin' is wan thing and provin' is another. Maybe ye could be helpin' me do it,' I says, commincin' to think I *was* a detective. 'If ye'd just unbuckle—'

"'No!' says he, interruptin' me rude, and he comes up and whispers through the holes of me tea-kittle a nefarious plan what made



"HE STUCK THE FUNNEL INTO WAN OF THE SLITS
AND IN CAME THE DRINK."

me forgit me arr-more a minute, or maybe more, I dunno.

"The purpose of it was to make the nephew, Adolphus, look so black to the young girl that he'd show up as plain in a acre of soot as a honest man in politics, leavin' the road clear for Muttons himself. At elivin'-thirty, whin the guests was gone, me English frind was to bring the girl and the nephew up to the libr'y room, first warnin' her just aforehand not to be scared, me stayin' meantime in me boiler and livin' if I could, so as to be a ornymint

whin they come in. Thin I was to scare the young man like I had Muttons, and afore he could come to I was to grab him, sayin' I was a detective after him for wan of thim git-rich-quick-Wall-Street-mail-order schemes I'd led Muttons into believin' the nephew was runnin', not carin' what I said. I'd told Muttons the proofs was weak—they was—and the only chancet was to make the nephew confess, so the Englishman gint figured a lime-light rise from the dead be a pile of scrap-iron would be a ixcellint and splendiferous man-



"HERE'S SOMETHIN' BELONGIN' TO YE," MR. ADOLPHUS WHISPERS
 INTO WAN EAR, HANDIN' ME A ROLL OF BILLS."

ner of egg'in' him into doin' of it. If nothin' ilse, it would be makin' him look like he was guilty be scarin' him into a blitherin' idiot afore the girl, whilst Muttons, bein' on, would show up fine like he was wan of thim heroes, and maybe pile it on a bit be tryin' to save the young man.

"It would 'a' been a fool plan if I'd been a real detective, but it was as good as a good wan for me, bein' what I was, and where I was, and whin I was, and not wishful of meetin' anny more of the famly or of balkin' me segregious English friend.

"And annyways he begun pullin' out his purse. As I was intindin' to be gone and on me way long afore elivin'-thirty, they wasn't anny use in pickin' faults with what he was goin' to pay me for not doin'.

"Here's a tin-pound—here's fifty dollars for ye, if ye do as I tell ye," he says; 'and ye'll prove your man and git him besides,' says he, lookin' sweet and innocent like the devil whin he's gittin' a whole county to wanct.

"Havin' no choice and choosin' it annyway, and not havin' anny intintion of doin' what he said, I says yis. 'And ye can just be pokin' the money in to me through wan of these slits in me tea-kittle, me pockets not bein' handy,' I says, fallin' back on the truth ag'in. He says the front of it was a visor and ought to lift up, but it was stuck. I'd been thinkin' of bills, but bein' English he was carryin' it in gold, and into me face came two tin-dollar pieces like I was a toy bank, and wint down and stuck ag'inst me neck most unpleasant. The rist of it, more's the pity, he was to keep till he'd become wan of thim heroes, and I give it up right there. And away he wint to be down-stairs afore the guests come.

"Well, the minute he was clean gone, shuttin' the door after him, I set down on me box and wint to work takin' off me arr-more, it havin' become like twenty thousand devils burrowin' into me. I begun on me kittle and prisintly located wan strap under me chin. It was like pickin' up the insides of a thermometer with a coal-scuttle on ivry finger! I spint tin minutes on it and be that time I couldn't even be findin' it anymore, and thim two gold pieces had dug into me neck a foot. I seen the trouble at wanct and begun on wan of me iron gloves. Thim iron gloves ain't no toy balloons, and in tin minutes more I was restin' me poor hands on me knees and feelin' like the potaty on a hotel desk for stickin' the pens into.

"I don't want to think of it anny more, but be the big clock ag'in the wall I spent wan hour fightin' with them buckles—and niver wan of thim the worse for it. The last half of it I was no more than a lunytic, scramblin' with meself like I was covered with rats. And warm, is it? Wan of thim thermometers would 'a' blowed its roof off in there, and 'twas only the bastin' saved me from bein' burnt to a crisp. Wanct I raymimber chasin' the front of me tea-kittle up and down the room, clawin' at it, and wanct I found I was fannin' the outside of me arr-more with a newspaper and stampin' me feet like they was cold. It's a blessed thing the rugs was soft and thim floors thick.

"Be this time the sweat was runnin' all over me promiscuous and tormentin', the insides of me was like a dried apple for needin' water, and niver an inch on me body but would 'a' found rest and comfort in bein' run over be a automobile.

"Bein' disp'rit, howiver, I wint at it all over ag'in with thim big iron pipes on each of me fingers and the whole of that ballygasted arr-more workin' in till it was a inch under the skin of me and me gittin' hotter iv'ry minute. Thim kings Slippy mintioned must 'a' had a wonderful excitin' time. Right in the middle of me football game I raymimbered Slippy had run off with me coat and trousers! I'd been feelin' like all the clothes in the world was on me, and the thought of thim trousers took from me what life they was left. I'd always done me burglin' with clothes on, and while havin' wan pair of trousers I could 'a' stole another pair of trousers, havin' no trousers whatever I give up hope.

"'Inside or outside, me name's Dinnis,' I says to meself, the words roarin' in me kittle till they bruised me ears. 'If I run out I'll be run in, and if I don't run out I'll be run out and run in both, and as to me arr-more, if I go outside I'll still be inside and if I stay inside I'll be there anyway. Insides is out-sides, out-sides is insides,' and I wint on, ramblin', till I wint off me nut or ilse I wint to sleep. Whin I come to, it was after tin and they wasn't annything left for me but that fool plan of Muttons and me havin' forgot me part in it entirely.

"I was steyin' on the idge of me box with me elbows on me knees, disconsolate, whin the door come open sudden and there was a young man standin' regardin' me calm-like! Mind ye, I was tired beyond what anny man had been afore, but me brains was still with

me and I begun usin' thim immediate. I stretches out wan arm, pointin' me finger at him, and says 'Hoo!' like I done the other time.

"'I give it up,' says he, pleasant. 'Who are ye?'

"'I'm wan of your ancistors,' I says, in a deep voice what give me the earache. 'And who may you be?'

"'Oh, I'm wan of your descindants,' says he. 'Me name is Bronson, and it please ye, fair sir.'

"'Oh,' says I, tryin' to dodge a bit of hard-ware what was tunnelin' into me liver, 'Adolphus?'

"'I suppose ye may as well call me that, seein' as ye are wan of the family,' says he. 'And what may I be doin' for ye?'

"'I'm a warnin' to ye,' says I.

"'Ye sure are,' says he, 'but while ye're bein' it ye might as well tell me some of your interestin' history,' he says, sittin' down in wan of thim easy chairs and crossin' his legs. 'You must be the gent what fit at Adgincourt.'

"'Twenty-four rounds,' says I, 'and eight at Long Island City.'

"He grinned some, but wint right on askin' questions, sociable-like. 'And what are ye doin',' says he, 'in your prisint 'carnation?'

"'What? Oh,' I says, seein' he meant me arr-more, 'I'm a detective. It all come of me noticin' the mud on the shoes of a man I'd been watchin',' I says, seein' no reason to give him the old lie. 'They ain't anny place but the Drive turns out mud like that, and it was easy to see from the way it was on thim shoes that he'd been sneakin' around on the tiptoes of him. I set wan of me men on him, not generlly botherin' with the details of a case meself, and found this was the house he was goin' to rob, so I wint straight to your uncle, Mr. Pettenby, and here I am,' I says, 'waitin' to nab me man.'

"'Ye'd do better,' says he, judicial, 'to stick to thim twenty-four rounds at Adgincourt, sirrah. Me uncle employ a detective? He wouldn't be knowin' wan from a divinity student. Guess ag'in,' he says.

"'Well,' I says, wigglin' wan leg so as to rest the sore places, 'if ye must be havin' the truth, it wasn't your uncle at all.'

"'No?' says he.

"'No,' says I, 'it was Miss Howard. Ye see, she had been after befrindin' Mrs. O'Connor what used to live—'

"'Ye can be leavin' Miss Howard out of this,' says he, interruptin'.

"'Well, thin,' I says, forgittin' to try the aunt, 'I will admit I've been lyin' to ye.'

"'Tell it to me little by little,' he says. 'Me system can't stand anny big surprises.'

"'Ouch!' says I, a piece of me arr-more cuttin' a slice out of me. He got up easy-like and wint out in the hall, comin' back prisintly and shuttin' the door after him. Be all the saints, me trousers was hangin' on his arm!

"'Is these yours?' says he, settin' down ag'in.

"'They is,' says I, trying a bit of truth on him. 'I always take thim with me whin I'm doin' a bit of detective work,' I says.

"'Um,' he says, grinnin' a little. 'Well,' says he, 'I'm ready for some more now.'

"'Ye're gladly welcome,' says I, jumpin' at the chancet, 'but ye'll have to help me git thim off.'

"He looked at me sudden-like. 'Oh,' says he, 'ain't they comfortable?'

"'Me blood ain't circulated for twenty minutes,' I says.

"'Ye need a drink,' says he, gittin' up.

"'Praise be!' says I. 'Niver worse!' Thin me heart sank. 'But I can't be gittin' me kittle off. He said they was a visor to it but it was stuck!' I says, me stummick callin' 'Hilp! hilp!' despairful.

"'Who is he?' he says, stoppin' short.

"'Muttons,' says I, forgittin' ivrythin' ex-cipt the drink the insides of me was needin'. 'The English gint with wan eye-glass, and he may thank God it ain't a lookin'-glass,' I says.

"'Oh,' says he, meditative, 'Lord Axton. Um.'

"'If ye was to be loosenin' some of the straps of it, now,' I says.

"He wint over to a bit of a cupboard, returnin' with a bottle and a siphon of seltzer what brung tears to me eyes, and begun pourin' out a drink and thinkin' to himself.

"'I'll not be removin' anny of your shell just yit,' says he—and me heart laid down and rolled over—for I am desirous of talkin' with ye a little more and ascertainin' how ye come here from Adgincourt and what your intin-tions may be after bein', but I might be givin' ye a drink in the meantime,' he says—an' me heart rolled over ag'in and got up on its feet—'be means of raisin' your beaver, which is the bit of iron over your mouth,' he says, 'as ye doubtless know, havin' lived in it a matter of some five hundred years. Will ye play fair?' says he.

"Sure!" says I, joyful, and he come over to me unhesitating, me likin' him for it, and begun workin' with me beaver. Be all the saints, it was stuck the same as me visor!

"Niver mind," says he, goin' back to the table, 'I'll be fixin' that,' he says, 'while I'm axin' a few questions.'

"Me eyes niver lift him.

"Now, Sir Bernard de Bovay Dartwah," says he, 'ye won't mind me callin' ye Bernie for short and to save time,' he says, 'and seein' as I'm wan of the fam'ly. The dinner is over, and me uncle may come up here anny minute, if he don't forgit about it and set down somewhere to think about somethin'. So we'd best be quick, Bernie. For the matter of that, not livin' here in the house, I must soon be leavin' mesilf—let us hope,' he says, 'not afore I can give ye a drink.'

"Sure!" says I, rollin' me eyes over at the clock and seein' it was tin minutes to eliven.

"What I want to know," says he, takin' a bit of paper from a drawer, 'is ivrything. What ye've been tellin' me,' he says, 'is ivrything ilse.'

"I seen he was no fool. 'Well,' says I, wishin' me throat would perspire instid of the rest of me, 'I can't be tellin' me name, but I'll be sayin' this much,' I says, 'I'm Irish.'

"I'll make a note of it," he says. 'Thin ye're not carin' for the drink? Now look here,' says he, rollin' the paper into a funnel and holdin' it with his fingers, 'no detective leaves his trousers at wan ind of the hall and his coat at the other—though neither does many people, for the matter of that—and seein' ye said the trousers was yours I want to know if they belongs to a ac-complice and just what your game is. I'm guessin' ye don't like Lord Axton, and if ye play fair with me they'll be nothin' said about how ye come here. I'm trustin' you,' he says, 'for the truth, and you can be trustin' me for a square deal. Ye git the drink in anny case,' says he, 'for ye need it.'

"I know a man whin I see wan, and I'd been likin' this wan from the first. If anny-wan could hilt me out of that mess, here he was.

"Ye git the naked truth," I says, 'and as proof of it I come here to rob the house!' I says.

"Here's your drink, Bernie," says he, comin' to me with it in wan hand and the paper funnel in the other. He stuck the funnel into wan of the slits over me mouth and 'Is it in?' he says. 'Yis,' says I, muffled, and in come

the drink, and I clean forgot me boiler-fact'ry.

"Now," says he, 'first, where is your ac-complice?'

"He lift me here in this," I says, 'and flew the coop, the scut! He's wantin' me girl, bad scan to him!'

"Well, thin," says he, goin' over to lock the door, 'go on with the whole of it, and in especial how Lord Axton is mixed up in it. I'll be takin' some of that junk off of ye while ye're talkin'.'

"Begin quick," says I, and begun recitin' him all of it from the commencement. Whin me kittle come off me head—he said it was a cask, but it fit me more like a quart-cup—life begun beginnin' over for me. I got both thim gold-pieces out from under me tonsils and begun likin' thim. The only thing I didn't tell him was Slippy's name, for whin the time come I seen I couldn't do a dirty trick like that even to the likes of him. I thought he would choke with laughin' over most of it, but right after I says how Muttons was plannin' to play him low he quit takin' off me arr-more and cominced thinkin', me keepin' quiet and tryin' to raymber where it was I'd seen Muttons afore.

"He's goin' to bring her here at eliven-thirty?" says he, sudden.

"Yis," says I, 'and it's eliven now.'

"He begun puttin' me arr-more back on me, me protestin' fierce.

"Niver mind, old man," says he, callin' me that, 'it's goin' to be worth your while.' And thin he unfolded the most gorgeous and all-consumin' plan I iver seen, beatin' Muttons at his own game and arrangin' more trouble for him than would come to a handful of snow wan step beyant purgatory. They was big money in it for me, and no questions axed. As soon as I'd hilted Muttons scare Mr. Adolphus and show him up afore the girl, thin—well, thin Mr. Adolphus's plan come in and I was to explain just what kind of a black-guard game Muttons had been workin'. 'And ye're sure,' asks Mr. Adolphus, fastenin' a stove-lid on me shoulder, 'he said he'd explain just enough to Miss Howard on the way up to keep her from bein' terrified?' 'Yis,' I says. 'Leave it a bit looser. Me heart can't beat for me ribs pressin' ag'in it.' But be the time he put me kittle on me head ag'in I was so interisted I niver minded goin' back into me subcellar anny more than bein' broke up in a stone-crusher.

"There ye are," says he, 'clad all capital

P want more, and I'll just be slippin' the first fifty into these trousers of yours along with thim gold-pieces and put thim in a spare room till it's over. Or would ye rather have thim with ye?' "

"'Not me,' I says, still feelin' the dints in me neck and climbin' back on me box, frisky as a planner. 'I might be gittin' me pocket picked, though I'd likely hear the dinnamite whin they broke in. But ye'd best be hurryin', sor.'

"'Right!' says he. 'Be as comfortable as ye can,' he says.

"'I can't,' says I, and he wint out the door grinnin'.

All the time he was gone I kept feelin' surer than iver I'd knowed Muttons somewhere ilse. I was almost puttin' my fingers on it whin I heard thim comin'. In they walked, Mr. Adolphus pretindin' like he didn't know what was comin', Muttons tryin' to act like he had to but it hurt him, and the girl all sort of drawed up like and niver openin' her mouth. Oh, it was the fine wan she was, with the eyes of her like a bit of blue sky in Ireland and her hair—but I ain't no novel.

"Well, I stretched out me arm and says 'Hoo,' at Mr. Adolphus and of course it niver bothered him anny, which sort of took the wind out of Muttons' sails in the beginnin'. But Muttons cominced his little act, really believin' Mr. Adolphus was guilty, and told how I was a detective after Mr. Adolphus, me up on me box backin' up ivrythin' he said. Thin he wint on about how he'd got me to consint to let Mr. Adolphus off if he'd confiss and promise to do no more of it. Somewan would have to go bond for payin' the money back, and Muttons not livin' in this country and Mr. Pettenby bein' sore on his nephew annyways, they was nothin' to do but call on Miss Howard, sorry as Muttons was to do it.

"He was a good liar, considerin' what unpromisin' material he was workin' with and that he thought he was tellin' the truth part of the time, but it was easy to see the girl wasn't makin' up her mind all to want. Mr. Adolphus was standin' there, lookin' grim but in no ways like he was in a tight place, and it was her he was watchin', not me nor Muttons.

"'Is anny of it true, Dolph?' she says, quiet-like.

"Just thin they was a screech from downstairs that made me hair rise, and thin a lot more come up the stairs a mile a minute, and afore anny wan could git to the door in run a

fat old lady, what I knew immediate was the old gentleman's sister, still screechin' terrific.

"'I run right into him, I did!' she says, shakin' like a dish of jelly. 'I run right into him! I was goin' down the hall—to ask—Maggie about—thim towels what ain't come from the laundry yit, and he come out of the blue-room door—and I run right into him! He give me a shove and away he wint! Here's Maggie now,' she says, 'and where *is* thim towels? Why,' says she, 'I run right *into* him,' she says, 'and I'll niver have annything washed outside the house ag'in as long as I live!'

"Whin I heard thim words me heart stopped beatin', thinkin' was it Slippery. Mr. Adolphus he was out scourin' the house already.

"Was he a little bit of a man in a gray suit?' I yells at her, forgittin' I was still in me arr-more.

"She took her first look at me, give wan more screech, and the whole of her fainted in her tracks. The maid didn't screech none, for she'd wint out the door afore she'd come in, like she'd seen the devil himself. I ain't blamin' thim none—I'd 'a' screeched and fainted meself if I'd met meself from the outside unbeknownst.

"Muttons was walkin' up and down uneasy-like, and old Mr. Pettenby himself had come in—a little old man with specs on and the back of him crooked like a spoon, but rosy cheeks and wan of thim pleasant looks what makes ye ixpict him to chirp ivry minute. But he was too frustrated to do it. Him and the girl was workin' over the old lady, she layin' on the floor like a cup-custard. Meself was trampin' around like a steam-roller walkin' in its sleep and wonderin' had Slippery got the swag, the scut, an' lift me in the lurch. Ivry now and thin wan of the servants would come flutterin' to the door, fetch wan look at me promenadin' in me arr-more and faint out in the hall or take to the woods, screechin' amazin'. It was a uneasy time even for the best of us.

"Pretty soon the old lady come to and they told her I was harmless but unusual and she was for tellin' her story all over ag'in, but I wint up to her and says, polite: 'Ixcuse me, ma'am,' I says, 'but was he a thin little man in a gray suit?'

"'Yis he was!' says she, fierce. 'And they wasn't no necktie on him, either,' says she.

"'Thin it *was* him,' I says, regretful, and cursin' him.

"'I'm sure of it!' says she, positive. 'I

run right into him and he'd 'a' killed me if he hadn't caught his arm in a pair of trousers he was carryin', says she.

"What?" I yells, me heart goin' into the hands of a receiver. Mr. Adolphus come in at that minute. *'Was thim trousers he stole mine?'* I says to him, me voice perishin' in me throat.

"I'm sorry to say they was," says he, 'and they're not the only——'

"Holy Mother," I says, 'and all that money in thim! Oh, wirra, wirra, and me wearin' cook-stoves and water-pipes all evenin' for this!'

"There, there," says he, whisperin', 'I'll make that good to ye, and thin some. It's something ilse I have on me hands this minute,' says he, turnin' to Muttons and the girl.

"Right thin it come over me who Muttons was!

"A word in yer ear, Lord Axton," says I, goin' toward him, and all of thim turned their eyes on me.

"They wasn't annything Muttons was wantin' so much as advice and he let me drag me iron-foundry up close to him. The next thing he knowed thim four-ton arms of mine was grippin' him, pinnin' his arms to him, and him splutterin' ferocious!

"Roll up his right sleeve, Mr. Adolphus!" I says. 'I've been tryin' to place him all evenin'; I says. 'It's Finny Myers, and he niver seen England! Roll up his right sleeve and ye'll find a big scar on the forearm of him like a diamond, and they's a anchor tatooed at the ind of it! He come by it fightin' with a sailor-man in Devinsky's place four years gone!' says I, raymimberin' it all plain, wanct I was started.

"Ye're crazy!" splutters Muttons, and 'it can't be!' says Mr. Adolphus, catchin' his breath. 'We know all about him.'

"Roll up his sleeve!" says I, not arguin' anny.

"Mr. Adolphus come up and done it, layin' bare Muttons' forearm, and so hilt me God they wasn't a mark on it!"

"Ye could 'a' heard a pin drop, and with no wan sayin' a word and all lookin' at me like I was a luntyc I could feel me face gittin' red till it was light inside me arr-more. Divil a English lord I'd iver hugged afore, and the sinasion was new to me and disconcertin'. 'Well,' says I, me breath comin' back in me, 'me apologies to Finny Myers, annyways. Finny ain't annything but a thief, and Mr. Adolphus will explain to ye what

this gentleman's after bein', miss,' I says to the young lady. And thin I told her enough of it in two words mesilf, though wan look at Muttons would have been convincin' the whole of Missouri. It done the work.

"The polaycemen's downstairs!" says wan of the servants, stickin' his head in the door, timorous.

"And they sure was! Thim servants had been ringin' all the bells in the house and tilephonin' for ivrything that could move, even includin' missinger boys. They was gongs ringin' in the street and whin we looked out they was a ambulance, two hurry-wagons, four polaycemen—besides thim we couldn't see surroundin' us—three kinds of missinger boys, the fire department, and gentlemen from the water-works and gas-plant.

"Quick!" says Mr. Adolphus. 'Into this other room!' And wanct inside, he wint at me straps with a pocket-knife and whin me head come out of that murderin' kittle I felt like the insides of a egg whin ye crack the shell. They come a knock at the door, and it was the girl, askin' could she be hilpin' anny.

"God bliss ye, dear," says Mr. Adolphus, 'and please git me the longest overcoat they is!' Addin' to me: 'They ain't no time for shoes and the rist of it!'

"And the ind of it was me goin' bold but trimblin' down the front stairs between the two of thim, as a frind of the famly, in me sock-feet and wearin' thim iron trousers under somewan's overcoat, and collectin' a silk hat and a pair of rubbers in the hall as we wint through.

"Here's somethin' belongin' to ye, and ye can be comin' back to-morrow to exchange thim trousers for your own," Mr. Adolphus whispers into wan ear as we come to the front door, handin' me a roll of bills. 'Take this,' whispers the young lady into me other ear, 'and ye're a real night-errand!' And she smiled sweet at a polayceman, steppin' in front of him so he couldn't be gittin' a good look at me.

"I wint safe through the assimbled multitude, walkin' stately to keep me rubbers on, but me expayriences gittin' the rist of the way home wasn't inded till six in the marnin', bad cess to thim iron pants. I spint the next day in bed and if iver I lay me two eyes on Slippy Johnson the saints will be busy hilpin' him and he owes me senvty dollars! And wasn't it mortifyin' the young lady took me for a missinger boy after all I done for her? It's icited she must 'a' been."

THE SHADOW WORLD

A Realistic Account of Occult Phenomena

By HAMLIN GARLAND

Author of "The Tyranny of the Dark"

IV

EDITOR'S NOTE.—What is spiritualism? Are the so-called phenomena of spiritualism produced by supernatural agencies, or is the medium subconsciously responsible? In this instalment the issues are narrowed. The investigators bear down upon the psychic with almost cruel force, and the author, while acknowledging her good faith, persists in attributing the thrilling occurrences of the "séance" to some unexplained force in nature.

UNDER the strain of three or four failures, my friend Miller became discouraged and gave up the quest. Harris and Mrs. Quigg, who had been readmitted, then dropped out. The Camerons held on bravely for a time, but at last the circle narrowed down to Brierly, Mr. and Mrs. Fowler, who were comparatively new recruits, and myself. Miller, who had assisted me in securing ever more rigid control, had returned (I suspect) if not to a doubt of the psychic's honesty, certainly to a disbelief in her ability to produce results. My private opinion was that his long training as a scientist had rendered his mind incapable of accepting phenomena that conflicted with established theories. As for myself, far from being discouraged, I was full of hope.

Mrs. Smiley was in great distress of mind over these barren evenings. "I am not very well," she said. "The office in which we have been sitting is too large, the weather has been unfavorable, and, besides, there has been too much change in the circle. Please, Mr. Garland, don't give up."

"I am not giving up—on the contrary, I am only beginning to fight," I said, paraphrasing General Grant, or some other obstinate person. "I recognize the truth of what you complain about, and I am propos-

ing that we meet next time at the Fowlers', and in a small, warm, well-aired room."

Fowler, I may explain, was the editor of a very influential sociological paper and, like Brierly, leaned markedly toward a mystical interpretation of life. His wife, a sensitive, thoughtful, dark-eyed little lady, was already a believer in the spiritistic theory. She received us at the appointed hour with quiet cordiality, and suggested that her own room up-stairs would be a comfortable and retired place. To this I agreed, and we set to work to prepare it for the sitting, Fowler and I assuming control of the psychic.

As before, we placed Mrs. Smiley in an armchair at one end of a small table; as before, we secured her ankles by looping a long tape about them and nailing the two ends to the floor behind her. Mrs. Fowler introduced an innovation by *sewing the tape to the sleeves of our psychic*. This made slipping out of the knots an impossibility, but to make assurance doubly sure, I drove a long brass tack down through both tape and doubled sleeve.

Not content even with this, Fowler put a second tape about each wrist to add still further security, as well as to take off the strain in case of convulsive movement. Another tape was carried across Mrs. Smiley's dress about four inches below her knees, and pinned there. Next, the ends were drawn tight, and tied to the back rung of her chair. By this we intended to prevent any pushing action of the knees. As a final precaution, we nailed her dress to the floor in front with three tacks. The small end of the tin cone, which was adjustable in two sections, was then placed on the table (at the request of the psychic) and the large end

deposited upright on the carpet near Fowler. Some sheets of paper and a pencil were laid upon the table. Everything movable was entirely out of the psychic's reach.

It was about three o'clock of the afternoon when, after darkening the windows, we took our seats in a little circle about the table. As usual, I guarded the psychic's right hand, while Fowler sat at her left. Brierly and Mrs. Fowler were opposite Mrs. Smiley. The room was lighter than at any other of our sittings—both on account of the in-filtering light of day, and also because of an open grate fire in the north wall, which sent forth an occasional gleam of red flame. Confederates were entirely out of the question.

"WILBUR'S" JOKE

We sat for some time discussing our previous sittings. I remarked:

"To me our three or four failures have been very instructive, but the gradual falling away of our members makes evident to me how unlikely it is that any official commission will ever settle the claims of spiritualism. As Maxwell has said: 'It is a slow process, and he who cannot bring himself to plod patiently and to wait uncomplainingly for hours at a time will not 'go far.' Failures are sure to come when the psychic is honest. Only the juggler can always produce the same effects. A medium is not a Leyden jar nor an Edison battery."

"I don't call the last sitting a failure," said Fowler. "The conditions were Miller's own test conditions, and yet matter was moved without contact. Of course, the mere movement of a table, or even of the trumpet, seems rather tame, as compared with the doings of 'Katie King,' but, after all, a single genuine case of telekinesis should be of the greatest value to the physicist; and as for the psychologist, the entrancing of your friend, Mrs. Thomas, by 'Wilbur,' was startling enough, in all conscience."

"I don't think Miller believed in her trance," said I.

"What happened?" asked Brierly, who had not been present at this particular sitting.

I answered: "Mrs. Thomas, a friend of mine, a very efficient, clear-brained person, whom we had asked to come into the circle to be a companion to Mrs. Miller, suddenly felt a twitching in her left hand, which was touching mine. This convulsive movement spread to her shoulder,

until her whole arm began to thrash about like a flail in a most alarming way. The action became so violent at last that she called upon me for aid. I found it exceedingly difficult to subdue her agitation and quiet the rebellious limb, but I did finally succeed.

"But this was not all. A few moments later, while helping us in our singing, Mrs. Thomas suddenly stopped, and, with a singular rigidity of pose, began to laugh in a deep, guttural fashion, and presently a voice, the voice of a man (apparently), came from her throat: 'Haw! haw! I've got ye now, I've got ye now!' It sounded like 'Wilbur.'"

This seemed to amuse Mrs. Smiley. "It was Wilbur," she said. "He loves to jump in and seize upon some one's vocal chord that way. It's a favorite joke with him."

"To have a spirit inside of one's throat is a little startling, even to me," I admitted. "But there was still more of this business. Another member of the circle—a young man—became entranced and proceeded to impersonate 'earthbound spirits,' in the manner of the friend I spoke of at our first sitting—you remember, Brierly—and wailed and moaned in a most gruesome fashion. I think Miller considered both of these performances merely cases of hysteria, induced by the darkness and the constraint of sitting about the table. And perhaps he was right. But wouldn't he and our other deserters be chagrined if we should now proceed to enjoy a really fruitful session?"

"We shall," Mrs. Smiley responded. "I feel the power all about me."

"Good!" said I. "Sit back and rest. We have plenty of time. Don't worry."

PSYCHIC SEEMS TO LEAVE BODY

In the meanwhile, between the sitting at Miller's house and this present one, I had been reading much on the subject of the trance and 'the externalization of the fluidic double' of which the Continental philosophers have much to say. I was inclined to think that this liberation of the astral self was possible, if at all, only in the deepest trance, and I now attempted to get some light on this point by interrogating Mrs. Smiley.

"You told me once that you are conscious of leaving your body, when in trance," I said. "Do you always have that sensation?"

"Yes, I almost always have a feeling of

floating in the air," she answered. "It often seems as if I had risen a few feet above and a little to one side of my material self, to which I am somehow attached. I can see my body and what goes on around it, and yet somehow it all seems kind of dim, like a dream. It's hard to tell you just what I mean, but I seem to be in both places at once."

"Do you ever have any perception of a physical bond between yourself and the sitters?"

It seemed to me that she answered this a bit reluctantly. "Yes, I sometimes feel as though little shining threads went out from me and from those in the circle, and sometimes these threads meet and twine themselves around the cone, or the pencil. This means that I draw power from all my sitters."

This was in accord with the accounts of a "cobwebby feeling" that both Maxwell and Flammarion had drawn from their mediums. Here also seemed to be an unconscious corroboration of the experiments of Albert de Rochas in the "externalization of motivity," as he calls it. The "cobwebby feeling" of the fingers might mean an actual raying out of some subtle form of matter. Indeed, M. Meurice, Maxwell's mediumistic friend, declared he could see "a sheath of filaments pass from his fingers to the objects of experimentation."

HELD TO EARTH BY A RIBBON OF LIGHT

"Tell us about your journeys into the spirit land," I suggested. "You sometimes seem to go far away, do you not?"

Her voice became very wistful as she replied: "Yes, sometimes I seem to go to a far-off, bright world. I don't always want to come back, but there is a little shining white ribbon that unites my spirit with my body and holds me fast. Once when I had resolved never to return, that little band of light began to tug at me, and although it broke my heart to leave my children, who were there with me, I yielded and came back to life."

"Can't you tell us about that other world more particularly?"

"No; it is so different from this plane that I have no words in which to describe it. All I can say is that it seems glorious and happy and very light."

By the closest questioning I had never been able to change a single line of Mrs. Smiley's simple faith. She was perfectly certain of the spirit world. She had daily messages from "Wilbur" and her spirit father, partly by

voices, but mainly by means of independent writing. Her children hovered over her while she slept. "Mitchell" healed her if she were ill. "Maudie" comforted her loneliest hours. These voices, these hands were an integral part of her world—as necessary and as dear to her as those of her friends in the flesh. As she talked on, I experienced a keen pang of regret. "Why disturb her belief in the spirit world?" I asked myself. "Why attempt to reduce her children to a biologic formula?"

MR. GARLAND'S THEORY OF THE TRANCE

However, I did not permit pity to hinder my purpose, which was to disassociate the *facts* of spiritualism from the *cult* of spiritualism. I returned to a study of the facts as a part of nature. I was now observing closely the three levels of sleep into which our psychic seemed to lower herself at will, or upon the suggestion of those in the circle. I had adopted the theory that in the lighter trance she spoke unconsciously and wrote automatically. In the second, and deeper, trance she became the somnambulist possessed of diabolic cleverness, when, with the higher senses in abeyance, she was able to deceive and to elude all detection. In the third, or deathlike trance, I was ready to admit, for the sake of argument, that she was able, as de Rochas and Maxwell seem to have demonstrated, to exert an unknown form of force—that is to say, to move objects at a distance and to produce voices from the horn. To test her possession of these psycho-dynamic powers was my present object.

I had now been her chief inquisitor for nearly thirty sittings, and had apparently developed the power to throw her into trance almost instantly. A few moments of monotonous humming, intoned while my hand rested upon hers, generally sufficed to bring the first stage of her sleep. As we had been sitting for half an hour, I now proceeded to chant my potent charm, with intent to start the "spirits" at their work.

In a few moments she responded to my suggestion. A nervous tremor, now expected and familiar, developed in her hands. This was followed by a slight, convulsive, straining movement of her arms. Her fingers seemed to quiver with electric energy. Ten minutes later all movement ceased. Her temperature abruptly fell. Her breath grew tranquil, and at last appeared to fail altogether. This

was the first stage of her trance. "Take your hand away, Fowler," I said. "We have nothing to do now but to wait."

After a few minutes' silence Mrs. Fowler asked, "What is the most conclusive test you have ever made, Mr. Garland?"

"That's a little difficult to answer, but at the moment I think the playing of a closed piano is the most inexplicable of all my experiments. I'll tell you about it. It happened during the second sitting I ever had with Mrs. Smiley. I was lecturing in her home town at the time, and after my address, and while we were talking together, some one who knew of Mrs. Smiley's powers suggested that we go somewhere and have a sitting. The plan pleased me, and we made up a party of six or eight people and adjourned to the home of the chairman of the Lecture Committee, who was the librarian of the city—a certain Miss Halsey. I want to emphasize the high character of Miss Halsey, as well as the casual way in which we happened to go to her rooms, for these two items dispose of all question of collusion. There was no premeditation in the act, and Miss Halsey, who was a pronounced disbeliever in spiritistic theories, had never met Mrs. Smiley before.

"The circle was made up about equally of men and women, all of them very well known in the city. We were gathered about a long table in Miss Halsey's library and music-room, with Mrs. Smiley securely sandwiched between the editor of the local paper and myself. Behind me, and just within reach of my hand, stood an upright piano, with its cover down, but not locked.

MIRACULOUS PLAYING OF A CLOSED PIANO

"We had heard drumming upon the table for some time, and writing had apparently taken place on the pads in the middle of the table. But all this was inconclusive for the reason that Mrs. Smiley was not rigidly bound. My mental reservations must have reached the minds of the 'guides,' for with startling suddenness 'they' left the table and fell upon the top of the piano. After drumming for some time, the invisible fingers seemed to fall to the strings beneath, and a treble note was sounded as if plucked by a strong hand."

"You are sure the piano was closed?" Brierly asked.

"I am coming to that. Highly delighted,

I said to the forces: 'Can't you demonstrate to us that these sounds are not accidental, or caused by the jarring of cars in the street? Can't you pluck the bass strings?' Instantly, and with clangor, the lower strings sounded. Thereupon I said, 'Can't you play a tune?' To this only a confused jangle made answer. I was unable to secure any orderly succession of notes. 'Can't you keep time while I whistle?' I insisted, with intent to show that an intelligence guided these sounds. The 'spirits' twanged three times in the affirmative, and when I began to whistle 'Yankee Doodle' the invisible musician kept perfect time, playing now on the treble, now on the bass. Placing my hand upon the lid of the closed piano, I said to the others in the circle: '*The lid of this piano is closed. My hand is upon it. So far as the senses of touch and hearing can determine, we have here an action absolutely unaccounted for by any scientific law.*'

"MAUD" DIRECTS THE SITTING

"This was at the moment absolutely convincing to me, as to the others, and I promptly reported the case to the American Psychical Society in Boston. It is useless to talk about secret wires, or a mouse running up and down the strings. Any other commonplace explanation of this fact is inadequate. It took place precisely as I relate, but I would hardly venture to relate it, except that this very stunt appears in the reports of some of the big investigators."

"Yes; Crookes saw in full light an accordion playing beneath the touch of invisible fingers," Fowler commented.

At this moment a slight movement on the part of Mrs. Smiley arrested me, and as we listened, the silvery voice of "Maudie" issued from the darkness, saying: "*Mr. Mitchell wants Mr. Garland to change places with Mr. Fowler. Be very careful as you move about. Don't joggle mama. It's very dangerous to her.*"

As I rose to comply, "Maudie" called out: "*Mr. Mitchell wishes the threads fastened to mama's wrists. He wants you and Mr. Fowler to hold them the way you did at Mr. Miller's house.*"

Turning up the lights, we tied a strong silk thread to each wrist, and passed the ends under each arm of the chair. Fowler took one of these ends, while I retained the other. I then called Brierly's attention to the fact

that the table was seventeen inches from the feet of the psychic, and that the fastenings were unchanged. When his examination was completed, the lights were again turned off, and the circuit of hands was restored.

"Maudie" then requested that the sections of the cone be put together and placed on the floor beside the table. Fowler did this, and drew a chalk mark about the cone, numbering it "Position No. 1." Immediately after his return to his seat, the table was strongly pushed away from the psychic. It moved in impulses, an inch or two at a time, until it was certainly six or eight inches farther from the psychic than at first.

"Maxwell observed these movements in the light and noted that they occurred synchronously with the contraction of his muscles," I said, commenting on this march of the table. "He and his friend Meurice could secure the movement of small objects without contact, and in full light. Do you feel any motion in your thread, Fowler?"

"Nothing but a faint quiver," he replied.

"Neither do I."

"The table is crowding against me," called Mrs. Fowler, in some excitement.

"The fact that the table moves toward us and directly away from the psychic is in itself suspicious," I continued, "but, as a matter of fact, at other sittings I have obtained sidewise movements of the table—generally to the left. The present experiment does not stand alone. Besides, the control of the psychic does not depend solely on our hands. You must remember that the table is at this time two feet from Mrs. Smiley's toes, her dress is tacked to the floor, and her ankles are controlled by a tape whose ends are nailed to the floor four feet behind her chair. *So far as matter can testify, Mrs. Smiley is not concerned in this movement of the table.* The question is now up to us. Which of us is doing this?"

"I am not," answered Brierly.

"Nor I," declared Fowler.

"Nor I," chimed in Mrs. Fowler.

THE BIRTH OF PHANTOMS

At this moment the psychic began to stir again. "Look out," I called warningly. "Let every hand be accounted for. Some new demonstration is preparing. These periods of suffering are strangely like the pangs of childbirth. I wonder if, after all, Archdeacon Colley was not in the right when he

asserted that he had seen the miraculous birth of phantoms. His description cannot be called poetic, but it is very graphic. He declares that he saw a white vapor steam from the side of a psychic, forming a little cloud, and from this vapor, this cloud, various phantasms appeared, ranging from a little child to a full-grown man. It is curious how similar all the reports of this process are. Always there is a milky-white vapor that condenses to a form. Richet noted this in his experiments, and Archdeacon Colley goes on to say: 'Greatly wondering, yet keen to observe, did I notice how by means of this vapory cord the psychic figure was sucked back into the body of the medium.'

DO SITTERS HELP TO PRODUCE RESULTS?

Again peace fell upon our psychic—the peace of exhaustion, as if, her struggles being over, her flesh-free spirit were at large in the room. The silence was profound, yet somehow thrilling with power.

In this hush the megaphone was lifted slightly and dropped, making us all start. It was as if a feeble hand had tried to manipulate it without success. "Let us keep test conditions," I called out. "Please do not make a movement now without warning me of your intentions. Keep the circuit closed. Wilbur, let's see if you can handle the cone under strictly test conditions. Come now, lift it. Lift it." I repeated the command with intent to concentrate all the will-power of both psychic and sitters upon the thing desired, as Maxwell was accustomed to do in his experiments with Meurice.

Several times the forces strove to carry out my wishes, but could not. Twice the horn rose from the carpet, only to fall back helplessly. Fowler placed it on end each time, marking each new position, and I took note of the convulsive tremor that swept from time to time over the psychic. It was exactly as if she were a dynamo generating some unknown energy, which, after accumulating for a time in her organism (as in a jar), was discharged along the direction of our will. And yet I could not detect any marked synchronism of movement between these impulses and the movement of the horn.

After each fall of the cone, she moaned and writhed, *but not till the hush of death came over her did the horn move.* So tense was the silence each time that we could hear the

slightest breath, the minutest movement of the tin as it scraped along the rug.

At last the megaphone soared into the air, passed over our heads, and dropped gently upon the table. It did not fall with a bang; on the contrary, it seemed to descend gently, *as if under perfect control of both hand and eye.* And yet I assert there was nothing to indicate that the psychic shared in these movements. There was but a minute, continuous tremor in the thread. I was enormously impressed with the silence. The darkness was a thrill with mystery, not the mystery of the discarnate soul, but the mystery of the X-ray. I felt that we were ourselves involved in the production of these movements. Like a series of batteries, we were all united to produce these results.

MR. GARLAND REFUSES SPIRIT THEORY

"There is no use attempting to deny this fact," I remarked to the other sitters. "There can be no question of a confederate, nor of trickery. *Either the psychic is able to control that cone by the exercise of her will over some unknown, invisible force, or she has left her body and is now at work, a sentient entity, in the air about us. Or perhaps her limbs are mysteriously elongated.* Certainly, to say that she is handling that cone with her ordinary physical limbs is absurd."

Again Mrs. Smiley began to twist and turn as if in pain, and at last the little voice of "Maudie" anxiously asked, "*Is Mr. Garland going to take a train at seven o'clock?*"

This remark of "Maudie's" indicated to me that deep in the subconscious mind of the psychic lay the knowledge that I had planned to catch this train, and that a sense of my plan was disturbing her and interfering with our experiment. To remove the uneasiness I replied: "No, I am going to stay, for I think Mr. Mitchell has something very special in store for me. Tell her not to think of it any more. I am in no hurry."

To this "Maudie" replied: "*Mr. Mitchell says, 'Thank you'; he will do the best he can for you. He says to go down-stairs now and get your supper. Leave mama just where she is. He will take care of her.*"

As we had been sitting for nearly three hours in a dark, close room, we welcomed this suggestion from our thoughtful guide, although it tended to make the sitting less conclusive. As I followed my hostess down the stairs, I shared her remorseful pity for poor

Mrs. Smiley, bound and helpless in her inquisitorial seat.

Our hostess's uneasiness made the meal a hurried one. None of us felt very much like eating, and I could see that Fowler was disposed to cut corners. "Well, Garland, what do you intend to do with the facts obtained to-night? You have plenty of authority behind which to shelter yourself; why not admit the truth? So far as I am concerned, I am willing to swear that Mrs. Smiley had no actual hand in the movement of the cone; and it looks to me as if it would be hard to find any better answer than spiritualism."

To this I replied: "It will not do to admit the spirit hypothesis merely because we have proved the movement of a particle of matter from A to B without a known push or a pull, for such an admission is too far-reaching. If Maxwell is right, these phenomena—even the most complicated of them—are metapsychical, but perfectly normal. For example, he says: 'A movement without contact was forthcoming this afternoon. I placed a table upside down on a linen sheet. M. Meurice and I then put our hands on the sheet some distance away from the table. The table turned completely over. The movement was performed slowly and gently. It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and the sunlight was streaming in through an open window.' Now here you have a perfectly clear case, with no one present but Dr. Maxwell and his friend, and yet he is careful to say that the turning over of the table does not imply the action of spirit hands."

SPECTER OF SPANISH SOLDIER

"Perhaps not," said Fowler, "but what will you do about such materializations as Dr. Richet studied at the Villa Carmen in Algiers? What will you do with the photographs of the specter of the Spanish soldier that he obtained under what he declares were test conditions?"

"But were they? That's the point."

"I am willing to trust a man of Richet's wide knowledge and known skill in experimentation. He saw a helmeted soldier leave the séance cabinet and walk about. He clasped his hand, he affirmed, and found it warm and jointed—perfectly real—and he secured the breath of the spirit in a tube of baryta so unmistakably that the liquid was chemically changed in accordance with his test. There are hundreds of other

equally well authenticated cases of materialization. I have read dozens of them myself. I am only quoting Richet because I know you believe in his methods."

"I do believe in his methods, but he may have been deceived, all the same. The failure of all his experiments in Algiers lay in the fact that he was never able to nail his psychic down as we have done. Really, his photographs of the spirit of the Spanish soldier have not the weight, as evidence, of the physical manifestation we have this evening secured."

RICHET BELIEVES IN MATERIALIZATION

Fowler rose. "I have his report in my library. Let me get it."

He returned in a few minutes with a small blue book in his hand, from which he began to read with gusto: "I saw, as it were, a white luminous ball floating over the floor; then rising straight upwards, very rapidly, as though issuing from a trap-door, appeared B. B., the Spanish soldier, born, so to speak, out of the flooring outside the curtain, *which had not stirred*. He tries, as it seems to me, to come among us, but he has a limping, hesitating gait. At one moment he reels as if about to fall, limping on one leg, then he goes toward the opening of the curtains of the cabinet. Then, without (as I believe) opening the curtains, he sinks down, disappears into the floor."

"What are you reading from?" I asked.

"I am reading from the report that Richet made to the Annals of Psychical Science. He goes on to say: 'It appears to me that this experiment is decisive, for the formation of a luminous spot on the ground, which then changes into a living and walking being, cannot seemingly be produced by any trick. On the day after this experiment I minutely examined the flagstones (which made up the floor of the séance room) and also the coach-house and stable immediately under that part of the *kiosque*.' There was no trap-door, and the cobwebs on the roof of the stable were undisturbed. The photographs of the apparition were taken on five different plates simultaneously, and the figure is the same on each."

"But read on," I insisted. "Does he not say that in spite of all his proof he will not even hazard an affirmation of the phenomenon?"

"Yes, he does say that," admitted Fowler, "but he also says: 'I have thought it my

duty to mention these facts in the same way that Sir William Crookes thought it his duty in more difficult times to report the history of 'Katie King.' I do not believe I have been deceived. I am convinced that I have been present at realities, not deceptions. Certainly I cannot say in what materialization consists. *I am only ready to maintain that there is something profoundly mysterious in it, which will change from top to bottom our ideas on nature and on life.*"

"He certainly was profoundly affected by that séance," I assented. "And I am perfectly willing to admit that the character of his friends in the circle adds value to what he saw. But, after all, the fact of materialization is so tremendous in its implications that even to grant its possibility is to admit more than any man of our day, who has been trained in scientific ways, is willing to be answerable for. But let us return to our own psychic."

At this point Brierly reluctantly explained that he had an appointment for nine o'clock, and could not continue the sitting beyond eight. "I can sit for half an hour longer," he said; "and then please let me slip out quietly. Don't let me disturb the circle." And in this understanding we returned to the room above.

A DIGNIFIED "SPIRIT"

We found Mrs. Smiley sitting precisely as we had left her, and picking up our threads, Fowler and I located the table and the cone and reassumed our positions. The table, which was quite out of reach of Mrs. Smiley's hands, now stood with its end toward the four of us, seated in a crescent shape opposite the psychic, a position which produced, so the "guides" said, one pole of a battery.

Hardly were we settled in place when a sound came from the cone as though some one were tapping on it with the end of a lead pencil. "Is that you, Comrade Wilbur?" I asked.

Tap, tap, tap, he answered vigorously.

"I thought I recognized your tap," I said. "I am glad you are here, and I hope you are going to hand us out the finest possible test. Is Mr. Mitchell present?"

To my delight the cone was instantly lifted, and the voice of "Mitchell" answered me. In a deep, clear, well-delivered, and decidedly masculine voice, and with stately periods, he promised the complete cooperation of the

spirit world in the great work to which I was devoting myself. He directed his exhortation to me, as usual, and for the benefit of those who think the "spirits" are always trivial or foolish, I wish to say that "Mitchell's" words were dignified and very suggestive. He was never vague nor wandering in his thought—and yet he never went outside the minds of the group. He seemed a collective personification of the circle.

THE SUPREME TEST

He spoke to me upon the investigation that we were pursuing. *"I and my band,"* he assured me, *"are working as hard from our side as you are from yours, both intent upon opening up channels of communication between the two worlds."* He solemnly urged me to proceed in this work, and at last said, *"Good-by for the present,"* and fell silent.

The cone was then deposited on the table, and "Maudie" said: *"If Mr. Garland and Mr. Fowler will go quietly up to mama's side, holding all the time tightly to the threads, Mr. Mitchell will do what Mr. Garland so much desires. Please be very careful not to touch mama until I tell you. Keep as far apart as you can as you go up to her. When you reach my mama's side, you may put one hand on her head and one on her wrist. Mr. Mitchell says please have Mr. Brierly take Mrs. Fowler's hands so that every hand in the circle is accounted for."*

I was now very eager and very alert. Surely no trickster would permit such rigorous control as that which we were now invited to exercise. My admiration went out toward this heroic little woman, who was enduring so much pain and suspicion for the sake of science.

Slowly we crept to her side, being careful to touch nothing until directed by the voice of "Maud." At last the childish voice said: *"Mr. Garland may put his right hand on top of mama's head, and his left hand on her wrist. Mr. Fowler may place his left hand above Mr. Garland's and his right hand on mama's wrist. Mr. Mitchell says he will then see if the voices will not come."*

I then said aloud: "Brierly, my right hand is on the psychic's head, my left is on her wrist."

Fowler repeated: "My left hand is above Garland's right, which is on the psychic's head, and my own right hand is on the

right wrist of the psychic. Now, Wilbur, go ahead."

Our challenge was almost instantly caught up. While we were thus doubly safeguarding the psychic, the cone, which was resting on the table a full yard away, rose with a sharp, metallic, scraping sound, and remained in the air for fully half a minute, during which I called out sharply: "We are absolutely controlling the psychic; her hands are motionless; Brierly, be sure of both Mrs. Fowler's hands."

"I have her hands in mine," he answered.

As the cone was gently returned to the carpet I said: "Fowler, that was a supreme test of the psychic. *She was absolutely not concerned in any known way with that movement.* Save for a curious throbbing, wavelike motion in her scalp, she did not move. If she lifted the horn, it was by the exercise of a force unrecognized by science."

To this he could only answer: "It seems a clear case of telekinesis at its best."

A few moments later we returned to our seats, while "Wilbur" and "Mitchell" and several other voices spoke to us. Fowler, now that I admitted the inch, wanted the ell. "Is the psychic speaking to us," he asked, "or are these voices independent of her?"

"An investigator is never satisfied," I answered. "We must have the voices through the cone while we are holding the psychic."

To this "Mitchell" replied: *"We are doing all we can, and we will yet be able to meet every demand you make upon us."*

"I am open to conviction," I said. "I acknowledge the immense significance of all this, but I want to secure the voice of the psychic and your voice at the same time, Mr. Mitchell. Can you do that for me?"

WHY LIGHT IS DANGEROUS TO MEDIUMS

He seemed to hesitate, and at last said, *"We will try."* I perceived in his tone a certain doubt and indecision. Again we were permitted to hold the psychic's wrists, and, as before, the cone was lifted and drummed upon as if to show its position high in the air—but no voices came. Hidden forces seemed to be struggling for escape beneath our hands, and with a sense of some baffling, incredible externalization of the psychic's nerve force, I could well understand why the command had so often been given

not to touch her unbidden, and not to flash a sudden light. Suppose the poor naked astral body were abroad, and a strong light should suddenly burst upon it! Cases of complete paralysis from the sudden flashing of a light upon a medium are recorded in the history of psychism.

At last the cone dropped upon the table, and we resumed our seats. "Maud" then said: "*Mama will waken very soon. Mr. Mitchell will try to do what you wish.*"

At this point Brierly was obliged to quit the circle, thus leaving only Mr. and Mrs. Fowler and myself with the psychic—an almost ideal condition, for Mrs. Smiley was very fond of Mrs. Fowler, and liked Mr. Fowler, while Brierly was not especially congenial to her.

As soon as we were reseated, faint raps called to us, and following their hints we moved back to the opposite end of the table, sitting close together "to form a battery." In a few moments "Maudie" spoke, asking me to move the table farther away from her mother, and to put the cone back upon it. This I did, being careful to note the position of both table and cone. Scarcely had I taken my seat when a loud rapping was heard, apparently *within* the horn. Putting my ear close down to the larger end of it, I asked: "Is Mr. Mitchell still with us, Wilbur?"

MRS. SMILEY UNEXPECTEDLY WAKES

Instantly the tapping changed, grew sedate and serious. "Ah! there you are, Mr. Mitchell," I said. "I am glad to hear you again. I am still intent on obtaining the voice of the psychic and your voice at the same time. Can this be done?"

Tap, tap, tap.

"Will you do it now?"

There was no answer to this, but soon after Mrs. Smiley seemed to pass through another period of intense suffering, moaning and gasping more piteously than before. "Maudie" then asked us to sing again, and put her mother back into deeper sleep. Shortly after this the tapping came again on the cone, and "Wilbur's" strong hand grasped and lifted it, and his voice—vigorous, almost full-toned—spoke in a perfectly life-like way, and *while his voice was still sounding, the psychic sighed deeply and awoke!*

"Is anybody here?" she asked in her natural voice.

Profoundly surprised at the sudden change,

I answered, "Yes, Wilbur is here; at least, he was speaking but a moment ago."

"Oh, I am so glad," she said.

"So am I," I answered. "How do you feel?"

"Very numb and cold," she answered.

"My body is perfectly dead, and I'm a little deaf."

"SPIRITS" PRESENT WITH PSYCHIC NORMAL

Now came a completely mystifying performance—and an overthrow of my theory—for with Mrs. Smiley perfectly normal, mentally, "Wilbur," very much alive, remained at my elbow alert to perform. His activities suffered no diminution. He went about his pranks with greater vigor than before, handling the cone and whisking paper and pencils about while Mrs. Smiley talked freely in answer to my questions, seemingly quite unconcerned about results. A singularly engrossing game of hide-and-go-seek now began. I tried every expedient to get Mrs. Smiley's voice and that of the "spirits" at the same time. But never did I succeed in getting "Wilbur's" voice at *precisely* the same moment with her own, though he followed swiftly on her speech, interjecting remarks, echoing her questions.

At last the cone dropped to the table; it was apparently taken up by another hand, and "Mitchell" asked: "*What can I do for you, Mr. Garland?*"

"First of all, I want the privilege of going to the psychic's chair again in order to hold her wrists and listen at her lips. May I do so?"

"Mitchell" did not reply, but when the question was repeated, three faint taps on the cone answered "Yes."

This was to me very significant. Why did "Mitchell's" voice not respond? And why was the tapping so uncertain?

Leaving my seat, I felt my way to Mrs. Smiley's side. "I am very close to the ultimate mystery, Mrs. Smiley," I said, as I placed my hand upon her wrist. "Proceed, Wilbur. Let me hear your voice now."

With tense expectation, I put my ear close to the psychic's lips and listened breathlessly. The horn soared into the air, and was drummed there as if to show that it was out of the reach of the psychic, *but no voice came from it.* This was a disappointment to me, and I banteringly said:

"You know this failure is suspicious, Wilbur. It seems to prove that Mrs. Smiley is only a wonderful ventriloquist, after all. If your vocal organs are independent of hers, show it."

No reply came to this, but while my hand was firmly pressed upon her wrist (both sleeves still being nailed to the chair) the loose leaves of the paper in the center of the table were whisked away to the left.

"Fowler," I said, "are you controlling your wife's hands?"

"Yes; I swear we had nothing to do with the movement of those papers."

WAS MRS. SMILEY A VENTRILOQUIST?

There was another tense moment, for the movement of those sheets of paper was very ghostly indeed.

"May I come forward?" asked Fowler.

Tap—No—was the decided answer.

I then asked: "Wilbur, do you want me to change with Fowler and control Mrs. Fowler's hands?"

An emphatic "Yes" was rapped in reply.

"They seem as anxious for a conclusive test as we are," remarked Fowler.

A perfect fusillade of raps followed—yes, yes, YES.

Fowler then came forward to Mrs. Smiley's left, while I returned to the table. Taking both of Mrs. Fowler's hands in mine, I set the toes of my shoes upon hers. At this moment, while Fowler was pressing the psychic's imprisoned wrists, the cone banged about furiously, describing wide circles entirely out of Mrs. Smiley's reach. This action was at the moment evidence perfectly convincing of the psychic's supernatural powers. It was precisely as if a spectral visitor were amusing himself at our expense. It was all very absorbing, but I did not forget my further test. "Mrs. Smiley," I said, "I want Mr. Fowler to return to his seat, and I want to place my hand over your lips, or to muffle you in some way. I *must* prove that you have nothing to do with the direct production of those voices. Will you permit this test?"

"Certainly," she answered with patient sweetness. "You may gag me in any way you please. I am perfectly sure you can secure the proof you want." So, taking a large kerchief from my pocket, I tied it tightly around her mouth, knotting it at the back, and then challenged the ghostly one.

"Now, Wilbur, let's hear from you. Prove your psychic's innocence."

A moment later the voice came from the cone, but apparently very much muffled and blurred. "*That is easy.*"

"You are not articulating well," I rather sarcastically observed.

Instantly the voice came out clearly, more sharply than ever before. "*I was fooling you!*"

"There, that's better," I applauded. "Your voice improved wonderfully."

"Wilbur" chuckled with glee. "*I've taken a lozenge,*" he said whimsically.

Fowler then said: "Now let's consider this a moment, Garland. Suppose Mrs. Smiley has been able to loosen her gag. How does she handle the cone? We will suppose she is a marvelous ventriloquist. How does she write on the papers on the table, and how does she whisk them away? You see it isn't the matter of one thing, but of all that has happened."

To this I replied: "Yes, I admit that everything points to an exercise of supernatural force. It really looks like the work of spirits, but I prefer to think Mrs. Smiley has the power to project her will in some way. As Maxwell says, 'I see no need to attribute these phenomena to any supernatural intervention. I am inclined to think they are produced by some force existing within ourselves.'"

"Mitchell," I said, addressing the phantom, "I want to examine that gag, and I want to hold both hands of the psychic. Will you permit that?"

There was no reply to this, and Fowler offered an explanation. "We had that test at a previous sitting."

EXPERIMENT WITH VOICES FAILS

I explained to the invisible ones: "Wilbur, it is absolutely essential that you should prove to me that your voice is not dependent upon the vocal chords of the psychic." "Wilbur" making no reply, I turned to the psychic. "You see the importance of this, do you not, Mrs. Smiley?"

"Indeed, I do," she answered, her voice sounding very faint and muffled through the kerchief. "I am anxious for the test."

"Very well, then. Now I want you to sing a song, and while you are singing I am going to insist on 'Wilbur' speaking.

Will you do that, Wilbur?" The cone was drummed upon in strong assent.

Mrs. Smiley sang, or rather hummed, but there was no response on the part of the ghostly voices, and a moment later she called faintly, "The kerchief is slipping down, Mr. Garland."

I rose and went to her side. As I untied the kerchief, she said plaintively: "I am sorry we didn't get the voices. I am sure we can if we try again. Please try again." And a vigorous drumming on the cone seemed to second her plea. However, it was getting very late, and I reluctantly gave up the test. "I think we will postpone further experiment to-night, Mrs. Smiley. What are your sensations now?"

"I am almost paralyzed, and still deaf, too, but that often happens. My feet are as if they did not exist."

"But your mind is perfectly normal?"

"Yes, it seems to be."

When I had stepped back to my place, the cone was lifted high into the air silently, taken apart, and then, with the small end jangling inside the larger, was carried over the table and to the floor. It fell with a bang that seemed final and decisive.

"That is 'good-by,'" said Mrs. Smiley.

Upon lighting the gas, we found our victim as before, sitting absolutely as we had placed her. The table edge was twenty-four inches from her finger-tips. The place where the cone had lain, which we had marked with chalk when the cone was first drummed upon, was thirty-six inches from one hand and forty inches from the other. But most inexplicable of all, the tangible, permanent record was the seven sheets of paper that we found lying upon a couch six feet from Mrs. Smiley's left hand. *They were all written upon legibly, and pinned together with a black pin, which had been thrust through the writing.* "Wilbur" had scrawled his name, there was a message ostensibly

written by Mrs. Fowler's father, and there were other signatures unknown to any of us. The pencil was on the carpet forty inches from Mrs. Smiley's hand. The leaves of paper, at the moment when they were grasped and lifted, had been more than forty inches from her finger-tips.

As I was about to go that night, she said: "I do not feel able to sit any more for the present, Mr. Garland. I feel myself growing weaker, and Mr. Mitchell tells me I would better stop, for the present. I feel that my power belongs to the world, and I want to do all I can to convince you of the truth of spiritualism. But I feel the strain very greatly."

"I do not wonder at that," I responded, "and I cannot blame you for taking a rest. You have been a model subject, and I am deeply in your debt. Have no fear of my report, for while I am not convinced of the spirit hypothesis, I have found you honest and patient and very brave. I thank you very sincerely for what you have done."

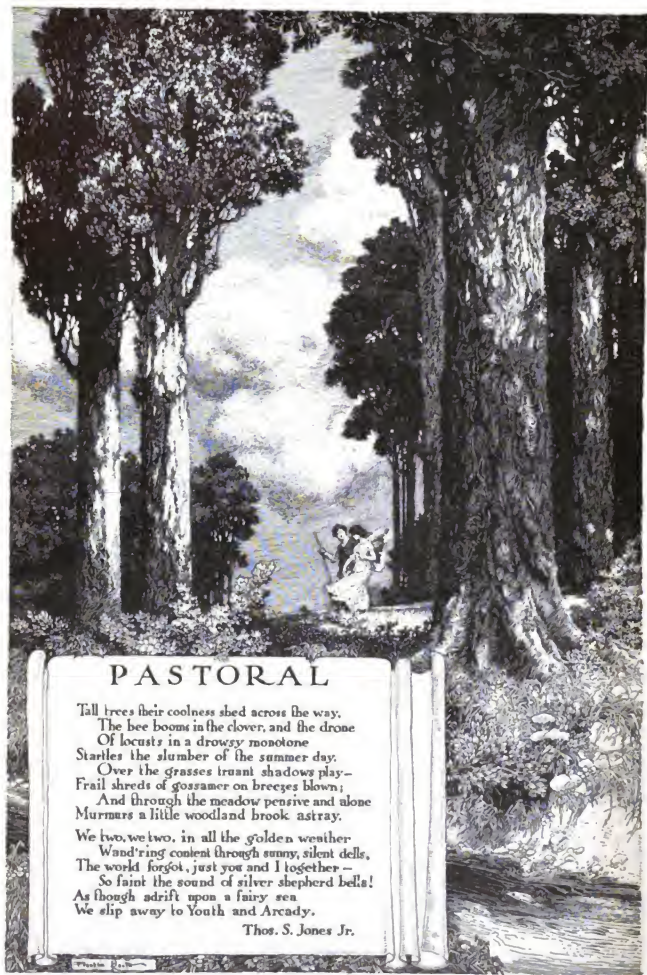
And in this spirit we parted.

Now, in concluding my report of this first series of experiments, let me say to my readers that I do not expect to convince them of the existence of psychic force, because I cannot say I *saw* the cone move. I did not perceive it in motion except once, and then only dimly—but I have proved that the psychic did not surreptitiously move it, nor fraudulently write upon the papers, during these last sittings. I cannot *swear* that Fowler was controlling his wife's hands while the cone was floating and I was holding the psychic's imprisoned hands, but I believe he was. In short, barring the one sense of sight—an important one, I admit—these happenings were convincing, and more than this—they were of a piece with the results of the latest and best experiments on the Continent.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—These articles are drawn from records of my actual personal experiments, and in all essentials they are as true as the reports that I made to the American Psychical Society. For literary purposes I have thrown them into a series of conversations, and for other, more obvious reasons I have concealed names and places; but no important phenomena have been consciously distorted. Without allegiance to any theory, I have followed where the evidence led.

Hamlin Garland

In the August number Mr. Garland will discuss some remarkable experiments made by the Italian scientists Botazzi and Morselli through the famous medium Eusapia Paladino.



PASTORAL

Tall trees their coolness shed across the way.
The bee booms in the clover, and the drone
Of locusts in a drowsy monotone
Startles the slumber of the summer day.
Over the grasses transient shadows play—
Frail shreds of gossamer on breezes blown;
And through the meadow pensive and alone
Murmurs a little woodland brook astray.
We two, we two, in all the golden weather
Wand'ring content through sunny, silent dells,
The world forgot, just you and I together—
So faint the sound of silver shepherd bells!
As though adrift upon a fairy sea
We slip away to Youth and Arcady.

Thos. S. Jones Jr.

The Story of an Ivory Hunter

By BERKELEY HUTTON

THERE is one profession—and only one—that a man can't be trained into or kicked into, or driven into, unless he's born into it as well. By this, I mean that unless he has a natural love for it, he'll be worse than useless in it, for he will never be able to stand the grueling he's bound to get in it. That is my profession—ivory hunting. You can make a lawyer, or a merchant, or a banker, or even a doctor or a sailor out of almost any man of average intelligence, but you can't make a hunter out of him unless he was born a hunter. You'll see why, presently.

Many a time I've come back from a trip, leaving half my men and all my ivory rotting in some deadly African swamp, half dead with fever, swearing that I'm done with the business for good. And some bright day, in six months, or even in three, the smell of the jungle gets into my nostrils; through all the roar of the street traffic I hear the squeal of an elephant or the coughing roar of a lion's challenge—and that settles the business. Back I go again, knowing precisely what is coming—the sweating days and the chilling nights, the torments of insects and of thirst, the risks and hardships, and the privations. For once Africa has laid her spell upon a man, he's hers forever. He'll dream of her—of the black tangle of forests he's broken through, hot on the trail of a wounded bull tusk; of the parched and blistered veldts he's crossed under the blazing sunlight; of the nights, those moonlit, haunted nights, when he's watched beside a runway, waiting for the game to come down to drink, and listened to the ripple of the water on the flats, the splash of a crocodile, the stealthy snapping of branches all around him, the scurry of monkeys overhead; listened to the vast black silence, into which all smaller sounds are cast as pebbles are dropped into a pool.

I am the son of a clergyman and the grandson of a clergyman; and from whom I got my

love for the wild life "at the back of beyond" is a mystery—surely not from these. I went through Dulwich, was left an orphan with little money, and drifted into what proved to be my life-work in the haphazard way in which fifty men out of a hundred stumble into the professions or occupations they eventually follow. Stranded in London, and doing odd jobs to earn a somewhat precarious living, I met a man at the Docks who was agent for a firm of ivory merchants. He was "going out after ivory"; I went along. That was when I was twenty. I've been "going out after ivory" ever since. I served my apprenticeship, as you might say, with this man; then I went out alone—that is, at the head of my own party of natives.

In a sixty-ton gyassa, laden with supplies, I dropped down the White Nile, the highroad into the black heart of Africa, with the steady north wind that blows for more than six months of the year. I have always made it a rule to travel as light as possible, but what with the necessary equipment, ammunition, clothing, and articles for barter with the natives, such as cowries, and the brass rods that are the current coin of Africa, the outfit was imposing.

Every man who ever hunted has his own iron-bound theories on the subject of equipment. I have always used an English .577 express, which carries steel bullets, and is a dependable weapon, or an eight- or four-bore elephant rifle, which is good for work at close range, in thickly wooded regions. But for work in the open on elephants and rhinos, small-caliber rifles, as a rule, are preferable, on account of their precision and penetrating qualities. Heavy guns are best for beginners, but they are weighty and unwieldy, and their recoil is so great that I have known them to inflict almost as much damage upon the hunter as upon his quarry. The black powder they burn makes a dense cloud



JUST ONE CORNER OF THAT WAREHOUSE WILL HOLD FINE IVORY WORTH A QUARTER OF A MILLION DOLLARS.

of smoke; and curiously, this fact has been the means of saving the life of many a hunter—it saved mine, on this same expedition. An elephant's eyesight is notoriously defective, and when wounded and enraged, he will often charge this cloud of smoke, and so give the hunter time to escape.

Wading waist-deep in slimy ooze, with packs borne high aloft on the bearers' heads; hacking a path through vines and creepers that writhe snake-like from the branches of giant baobab trees, lacerated by "wait-a-bit" thorns, and bitten nearly to death by the villainous red ants, I reached at last a Bangala village, a handful of huts huddled in a clearing between dense woods of barassas palm, ebony, and mimosa, with the jungle creeping up around it like a tide. Here I got news of a herd, and guides who could lead me to it. The rainy season had just begun; the struggling sun, which, at times, showed itself just long enough to draw the poison from the steaming swamps, sank in banks of storm-clouds, leaving a blood-stained sky; night came down with fierce and sudden rain,

which drowned the world in gray, driving sheets. One lived and ate and slept in continual dampness, wet through to the skin.

No white man can ever know the mysteries of veldt and jungle as does the most ignorant native. I am about as expert a woodsman as a white man may be, but my knowledge is as a child's compared with that of a black "boy." In the dry season his instinct, inherited from untold generations, teaches him the best spots on the veldt to find or to dig for water; in the rainy season he knows how best to cross the treacherous morasses and quaking bogs. He knows leaves that, pounded, will allay the stings of insects; he knows how to keep off vermin by the use of herbs whose smell Europeans can scarcely stand.

Three hours before dawn we started in the direction of the herd. It was heartbreaking work, hewing a way through the reeking jungle, tortured with the never-ending plague of mosquitoes. An hour after dawn, in the heart of a thicket of bamboo, twenty feet in height, we came suddenly upon the spoor

of a bull elephant. The passing of a bull is easily distinguished by the long and narrow track of the hind feet. The tracks of a cow are rounder and more uniform. When chased, elephants often have a trick of stepping exactly in each other's footprints; therefore one tusker might have gone this way, or three, or twenty. The marks were fresh, but somewhat blurred, showing that the beast had passed recently, traveling swiftly. An elephant's speed under pursuit is remarkable. He never gallops, but goes at a quick trot that eats up the miles like fire. So that this fellow might have been any number of miles away by the time we struck his trail.

Now it is a curious fact that in the rainy season elephants move with almost absolute noiselessness, even in full flight. In the dry season, the noise made by a herd moving over the hard ground is like distant thunder.

The early morning mists hung heavy in the jungle; through them the stems of the bamboos loomed ghostly. For an hour we followed the trail, our view six rods ahead shut off by a blank gray wall of fog. One heard the monotonous drip of water on the sodden leaves, the whining song of the mosquitoes; otherwise the world was very still. There was not even a rustle of the bamboos to give warning of what was coming. But I found myself suddenly looking at a huge head which grew out of the mist up the narrow path, silent, spectral, with ears flapping spasmodically to beat off the clouds of mosquitoes and sandflies that hovered about its vicious red eyes, and with trunk up-curved to scent the air.

So startlingly unexpected was the sight that behind me one of the blacks gave a yell of alarm. Then everything happened at once. Instantly the brute charged, straight ahead, as an elephant always charges, just as I had motioned my rifle-bearer to pass me the eight-bore. The quarters were too close to trust a lighter gun. There was no time even to take aim; I fired pointblank at the beast, which was bearing down upon me like a locomotive. The explosion was terrific. The shot took him full in the forehead, where the frontal bone is thickest. So far as I could then see, it did little damage, but for a bare instant it stunned him and checked his rush. The recoil of the gun knocked me into the tangle and slush alongside the trail; I tripped on a vine and went down on my back.



TAKING OUT THE TEETH FROM A DEAD HIPPOPOTAMUS.

I had sense enough left to roll to one side—there was no time to get up. As long as I live I shall never forget the sight of that monstrous mass of flesh towering above me, almost on top of me, it seemed, streaming with blood, and screaming with rage and pain. He passed me before he could check himself, so close to me that I was splashed with mud from head to foot. But he had seen me, and he wheeled with incredible swiftness and came for me again. By that time I was on my feet, but the jungle was too thick for me to break through, while his huge bulk could plow through it with ease. My gun was gone—I had dropped it when I fell; there was no place for me to dodge aside. To flee before him up the narrow trail meant that he would overtake me within five yards. Nothing on earth could have saved my life then but the sheer luck in which a hunter comes to believe more implicitly than he believes in his hope of heaven. But from the opposite side of the trail, almost at the elephant's flank, there came a detonating roar and a puffing cloud of sullen smoke. Quick as a cat, in spite of his bulk, the bull wheeled and charged the smoke, while I got out of range as quickly as the Lord would let me.

What had happened was briefly this: The man who had my .577 had slid through the jungle to the right when the bull first made for me. The first law of the hunter is that the gun-bearers must stay at hand to be ready when the guns are wanted. They must stick to you like your shadow; if they become separated from you, as usually happens in the scattering rush for safety, they must rejoin you at the first possible chance. My black boy was

maneuvering to get across the trail to me, when he stepped on a rotten log, half buried in the muck. It gave way with him; in his fall the gun went off. Had there not been a baobab close enough at hand for him to reach it almost on the jump, his predicament would have been precisely the same as mine. As it was, he barely escaped with his life. We could hear the bull crashing through the jungle ahead of us, driving through the bamboo as though it had been grass.

As soon as we could collect our wits and our weapons we started in pursuit, for his tusks were magnificent—fully seven feet from end to tip—and worth risking much to get. We took our time, for it was worse than useless to think of catching up with him while he was in full flight. But we followed his trail persistently for hours.

The country he led us into was frightful. Jungle that the rains had turned into a swamp to be broken through; streams into which vines hung down like swollen snakes to be crossed; bogs into which we sank to the waist

in black, sucking ooze. Had not the bull been wounded, we never should have had a sight of him again. After five hours of this, we came suddenly into a clearing in the forest—came so suddenly that we nearly fell over a herd of perhaps twenty elephants, quietly feeding. Fortunately, we were down the wind—that is, it was blowing from them to us—or they would have been off long before. Among them was the bull I had scored in the early morning.

Now there are only two correct shots to take at an elephant. Both are from the side; one, between the eye and the ear, to get into the brain; the other, into the



THIS TUSK IS MORE THAN TEN FEET LONG AND IS WORTH NEARLY \$2,000.

shoulder. From in front, you can reach the brain only by a shot planted high up on the frontal bone. Mine had gone too high to put him out of business, although it had made an ugly wound, which was plainly giving him trouble. He had lost a lot of blood, which had run into his eyes and partially blinded him. He stood facing me, his ears fanning nervously, his trunk restless. Behind him I saw that there were eight or ten husky fellows with good ivory, a number of cows, and some yearling bulls, whose tusks were not worth much.

I whispered to my boy, and we worked around cautiously to get into position. It took some little time, as it was necessary not to alarm the rest of the herd; but when we parted the bushes and looked into the clearing again, we were in line for a good shot. I drew a bead on the bull, and pulled the trigger. The gun did not go off.

It gave me one of the biggest shocks I have ever experienced; I could have been no more startled if the weapon had exploded in my hands. I loved that gun; it was a beauty. But I have never had quite the same confidence in it since that day. It has never "gone back on me" save on that one occasion—but since then I have never used it when there was time for but one shot. It was the express that the boy had fallen on; my second bearer saw the difficulty, and ran up with the other.

By this time, the herd, with the strange instinct for danger that all wild animals possess, had become restless, although they had not got our scent. The cows were weaving to and fro, and the bulls had gradually come around to the outer edges of the herd. Most wild animals are more active, also more

suspicious, in cloudy weather. I took the eight-bore and fired.

Instantly the whole herd stampeded, trumpeting fear and defiance. My old fellow crumpled to his knees; I got shots at



THE BEATERS TRACKING AN ELEPHANT IN THE JUNGLE DEPTHS.

three; one I missed, but brought down the other two. Another I potted just as he caught sight of me; then a cow charged me, and I side-stepped barely in time to save my life. Once I was out of her direct line of vision she could not see me, but went lunging on, straight ahead into the forest.

Scarcely had the brutes on the ground ceased kicking—four great mountains of flesh still warm with the red life that had flowed from them—than from somewhere came the throbbing of native drums, muffled, insistent—the call of the human vultures to their meat.

News travels swiftly in the African forests. The thump of a drum, sounding now near,

now far, in the murmur of the jungle, eerie and sinister, calling to orgies unspeakable, the inevitable aftermath of the kill; a black grinning face peering from between the giant ferns; another, and another; a flash of shining black bodies between the trees, and the word has passed from village to village. In less than four hours a scene of inconceivable horror was in progress. Like unclean birds of prey they swarmed over the huge carcasses—old men and young, women, and children; laughing, shouting, hacking at the tough

thing he sees in the snare of an enemy, as soon as he sees it—and his sight is remarkably keen. Besides, like the elephant, the rhinoceros can, when he wants to, show a speed that is nothing short of marvelous, when one considers his huge and clumsy bulk. I have known cases where a rhino got sight of a hunter and deliberately stalked him, coming upon him before the man had an idea that he was anywhere in the vicinity. And he always dies fighting; I have never known a rhino, however badly wounded, to try to bolt for safety. Once you



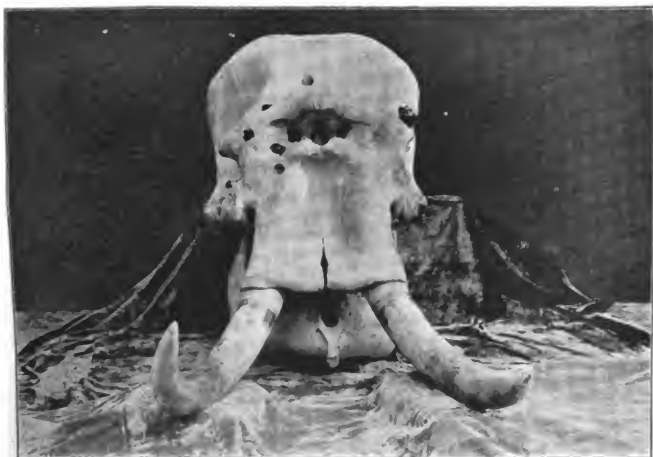
A HERD OF WILD ELEPHANTS BREAKING THROUGH THE JUNGLE.

skins with spears and knives, fighting over the great sheets of hide, the huge blocks of reeking meat. When they were through, only gaunt latticed ribs remained to tell the tale.

To my mind, rhinoceros hunting is the most dangerous of all hunting, bar none. I have had a worse time with rhinos than with lions, elephants, leopards, or buffalo. The beast seems possessed of a sort of devilish cunning; you can't fool him as you can an elephant, nor intimidate him as you can a lion. Unless aroused, he is timid and nervous during the day, and particularly so when alone. But at night he seems to lose absolutely all fear of man. He does not wait to be attacked, but has an unpleasant habit of charging any-

rouse him, you must kill him, or he'll kill you, if he can get you.

One experience with a rhino I remember with particular and painful vividness. It occurred in the dry season, when the days were one long glare of pitiless sunlight that dried the blood in one's veins. The water-courses had dwindled into brackish pools, where animals came nightly from twenty miles around to drink. The jungle was parched until the cane rattled like dry bones to the passing of unseen beasts; the veldts lay naked and brown under the aching sunlight. Dust was everywhere; choking, gritting clouds of it whirled from the earth like miniature waterspouts, and pirouetted off into the dis-



A PAIR OF TUSKS THAT COST THREE HUMAN LIVES.



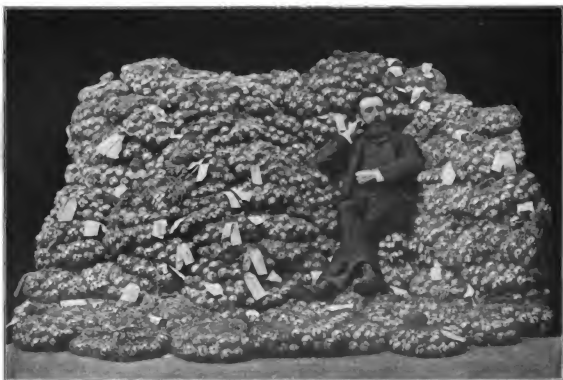
THE FIRST STAGE IS WHEN THE GREATEST OF JUNGLE MONSTERS FALLS WITH AN EXPRESS BULLET IN HIS BRAIN.

tance where the atmosphere simmered like steam from a kettle's spout.

I and my bearers came out of the woods on to the veldt, in the afternoon, looking for water. We had secured a good haul of ivory that morning, but I was taken with a touch of fever, and was anxious to get back to camp and my medicine-chest.

Ahead of us, and somewhat to our left, was one of those dark and mysterious seas of bush, taller than a man's height, that here and there scar the yellow desert and the brown rolling veldt. It covered, perhaps, a square mile; its top was level as a floor, and out of it rose mimosa trees, and euphorbias with branches writhing and twist-

that sea for an hour, blinded and choked with dust. I had begun to think that we had lost our bearings, and that there would be nothing for it but to turn around and go back again, for the bush seemed as thick as ever. I told Nsala to climb on the back of another bearer and take a look around. He came down jabbering with excitement, and announced that the animals had left the thorn-tree and vanished somewhere in the bush. They might have made off in the opposite direction; the only thing for it was to gain the thorn-tree and see if we could pick up their trail. It was a foolish undertaking, for I was almost too dizzy to stand and deaf from the effects of quinine, but being so far in, I



THE LAST STAGE OF ALL—A MOUNTAIN OF BILLIARD BALLS THAT CONTAINS 20,000 BALLS WORTH \$80,000. TWO THOUSAND ELEPHANTS HAD TO DIE TO PRODUCE THIS HEAP.

ed like the tentacles of an octopus. We were on somewhat higher ground, and could see that toward the center of the patch the bush thinned out a bit. Nsala, one of my boys, with the eyes of a lynx, pulled at my sleeve and whispered "Faru!" Sure enough, in the center of this thinned-out space, in the shade of a small thorn-tree, I saw a black shape, then another: two rhinos, sitting in the peculiar position they assume, upon their haunches, like huge dogs. The temptation was too strong to resist. We started cautiously into the bush, working in by degrees toward the center. We sweated and struggled through

thought we might as well see the thing through.

Unexpectedly, half a dozen birds rose just ahead of us. They were the little rhinoceros-birds that spend their time upon the animal's back, relieving him of the parasites that infest his leathery hide. I was convinced that a rhino was lurking in the bush ahead of us, but we could see absolutely no sign of him.

The hour was later than I had thought; I became aware all at once that the sun was sinking, and that in a surprisingly short time the dark would be upon us. This time common sense prevailed; I gave the word to turn

and trek for camp. But before we were more than half-way back through the bush, the air turned chill with the first keen breath of evening, and the moment of the strange swift tropic twilight had come. Our position was precarious; we could not see six feet ahead, and any moment a rhino might come ramping down upon us.

We finally reached a part of the bush that, although thick, was not more than shoulder high, so that we were able to gain an idea of our surroundings. Now the darkness had fallen, soft as the wind that stole across the veldt, with a red sullen moon burning the blackness of the forest's fringe. To our right, the woods we had left were blocked out in masses of dense shadow against the sky; to the left, behind, and before us, stretched the bush, billowing into wind-swept ripples beneath the moon.

Without an instant's warning, there came a sort of grunting roar from almost under our feet; a rush, and the bush tossed and shivered as though in a heavy wind. There was a yell of "Faru!"—and into the very midst of us dashed a huge black shape, scattering the men as a dog scatters a flock of chickens.

It was all weirdly dramatic, that fight. The brush concealed the beast, so that we could tell his whereabouts only by the agitation of it as he tore through it. It was like a combat in the water, in which your enemy keeps below the surface, leaving you to find him as best you may. I could see the black heads of my men bobbing above that moonlit sea of brush, for all the world like swimmers, as they fled wildly in all directions. I took long chances on hitting one of them, and fired where the commotion was greatest. Then I ran—or tried to, for it is just about as easy to run through that stuff as it is to run through water—knowing that he would charge the flash. I don't think I touched him, for his rush toward me was like a whirlwind in its headlong fury.

The moonlight was darkly deceptive, and our scuffles had so agitated the brush that no one could tell where any one else was going. I had just drawn a breath of relief that the brute had passed me, and had thrown the gun to my shoulder for another shot, when a scream cut the darkness like a knife—one, and another, and yet another; the rhino had got some poor devil down. The men, gathering closer, jabbered and shrilled like frightened monkeys; the forest stirred; the jungle woke and roared, while I stood pump-

ing shot after shot into the brush, under which the tragedy was being fought to its bloody end, until the world rocked, and the blackness was torn by jagged flashes of flame.

When the screaming ceased, with the same appalling suddenness with which it had started, we broke for safety, lest the beast should suddenly leave his victim and turn upon us. He might be dead, or he might be untouched, in spite of my fusillade, but with those sounds ringing in our ears we were taking no chances. We gained the open veldt without being chased, and made tracks for camp. When we counted heads, we found that Nsala was the one missing.

That night I was down with delirium, fast in the grip of the fever. But the next day, in my first lucid moments, I sent out a party to investigate. They found the clean-picked bones of a huge rhinoceros, and, under them, those of what had been a man; the birds and the beasts of prey had been before them. They left them in the brush as they lay, for such is the fate of those whom the jungle swallows.

One curious fact remains to be told. Since then, I have awakened at night with those screams ringing in my ears, seeing that moonlit sea of brush, smelling the dusty scents of the jungle. And invariably, when this occurs, it has been, as it were, the signal for the old lust of the hunting to start creeping along my veins. It has happened so often that I have almost ceased to wonder at it.

First catch your ivory, then get it home—if you can. A man's troubles have barely begun when the tusks of the fallen monsters are chopped out, wrapped in sacking, and taken back to camp. Each weighs fifty, or even one hundred pounds. I have seen specimens that are on record as tipping the scales at 250 pounds. Suppose I have got together \$100,000 worth of fine ivory. I am perhaps a thousand miles from anywhere, with this load of 50,000 or 60,000 pounds. There are no railroads, no wheeled vehicles, even no draft animals. The stuff must be carried across the wilds of Africa on the backs of native porters, who think nothing of dropping their loads and deserting, if the fancy happens to seize them. The worst of the hunting is nothing to what such a homeward march may mean. I have had my men shot down by hostile tribes from ambush with poisoned arrows; I have seen them die in agony from the bites of noxious insects; I have been at-

tacked by bands of Dinkas who knew the value of ivory as well as I did and who tried to help themselves to mine.

Of course there are easier ways of getting ivory than by shooting it. I have bought buried tusks from native kings; from savage trappers and hunters, who dug huge pits for their quarry, or whose only weapons were home-made spears. One may still pick up a brace of tusks for an old scarlet military tunic with a bit of gold braid on it; and one of the finest tusks I ever saw—it weighed nearly two hundred pounds—had been exchanged for a demoralized old cocked hat and a pair of purple satin corsets. Yet more than once I have arrived at Chinde, or at Stanley Pool, in the Congo, with never so much as a fifty-pound tusk to show for eighteen heart-breaking and dangerous months in the interior.

When I get my ivory to the coast it is loaded for shipment to Hale & Sons, of London, who, with Lansberger et Cie., of Antwerp—who handle all the Congo ivory—are the largest dealers in ivory in the world. Practically the entire supply is disposed of through one or the other of these two firms. From this time the stuff is out of my hands, for a hunter never sells for himself.

There is good money in the business; for years my income has ranged from ten to twenty thousand dollars a year. Year by year the price of ivory is steadily going up. The demands of both Europe and America are increasing, while the herds are diminishing at an appalling rate. Of late, and none too soon, laws have been passed which will, if they are enforced, go far toward preserving the remnants of these once mighty herds. Hunters must now take out licenses before starting on a trip. Unfortunately, the Big Game Regulations, while they may put a check on indiscriminate slaughter, do not limit the number of men who may take out licenses. Ivory has recently been sold in the London Docks at the record price of \$453 per hundredweight; and "cut points" for billiard balls bring \$750 per hundredweight, or three times the quotation ruling a couple of decades ago. Pretty soon choice ivory will command \$15,000 a ton, and there will be precious little in the market at that. Big

consumers of ivory, such as the world's great piano makers, cutlers, brush makers, billiard-ball turners, and so on, are beginning to wonder what must be done about it.

The billiard-ball industry takes the finest of all ivory, and the thickest and soundest parts of the best tusks at that. Only five perfect balls can be cut from an average tusk; so that ten balls equal one elephant in the estimation of modern civilization. In the big warehouse of one firm that I know in London, I can show you 20,000 perfect ivory billiard balls, worth \$80,000, lying in a monstrous net in one corner. This netted heap represents 2,000 elephants, and that same firm calls on the African forests for 100 elephants a month. Just one corner of that warehouse will hold fine ivory worth a quarter of a million dollars, not including rhinoceros horns, hippo teeth, and such stuff. Sales are quickly made; one day the ivory comes in; the next it is on the lathe.

As I have said, I am in the business for love of it. But even if I would, I could not get out of it. I come back from a trip, aching with fever, thoroughly worn out, looking forward to the club and the meetings with old friends, anticipating a rest and a chance to get civilized again. Instead of this, in the cities I am smothered, restless, never satisfied. I try to settle down and take an interest in sports, in politics, in the men I know. For a time it works very well, but only for a time. It is no use fighting against it; the wanderlust has bitten too deep, and I am too old a dog to learn new tricks. And this, you will find, is the case with all old hunters. It is the penalty a man pays—the price that the Black Land extorts from him.

Queer specimens of humanity you meet in these African forests: younger sons of noblemen; business men trying to forget the tape and ticker; desperadoes, millionaires—Englishmen, Americans, Belgians—a motley throng. And no two men will give the same answer if you ask them wherein lies the fascination of the jungle and the veldt. To each man it means something different, something that he himself may perhaps not quite understand. But the fascination is always there.



The Nervous System and the Blood

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EDITOR'S NOTE.—Here are some remarkable glimpses of strange new discoveries in medicine and biology. It is the blood that tells the true story of descent; insanity is a disorder of the blood. There is a Great Sympathetic, which daily manufactures within each of us enough poisonous drugs to kill a man, and also provides the antidotes. In the abdomen is the real seat of emotion and of physical power. And we are brought to believe, with Dr. Thomson, that medicine to-day is in the position of Columbus when he landed upon a West Indian Island—it is a small island, but it is on the edge of a great world.

THERE is no telling into what unexpected paths a single scientific discovery may lead. The scientific investigator may start with a single aim in view, but on his way stumble upon a great principle in life reaching far beyond his original objective. Nor does it matter if he begins with something rather unattractive in itself, for science does not mind that aspect of a subject in the least. We will first cite an example which, though not connected with our present subject, yet illustrates the undesigned beginning that we shall find in the case of a recent important discovery about the blood.

Thus, it was long a puzzle why no young tapeworm was ever found infesting an intestine. No baby tapeworm was reported by anybody; it was discovered that different animals had each its own specialty in these things, but wherever found they were maturely developed when found. This observation, which comes down the ages from Aristotle himself, who was also perplexed about where eels come from, gave rise to many guesses, one of which was that tapeworms generated themselves

in the intestine, and therefore had no ancestry.

Finally, a German named Von Siebold, with that national trait in him of exhaustive application to some one specialty, made himself a specialist on tapeworms, and in the course of his researches discovered that cats and owls were infested with exactly the same kind of tapeworms. He then cogitated on what the bird and the cat could possibly have in common, and concluded that it could be only in the single matter of diet, namely, that both ate mice. He proceeded then to investigate mice, and found in some of them not tapeworms, but a great number of minute bag-shaped creatures now called cysticerci, which had burrowed into their flesh. These had as little resemblance as possible to tapeworms, which may be twenty feet long. He then fed the meat of such unfortunate mice to dogs, pigs, and chickens, and in due time, lo! all three grew the same tapeworms with those of cats and owls. The commonest kind among our tapeworms comes from eating beef not sufficiently cooked to kill the cysticerci in it.

But Von Siebold's discovery led to the great subject of alternate generations in the living kingdom, where the first generation is quite unlike its parent, but, instead, like its grandparent. As laws of life do not stop anywhere, we need not be surprised to find analogous alternation appearing in mankind, for children often resemble their grandparents more than their parents in many particulars, both in health and in disease.

A similar great discovery, equally unthought of at the beginning, concerns our present subject. Mephistopheles said to Faust: "Blood is altogether a peculiar juice," but when Goethe penned these words he little

dreamed how very peculiar science would one day demonstrate this juice to be. It came about in this way. Some of the most recondite investigations in the history of medicine have been about the mechanism of immunity, or why a single attack of certain infectious diseases renders a person immune from a second attack. It was through these investigations that some valuable antitoxins were discovered in the immunized blood serum, which raise hopes that we may yet find the antitoxins for the worst forms of our deadly infections, just as an antivenom has been found for the cobra's poison, and another for that of the rattlesnake. But each of these antitoxins is specific in that it does not afford any protection except just against its own poison. This led Professor Wasserman of Vienna to investigate whether the blood of each kind of animal did not contain some ingredients which would be specific to that animal, that is, not to be found in any other animal, a fact which, if found, might be of use in medico-legal cases.

BLOOD TESTS AND ZOOLOGY

His results made this so probable that Professor Nuttall, F.R.S., of the University of Cambridge, took the subject up, and has so extended its application that a single drop of blood from any animal now suffices not only to show by its peculiar chemical reactions what animal it comes from, but also how nearly related, or the opposite, an animal is by his blood to other animals. It begins, therefore, to look as if the whole classifications of zoology may have to be rearranged according to these blood tests.

Thus, a drop of the blood of a walrus shows no relation with a drop of whale's blood, or of the blood of any other cetacean, such as seals or porpoises, which, like the walrus, are mammals that have taken to the sea. Instead of that, the blood of the walrus immediately reacts with the blood of horses, asses, and zebras, thus proving that he is an equine that no longer crops grass, but goes where he can live on an exclusively fish diet. Likewise, the hippopotamus is shown to be a modified pig.

Where a blood relationship exists, but is distant, these reactions are proportionately faint, but where no reactions occur there is no relationship at all. Thus, geology indicates that birds are descended from reptiles, and, oddly enough, the blood

of a bird shows a distinct, though very faint, reaction with the blood of a snake, but none whatever with that of the winged bat or the flying squirrel, for these are mammals.

INSANITY NOT A BRAIN DISEASE

On the other hand, the marsupials, once such a great family, but now reduced to the kangaroo, the opossum, and a small creature in South America, have now not a single blood relation left. As to man, he has no relationship to monkeys, but the blood of anthropoid apes shows a very faint reaction with his. Meantime, all the races of man are unmistakably of one blood, whatever their color or abode.

Hence the blood is by far the most hereditary thing about us. Neither the shape of the skeleton, nor the contour of the body, nor brain, heart, lungs, stomach, intestines, liver, or skin, nor even ancestral habits about the great Food Question—Darwin's only Creator—how to eat or keep from being eaten—are comparable to a single drop of blood for telling the correct story of descent. All this gives a new meaning to the words, "For the blood thereof is the life thereof." Likewise, the old saying that insanity runs in the blood now wears a scientific look, since blood and family are so inseparably associated.

In our former article, on "The Real Self and Drugs," we alluded to the unexpected discovery that insanity is not a disease of the brain, because no anatomical investigation, microscopic or otherwise, can show the least difference between either brain cell or fiber of a person dying insane and the healthy brain of one killed in an accident. But the same absence of brain changes is noticeable in a whole class of important chronic nervous diseases, such as migraine, neurasthenia, hysteria, and epilepsy. None of these shows *post mortem* any characteristic changes from normal brains.

Now, no one can minimize the importance of these nervous diseases. Insanity alone is serious enough. When that dread specter appears, there is no getting used to it. Years of familiarity with it, both in private and in official relations, do not lessen my recoil from the spectacle of a permanent, instead of—as with drugs—a temporary, mental derangement. But it is facts connected with these same insanities produced by drugs entering the blood which awaken the hope that

we may find elsewhere than in the brain the cause, and therefore, with the cause, the best treatment for this dreadful affection, as well as also for the other nervous diseases which cause no brain changes. If the brain of a man who has been addicted to immense doses of opium for years still shows in it no trace of this mind-deranging agent, while chemistry quickly finds the reactions of this drug in his blood, the mistake of years on this whole subject begins to come into view. It is singular how long the sway of that error has continued, for even yet many physicians, including some neurologists, cannot see the two sides of the problem.

IMPORTANCE OF THE BLOOD

That mistake was the inference that because injury to the structure of a mechanism always deranges its working, therefore derangement of its working means derangement of the mechanism. But structure is not enough for the working of any mechanism, and least of all if it be a living mechanism. Every mechanism needs to have its source of power constantly supplied to it, or it will not work at all. Though a locomotive be perfect in every detail, yet not one of its wheels will turn if it has no coal. The function of a lamp is to give light, but if its globe be filled with water instead of with oil, what would be the use of carefully inspecting its every part with a microscope to discover why its wick cannot be lit? But so every bodily organ, and above all the brain, needs its never-failing current of blood to be rapidly coursing through it, and so surely is this true that the brain will work only according to the quality of its blood. Mix poisons with that blood and its thinking will be deranged according to what the particular poison is, though its structure remains the same as ever; just as every part of the lamp's structure remains the same, whatever be the fluid in its globe.

Now that attention has been turned at last to the relations of abnormal conditions of the blood with those disorders characterized by derangement of the working, rather than of the structure, of the nervous system, a new era seems about to dawn upon us, both as respects the understanding and the management of these disorders. But if so, it is a dawn accompanied by such mists and fogs that often it is difficult to make out our bearings. We have already adduced

evidence that examining the brain with scalpel and microscope is simplicity itself compared with the riddles which the chemistry of the blood propounds. What can anatomical research reveal compared with what the chemical reactions of a drop of blood reveal about life present and past on this globe? All we know is that a great many factors enter into this problem, every one of which must be taken into account before settled conclusions can be reached.

Thus, one of the chief elements in this problem is that the chemistry of the blood is largely, though not exclusively, controlled by the third great nervous system in us, a nervous system whose very existence the public has hardly heard of, but which physicians already know to be more directly connected with the life of the body than are brain and spinal cord put together. Physicians do not often mention it, simply because they know so little for certain about it. By the old anatomists it was called the Great Sympathetic, because it was imagined to distribute feelings all over the body, thereby causing the head to ache out of sympathy with the stomach when it was sour.

OUR THIRD NERVOUS SYSTEM

Both the cells and the fibers of this system differ in numerous particulars from those of the spinal cord and brain, and it may briefly be described as consisting of three divisions. The first division presents a long chain of nervous masses called ganglia, which lie on either side of the spine from the head down. These ganglia are connected together by strands of their sort of nerve fibers, while others of them pass to make connections with the spinal cord, the medulla oblongata, and the brain. The second division consists of ganglia, or masses of ganglia lying behind the important organs, such as the heart, etc., which they are said to innervate. The largest of these is called the solar plexus, lying behind the stomach, which innervates the liver, spleen, stomach, and intestines. Other important ganglia innervate the kidneys and the pelvic organs. The third division of this system consists of numberless small ganglia distributed to every part of the body, and all connected with one another, Auerbach's plexus in the walls of the alimentary canal from the esophagus down alone counting

many thousands, whose relations are doubtless of much importance to the functions of the digestive glands, and thus to the composition of the blood.

OUR BODIES MANUFACTURE DRUGS—

In the presence of this great nervous system physicians are now like prospectors in the Klondike region. A few fine nuggets have already been collected which prove that they come from rich veins in the mountains around, and no one knows how soon some vein in them may be struck which, followed up, will yield much gold. A specimen of these golden additions to our knowledge is the fact that, among many other things, the Sympathetic *actually makes drugs*, or true medicine, whose presence in the blood is essential to life.

One of these is now sold over the counter like any other drug. The origin of this drug is from a twig of the renal (kidney) sympathetic plexus becoming at a certain early stage of development rolled on itself like a ball of twine. In time it breaks off from its parent stem, and being enclosed in a capsule, adheres to the top of the kidney as a separate gland called the adrenal gland. This pair of small glands is more necessary to life than the kidneys themselves are, for animals die more quickly when they are excised than when the kidneys are cut out. The reason is that these adrenals add an internal secretion to the blood whose active principle has been found to be a definite chemical substance, only 1-800 of a grain of which will uncomfortably raise the pressure of a man's blood in all the arteries of his body. This adrenalin, as it is called, is a new medicine with many valuable properties, but it is itself of such purely chemical composition that substances like it can now be made artificially, like artificial indigo.

Another of these great "finds" is that from the sympathetic ganglia come those little nervous fibers which ramify on the coats of the arteries and the business of which is to dilate or contract the arteries according to the time needs of the part. Thus, the stomach needs about nine times more blood when it is digesting than when it is empty. As food enters it, its vasomotor nerves, as they are called, relax its arteries to flush all its secreting glands, and then when it is empty they shut the supply off. Without this

incessant regulation of the blood vessels, we should quickly cease to live, and we are always uncomfortable if these nerves are irregular in their duty. Thus, a sunstroke so injures the sympathetic in the neck that for years the patient's head and face flush on the slightest provocation. Now these vasomotor nerves lose all power to regulate the arteries if there be no adrenalin in the blood. Likewise, a slow wasting of these adrenal glands by disease causes a serious malady called Addison's Disease, in which the patient dies from pure muscular weakness accompanied by stomach and intestinal dyspepsia. This disease was uniformly fatal before the discovery of the secretion of these glands, but since then I, among others, have myself kept three patients alive and comfortably well—one for seventeen years—by daily dosing them with extracts made from the adrenals of sheep, or other animals, while a few days' failure to take the extract causes all the dangerous symptoms to return.

--AND POISONS

Other necessary drugs are manufactured in the body under the superintendence of the Sympathetic. About two tablespoonfuls of a bitter salt like Epsom Salts is daily manufactured by the liver, and then can be extracted from the bile. The base of this salt, called taurin, was fifty-two years ago supposed by the eminent English chemist, Bence Jones, to be like a veritable animal quinine, because he found that the taurin of the guinea-pig gave both all the different chemical reactions of quinine and its spectroscopic lines as well. This substance, therefore, he regarded as our natural protective agent against invasions of the blood by micro-organisms. Since then this theory has been considerably modified by the discovery of numerous other drugs manufactured in the body which, because they can combine with acids and form salts are called alkaloids, some of them, however, being powerful poisons. It is now generally agreed among physiological chemists that we daily manufacture enough poisons in our alimentary canal to kill us before the day is over, were it not that these poisons are neutralized by the liver and other organs before they can enter the blood and thus reach the brain and other vital parts of the nervous system.

That the Sympathetic has much to do with regulating this complex vital chemistry

is reasonably inferred from such experiments as that of extirpating the solar plexus, the animals then dying with symptoms closely resembling those of Asiatic cholera, with its profuse "rice" water discharges. As the micro-organism of cholera never enters the blood, but instead grows in the intestine, where it secretes its deadly poison to be then absorbed, and thus quickly reach the solar plexus, it seems to be a fair inference that it kills chiefly by paralyzing that important nerve center, with a resultant intestinal flow which drains the blood of its water.

WHY DYSPEPSIA MAKES US GLOOMY

Prospectors in mining regions are constantly on the lookout for surface indications, which sometimes lead to valuable discoveries, and sometimes not. One of such surface indications in our particular medical field is furnished by that singular vegetable alkaloid, caffeine. Wherever it is found in any plant the world over, men have forthwith made a beverage out of the leaves or berries of that plant, as the Arabs found coffee, the Chinese tea, the natives of Central Africa cola, of South Africa the bush tea, of South America the Paraguay tea, and further north in Brazil the cocoa bean, from which chocolate is made. All of these apparently different substances owe their use as beverages to the presence in them of the chemical base caffeine, while it is the combination of the caffeine with different ethereal oils, or aromatic ingredients, which imparts the special taste or flavor to each.

Now, the curious fact is that caffeine is almost identical with a substance everywhere present in our bodies, called xanthin, for caffeine can be made out of xanthin and vice versa. But xanthin itself is chemically first cousin to uric acid, usually regarded as an undesirable waste product in the system. This being so, we may yet find out that a slight change started by the Sympathetic in the chemical working of the liver may produce a substance which causes that dreadful insomnia, so common in nervous people, and particularly as a precursor of insanity, just as a cup of strong coffee can banish sleep for the night.

There can be little doubt that it is the Sympathetic which is most closely related to vitality. It is curious to note the difference between the head, chest, and abdomen in this respect, when disease or accident injures

any one of these regions. In an apoplexy the consciousness may be benumbed, but the pulse is usually full and strong. A consumptive may have a cavity in a lung as large as a fist, and yet be quite sanguine about getting well. A man with a valvular heart disease likes to have his heart examined, and is not a bit scared; but when medical students, after listening to lectures on heart disease, have asked me to examine their hearts, if they were evidently much frightened at its palpitation, I would be almost certain that nothing was the matter with that organ, but, rather, that the stomach was at fault. Because, the moment anything goes wrong below the diaphragm, fear instinctively awakens.

Even nothing but a dyspepsia drapes the horizon in black. A real injury, such as a hole in the stomach not larger than a pin's head, causes immediate collapse, with a small, rapid pulse. The reason for this marked difference in the apprehension of danger in affections of the three great bodily centers is that in the abdomen are the chief centers of the Sympathetic, and on that account the surgeon would rather, as far as life is concerned, make the great wound which he does when he cuts a leg off than make the small incision through which a stone in the bladder is removed. Moreover, as it presides over the whole business, the Sympathetic can laugh at the poor brain trying to keep cool and calculate over a love-affair.

BLOOD-CAUSED NERVOUS DISEASES

The Sympathetic, in fact, does pretty much as it pleases with its organs. The brain by will power can hardly make the heart beat fast or slow. The liver scarcely knows that the brain exists; and a man may wish that his stomach would like some article as much as he likes its taste, but if the gastric sympathetic branches decidedly object, that is the end of it. A young physician therefore should early learn to note the expressive signs in the three zones of the face which show which of the three great cavities is the seat of trouble, even though the patient be too delirious or too young to tell. If the trouble be in the head, the wrinkles in the forehead and the look of the eyes have their meaning. If lungs or heart are out of order, the play of the nostrils is characteristic, and if the affection be a one-sided pleurisy or

pneumonia the corresponding nostril differs from its fellow. But if it be in the abdomen, down go the corners of the mouth with an unmistakable woe-begone expression, for then the Sympathetic is chiefly disturbed.

Everyone knows that general nervousness is a very undesirable thing, but it may not be the nerves at all which are at fault. Some people who pride themselves on their philosophy frequently feel humiliated that they cannot reason their "blues" away. Thus, Carlyle often would summon his royal brain to drive an old, bad-tempered spirit out of his head by pure will power, but soon the same spirit would be back again with seven other blue devils worse than the first, as his poor wife would discover. He himself recognized how he became thus "possessed" by the progeny of that "accursed hag, Dyspepsia."

Often the worst onsets come upon waking in the morning, when headache, melancholia, and other conditions of nervous depression are most marked owing to the faulty chemistry of intestinal digestion during sleep. As a general thing, people who complain that they are "all nerves" had better leave brain and nerves alone, and take nothing for them, but find out instead how the alimentary canal is working. It is from this that the blood is replenished, and hence one of the most common causes of the blood's being out of order is that the digestive apparatus is out of order enough to add to the blood alkaloids or other things which make brain or nerves suffer everything from blues to fits. He is a poor physician who treats nervous diseases only with drugs which act on the nervous system.

The real nervous diseases are those accompanied by actual demonstrable changes somewhere in the nervous system. They wholly differ from nervous derangements caused by blood poisons in being permanent and incurable. The blood-caused affections, on the contrary, are often quite intermittent and curable. One may be entertained by a lively lady at an evening party who the next morning cannot raise her head because of sick headache, just as her mother used to suffer twenty-five years before. Nor can the most expert neurologist pick out the man in a large company who is soon to fall in an epileptic fit.

But no paralytic from an apoplectic clot on his brain two years before will ever walk again as he used to, nor will a man with

locomotor ataxia step off at any time as if there were nothing the matter with him. The commonest blood poisons, on the other hand, have a way of accumulating in the blood without producing any special symptoms up to a certain point, when they explode, as it were, each in its own fashion. Thus, a man may be quite himself with gout in his blood up to the hour in the night when he is awakened by an awful wrench in his big toe. I have known many persons who unexpectedly fell down in a uræmic convulsion, but who till then had given no sign of the kidney disease which for months had been poisoning their blood.

Now that we know where to look for the source of so many sad nervous affections, we have reason to hope for the future, as we stand where some great outlines of that future come into view. However unknown the realms beyond, we feel sure that they must be rich in their treasures. Medicine is now like Columbus when he first landed on a West Indian island. It was only a small island, but it belonged to a great new world. Practical results, which in medicine always mean gains for all humanity, are sure to follow upon patient scientific exploration in that direction along lines already indicated by discoveries made since this young century began.

One of our most encouraging considerations is that those nervous disorders which depend on states of the blood do not require for their cure a new creation of nerve matter, as organic nervous diseases do. Brain and nerves still remain intact, and hence in no class of diseases do we find that early treatment, when understandingly guided by our new knowledge, so often prevents the patient's going from bad to worse. Early treatment will prevent incurring a chronic diseased nervous habit—and old nervous habits are the hardest of all habits to break.

It is unfortunate, therefore, that, while we abound in hospitals for every kind of disease or injury, we are yet without a well-equipped institution for dealing specially with the first stages of functional nervous diseases, as for example incipient insanity, when so much could be done to arrest their further progress. We would have much reason to anticipate that the benefits conferred by such an institution would in time justify its being included among the glories of modern preventive medicine.

MR. TRIMBLE'S SPEECH

By E. J. RATH

Illustrations by Frederic R. Gruger

OF course, you must realize," said Mr. Vinton, "that, in one way, it seems like a small matter. It sounds a little like interfering with a man's personal liberty. Still, something ought to be done about it, for it certainly is a live issue."

"Bet your life it's a live issue," said Mr. Trimble very positively. "The liveliest kind. And the noisiest, too. Something's got to be done."

"Yet I don't like to get on bad terms with my neighbors," added Mr. Vinton doubtfully. "Oh, hang the neighbors!" exclaimed Mr. Trimble cheerfully. "Think of yourself—us. It can't go on forever. I bet I heard no less than a dozen this morning, before five o'clock. And two fights thrown in."

"I know, I know," said Mr. Vinton wearily. "Heard some of 'em myself. But what are we going to do?"

Mr. Trimble considered the matter for a moment. Then he started.

"I have it," he exclaimed. "The Board of Trade!"

Mr. Vinton brightened too.

"I believe you're right," said he.

"I know it," said Mr. Trimble. "It's a sure bet. We'll take it to the Board of Trade. It's a matter that affects the whole Park, isn't it? Everybody's interested in it."

Mr. Vinton pursed his lips in doubt.

"A good many of 'em own 'em," he ventured cautiously.

"Oh, shucks!" declared Mr. Trimble. "They're taxpayers, aren't they? They're reasonable men. They're interested in the public welfare. When's the next meeting?"

"Week from to-night. The second Tuesday, you know."

"Good!" said Mr. Trimble. "That gives us—me—time. We—I—shall make a speech about it."

"You will?" exclaimed Mr. Vinton incredulously.

"I will," replied Mr. Trimble with determination. "I'll make a speech about it. A hot one, too."

"There shouldn't be any bitterness, exactly," suggested Mr. Vinton.

"Not at all, not at all," said Mr. Trimble hastily. "Not the least in the world. Nothing personal, you know. But warm, Vinton; warmest ever. Straight talk; earnest; from the heart. All that sort of thing. But logical, you know; oh, logical right up to the hilt."

Mr. Vinton nodded.

"That's the kind," he said. And added: "Of course, I'll back you up."

"Certainly, certainly," said Mr. Trimble offhandedly. "It'll stir up the Board, all right. They'll do something. Wouldn't wonder if they'd adopt a resolution."

Privately, Mr. Vinton was glad to have Mr. Trimble do it. He felt just as deeply about the live issue, to be sure, but he had misgivings about starting the campaign. After a path was blazed it would be different.

Little doubt but the dogs of Gardendale were a live issue. Whatever their virtues might be, to Mr. Trimble and Mr. Vinton, who harbored no dogs, their vices outweighed. The indictment just reeked with counts. Primarily, the dogs barked. They began at dawn, kept up a desultory fire all day, accelerated the racket at sunset, and boomed away far into the night. Also, they fought, and they seemed utterly unable to fight in a quiet and decent manner. They pursued the wagons of tradesmen. They played tag in the flower-beds. They frightened the timid, and exasperated the brave. They chased the children, and gave grown people cases of nerves. They were at every turn and corner, vociferous, omnipresent, and disorderly.

Mr. Trimble's idea of taking the case before the Board of Trade was commendable, for the province of the Board was illimitable. It prodded people until they laid sidewalks and curbstones; it poked the ribs of officials until they paved streets, in sheer self-defense, and then kept them clean; it said "Presto" and there were electric lights, and twenty-candle-power gas, and pure drinking water, and, once in a while, a policeman, and all sorts of civic accessories. Why not dogs? It was really too easy.

Mr. Vinton was no more than out of the house before Mr. Trimble was at work on the speech. He shut the door of his den, so that he might not hear the dogs, and began with a clean pad of paper, a new pen, and a brimming ink-well. Although he would have resented the simile, he went at it after the fashion of a terrier with a rat. He took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and slipped his suspenders over his shoulders. He worked under a pressure of outraged citizenship that made him tremble like a boiler that is trying to contain itself. Sheet after sheet wrote Mr. Trimble, and he was writing for his home, his family, his community, his civic happiness, and, last and not least, his personal peace of mind. The sentiments that throbbed in his breast were fastened on the paper in burning words. When an epigram flitted before his mental vision he speared it with his pen. The more he wrote the faster his hand traveled and the better was he pleased with the result. He was producing something that would galvanize the Board of Trade until it had the reform jumps and swept the whole pack of yelping beasts out of the Park.

For two hours he worked, smoking viciously and breathing hard and making copy. Then the door of the den opened softly, and Mrs. Trimble peeked in amiably to see what it was all about.

"Writing, dear?" she asked quite unnecessarily.

Mr. Trimble wriggled and snorted.

"Looks like it, doesn't it?" he answered, not too pleasantly. It certainly was annoying to be interrupted in the middle of a discussion of midnight barking.

"What's it about, dear?" pursued Mrs. Trimble, who was seldom discouraged.

"It's a speech," retorted Mr. Trimble shortly, yet not at all ill-disposed to make the announcement.

Mrs. Trimble eyed the pile of manuscript approvingly.

"For the Board of Trade?" she inquired gently, for she knew that was Mr. Trimble's only forum.

"Yep," snapped Mr. Trimble, finishing a sentence.

"About what, dear?"

"Dogs!" shouted Mr. Trimble fiercely, jabbing in a period.

"I'm so glad," said his wife happily. "They are really dreadful. It is high time, Josiah. Somebody ought to have the courage to take it up. Only to-day, dear, I was——"

Mr. Trimble was in the middle of another sentence, writing rapidly.

"Only to-day, I was saying," repeated Mrs. Trimble.

"Can't you see I'm writing, Luella?"

"Surely; excuse me, dear," she answered, stepping softly out into the hall. For a second or two she held the door open, watching with admiration as her husband plowed a veritable furrow across the page. Then, almost timidly:

"Josiah, dear."

"WHAT?" Mr. Trimble had reached another period.

"Put in something about the Williamses' dog."

"All right," said Mr. Trimble, starting off again.

"And the one across the street, that barks at the wagons."

"Yes, yes, YES!" growled Mr. Trimble, not utterly unlike a dog himself. "And, now, let me write, Luella."

The door closed softly, only to open a second later, just as Mr. Trimble's pen was leaping forward hotly.

"And, Josey dear, put in about Thompson's dog biting the dressmaker."

"All right!" shouted Mr. Trimble.

His tone was peremptory, and the door closed hastily, all save about two inches.

"And about the little fuzzy one that had the fit."

Mr. Trimble flung himself back in his chair, fuming. The door shut with a snap. He got up, locked it, and went back to his desk. A moment later he arose and slammed down the window. There was a chorus of yelps outside.

Mr. Trimble and Mr. Vinton met next morning on the 8.05 train for the city. The latter slipped almost furtively into the seat beside Mr. Trimble, and began a conversation in a low voice.



MR. VINTON HAD ARRIVED WITH THE HYDROPHOBIA.

"I thought up some pointers last night," he said.

"Yes?"—pleasantly. "I've got it half done, you know."

Mr. Vinton's jaw dropped. He had not believed that things could be done so quickly.

"I always strike while the iron's hot," added Mr. Trimble. "That's my motto, Vinton."

"A good one," nodded Mr. Vinton. "But I just put down a few things; roughly, of course."

He filched a sheet of paper from his pocket and handed it, rather bashfully, to Mr. Trimble. The latter took it condescendingly, opened it, and scanned it rapidly. As he read he commented:

"Got that in. That one, too. Yep; I've covered that, in a little different way. H'm. Well, I might put something in about that; but it'll have to be handled carefully. Got that. Got that. Haven't got that and don't want it. Unwise. H'm; might use that. I'll think it over. This is covered. This, too. So's this."

Mr. Vinton listened with a heart that al-

ternately sank and rose. But principally he was amazed to discover that Mr. Trimble had advanced so far into the subject.

"If you think well of it," he suggested, "I'll drop in at the library to-day and look up something about dogs; their history and so forth."

"I don't want to go into history," said Mr. Trimble. "It's only the present that concerns us."

"Something about hydrophobia would be good, I should think," remarked Mr. Vinton.

"Well, perhaps," assented Mr. Trimble slowly. "If you don't mind, you can look that up."

"I will," declared Mr. Vinton gratefully. "I'll bring it over to your house to-night."

Mr. Trimble retired to his den immediately after dinner that evening and stripped for the fray. This time he took off his collar and tie. For an hour he had the foe all to himself, and he had all but routed it single-handed when the door-bell rang. Presently there was a polite tap at the door, and Mr. Trimble sighed, pushed the manuscript under the pad, and leaned back in his chair. He knew that

Mr. Vinton had arrived with the hydrophobia.

That gentleman entered the den carrying a bulky package.

"I brought the books themselves," he explained, as he tore off the wrapper. "I started to copy the stuff out, but there was a lot of it and it took too long."

Mr. Trimble watched with disfavor the appearance of five volumes of bulk.

"They're the latest," assured Mr. Vinton. "And I've stuck markers in at the places."

"Have a cigar," said Mr. Trimble.

"There's a mine of information there," added Mr. Vinton.

"Here's a match," observed his host.

Mr. Vinton lighted his cigar, drew a long puff, and then asked:

"How's it going?"

"All right," said Mr. Trimble shortly.

"Er—could I glance it over?"

"Otherwise, I'd be glad to have you see it. Don't believe you could read it, anyhow; it's a scrawl. To-morrow night I'll bring it over and read it to you."

Mr. Vinton was clearly disappointed, but he said nothing, smoked a while, and left. As Mr. Trimble heard the front door close he swept the five treatises on hydrophobia into a corner, pulled his manuscript out from under the pad, seized his pen, and was off again.

"This is a speech, not a medical paper," he growled to himself.

An hour later he sat back in his chair and sighed complacently.

"There! I guess that'll do for a while," he said aloud. He did not know that, for five minutes, Mrs. Trimble had been watching him from the hallway.

"Did you put in about the cat that was killed on the front lawn, Josiah?" she asked sympathetically.



MR. TRIMBLE FROM THEN ON MADE WAR ON THE DOGS TERRIBLY.

Mr. Trimble frowned. He was proud of this child of his pen, yet he was diffident about introducing it to strangers, even though Mr. Vinton might properly be called its godfather.

"It's just in the rough," said Mr. Trimble.

Mr. Trimble was so well satisfied with himself that he was in no mood to be unpleasant. So he lied:

"Oh, yes, dear."

Then he gathered up the pages tenderly,

stacked them, fastened them at one corner with a clip, thrust them into a drawer and locked it, all under the hungry eyes of his wife.

True to his promise, Mr. Trimble went over to Mr. Vinton's house the next night and read the speech to him. It was done in Mr. Vinton's study, which was the attic, and the door was closed and locked. Mr. Trimble was seated as he began. At the end of the sixth page he stood up, to emphasize something. Three pages along he walked across the room and back again. Half through, he made a gesture and raised his voice. And from then on he made war on the dogs terribly. From the open he hunted them to cover; from the cover he drove them and put them to renewed flight; pursuing, he overtook them, battled with them, and annihilated them. It seemed that there could be none left when he finished, perspiring, red-faced, and triumphant. The rafters of the attic had vibrated throughout the conflict.

Mr. Vinton had been sitting rapt. Twice he applauded. At the end he had an impulse to cheer, but he remembered the young Vintons in their white beds, and restrained himself.

"It's great!" he exclaimed instead. "Great, old man."

"It ought to have some effect," admitted Mr. Trimble modestly.

"Effect!" declared Mr. Vinton. "Why, I wouldn't wonder if they'd pass a resolution!"

"Or appoint a committee, anyhow," said Mr. Trimble.

"Oh, a committee sure," replied Mr. Vinton confidently. Then, more soberly:

"There—er—isn't much about hydrophobia in it."

"Well, no, I can't say there is," admitted Mr. Trimble guiltily. "But, you see, I couldn't go very heavily into the scientific end in a general speech. The main point is to bring out the common-nuisance end of it."

"I guess you're right," said Mr. Vinton reluctantly, thinking of the five volumes from the library.

"To-morrow night I shall revise it," observed Mr. Trimble, stuffing the speech into his pocket.

"Shall you read it?"

"I don't know, Vinton; probably. It depends on whether I have time to memorize. It might be more effective delivered offhand,

but then I'd run the chance of leaving out something important."

"Don't leave anything out," said Mr. Vinton earnestly. "It's good; every word of it."

He sat there musing after Mr. Trimble went home, with a feeling of envy in his heart. He was candid enough to admit that it was a great speech, a stirring speech. It expressed his own ideas exactly, and so forcibly, too. Of course, there might have been a little more about hydrophobia in it, but he did not blame Mr. Trimble particularly on that score. That had been his idea, and, of course, the speech was not his. He almost wished it were, however. He would like to have felt that it was something he had done himself.

Two or three times after that he and Mr. Trimble discussed the speech, as they went to and from the city. They talked about it in whispers, because it had been decided to give the Board of Trade no warning of the event. It was to come as a surprise, utter and overwhelming. The chairman would announce "new business," Mr. Trimble would take the floor, and the rest would be history.

Mr. Vinton became almost pathetically enamored of the speech. He talked about it incessantly. He overflowed with suggestions every time he met Mr. Trimble.

"How about getting in one on Gates's collie?" he asked. "It's one of the worst barkers, you know."

"We shouldn't be personal," warned Mr. Trimble.

"It's a rotten mean dog," sighed Mr. Vinton. "I hate to pass the house."

"I know, I know," confirmed Mr. Trimble. "But we mustn't antagonize; not at first, anyhow. Of course, if there's opposition, then we have a chance."

Mr. Vinton yielded to this superior judgment. But the next day he could not refrain from handing in a written paragraph about Mr. McIvor's pair of bulls, which Mr. Trimble put in his pocket and indulgently said he would try to find a place for.

Mrs. Trimble's interest in the affair was no less than that of Mr. Vinton. She was a fountain of ideas. She submitted to her husband whole lists of dogs suitable for denunciation, with marginal notes of their misdeeds, and foot-notes giving details for which there was no room on the margins, and postscripts reciting matters that were en-

tirely crowded off the original sheets. All of these Mr. Trimble received graciously, and all of them he threw away later on. He felt that it was best to have the speech all his own.

It took him until three o'clock in the morning to complete his first revise, and the next night he read the new draft to Mr. Vinton, who enthusiastically declared that it was even better than the first, although he had not believed such a thing possible. But he could now see that its sonorous periods were more rounded and symmetrical, its sentences more vigorous and picturesque. He held the watch while Mr. Trimble paced the attic and read it aloud. It took thirty-five minutes, and it was worth every second of it.

"Great, I tell you, Trimble; great," he said warmly. "I heartily wish it was my own."

Mr. Trimble went home with a well-defined notion that Mr. Vinton was right about it. He could well understand that gentleman's friendly envy.

Then he revised it again. This time he did it more deliberately and critically, perfecting its logic, polishing its rhetoric, and here and there enriching it with a thought or two that had escaped him in the making of the earlier drafts. The decorative stage had been reached, and he hovered over the manuscript with a loving hand, painting, now and then, a little picture, etching once in a while a dainty bit of impressionism, retouching, embellishing, and varnishing with the ardor of a master. So pleased was he with this task that he did not even resent a suggestion from Mrs. Trimble, to the effect that it would be well to say something about Mrs. Fletcher's poodle chewing the ear of Mrs. Van Cleave's Pomeranian, with a dark hint that it might next be biting pieces out of young Trimbles and other little joys of the neighborhood.

Mr. Vinton again insisted that the second revise was still better. He found himself waving his hands and stamping his feet as Mr. Trimble declaimed it. After that the author had his amanuensis copy it on the typewriter, with wide spaces between the lines, so that he could read it easily in case he decided to use the manuscript itself. The night before the second Tuesday he gave Mr. Vinton a final reading, and they mutually decided that the last word on the subject of dogs had been said. The envious Mr. Vinton knew in his heart that it was perfect. There was something wistful in his expression as he

listened to it. He found himself mechanically following the gestures of Mr. Trimble, just as if he were delivering it himself. More than once he sighed. Ah, if it were only his!

On the night of the Board meeting Mr. Trimble had bad luck, for business kept him in the city so late that he did not appear for dinner until seven-thirty o'clock. That meant that he had to gobble and dress in a hurry. The matter of costume he had been considering all the afternoon, and he had come to the conclusion that a frock coat would be more dignified and effective than anything else. He dressed with care and discrimination, and so jealous was he in the matter of detail that it was after eight o'clock when he found himself ready to start for the club, where the board met.

Mrs. Trimble heard him tramping about up-stairs, hurrying from room to room, and her experienced ear detected agitation in his step. There was a pulling out and slamming of drawers and a clatter of furniture. Indifferently muffled exclamations, too, reached her ears. Then, soon:

"Luella!"

She arose quietly from her sewing and walked to the foot of the stairs.

"LUELLA! Great heavens! Can't you hear?"

"Yes, dear, what is it?"

"I've lost my speech!" roared Mr. Trimble, glaring down from the landing.

"I shouldn't judge so, Josiah," said Mrs. Trimble, mildly but pointedly.

"I tell you, I can't find it," yelled Mr. Trimble, ignoring, if he understood, his wife's gentle pleasantry. "It's gone!"

Mrs. Trimble ascended the stair, with a sigh.

"Where did you leave it, dear?"

"That's a fine question," snapped Mr. Trimble. "If I knew I could find it. But it's gone."

Mrs. Trimble stepped into the den and looked about her in dismay. Every drawer that had been in the desk was now on the floor, and the papers they had contained were scattered to the four corners of the room.

"Oh, you needn't look in there," cried Mr. Trimble. "I've turned everything over. It isn't there."

He charged into the bedroom and began dragging drawers out of the chiffonier. Mrs. Trimble, really perturbed, flew about also. Singly and together they rummaged the entire second floor, looking in every conceivable



SUDDENLY, MR. TRIMBLE PAUSED—A SICKENING SUSPICION CREEPT INTO HIS MIND.

place where a speech might be, yet finding none. Now and then, Mr. Trimble looked at his watch and moaned, only to go tearing about again with frightful exclamations, tossing everything in his path right and left like a rotary snow-plow.

"You don't suppose you could have left it at Mr. Vinton's last night, do you?" ventured Mrs. Trimble despairingly.

Mr. Trimble clapped his hat on his head with a yell, descended the stairs three at a time, and galloped out the front door. It was after half past eight.

He remembered perfectly now. He *had* left it at Vinton's! He had laid it on the table after the final reading and had forgotten about it.

Almost breathless, he dashed up on the porch of the Vinton residence, and stood with his finger on the push-button until Mrs. Vinton herself ran to the door in alarm.

"Vinton home?" gasped Mr. Trimble.

"I think he went to the Board meeting," said Mrs. Vinton.

"I left a very important paper in his study last night," stammered Mr. Trimble. "May I look for it?"

"Why, certainly," said Mrs. Vinton, with a sigh of relief, glad to learn that the affair was no worse.

She watched Mr. Trimble in amazement as he leaped up the stairs and heard him burst into the attic study with a crash.

The speech was not on the table! He glared about the room wildly. Then he yanked the drawer out of the table and dumped its contents on the floor. It was not there. Swiftly, he swept the shelves clean. There was not a speech in sight.

Suddenly, Mr. Trimble paused and steadied himself against the edge of the table. A sickening suspicion crept into his mind. It seemed to flash over him in an instant. Vinton's admiration for the speech had been almost fanatical. His praise of it had been fulsome. His envy had been ill concealed. Vinton had— Mr. Trimble flew down the stairs again and out of the house, without so much as bidding good evening to Mrs. Vinton.

It was eight-forty-five o'clock and the club-house was a good ten minutes' walk. Mr. Trimble ran it in five. His breath was gone as he staggered up the steps of

the broad veranda. Through the unshaded windows he could see that the Board of Trade was already in session. And—horrors! He reeled back against a pillar as he beheld Mr. Vinton on his feet, adjusting his collar with one hand in evident preparation for speaking.

Mr. Trimble rallied, dashed into the hallway, and came to a halt at the threshold of the big room. Vinton—the villain—stood there. The manuscript of Mr. Trimble's speech was in his hand. The author of the document gurgled and stood open-mouthed. Mr. Vinton finished clearing his throat.

"Gentlemen of the Board of Trade," he began, dropping his eyes to the paper he held. "In calling your attention this evening to a matter of grave importance to our community, I may say—"

"I—I—" gasped Mr. Trimble thickly, waving a hand wildly.

Mr. Vinton looked up, but his eyes went back to the paper immediately. The members of the Board gazed inquiringly at Mr. Trimble. The gavel of the chairman fell reverently.

"Mr. Vinton has the floor," he announced.

"But," panted Mr. Trimble, "I——"

The gavel fell more sharply.

"After Mr. Vinton, sir. You're out of order now."

Mr. Trimble fell back against the door-jamb and glared, rolling his eyes fearfully in the direction of Mr. Vinton. That gentleman cleared his throat and began again:

"I may say that I do it only after mature consideration and painstaking investigation. I have prepared——"

Mr. Trimble muttered gutturally and, if burning looks could have slain, Mr. Vinton would have shriveled where he stood. But he went on calmly and deliberately, reading Mr. Trimble's speech, while the maker of it leaned weakly against the wall with something like murder in his heart.

Mr. Vinton reached the matter of dogs after a rather ornate introduction of two pages and proceeded in steadily improving voice. The members of the Board sat straighter in their chairs and exchanged glances. A minute later some of the leading dog proprietors of Gardendale were seen to curl their lips and lift their eyebrows.

"Our neighborhood is stricken," read Mr. Vinton, "with a veritable pestilence of these animals."

There was a noisy shuffling of feet and some coughing.

"The peace and quietude of our homes, and even the lives of our children, are in a state of constant menace," read Mr. Vinton.

There was a snicker from the back of the room. Mr. Vinton raised his eyes in surprise. So did Mr. Trimble.

"From the earliest streaks of dawn until midnight our ears are beset with the raucous clamor of these unhappy beasts," pursued Mr. Vinton from the written page.

"Ah-h-h, fudge!" said a voice from somewhere, followed by a chuckle.

Mr. Vinton looked a mild protest at the chairman, who dropped his gavel. Mr. Trimble swallowed hard and gazed about the room. Mr. Vinton went on:

"Our otherwise peaceful days are made hideous by a nerve-destroying pandemonium."

"Your nerve is all right, Vinny, old boy!" sang a voice.

The gavel hit the table again. The Board showed signs of becoming frivolous. Mr. Vinton squared his shoulders and read:

"Our nights have become a horrible phantasmagoria——"

"Whee-e-e-e! There's a hot one!" Gurgles from the chairs in the center. On Mr. Trimble's face a slowly dawning look of amazement; on Mr. Vinton's, desperation.

"Ah, well do I remember the time," read the speaker, "when there was a delightful era of peace in our community."

"Hooray for peace!" "Sic 'em, Fido." "Wow-wow-wow!"

The chairman pounded and nearly split the table. The Board rocked to and fro in its chairs. Mr. Vinton turned purple, pulled at his collar, and cleared his throat. Mr. Trimble's look of amazement was complete.

"Yes, well do I remember, too," went the speech, "those days of restful quiet and peace, before this curse came upon us. And, gentlemen, I remember also——"

"Forget it, instead!" "Three cheers for the curse!" "Ray for the dogs!"

Mr. Vinton looked appealingly at his fellow members. A curious expression came into the eyes of Mr. Trimble, and he settled back comfortably to watch.

"I remember," read Mr. Vinton, rapidly, "the coming of the first dog in our neighborhood, and how then we little dreamed it was to be the forerunner of a pack of vicious, dangerous, noisy, mongrel-bred——"

"Ah, cut it! Cut it!"

"Uncouth and unclean beasts!" yelled Mr. Vinton defiantly.

"Take him off!" "No, let him go it; it's great!"

The Board was baying like a pack of hounds with the quarry in sight. It swayed, shuffled, and clapped its hands. Mr. Trimble smiled faintly, looked at Mr. Vinton benignantly, and was at peace with the world.

Mr. Vinton went on bravely, assisted by the gavel:

"But now, gentlemen, our days of peace have departed, and in their place we have an existence which is one of continual torture of mind, peril of body, and agony of soul."

"Hurrah for the agony!" "Wow-wow-wow!"

Mr. Trimble grinned amiably, exchanged winks with his fellow members, and sent a glance of pleased malice at Mr. Vinton.

A sentence at a time, the reader made his way. There was a responsiveness about his audience that was inspiring. Once, when they stood up and yelled, he showed symptoms of alarm, but he held his ground and they came no nearer. Near the close he chanced to catch the eye of Mr. Trimble, who bestowed a derisive smile and a wave of the hand.

The peroration—Mr. Trimble's peroration—started a roar of cheers. They did a waltz about Mr. Vinton. They yelped for the dogs—collectively, individually, and by groups, breeds, and sizes. They embraced each other and waltzed. In five minutes they had reached a state of temporary speechlessness.

Then the voice of Mr. Trimble was heard, clear and sharp:

"Mr. Chairman! Mr. Chairman!"

There was a lull as Mr. Trimble advanced to the front of the room. He beamed at the Board and then at Mr. Vinton, who averted his eyes.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Trimble, raising his hand for silence, "let's give a vote of thanks to Mr. Vinton for the most extraordinary speech that ever fell from human lips."

The vote was a landslide.

"Move we buy him a dog," called Mr. Gates from the rear.

"Second the motion!" yelled the board.

The chairman put the question and it was whooped through.

"A great, big dog!"

"No, a little one!"

"A woolly one, with pink ribbons!"

The suggestions came in volleys. Mr. Trimble raised his hand again:

"My own idea, gentlemen, would be to get Mr. Vinton a nice, quiet, inoffensive, and *inexpensive* poodle. Because——"

He paused for an instant to glance at Mr. Vinton.

"Because, gentlemen, Mr. Vinton and I are neighbors. And also because——"

Again he paused momentarily, to give emphasis to his words and also to bestow another significant look upon Mr. Vinton.

"Also because," he repeated, "I'm going to get, the first thing to-morrow morning, the biggest bulldog that ever stood on legs!"

The gentlemen of the Board of Trade rose at him with a yell, bore him up on their shoulders, and marched him around and around the room.

Bereft

By SUE FITE RAMSEY

THE way is dark, O God!
Let Thy light shine
About my path, for Thou
Hast taken mine.
Give me with clearer eyes
Thy Grace to see;
And keep, until I come,
My own for me.



THE LAUGHING HYENA

By BURGESS JOHNSON

Illustrations by E. Warde Blaisdell



THE Laughing Hyena meanders at night,
 Equipped with a ravenous appetite.
 He hasn't the will nor the skill for to kill
 His food for himself, so he wanders until
 A lion or leopard comes loping that way,
 And he follows behind till they fall on their prey,
 Then lingers, a-grin, near the gruesome arena,
 In hopes they will share with the Laughing Hyena.



He frequents the places where lions foregather—
 And if one so much as remarks on the weather
 He cries, "What a hit!" and he laughs fit to split,
 Till the lion begins to believe he's a wit,
 And gains such a taste for applause, that, alack,
 He keeps the Hyena close by for a claque.
 (I've met many lions who claim that no keener
 A critic exists than the Laughing Hyena.)



This sycophant habit obtained such a hold,
That once at a funeral 'twas not controlled;
For he laughed and he laughed, and he chaffed the giraffe,
Till the relatives rose in the widow's behalf,
And they said: "All the funeral trappings are here
And we guess there is room for one more on the bier!"
And every one claimed that they seldom had seen a
More impromptu corpse than the Laughing Hyena.



*My child, if you find you're acquainted with folks
Who laugh very hard at your silliest jokes,
With a thin sort of grin e'en before you begin—
Be sure a Hyena lurks under their skin.
And if you are wise you will plan their demise
Ere the smoke of their incense has blinded your eyes.*



THEIR BROTHER'S KEEPERS

By ALBERT WHITE VORSE

Illustrations by Henry S. Watson

AS we turned into the fjord, in some recess of which we expected to find the headquarters of the exploring party, a gust of wind, one of those sudden gales that swoop down in August from the towering cliffs of Greenland, smote the Condor over until her yards almost dipped into the water. I seized the railing of the bridge and watched the blurring of the mirror which had made more than doubly beautiful the gray sky and the thousands of white-and-blue icebergs that drifted in stately procession from the glacier at the head of the bay. With the dulling of the sea vanished the last reminder of that mood of kindness which a serene arctic scene can seem to express. The only suggestion to be imagined from the view was menace.

Fierce little waves beat against the side of the ship; the swift clouds swept lower until they covered the summits of the precipice; the details in the hills darkened away; we proceeded down a monotonous defile, overhung with gray mist, and bounded by harsh gray walls, toward a ghostly white glacier which reared so high that I felt it as close at hand, almost suspended over us, and yet it was so far away that by no power of our engines did we seem to approach it. So far as new revelation of its lights and shadows was concerned, we might have been throbbing vainly for an hour in our effort to draw near it—detained by an arctic spirit with a hold upon our keel.

Aroused from the spell of weirdness by the chill of the wind, I went below to put on a leather jacket. The vessel had begun to roll uneasily in the increasing sea, and as I opened the cabin door a sudden jerk and a spurt of flame from the stove startled me.

"Pshaw!" I growled. "I have grown too old for arctic work."

It was not a new thought, and, indeed

in accepting the leadership of the relief expedition I had done violence to some misgivings. A grizzled head and a failing digestion are best out of the far North. But the duties of my party promised to be light; there would be no sledging, only a sea-voyage; and even admitting that I had grown somewhat superannuated in active service, I was by no means sure that my usefulness in the North was ended. The members of the main party had been described to me as young and untrained. The sage old president of the Geographical Club, in urging upon me the charge of the relief ship, had gone so far as to allude to them as a hastily gathered family of young enthusiasts, and his hint that, after the rigors of what he aptly called the "nightmare" of an arctic winter, an old head like mine might be of value to them, had given me the excuse for accepting the command.

I had no good reason to believe that the party was in trouble. I knew little about its composition beyond what had been suggested by the diplomatic description of the president, who had added that possibly the leader was a man of books rather than of action, and might have chosen to confide the charge of the sledge party toward the north pole to his hunter, Hiller; "a man," said the president, "who has, I believe, distinguished himself greatly in athletic sports, and ought to be very efficient." Of course, there was material for speculation in this official opinion that a subordinate member of the expedition had bidden fair to prove a better man than his chief, but this did not necessarily indicate a hitch in the operations of the party.

A scramble of feet upon the deck aroused me from these meditations, and some one lifted the skylight of the cabin.

"We see the house, sir," called an excited voice. "Shall we fire a gun?"

"Certainly," I answered, and stumbled hastily up the companionway. My young men were huddled about the cannon upon the fore-castle deck, and as I reached the bridge the charge exploded. It produced an extraordinary echo among the icebergs; first single reports, then a fusillade which merged into a rattling sound that spread out over the entire fjord. Quite a minute and a half must have elapsed before the sound died away.

Our gruff old ship's master, beside me, was gazing through his telescope over the weather bow.

"Can ye make out the house, sir?" he asked.

I knew well what to look for, and yet it was some moments before I could find the black speck in the midst of the immense wilderness. It was set near the beach at the foot of a long hill that sloped gradually upward to the base of the cloud-weighted cliffs. The great wastes of barren earth in the midst of which it stood enhanced its insignificance; and though many times a similar black speck had meant to me safety and comfort, still the impression of this tiny foothold of man in the regions of the unhuman forces of nature was of desolation and loneliness.

The second officer hailed from the crow's-nest:

"I see 'em, sir!" he cried, "I see 'em. They're puttin' off in a boat."

I went forward to the fore-castle deck, where the members of my party were chattering in high excitement.

"She's tossing like an eggshell. They must have sand, to put out in such a sea."

"There's a man with a red shirt in the bow."

"There are three, four of them—five of them! Gad, but she's rolling!"

She was rolling, as I could presently see for myself, so that one of the men had to bail; and making all allowances for the eagerness to greet friends from home of men who have spent a year in isolation, I found myself a little impatient at their recklessness. However, they came alongside without disaster, and one by one climbed up the ladder. The man in the red undershirt was first—his beard and hair also proved to be red—and standing in front of my party, I held out my hand to greet him. But he turned to wait for his comrades, and not until all five were on deck did they come forward.

There seemed to be something odd in this, and my first words were of inquiry that may

have sounded anxious. The question seemed to bring them up short; they stared at me, and the man in the red undershirt answered that there had been no disaster.

"We are all safe, as far as we know," he said. "The chief and the doctor are away on the sledge trip. If everything has gone well they ought to be back pretty soon."

He had spoken readily, and a little ashamed of my hastiness I replied as heartily as I could, and asked them to come into the cabin and tell me about their winter. On the way they hung together instead of making friends with my lads, and about the table they found seats in a row.

While the steward was serving the champagne, I took a closer look at them. Except for the man at my right, whose redness seemed to warm the whole cabin, they looked very much alike—at least I thought so until my eye was caught by the farthest, who was a fair-haired lad, not more than twenty-two years old, and attracted my attention because he was shaven, and apparently fresh from a bath. He was having some talk with my hunter, and I found myself with the impression that he might be a fine, upstanding young fellow. The others were heavier and darker, and evidently none of them had put scissors to beard or hair for a year. The man with the red undershirt was bigger and burlier than his comrades, and evidently older; and as I noted this, I had another impression that all of them looked older than I had expected to find them. The light-haired lad finished a sentence and his lips closed in a grim line, quite lacking in the graciousness that the mouth of a youngster ought to show. The explanation of this was possibly hardship, and I broke the ice with a question as to whether the winter had been bad.

"Yes," answered my neighbor. "Damnable! In December we had sixty degrees four times, and January was one long storm. Half the time we couldn't go out even for exercise."

"That's bad," I said. "Did any one get sick?"

"Most of us got anemic, but no one had the scurvy."

I waited for more information, but he pressed his lips together, and slid his glass of wine to and fro upon the table. His eyes were dark and fierce—plainly his temper was not mild—but their expression as he looked at the wine seemed greedy rather than merely impatient, and I wondered whether he needed

a drink. Once he raised the glass half-way to his lips, and the trembling of his hand shook a little of the liquid over the brim. The others had stopped talking to listen to us, and amid an awkward silence we waited for the steward. In fact, I lifted myself from my chair before the last glass was filled.

"Well, gentlemen," I said, "it is a great pleasure to meet you, and to have cause for a toast to the success of your expedition. Let us drink to the safety of your leader and to good fellowship among us all. I have seen your pictures in the newspapers, but your beards have changed you. I suppose, judging by stature, that it is Mr. Hiller who is sitting on my right, but I cannot place the others. However, that will come afterward. Here is to the . . ."

I do not think I went further, for when I had spoken Hiller's name I had smiled down at my neighbor. I had no answering glance, and suddenly his glass was crushed to pieces in his fingers. The others sprang to their feet. He stared at the litter of glass and wine for an instant, and passed his hand across his forehead, leaving there a red stain. His hand, too, was instantly crimson, and he held it up before him for a short view and almost immediately slapped it down upon the table, as though it were something to be cast aside.

"What made you think that I was Hiller?" he demanded in his rasping voice. "I am not Hiller. My name is Denton."

This outburst was little less disconcerting than his accident had been, but I made shift to blurt out some words of apology, and in the meantime our alert doctor pushed his way around the table and, seizing the man's hand and examining it, declared that the wound was not serious, and led him away to be bandaged. I rallied myself as best I could.

"Well, gentlemen," I said, "it's not serious. Let us wait for our toast until they come back, and meanwhile let us take our seats and drink a health to Mr. Denton."

This plan seemed to afford some relief, and after the glasses had been emptied the boy with the light hair found his tongue.

"Of course you ought to know who we are, sir. Mr. Denton is our second in command, and the rest of us are Mr. Carter and Mr. Todd and Mr. Green, and my name is Everest. Mr. Hiller," he explained, "was not at headquarters when you came in sight, so we put off without him."

He spoke with the manner of a man used to drawing rooms. His ease was infectious after

the embarrassment of the meeting, and in return I presented the members of my party, and some measure of cordiality seemed to be established. They talked freely enough about the winter. In spite of the cold they had apparently enjoyed themselves. There had been five birthday parties, and the usual Christmas festivities, and on Washington's birthday they had held athletic sports on the ice—a hundred-yards dash, and putting the stone, and harpooning, and a race with dog sledges in the moonlight. My young friend Everest had won the running matches; the harpooning and the dog-driving had gone to the doctor, and the stone-putting to Denton. I had expected to hear Hiller's name as a winner of some of the events, and remembering that large men are not always the most efficient in arctic work, I had the curiosity to ask what his part in the games had been. Everest answered me, somewhat hastily, I thought; and remembering that he had won the greater number of the contests, I was at the time glad to find him so eager to account for the failure of a rival.

"Hiller was anemic," he said. "At least I think he was anemic." His voice had wavered oddly and his brown cheeks turned red. "You see, we were all anemic in January," he hastened to add. "We couldn't go out for exercise, and the darkness got into our blood. The doctor brought us through by standing us in front of the stove with the door open for two hours apiece every day; but Hiller didn't seem to care to take the treatment. The house was a queer place, sir," he continued, with a more confident freedom, "in the last part of January and the first of February. The room was stifling hot and most of us didn't wear much, and there was always a naked man roasting himself in the middle of the floor and turning around and around when one place got too hot, like a piece of beef on a spit. But the heat seemed to do the business; at least none of us died of heart disease."

In the midst of the laugh which this description brought out, Denton and the doctor came back. Denton's face was pale, and he walked unsteadily, so I got the conventional toasts to leader and expedition over as soon as I could.

"Now," I said, "there is mail aboard for all of you, and I suppose that you will want to read it by yourselves. In the course of the afternoon we will come to visit you and bring you back to dinner."



OUT OF THIS GREAT BULK OF A MAN HAD COME A VOICE LIKE
THE GOBBLE OF A TURKEY.

Denton did not reply; plainly the extraction of glass had been painful. It was Everest who took up my suggestion.

"We shall be glad to see you, sir," he said in his graceful way. "Won't you come ashore with us now? Our letters can wait."

I do not know why I accepted this invitation. I can see now that it may have been a mere formality, and at the time I was aware that Denton lifted his head, and that his eyes gleamed at me something that may have been a defiance. But my own young men were looking at me, too, and I knew that they were impatient to see what an arctic headquarters was like. It seems queer, now, that I had not deeper insight, but I set down Denton's challenge to a desire, born of pride, to nurse his wound alone. He had not impressed me favorably, and I reflected that he could comfortably go to bed while we paid the call that is prescribed by arctic custom. So I yielded, and the bustle of departure began. While I was groping for my cap, that had fallen under the table, I perceived Everest standing beside me. He asked whether I would mind telling him if I was Dr. Porter Dahlgren, who had been with—and I interposed, not being in the mood to discuss my own exploits, with some remark to the effect that I had passed through a little arctic experience and was glad to see that young men were carrying out what we had only begun. He lingered long enough to say timidly that he had read my books. I dare say, as I look back, that with encouragement he would have told me more; but I was intent upon my cap, and when I had found it, and was ready to talk, I saw him at the companion ladder, whispering earnestly to Denton, who elbowed him away impatiently and pushed forward to the deck.

Our five guests hastened to their boat and were ready first to cast off.

"We'll just put the cabin to rights a bit, sir, before you come," called Everest, as they faded into the fog.

We were quiet as we rowed to the shore. I think that we were oppressed by the spell of stillness; certainly I was oppressed by it, for insensibility to the moods of the North does not come in a mere ten years of experience. Besides, the recollection of the afternoon's embarrassments was vaguely discomfiting. However, I reflected that if relations between Hiller and at least some members of the party were not kindly, the cause of quarrel was in all likelihood as trifling as the causes of hun-

dreds of arctic disagreements that I had heard described amid roars of laughter at informal meetings of the Arctic Club, by both combatants, whose eyes twinkled friendliness to and fro. Moreover, I had a quiet chuckle by myself in the comprehension of possible disagreements with Denton. I could fancy that in the course of an arctic winter his voice and his manner might jar away some of my own patience. On the other hand, Everest seemed companionable enough, but still he had lied—I felt sure he had told at least a white lie—about Hiller's anemia; yet again, evidently Hiller had hardly fulfilled the aged president's expectation of his prowess, since he had not survived as one of the fittest, to go with the advance party toward the pole. There was a certain piquancy in looking forward to hearing his version of the winter; but I made up my mind that I would keep aloof from the affair. Arctic quarrels are best left to simmer away without admixture of new ingredients.

The fog lightened near the shore, and the low, dark beach and the little cabin covered with tar paper, and the brown slope of mud around it, started out rapidly, amid the grayness, as the details start out in the development of a photographic plate. The other boat was drawn up on the sand—a white light in the gloom—and Everest was waiting near it.

"Mr. Denton asks if you will go right up to the house, sir," he said. His voice sounded nervous and he had the effect of cocking his ear to catch some noise.

The still air carried every little sound. The boat's keel grated disagreeably over the stones; the men splashed heavily in the water; voices murmured up the beach, in the cabin. As I ascended the slope, the murmur grew louder, and presently broke into staccato shouts, which came to a climax in a heavy thud, and through the little doorway rushed forth the most enormous man that I have ever seen. I know now that he was not quite seven feet tall, but in the surprise of the first sight of him I felt his height as mountainous. His shoulders must have been broad even out of proportion to his stature, and his heavy deerskin koolatah and bearskin breeches enhanced his bulk. His hood was thrown back, and his mane of black hair and a great black beard almost concealed his face. He bore rapidly down upon me, and I suppose that I halted in sheer amazement, for I found myself standing still when he halted too. When he came on, he walked

timidly with short steps, like those of a girl. Within a few feet of me he halted again and held forth his hand.

"How are you, old chap?" he said.

I must have stood looking at him, with my mouth open. Out of this great bulk of a man had come a voice that I can liken to no sound but the gobble of a turkey. And what was still more strange, he was apparently as much astonished at it as I was. For upwards of five seconds we stood exchanging glances of sympathetic amazement over the accents that seemed to belong to him as little as they belonged to me. Then his eyes widened, with the consciousness, I think, that the responsibility of giving forth such a sound was his own. He thrust his fingers into his hair, turned abruptly away, and strode down the beach. In a moment he began to run, at first uncertainly, with wavering steps; afterward very swiftly, with great leaps. I stood and watched him until the fog closed in behind him. The crunching sound of his footsteps lessened away. Suddenly out of the mist came a great inarticulate roar, like the roar of an animal, which rumbled along the cliffs and groaned away among the icebergs.

Near the headquarters, Denton and another of the party were looking in the direction of his disappearance, and I hastened to them with a question. Denton made no reply, and the stiffness, the rigidity of his attitude startled me anew. His fists were doubled, his shoulders were crowded together. He was glaring with half-shut eyes into the fog. The other man—I think it was Green—glanced toward him, and then laughed nervously.

"Why, we had a little row," he said, "and Hiller——"

Denton confronted him fiercely. "What do you call a row?" he exploded. "There has been no row. Hiller was just out of his head because we didn't wait to take him off to the ship with us," he explained to me, and after another glance into the fog he added, with a nod of the head, that they would bring him back all right.

His gesture suggested some speculation as to the spirit in which this return was to be accomplished; certainly it did not quite support his contention that there had been no row. And Everest, leading my party up the beach, betrayed him further with the statement that Hiller had a little house of his own, down toward the glacier, and was doubtless hurrying away to put it in order against a visit from us. As my young men were ap-

proaching, the doctor made his deliberate way past me and seized Denton's hand. He had set his fists so tightly as to disarrange the bandage, and blood was dripping from his fingers. The doctor hustled him within doors, and while we stood uncertain, Everest pressed upon us the hospitality of the headquarters. This time there was nothing perfunctory in his manner; evidently he was eager to have us pass politely over embarrassing incidents; and with the feeling that for the present our best course was to be deceived, I led the way through the door. Upon a chair near the window sat Carter, and Todd was mopping off his head with a wet cloth. Everest received this spectacle in blank dismay, but Green came to the rescue with the explanation that Carter had stepped into a can of seal oil and had fallen against a bunk; and with a quaint air of triumph in the justification of these statements, he pointed out the pool of oil upon the floor and a tomato can upset.

I turned to see what effect the succession of accidents had produced on my own men. So far as I could make out, it had not produced any effect, beyond the slight embarrassment incidental to the two misadventures, and even that they seemed presently to forget in their interest in the arrangements of the headquarters. Carter was supported to a kind of alcove at the back of the house, where Denton was being treated by the doctor; and the great table which filled up the center of the room, and the stove behind it almost shut off the spectacle of the wounded. Everest, who was an excellent host, turned our attention to a system of cupboards running lengthwise along that side of the room which included the window, and afterward to the arrangements of bunks along the opposite wall.

"I think this is a new feature in arctic houses, is it not, sir?" he asked me. "Weren't your bunks always arranged in tiers, one above another? Here, you see, each man has a compartment all to himself, like a stateroom. If any one had a quiet mood, and wanted to be alone, all he had to do was to draw his curtain and he was practically in his own house. We amused ourselves a great deal in fitting up our corners. The chief had a real room built out for himself, on the other side of that door. His place is full of books. The doctor's bunk is full of eyes, in bottles—you know, he is an eye specialist. Every animal in the North glares at you, behind that curtain. Denton has another library—all geology. My own bunk is here."

My young men listened, absorbed and reverently enthusiastic, as fine youths ought to be amid scenes where what seem to them great events have come to pass. After we had examined Everest's guns and skins, Heywood, who was the correspondent of a newspaper, and doubtless meant to make a word-picture of the quarters, asked who had occupied the bunk between Everest's and Denton's.

"You skipped that," he pointed out.

"That?" inquired Everest. "Ah, that was Hiller's. I don't know exactly what he had in it. Come outside," he went on, "and see how we stored our grub."

While Everest was showing us the arrangement of the provisions, the doctor appeared at my elbow.

"I've fixed them up, sir," he reported, "and there's no harm coming."

"It wasn't a hard fall then?" I asked as indifferently as I could. My doctor is no diplomat. He looked me severely in the eyes.

"It was a hard fall, sir," he answered. "The man was lucky to escape a concussion."

I became aware that Everest had ceased to play the host, and that every one was looking toward us.

"The doctor says that his patients are both doing well," I explained. "But perhaps they'd better be quiet for to-night. So we'll leave you to read your letters, and won't it be better to put off our dinner until to-morrow night? Then," I added, "we hope to see all of your party aboard."

Everest smiled—I thought gratefully. I had not made much of the "all," but in replying he emphasized it.

"Thank you, sir," he said. "Barring accidents, we shall all come gladly."

We said good-by, and at the beach fired a gun, and guided by the ship's whistle found our way again aboard.

It was a head heavy with protest against the heartlessness of the men who didn't know what was in Hiller's bunk that I laid upon the pillow that night, and I expected to dream of the queer cry that had come out of the fog. But I slept soundly, and awoke refreshed at my usual eight o'clock. As I started deckward the doctor came out of his cabin.

"I'd like to go ashore and look after my patients, sir," he suggested.

"Good," I agreed. "I'll go with you," and in half an hour we put off together. It was a fine, warm morning, cloudless and almost windless. The hut looked deserted, as it had looked at bedtime; but inside we found Todd

reading over letters and Carter with his head bandaged, lying in his bunk. I had the impression that Todd was not very glad to see us. He threw his letters upon the table with an impatient gesture and tilted back his chair as he said, "How do you do?" Up to this time I had not taken much notice of him. I do not think that I had heard him speak before, but at the thin, dry "How do you do?" that came from his lips as precisely as if it had been uttered by a New England school-ma'am, I took another look at him. He was somewhat leaner than the other members of his party. In the full sunlight that reached him through the window, his retreating chin and his extended neck showed through his sparse whiskers. He had an unpleasantly large Adam's apple, which constantly rose and fell, and gave him the effect of swallowing his words.

"How do you do?" I responded. "Are the rest of you reading your letters in secret?"

"No," he chirped, "they're looking for Mr. Hiller."

"Oh," I said. "Well, I hope they'll bring him back in time for dinner. Don't let me disturb your reading."

He picked up his letter and glanced at it, but presently gave voice to a little chuckle.

"I don't think they'll find Mr. Hiller," he snickered.

I took a second look at him, in the expectation of meeting a significant glance, but his eyes remained cast down toward the letter.

"Why not?" I asked, and I am afraid that my voice rose above its ordinary pitch. He was not disturbed by that, however, and answered precisely as before:

"Because there is a disagreement between us and Mr. Hiller. We are not on speaking terms with him."

It was a confirmation of my forebodings, but coming from him somehow it didn't seem very serious.

"That would be a damper on the festivities," I acknowledged. "But can't it be somehow fixed up? I suppose that now that we have come, for the credit of your own party you will want to adjust difficulties."

"We have not spoken to Mr. Hiller," he enunciated, "for more than six months."

The doctor had been bending over his patient, but at this he straightened up, stared for a moment at Todd, then carried his hand, in which he held a bandage, to his mouth, and began to bite his thumb. I had learned to recognize and to respect the symptoms of



"HOW ARE YOU, OLD CHAP?"

serious concern on the doctor's part. He said nothing, however, and presently stooped again to his patient. Todd glanced furtively at me over his letter. Evidently he was hoping to be asked further questions. He had an unbearable air of one who believes himself to be master of a situation, and I turned away to the window. It was the most commonplace time of day, if any time of day in Greenland can be described as commonplace. The sun was high, and the window commanded only a wide expanse of reddish mud and some high cliffs—a dreary scene.

"I may say," began the voice behind me, "that we all found Mr. Hiller intolerable."

The voice was as dreary as the landscape, and I listlessly wondered whether Hiller hadn't found something intolerable.

"You may like to know," insisted the voice, "that the chief was almost as implacable as any of us."

"The chief?" I asked, turning about. "Didn't the chief speak to him either?"

He shook his head triumphantly.

"Nor the doctor?"

He shook his head again.

It was a little more serious than I had expected it to be. If the man had told the truth—and remembering Denton's fierce eyes and Hiller's desolate cry, I was convinced all at once that, however great his exaggeration might have been, he had not quite lied—the quarrel was not a trivial matter. It took on a bewildering importance after I had turned back to the dismal prospect beyond the window, which presently seemed to suggest a query as to what effect this grotesque non-intercourse might have wrought upon Hiller. The problem enlarged so threateningly that I turned for comfort to the doctor, but he had finished with his bandaging, and interrupted my question from the door with a brief announcement that the others were coming.

In a moment they hastened into the hut. Hiller was not with them. Their faces were pallid with sleeplessness and fatigue, and they gave me the most perfunctory of greetings. My embarrassed salutations were interrupted by the voice, which cut in clear and exultant.

"So you didn't find Mr. Hiller?" it said. "I told Dr. Dahlgren that you wouldn't."

Denton swore loudly and turned about. Everest made a pace toward the table. But the voice went on:

"Yes. And I told him, too, that we refused to speak to Mr. Hiller."

I interposed hastily with: "Never mind that now. We can talk of that later. Isn't the first thing to do to find Hiller? Is he really lost? Do you need any help? Had I better call out my party?"

Denton turned to his cupboard and began to take out cans of provisions and to pile them upon the table. Presently he faced about and put down a can with a thump.

"Yes!" he said doggedly. "I suppose you will have to call out your men."

Everest, by my side, startled me with an exclamation. "You can't keep it from him, Denton!" he cried.

"Shut up, will you?" roared Denton, and his free hand went to a can. I thought he was going to throw it, and made haste to interpose.

"Wait a moment, wait a moment. I am not here to pry into your private affairs. My expedition has come to help yours. You needn't make me confidences unless you think best; only tell me what you want us to do, and we will do it."

"Search for a lost lunatic," cut in the voice. It was as calm and nasal as ever, and Todd did not lift his eyes from his letter. I am not sure that I should have taken note of his interruption if it had not produced such an unexpected silence. I happened to be looking at Denton when Todd spoke. His lips tightened together and his eyes widened with an expression that suggested dismay and perhaps horror. He was looking beyond me, and following the line of his gaze, I saw that Everest's face was drawn in similar consternation.

The silence lasted for several seconds, and when Denton spoke the anger had evidently died out of him, for his voice was low and hurried.

"We mean to start right away," he said. "The ground to be covered is just the beach between Hiller's hut and the glacier. If your men will spread out in a line up to the cliffs, some one will be sure to see him. If any one does see him," he went on meditatively, "perhaps he had better call to the rest of us. It may be that Hiller will not want to come back."

Todd chuckled triumphantly, but no one took open notice of him. Denton and Everest were interchanging another solemn gaze, and this time Everest nodded slowly, as if in approval of what his chief had said.

"Very well," I chimed in, "I'll go at once to the ship. I suppose food for a couple of days will do. We'll be ready in an hour."

I hastened out of the door. Before I was half-way down the beach, however, Everest called my name and came running after me.

"Do you suppose, sir, that the doctor could go to the ship instead of you?" he asked. "We shall start before your party can be ready—as soon as Denton's hand is fixed up. Denton would like to have you go with us. There is something that he would like to talk over with you."

"Certainly," I agreed, and within ten minutes we were plodding along the rocky beach, Denton, Everest, Green, and I.

For a long time we walked in silence; they seemed unready to begin explanations, and I led them on with a question.

"How much grub has Hiller?"

Everest and Green looked at Denton. He walked on a few steps and cleared his throat before he spoke.

"We don't know," he said.

His voice was possibly more rasping and defiant than usual, and reflecting that he had been walking all night, and could hardly be himself, I caught back in time an indignant question as to whether, as chief of headquarters, he ought not to know. He must have realized my impulse, however, for he explained that Hiller didn't go to headquarters for meals, and, after a minute, added a justificatory: "He comes for food though—we think."

"Why, we know he does, don't we?" broke in Everest. "The box of tinned beef is empty, isn't it?"

Denton roared at him:

"Tell the story yourself then, if you want to! Tell it your own way. I'll have nothing more to do with it. I won't, I say!" as Everest began to expostulate. "You have wanted to tell all along. Now tell!"

He made a few rapid paces which carried him some yards in advance of us. Everest's young mouth straightened out in the line that I had noticed aboard the ship. Green, however, grinned and shrugged his shoulders, and the levity of his smile moved me to intervene.

"My friends," I said, "I am an old man, and I have been through several arctic expeditions. I have never known one nor known of one that had not some disagreements of its own. I have not been free from quarrels myself, and they seemed important enough until I learned a homely old phrase: 'It'll be all the same in a hundred years!'"

Everest turned to me eagerly.

"That's exactly what we thought!" he exclaimed, "or rather," he stammered on, "we didn't think much about it. We knew, of course, that—that something was wrong, but it—it didn't seem so bad, until you came. We were living our own life up here, and this was just one of the conditions—I can't seem to explain it." He paused and looked anxiously at me, and then burst out again:

"You know how it is, sir! You have been here!"

"Yes, I think I know," I said. "Let me put it straight. There is something queer about Hiller, and it just goes with the rest of the weirdness here—the weirdness of this part of the world, I mean; I know it, I think, perhaps as well as you—and so, of course, you didn't realize Hiller's oddities."

He looked a little disappointed.

"Yes," he admitted. "That is part of it. He is queer. You heard what Todd said. None of us ever said that before. We suspected—at least I did, I know now—that he was not quite right, but he kept away from us, and we had our own interests and didn't speak of it—didn't want to speak of it. Perhaps," he confessed, "we were afraid to speak of it. At any rate it didn't seem so bad until yesterday, when you came. You see, sir, you came from home, and all of a sudden we thought what they would think of this business."

"H'm!" I reflected. "Yes, I see. The standards of civilization cropped up, when we came. A ship, with smoke coming out of the funnels, and letters written on paper from Tiffany's. And reporters at the dock when we arrive, and an insane man to account for."

Denton turned about abruptly.

"We don't know that he's insane!" he exclaimed.

"Well, then," said I, "what makes you think that he is?"

Denton turned abruptly and walked rapidly on. In a minute Everest hinted timidly:

"Well, sir, you must have seen him yesterday."

"Yes," I agreed, "I saw him and heard him. I am not likely to forget it."

"Neither are we," answered Everest quickly. "There has been nothing like that before."

"What has there been, then?" I inquired.

—Everest looked toward Green, apparently for an answer; but Green had nothing ready, so the lad took the burden upon himself.

"Well, I don't quite know," he hesitated.



I LEFT THEM TO GUARD HILLER AGAINST THE FOXES

"He has been peeking around the corner of the house, for one thing. It may not have meant anything—it may have been just to see whether we were there. We weren't on very good terms, and I think it is quite likely that he didn't want to meet us. You see," he went on, "he took his provisions himself from the general stores—the boxes, you know, outside the headquarters—and carried them to his hut."

"I suppose you mean," I suggested, in some bewilderment, "that he watched for your absence to get his food unmolested."

Everest turned with an appeal to Denton: "That's what you think, isn't it, old man?" but receiving no reply except a grunt, he repeated: "That's what Denton says. But I think you ought to know, sir, that it seems to me not like Hiller—and in fact he has only been doing it for a short time, a couple of months. Green says—didn't you, Green?—that before we came back from the sledge journey he used to march up and take what he wanted whether we were there or not."

"That's what he did," grinned Green. "I should jolly well think so. He wasn't minding us in those days."

Denton faced about again.

"Not that we ever tried to prevent him," he threw off. "He was always welcome to food."

I could not help repeating that, yes, I supposed that he had been welcome to food. They did not seem to see any point in this, at least they did not acknowledge it directly, though after a moment Green suddenly came again to the foreground with the remark that he had seen traps that Hiller must have built for arctic hares.

"Yes, I have seen them, too," added Everest. "I hoped—that is, I dare say that he hated to come to us for grub as much——"

He broke off, and I filled out his sentence: "As much as you hated to have him?"

"No, not quite that," Everest hastened to differentiate. "As much as we hated to see him."

"Oh!" I commented. "Did you hate him as much as that?"

"He wasn't a very pleasant companion," returned Everest, with some heat. "And I believe that he liked us just about as much as we liked him. You know what he did to Carter when we tried to make up with him yesterday."

"Yes," I acknowledged, "I guessed that there had been a fight. So he's ugly, too, is he?"

Everest spoke impetuously.

"He has been ugly from the very first of it. You know how big he is. Well, he thought that because he could pull two of us around in a boat, and could walk away with a sledge that no one else could start, he had the right to bully us. On the way up, in the ship, he was always trying to get us to do athletic stunts, and then he laughed at us when he beat us. And he used to show us a trunkful of medals that he had won, and at Godhaven, when we went ashore to dinner at the Inspector's, he wore a lot of them—his coat was covered all up with them. It was beastly! It seems foolish, I know, sir, to care about things like that——"

"If he carried that kind of thing into the winter," I assisted, "I can easily see how it might get on your nerves."

"That's it, sir!" said Everest, so earnestly that he had the effect of pleading a cause. "It was the winter. All the darkness; and in December we couldn't go out at all, and we were all cooped up together in that hut, and every one knew just what every one else was going to say next, and I thought the thing never would end."

"And you all hated each other?" I put in.

"There were some minor quarrels," admitted Everest solemnly.

"But nothing like the big one?" I suggested.

"Oh, no," expostulated Everest. "Nothing like that. It's queer," he added, "but I think that did the rest of us good; you see it gave us something to talk about. We had a common sympathy——" He looked to inquire whether I understood.

"I see," said I. "You became brethren in your common hatred of Hiller."

"That's it, exactly," rejoined Everest. "We were better from that minute. We used to sit around the table after dinner when the chief had gone to his stateroom and Hiller had shut himself up in his bunk, and talk the matter over, and afterward turn in quite friendly."

"Just so," I mused. "I can understand. Did the chief ever talk it over?"

"No. But he had suspended Hiller from active work in the expedition, and I don't think he noticed him much after that. You can't tell what the chief thinks. He keeps altogether to himself."

"I suppose the smash came some time in January?" I asked.

"Yes," said Everest, "in the middle of the month. How did you know?"

"Todd told me that you hadn't been on speaking terms with him for six months. Is that true?"

I caught a queer, satirical curl at the corner of Green's mouth. Everest's face, however, that had brightened with the impulse of argument, fell in dismal lines again, and he replied only by a nod.

We plodded silently along the gray, stony beach, bounded above by the monotonous slope of mud and below by the flat, dull sea. The procession of icebergs and the white glacier gleamed cold and impersonal. Except ourselves, not a living thing was in sight; not a seal; not even a little auk nor a raven.

"Did you ever think," I asked, "that it must have been a trifle lonesome for Hiller?"

It was Denton who answered. His broad back had been swaying sturdily in front of me, and I had thought that he had lost interest in our talk.

"He didn't care much about our company," he growled.

"No, he didn't," confirmed Everest, "especially at first. I think that we might have gone on, somehow, if he hadn't been so stiff. You see, sir, our not speaking to him wasn't the matter of a moment. We didn't agree upon it—at first. We never agreed upon it in words. We just didn't care to have anything to do with him, and at table when we were talking I suppose we weren't very careful about paying attention to what he said. So at last he didn't say much, and one night he began not to come to table at all. My place was next his, and his big arm came over my shoulder and took the platter of stew and carried it away, and then came and put it back half empty, and that was the last we saw of him at meal-times. He used to take his own share of things before we had been helped and carry it to his bunk."

"After you were seated?" I asked.

"At first, yes. But afterwards we waited until he had helped himself before we sat down. After the first week we never laid a place for him. You see," he added anxiously, "we didn't mean to treat him badly. We just didn't want to have anything to do with him."

"Just so!" said I. "Do you know what he did with himself?"

"He spent most of his time in his bunk. I don't know what he did there. We only had four lamps, and one night he came without a word and carried one away and we never had it again."

This seemed irrelevant to me, but it was clearly part of the general grievance against Hiller, for Green took it up.

"He kept it in his bunk," he put in. "He used to sit up late, and we could see the light through the curtains. I can tell you one thing that he did. I got up at two o'clock one night and his curtains were open, and he was playing cards—solitaire. He had a dog, too," he went on with an odd, dry manner, as though he were uttering an effective bit of irony.

"I have known men to take great comfort in a dog," I agreed.

"Yes," faltered Everest. "But you see, when we started on the sledge journey we had to take the dog. It was the best dog we had, sir!" he exclaimed.

"Ah!" I responded. "Of course you had to take the dog. Then what did Hiller do?"

"I don't know," said Everest absently. The strain of a sleepless night, and of his anxiety, which was evidently increasing, had told upon him. His pallor was almost ghastly, and he walked with wavering steps. But after a few moments he suddenly took the story in a mechanical tone, as though his subconscious self were speaking.

"I have always believed," he said, "that there were two occasions when he was ready to smooth the whole matter over. One was when we took the dog, and the other was when we had the games on the twenty-second. I think that being left out of the games hurt him more than anything else. He used to walk up and down the room while we were making up the events and watch us and listen until I, for one, was almost sorry for him."

"I would have let him in," interrupted Green.

"Yes, I know you would," droned Everest. "We talked it over together, sir, and you see we were afraid that if he should win anything, he would be—just as he had been before."

"Very likely he would have been," I answered. "What about the dog?"

"Why, after the games were over— I was going to say that he watched them, and laughed at all the records in that great big voice of his, and that made us down on him still more."

"Certainly," I agreed. "Did he have a great big voice?" Everest paused.

"Yes, sir," he said rather helplessly, "he did—then."

"I beg your pardon," I apologized. "I

didn't mean to interrupt. After the games were over?"

"After that he used to talk to his dog—we bought it at Cape York; it didn't belong to Hiller—and tell it what babies we were—you could hear everything in the house, you know, sir."

"It couldn't have been amusing," I admitted.

"Fortunately the sun came back about that time," went on Everest, "and Hiller and the dog used to go hunting and keep away from camp a good deal. That lasted until we were about ready to start on the sledge journey."

"Was the dog fond of Hiller?" I asked.

"You know how the Husky dogs are," replied Everest. "Some of them you can tame and some you can't. They are half wolves at best. This one stuck to Hiller as long as he got more food than the others—Hiller used to give him grub from our table. But we had been feeding the dogs rather short, because we wanted to be sure of having enough provisions to last, and about a week before we were to start on the sledge journey the chief told us to increase their rations so as to get them into condition. So we did, and they fought like the devil over it. Hiller's dog never could resist a scrap, and he could lick all the rest of the pack and get more food than even Hiller allowed him. So he left Hiller altogether. He was king dog, and didn't care to have his head scratched. It must have been damned hard on Hiller," he went on vehemently. "He came out to watch us off the day we started, and when he saw old Napoleon harnessed up at the end of a trace—I thought he was going to cry, sir."

I rather thought that the boy himself was near sudden tears, but he went on bravely.

"I didn't think of it at the time, sir; only afterward. At the time, we were too busy getting off, and were thinking too much about the trip, to bother with Hiller. But I believe now that if we had explained why we needed the dog, he would have been pleased, and then——"

"And then everything would have been all right," I said as quickly as I could. It seemed cruel to make him, in his condition, go over these reminiscences.

"We should have gone away knowing that everything was all right," he replied.

"Leaving Hiller to us," remarked Green drily.

"He would have been all right—at least you could have stood him," insisted Everest.

"The sun was back and you could be out of doors. Hiller liked to hunt; you could have kept him away after reindeer. I don't think that he would have been the same."

"Huh!" answered Green. He was about to say more, but catching his eye, I shook my head. He glanced at Everest and then gave me a confidential nod.

"What happened after they had gone?" I asked Green.

"Why, I don't mind telling you—since we're telling everything," he answered cheerfully. "He went away as soon as the party started, and we didn't see him for two days. Then Todd met him fooling around the provisions. He says that Hiller walked up to him as if he were going to say something, but Todd turned on his heel. He never did like Hiller, you know. Hiller didn't appreciate meteorology."

"How did you and Todd get on together while the rest were away?" I asked.

"Oh, we got on all right," he replied. "I can stand any one." He laughed. "I would have spoken to Hiller."

Everest, who had been walking on with his head despondently bent, saved me from replying to this.

"Didn't you leave rations on purpose, so that he could get them?" he hinted.

"Oh, yes," replied Green. "We did the conventional thing. We laid out grub, and an oil-stove to cook with. But he used to pass it by and open fresh cases right before us. We let him. He could have had cartridges, too, if he had wanted them. We put them out for him."

"Didn't he have any ammunition?" I asked.

"He had a shotgun," answered Green, "and he must have had some powder, for we heard him shooting at first. By and by that stopped, and then we put out the cartridges. But that wasn't long before the supporting party came back."

"Did he eat his birds, or hares, or whatever he caught, raw?" I asked.

"Give it up," he tossed to me. "There was the stove. He could have had it. It was right in front of the hut, on a stone, until this morning."

"But where was he all this time?" I exclaimed. "Didn't you see him at all?"

"See him?" laughed Green. "Yes, we saw enough of him. He built a snow hut within two hundred feet of us, and he used to stand by the tunnel of it, and stare at us. Did

you happen to notice the collection of boxes on the beach near the quarters? He took 'em all out of the wall, before our eyes. They were full of grub. When the snow melted it left 'em there. By that time he had got tired of our company, and built the stone hut, yonder. It's a very good hut—as good as the Eskimo igloos that we saw at Cape York."

The hut was indeed in sight, though an untrained eye would hardly have distinguished it from the ancient lateral moraine against which it had been built—a great rampart of ragged stones extending down into the sea; the bones, if you wished to be fanciful, of a dead glacier. We hastened toward it.

"I haven't been inside," went on Green. "But it must be comfortable enough. One of the times when we saw Hiller was the afternoon when he came to get his household furnishings. We were both in the headquarters reading—there wasn't much to do—and all of a sudden the sunlight stopped streaming in the door, and there was Hiller, filling up the whole opening. It—well, it isn't quite true that no one has spoken to him," he hesitated with a sly glance that took in Denton and Everest. "I did say 'How do, Hiller?'"

Everest's worn face lighted up in a smile.

"Did you, Green?" he burst out. "Why didn't you tell us?"

"You know as well as I do," replied Green lightly. "No one seemed to be talking much about Hiller."

Everest lifted his hands with a gesture that I had seen upon the stage, and had deemed exaggerated.

"Damn this whole business," he cried.

His outburst startled us all, I think, and we marched on, embarrassed, for a space.

"You haven't told us what Hiller did," I pointed out, for conversational relief.

"Oh," said Green. "You mean in the house? He came inside right away, but then he saw Todd and seemed to be frightened. He sidled around the room to his bunk, and as he hadn't answered, Todd and I went on reading. He rummaged around for a long time in the bunk, and when he went out—well, I thought he had the whole house with him. He had to squeeze the bundle through the door. I looked in his bunk afterward. Every skin was gone; the lamp was gone; the pillows were gone; there wasn't a thing inside the curtains except his discharge from duty as a member of the expedition."

"Oh, hell!" shouted Everest. "Why didn't you do something? I was full of

him, when we came back. I supposed you would have him with you, and I meant to be decent to him. But he wasn't around and you told me about the hut, and I thought that he was probably comfortable—and I suppose I forgot him," he ended, in a dropping voice.

"You might have seen him easy enough when you came back," replied Green imperceptibly. "He was peeking over a stone. It struck me as queer at the time, but I thought that he was after his dog, and didn't want us to notice him. That was the beginning of the peeking," he added.

His airy manner was insupportable, and I could not bring myself to draw him out further. Besides, there were plenty of things to think about—a chaos of half-told incidents, to be sure; but out of them there was this, at least, to be made: that Hiller ought never to have been chosen as a member of an arctic expedition, and for the twentieth time in the course of twenty years I raged at the carelessness of arctic leaders in selecting their men.

Of course, Hiller had been overbearing; without doubt he had been overbearing all his life. It was the natural expression of the dignity that went with his medals. Very likely he had considered an arctic expedition as a new athletic event, a new opportunity to win glory in what he might call a "walk." Of the scorn of scientific men for mere brute force, doubtless he had not had an inkling. I had a moment of fascination in erecting for myself the spectacle of a man like this, unavoidably in contact for four months of arctic winter in a twelve-by-twenty-foot hut with a fighting geologist like Denton, a sewing-society gossip like Todd—whose conscientious reading of little instruments must have seemed pitiful to a man with grand ideas about the north pole—and what Hiller had probably called a "society dude" like Everest. And the others, too—I could divine them, cold and self-centered; the doctor absorbed in his eyes, the leader deep in the seclusion of books and irritated because the personality of Hiller seemed likely to menace the morale of his party.

Little as I found them agreeable, I could not blame the members of the main party for hating Hiller, nor even perhaps for carrying into the light of continuous day the vindictiveness that had flourished in the dark—and immediately I was conscious of blaming them fiercely, of clenching my mental fists, as it were, toward the men who could so maltreat a comrade. Of course I knew well how insignificant life and death and disease seem in

the midst of the isolation and the timeless immensity of the North—and yet—at least they might have taken the pains to find out whether they had driven a comrade crazy or not. I turned to Denton with a question upon my lips. But Denton had drawn away from us, and was bending his sturdy person through the entrance of the hut. As I was in the act of transferring the question to Green, Everest stumbled. It was a slight stumble; he would not have fallen, but instantly Green had him by the elbow. He jerked him violently upright, and supported him with an arm around his waist, until Everest languidly shook it away and started on; and as they made their way up the mud-bank toward the hut, Green hovered close behind him, with a lank hand ready at either side to catch him in case he should waver. His anxiety was obviously real; evidently he had, in his own way, an affection for the boy. He hustled him into the house anxiously, very much as an ice-bear hustles along a cub. There was a low, fur-covered shelf at the left, and he made Everest sit down upon it, and stood before him, fanning him with a skin which he caught up from the floor.

It was not a superfluous attention, for the air inside was revolting. Everything was wet, and the muddy ground was strewn with empty cans—I caught the labels of tongue, ham, desiccated potatoes, tomatoes. What remained of a rusty, double-barreled shotgun lay among them, as if it had been kicked down from a place against the wall, in the course of a hasty egress. The stock was shivered, and the barrels were bent and bruised as though they had been beaten against a rock. Some small bones gleamed white in the mud, and in a corner lay a pile of decomposing pelts of hares and foxes. Denton stood in the midst of the litter, looking uncertainly about, and I joined him; but at once he walked over to the sleeping-slab, which was fixed into the wall in a sort of alcove. It was covered thick with reindeer skins, matted down and evidently soaked with water. He half lifted one or two layers of the skins and revealed a hole in the wall, through which trickled a little stream from some late snow-bank outside.

The hut had been built heart-shape, in rough imitation of the usual Eskimo model. The sleeping-slab took up the point, opposite the entrance; the lobes at the sides were occupied, one by the slab upon which Everest was sitting, the other by what seemed to be a store of clothes.

As I drew near the walls I was impressed with the magnitude of their construction. They were not high, but I do not think I could have stirred from the ground more than one or two of the stones of which they had been built. The place was an extraordinary *tour de force*; the great jagged rocks lay together closely, as though they had been attracted to one another by some sense of mutual fitness; he must have searched for days to find each matching shape; and the suggestion of the strength that had displaced these huge masses from the frost-bound moraine and had lifted them into their positions was stupefying. The ceiling was made of three slabs of slate. They must have come from the hills, two miles away, and the realization that they were actually there, that somehow they had been transported over those miles, and afterward had been hoisted almost to the height of a man's head, and again had been adjusted to their places, gave me an emotion that was very like awe.

There were two shelves in the alcove, pieces of slate that had been ingeniously built into the wall. The upper shelf was piled close with fur clothes, and presently the orderly arrangement of the packages struck me, in contrast to the confusion that appeared everywhere else. Each pair of breeches, each koolatah, and each pair of boots was folded in a separate parcel. There were several complete suits, and under scrutiny everything seemed to be new. I had a sudden recollection of holes in the koolatah that Hiller had worn the day before.

On the lower shelf was his sailor's bag, containing doubtless his home clothes, and beside it stood the confiscated lamp and a clock, a common tin affair, with an alarm. I picked it up. It had stopped, and the back was fuzzy with rust. It had evidently not been touched for months.

Presently I was aware that Green had come to my side and was watching me. I turned to him and said:

"I don't see any books," and was immediately disconcerted, perceiving that I had spoken in a murmur, as though the silence had been fragile. Green was not the companion that I should have chosen for an unguarded moment of emotion, but to my surprise he replied in the same tone.

"Hiller never did care much for books," he whispered, and I looked at him, ready to exchange sympathy, in case the man should by some marvel comprehend what his words

suggested. The marvel came to pass; he did comprehend; his bulging gray eyes seemed to start out toward me with realization, and we both jumped when Denton let fall his skins with a flap.

Denton strode abruptly to the slab upon which Everest was sitting with his face covered in his hands; and his movement was so purposeful that it drew us to him. He made no account of Everest, but examined the shelf with care, and broke the silence:

"He slept over there," he announced, "until the leak began. Then he came over here."

I do not know why this statement seemed so impressive, unless it was because Denton had spoken in his ordinary pitch, and his voice had sounded more than usually harsh. However, we looked with new care at the bed. It was covered meagerly with one or two skins, much worn, and in the light of his implication, it looked uncomfortable. Denton stooped and lifted one of the skins. Beneath it were scattered several frayed playing-cards, and, besides, one or two small flat stones, which seemed unpromising bedfellows. Denton swore impatiently, and brushed one of the stones to the ground; but as his hand hovered over another he paused, picked it up, and examined it. His scrutiny lasted so long that we gathered behind him to see what he saw. It was a piece of shale, about the size and shape of the cards, and upon it had been neatly scratched the pips of the three of spades. Everest uttered a queer cry, and flung the second skin from the bunk. Other cards came to light, and there were three stones. Two lay face downward; the third bore the inscription JACK, and beneath it was engraved a heart.

They gazed blankly at one another. Denton's face lost its rigidity; his jaw dropped and his eyes were bleared over. Everest caught the horror, sank back upon the couch, covered his face with his hands again, and began to rock back and forth. I stepped over to him and seized him by the arm.

"Come out of this smell," I commanded.

He let himself be pulled to his feet, and staggered with me into the open air. Beyond the door, he jerked his arm from my hand and confronted me fiercely.

"It's not our fault!" he raged. "It's not our fault! It was the darkness—darkness. You ought to know—the darkness!"

His voice came thin and flat, like the bark of a wrathful Mexican terrier. I caught

him by the arm again, carried him struggling to a flat stone, seated him upon it, and held him down while I was getting out my flask. He gulped down the brandy without a cough, until I had to stop him. The others had pressed about us, and I handed the half-empty flask to Denton. When Green returned it to me, he held it facetiously upside down.

"Now we will have something to eat," I ordered, "and come back to common sense."

Everest sat relaxed, with his hands resting upon the edge of the stone and his chin drooping upon his chest. Green hastened to unpack the bags, and Denton obeyed a sign from me to draw apart. I found a seat beside him upon the moraine and got my first question over at once.

"Come," I said. "You and I are not boys; we can face our troubles. I don't suppose you think that Hiller is dead——"

I had to hesitate, but Denton reassured me with a meditative shake of the head.

"Well, then," I said, "you must have some plan for getting him back. Suppose you tell me about it?"

"I hardly know how to answer," he began. "The plan is not mine; it is Everest's. Arrangements seem to have been taken out of my hands."

"Out of your hands?" I inquired. It seemed impossible that at such a time he should be thinking of his pride, yet his manner certainly suggested bitterness. He made no reply to my question, but occupied himself nervously with his sling. I swallowed my rising disgust. "Perhaps you would be willing to tell me what Mr. Everest's plan is, then," I suggested.

"Why," he replied, "I believe he thought last night that you might be of assistance."

"Last night?" I asked again.

"The first part of the plan has failed," went on Denton impatiently. "We expected to find Hiller here. We came almost as far as the hut last night. It was Everest's opinion, and I may say mine, that he was inside. I want to make it clear to you at once," he proceeded aggressively, "that my judgment was for going in and bringing Hiller to headquarters—by force, if necessary. But Everest, and Green, who is only Everest's echo, asked me, yes, by Jove, they begged me, to give you a chance. Everest thinks that, as a stranger, you might do something with Hiller," he flung off after a pause. "He has taken the

tack of not speaking to us, you know," he had the incredible assurance to add.

"Perhaps I might do something," I agreed. "Have you any idea where Hiller is?"

"Green thinks he knows," replied Denton. "I don't know anything about it—though I can tell you what Green saw—that is to say," he amended, "what he says he saw. I dare say there is some truth in his story. I have seen the place and it is certainly remarkable."

"Wait a moment," I interrupted. "Is it more horror?"

Denton shrugged his shoulders.

"That depends on what you call horror," he rejoined tartly. "I suppose that you could find horror in it, if you had an imagination."

His rancor was so evident that I lost patience and determined to get the story from one of the others.

"Very well," I said, "I guess we'll postpone the horror until we have had something to eat. But before we join your friends, there is one question that I should like to ask you, as a man of mature judgment. Do you think that Hiller is really—not responsible?"

"Do you mean crazy?" asked Denton. "How should I know? How should I know?" he repeated, and then he rose slowly to his feet and stood rigid.

"Damn the man!" he breathed.

For the flash of an instant he was rather magnificent, with his red mane and broad red beard glowing in the sunlight and his face grim with the emotion of his curse. I had the sensation of having seen him before, and presently realized that he had very nearly fulfilled my conception of the furious old Northman who discovered Greenland. But in the course of our silent little walk back to Everest and Green, the vast image of Hiller displaced that of the old Iclander, and in spite of my efforts to be impartial, and to throw Hiller's undoubted sins into the balance, I found myself taking his part.

If he were really insane, I remember thinking as a mere matter of argument, at least his treatment at the hands of his party had been hard enough to make most men a little queer; but in spite of the recollection of his greeting to me, and of what had followed, I could not bring myself to believe that the mind of so enormous a human being could be irrevocably unbalanced in so short a time. But in any case, obviously there was need of haste in hunting him down, and I was disappointed to find Green unavailable for questions, being engaged in controversy with Everest as to

whether Everest should eat or not. Everest was sullenly protesting that he needed no food; Green, seated near him, was cajoling him as a mother cajoles a refractory child. The lad yielded when I arrived, and indeed was devouring his canned beef with haste by the time that Denton was ready for his meal.

Whether Denton repented of his brusqueness to me, and made an effort to mollify it, or whether he was in a refreshed mood of sarcasm, I do not know; at all events, as he approached he called out that I was anxious to hear Green's story of the night before. Everest laid down the knife upon which he had been poisoning a morsel of beef, and with arms crossed clutched his shoulders as though he were holding himself from flying apart. It was Green who replied to Denton with one of the few outbursts of genuine feeling that I had ever heard from him.

"Shut up, will you, you damned fool!" were his words, and seizing the knife in one hand he disengaged Everest's fingers with the other and closed them over the handle.

"Now, eat," he ordered. "I'll tell Dr. Dahlgren later. We'll have to separate to cover the ground. You and Everest can take the up route along the hills, and Dr. Dahlgren and I will take the beach. It'll be time enough to tell him then. Eat your food and let us alone!"

Why Denton did not resent this defiance I do not know; perhaps because it was astonishingly unexpected. He passed it over with a grunt, and we finished our meal in silence and in haste. Everest managed to get through his can of beef, and was steady upon his feet when we were ready to separate.

"Tell him everything," were his parting words to Green, as he climbed after Denton over the moraine, and Green answered cheerily, "Cert, I will."

With that I drew a breath of hope that I might at last get a simple story and asked my companion what everything was.

"Not much," he replied; "it's only that the last time Hiller was seen, before he came to headquarters yesterday, he was in the valley where we are going—the next valley, by the glacier—and Everest thinks that he may be there now. The boy is full of theories, you know," he explained apologetically.

"Theories?" I repeated.

"Denton thinks that they are theories," he replied. "I agree with Everest. I think he's right; still, he may be wrong. It's more than a month ago that Hiller was seen there, and

no one has been there since. We don't care to go there much," he chuckled. "It's not a nice place."

"Why did you go there at all, then?" I asked. "And why did Hiller go there?"

"We only went there once or twice, after reindeer," he answered. "And there were no reindeer there—you bet there were no reindeer there," he chuckled again. "There is a whispering gallery there."

I must have looked vague, for he explained:

"One of those places where you speak in a low tone and can be heard a long way off. If I believed in devils, I shouldn't dare to go there. But I don't," he assured me.

"Who saw Hiller there?" I interrupted. "Did you?"

"Yes," said he. "And I know all about the noises. Have you noticed that there are a great many icebergs in the bay?"

I admitted the icebergs.

"Well, among those icebergs," he expounded, "there is an unusual echo. We tested it——"

I said that I had noticed the echo, and he acknowledged this with a clearing of the throat.

"In that valley," he continued solemnly, "the echo is remarkable. There are places where you can't hear it at all, and there are other places where if you say anything it comes back to you three or four times, as clear as if some one was talking to you. It is enough to make any one believe in devils."

"Look here," I cried impatiently. "If you don't drop this nonsense and tell me what you know about Hiller, I will go back and get my men, and we will find Hiller ourselves."

He laid a detaining hand upon my sleeve.

"Wait, wait!" he cried. "I was just coming to that. It was about a month ago. I'll tell you. It's all right," he assured me.

I allowed myself to be led on.

"About a month ago," he resumed, "I was coming home from a four days' trip after skins, beyond the glacier—I am taxidermist to the expedition, you know," he informed me proudly. "My road lay along the side of the cliffs that shut in the valley yonder, and I had to pass behind a big rock that sticks out from the mountains a good ways. All of a sudden some one said, 'How are you, old chap?' just at my ear. I jumped, of course. At first I thought it was Everest; you know the boy has college ways and always says 'How are you, old chap?' and wants to shake hands when he

comes back from a trip. We used to get into him about it. But no one was around, so I shouted. I got millions of echoes, and in the middle of them, I heard, 'Glad to see you.' So I made up my mind that Everest must be hiding behind the end of the rock to surprise me, and I kept on up to the top where I could see the whole valley, and there was Hiller standing down by the beach. So of course I thought it was me that he was calling to. I'm not like some of those fellows, never ready to make up a quarrel, and so I climbed down the rock toward him. It was queer," he went on, shaking his head meditatively; "sometimes I could hear all kinds of noises, and sometimes I could only hear the stones rattling down from under my feet, and sometimes I could hear 'How are you, old chap?' just as if some one was talking behind me. And the voices would come in the queerest tones—mostly big and boomy like Hiller's, but often sort of—sort of flat—and once or twice from away off, as if Hiller had been up in the air. It was too much like ghosts for me, and I stirred my feet. I had to watch my way, for walking is not good up there, and I didn't have a chance to look at Hiller until I got to the bottom. I was pretty near him then, and all of a sudden I noticed that his back was toward me. I was in one of those places where I could hear him say 'How are you, old chap?' and it came over me that he wouldn't be saying the same thing to me so many times. Do you know what he was doing?" he demanded, and immediately answered himself. "He had an echo down there, and he was standing and talking to it. Now what do you think of that?" he burst out, apparently unable to restrain his eagerness for verbal appreciation. "Don't you agree with Everest that a man who does that must have wheels?"

I suppose that I repeated "wheels," for I was aware, as I hurried away from him, that he was explaining behind me that wheels meant bats in his belfry, out of his head, crazy; but for the moment he was little in my thoughts. His story had given a terrible meaning to the fragments of narrative that had been scattered to me; it had, as it were, reflected back into the darkness of the winter a glare which revealed the agony of that great mass of a man in his incredibly isolated kennel, while his pride, the essence of himself, was breaking down.

Against the loneliness Hiller must have been helpless—I shuddered to think of myself, with all my resources, alone in that

hut for two months. He could have had no resources; no books, no taste for plants or rocks, no care for the changes of clouds or sea or mountains, nothing but his pride in his useless strength to oppose to the inexorable aloofness of nature—and of his own comrades. He must have suffered—I could not measure it. Where had he found the courage to keep apart from them? Why he had not been driven—irresistibly driven—by his desolation to seek them out, to ask for a word of kindness, or, if that were denied him, to force from them companionship by his great strength—and there came the remembrance of his enormous bulk advancing toward me down the beach, and with that, suddenly, I saw it all. It had not been courage that had kept him from them, it had been fear. He had broken down even so far as that. He had feared them. He had feared me; he had shown fear of me in every gesture, if I had but had the key; yes, and he had feared himself; as he rushed away into the fog he was certainly fleeing from himself.

I turned upon Green.

"How did you dare to do it?" I shouted. "You! I mean you, personally! You say that you forgive injuries. Why didn't you go to him?"

If he had been nearer or less agile I think that I should have had my hand upon the hood of his netcher, but he sprang out of reach and stood gasping at me, with his mouth open and his beard canted over his left breast. His consternation brought me up with a little shame for my outburst.

"You must have known how lonely he would be," I explained. "You knew he did not care for books. You knew he wasn't shooting. What could he be doing? Why didn't you go to see him? Didn't you know what a state he would get into?"

"No one was going to see him," he protested confusedly. "Everest didn't go, he didn't ask me to go. The chief had suspended him. I didn't know whether I had any business to go."

"You didn't know—" I began, but a sense of the miserable uselessness of casting blame checked me, and I walked on. In a minute his voice came from behind me.

"I know some things now that I didn't know then," he pleaded.

"You might at least have taken him a dog," I threw off in the final moment of exasperation. I heard him draw in his breath and then he shouted at me:

"Good God! Do you want me to get like Everest?"

"No, no!" I answered, and indeed I spoke in haste, for I was afraid myself of getting like Everest. In spite of all my efforts to be sane I could not keep off a confusion of incomplete visions of the months that Hiller had spent in that hut. They besieged every unprotected corner of my mind—a helter-skelter congeries of whens: when was it that the brief happiness which he must have had in building his hut had ceased; when had solitaire proved to be cloying; when had he wreaked his rage and despair upon his useless gun; when had he begun to be so careless about the keeping of his hut and about his clothes and about his comfort, that he could sleep in the midst of putrefaction, and that the labor of cramming a few stones into a leak in the wall was too formidable for his stupendous energy? And at what period in all this downfall had he begun to be conscious that he needed other men, so that he had come at last to peer over rocks at them, and to seek refuge and comfort in hearing "Glad to see you" from echoes? And during all the time I was conscious of muttering over to myself: "This won't do." "Time for this later." "Keep your head." "You've got to do something," and suddenly I had the sense of being overheard.

At first I inferred that I had spoken aloud, and turned, I surmise abruptly, to my companion. But he was several steps behind me, and showed none of the signs of an eaves-dropper; in fact he was looking, not toward me, but toward the mountains. He halted beside me, but still continued his scrutiny, and presently shook his head dolefully.

"I don't see him anywhere," he sighed. "Do you?"

A confusion of noises responded to his words, and I was surprised into looking around me. We had passed beyond a promontory which extended almost to the sea, and had entered a vast amphitheatre probably formed by glacial action. I do not suppose that I realized its features at the time, but I can see them clearly now—a half-circle, closed in by ramparts of sandstone so high that instinctively I threw back my head to observe their crests; the sea-wall of the glacier, at the left, a greenish-blue band, streaming like a ribbon to the opposite boundaries of the bay, and at the right, above me, the towering mass of earth which had interposed itself between us and the long

stretch of beach. The shore of the amphitheatre curved gracefully inland, following a line in general parallel to the line of the cliffs; and in the little harbor thus produced lay stranded perhaps a dozen icebergs, derelicts driven here by tides or winds or backwaters from the multitudinous fleet in the bay just beyond. We had almost reached the innermost limit of the water, and stood near the central point of the half-circle, opposite the end of what I recognized mechanically as a remarkably fine example of trap dyke. The ridge, thinned perhaps, but still triumphantly existing, after the struggle with ice and water which in the course of ages had worn away the sandstone around and above it, emerged from the level near the beach, rose abruptly, a dull red note against the gray circumference of the pit, and finally disappeared in the side of the plateau.

Apparently Green had watched closely the direction of my eyes, for he remarked that this had been the scene of his episode with Hiller. As he was speaking I had again the sense of many persons close at hand, and at once perceived that it had come from the echo, which deliberately reproduced every word that we uttered, and every crunching of our feet in the sand.

"This is where he stood," explained Green disconsolately, "but there are no signs of him. There's Everest, though," he added with some reanimation of spirit.

While the echo was exasperatingly repeating "Everest, Everest," I surveyed carefully the floor of the amphitheatre. Except for a few hints of green where grass had begun to respond to the encouragement of brooks from the melting snow above, it was a bare tract of sand and rounded stones. A mile or so away, at the right, moved the two black figures of Denton and Everest, making their slow way around the base of the promontory. Against the serene immensity of the cliff they looked ridiculously insignificant; I had the sense of watching ants sidling along the foot of a wainscoting.

I suppose that the weariness of the long walk, and the discouragement that came with Hiller's failure to keep what I had permitted myself to believe might turn out to be a sort of appointment, had its effect upon my features, for happening to include Green in my survey, I was almost moved to laughter by his dismal countenance, which must have been a reflection of my own. It was evident that his spirits had fallen with the failure of

Everest's theory that Hiller would be easy to find.

"Never mind, we'll get him," I said.

The echoes mocked me, and perhaps it was partly in defiance of them, as well as partly with an unformulated design of doing something at once, that I turned toward the bergs and shouted Hiller's name.

I had grown somewhat accustomed to the idea of echoes, but I was by no means prepared for the extraordinary effect that my increase in volume of tone produced. It seemed to find in every nook and corner of the harbor new and responsive surfaces; from one quarter after another my cry came back, until the whole amphitheatre was calling for "Hiller! Hiller! Hiller! Hiller! Hiller!" and even after the chorus of icebergs outside had taken up the summons and were transmitting "Hiller! Hiller! Hiller!" to the uttermost parts of the bay, in the midst of the tumult of sound, sudden rapid exclamations of his name snapped out, apparently from close at hand. That such a message should not reach him in any recess was inconceivable, and I turned to the valley with a feeling almost of surety that in a moment he would spring from some crevice in the dyke. But the noise lingered away into silence, and there had been no movement to arrest the eye. Everest and Denton stood motionless, plainly startled by the outcry; but for their suspension of movement, the valley remained unchanged. Green had made a few paces up the beach and was bending forward in an attitude that denoted a tenseness of attention. After the last murmur had vanished, he threw out his hands with a gesture of despair. They did not fall to his sides, and in a moment he turned upon me a face portentous with a new idea. In some way or other, without the medium of words, I realized his thought, and hailed the icebergs again with "Hello, old chap!" Before the reply had come back to me three times, it was interrupted, or rather overwhelmed, by a great roar. I faced the cliffs again in the midst of a chaos of noises, to which Green added a shout of "There he is!" and Hiller leaped into view, at the summit of the ridge. He was a hundred feet above us, and several hundreds of feet away, and yet his bulk loomed majestic, even in the midst of the majesty of the mountains. The sun shone full upon him, and against the gray background of the cliffs his gestures were clearly visible, as he flung his arms to and fro.

I shall never know whether his great roar

meant welcome or despair or sheer animal rage; whether he was hastening to greet us or whether he was rushing to annihilate us; whether in his last superb gesture he widened his arms to embrace us or to crush us, or whether the sweep of it was merely the extravagance of a suicidal madman. It was only for a moment that he stood there, and then he sprang forward and disappeared.

I have always hoped that he made a great leap to meet us. If he had surpassed the cleft in the dyke, at the bottom of which we found him, he would have alighted at the crest of an easy, sloping descent to the beach. But the summits of the cleft were more than a giant's leap apart, and he had fallen a hundred feet.

We reached him almost together, Everest and Denton from one end of the chasm, Green and I from the other end. He lay indescribably torn and broken by the jagged rocks upon which he had fallen. Everest rushed forward, threw himself upon him, and strove to raise him, and when this proved to be too great a task for his strength, bowed his head upon the head of the dead man, in a paroxysm of grief or despair.

Denton reached him before we did, seized him roughly by the arm, and hauled him to his feet. The boy stood wavering for an instant, and then faced me and flung out his arms with a gesture so like the last gesture of Hiller's that I felt my heart as it jumped.

"It was the darkness!" he shrieked. "Don't you see?—the darkness! the darkness!"

For an instant he stood challenging me thus; then he threw his arms forward and made a plunging step toward me. I thought that he was falling, and sprang to catch him; but Green was quicker than I. Before I had a foot off the ground he had darted past me and had seized Everest around the waist. He supported the lad to a patch of grass at hand, laid him upon it, gave him a knee for a pillow, and twisted his ungainly self down to examine his face.

"Could you bring some water, Dr. Dahlgren?" he asked.

I filled my flask at a pool in a neighboring snow-bank, and Everest gulped the water down. The coldness of it did him good, and he tried to arise; but Green prevented that, and after a few struggles the boy gave up. His face was flushed, and his hands were dragging out tufts of grass and scattering them abroad.

Denton was standing motionless beside Hil-

ler, and I crossed to him. He was not looking at Hiller; his eyes were lifted toward the vacancy beyond the cliffs. When I spoke his name, he looked at me blankly.

"We've got to get him to headquarters," I suggested. "I don't trust myself in medicine, and I want the doctor to see him. He's had a bad shock, and I'm afraid of brain fever."

"Brain fever?" he repeated confusedly, and suddenly his eyes were alight with what seemed like wonderment. He stooped swiftly over the dead man and touched his forehead. While I was puzzling over this, he sprang to his feet and glared at me.

"What do you mean?" he shouted. "He's dead! He's dead!"

I had a light upon his thought, and felt kinder toward him for his moment of hope.

"Yes," I assented gently, "he's dead. It wasn't of him that I was thinking. Everest has broken down. We must get him to headquarters. He needs care."

"Everest?" inquired Denton vaguely. He cast a look at the group upon the grass. "He's all right, isn't he? If he isn't, you and Green get him to headquarters."

He walked slowly up the ravine. "Some one must stay," he threw back to me.

"Wait a moment, Mr. Denton," I commanded. "We can do nothing here. I'll send my party later. It will need all of us to attend to the man that is yet alive."

He paid no attention to me, except to shout something of which I caught only the word "foxes," and seated himself upon a rock, with his back toward us. I turned to the others. Green had allowed Everest to sit up, and both were staring at me in consternation.

"Never mind," I cried, "we'll get to headquarters by ourselves, and I'll send——"

Everest interrupted me with a slow shake of the head.

"No!" he grated out. "We can't go. We can't leave him—can we, Green?"

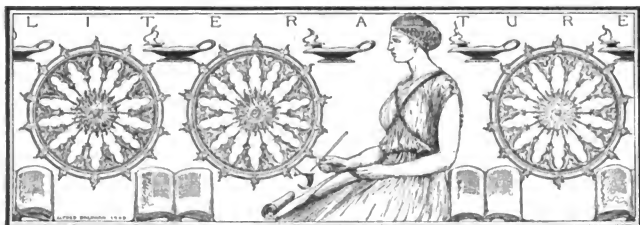
Green, too, solemnly shook his head.

"Guess we'd better stay," he said. "As Denton says, there may be foxes." Then he startled me with a high-pitched laugh.

"Guess we can do that at least for him," he cackled.

Everest burst out into sobs, and sank back against Green's shoulder. Green threw an arm about him, and with the other arm motioned me to go.

I left them to guard Hiller against the foxes.



A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT
(Johan Barrett)

THERE are numerous excuses for going "slumming." One may simply be keeping step with a passing fad. Or one may be actuated by an idle and somewhat hesitant curiosity. Or one may like to accentuate one's own blessings by the juxtaposition of contrasting horrors. Or one may be passionately possessed either by an omnivorous desire to understand one's fellow-humans, or by a controlling determination to help them. Of course one may go a-slumming either corporeally, among the tenements, or intellectually, between covers. Frank Danby's "The Heart of a Child" (Macmillan) is an excursion that falls in the latter category, and offers certain inducements to each of the listed classes of excursionists. Being by the author of "Pigs in Clover" and "Baccarat," there hangs about it, by association, a certain suggestion of naughtiness that, happily unjustified, is not without its potential allurements. Dealing, as it does, with the underworld of the London music-halls, the grist that they grind, and the mill-stones with which they grind it, it offers a comfortable sense of contrast to the socially secure. Leading up, as it does, to a romantic but credible dénouement, in which poetic justice and the possibilities seem for the nonce to join hands, it affords an opportunity of self-justification to the sentimentally optimistic who imagine themselves to be altruists. Finally, in the objective (as opposed to the analytical) presentation of Sally Snape in her progress from gutter-child to peeress; in the silent but none the less persuasive exposition of the nature and the power of innate guilelessness; and in the rough-edged realism of its horde of attendant characters, the novel excites and repays the interest of those students of life who seek in the creative interpretations of others the verification and enrichment of their own observation.

But our slumming opportunities are by no means limited to Frank Danby's excellent sociological romance. We have, in addition to slumming in the slums, the chance to go slumming in society under the guidance of Mr. Upton Sinclair in "The Metropolis" (Moffat, Yard), or of Miss Louise Maunsell Field in "Katharine Trevalyan" (McClure). We are, however, if we may be allowed the expression, inclined to be "leary" of Mr. Sinclair's guidance. He brings, with the best intentions, the methods of the nature faker into his didactic and reformatory fiction. That is to say, he selects from a series of years and a variety of observations the most startling, stunning, and sensational episodes, constructs from them a "typical case," and imagines that affidavits as to the exceptional truth of component instances establish the habitual truth of the resultant combination. He is, in short, a writer of experience, directness, and forcefulness in whose work an effective verbal restraint masks a headlong and intemperate habit of generalization and judgment. The blend is dynamic, but may be dangerous both in the exaggeration of its effect and in the revulsionary apathy of its reaction. "The Jungle" aroused a popular turmoil; it provoked several official investigations; it led to the so-called pure food legislation; but it has left us more or less indifferent to any method of sausage manufacture that does not regard rats and laborers as raw material. "The Metropolis" is a companion piece to "The Jungle." It pictures the opposite end of the social spectrum, and "shows up" society as sensationally as that volume "showed up" the stock-yards. It might, conceivably, in a like manner overstimulate our resentment and exhaust our sensitiveness. But since, after all, the follies of the rich are only

important as they bear upon the miseries of the poor, and as the by-products of society affect our appetites less intimately than the output of the packing-house, its sensationalism is likely to be the chief attraction of "The Metropolis" and its own reward.

Now it happens that Society, as we are asked to accept it by Miss Field in her first novel, "Katharine Trevalyan," is, if anything, a less edifying spectacle still. And the fact that Miss Field is writing from "the inside," while Mr. Sinclair has been challenged on the ground that, being an outsider, he can boast no esoteric authority, would seem to make these volumes mutually corroborative. But the fact is that Miss Field's artistic bias is even more patent and more disqualifying than Mr. Sinclair's socialistic enthusiasm. She writes gracefully. She has an ear for dialogue, an eye for movement and color, a more than embryonic character-sense. But as yet her dramatic instincts are wholly melodramatic; she is impatient, if not incredulous, of moral half-tones; and she inclines on the one hand to paint the lily of human virtue, and on the other to blacken the face of the devil. Intent upon presenting her heroine in the most concentrated focus of the literary limelight, she has not only endowed her with all the virtues and denied her even the poor vice of being lovable, but has rigorously excluded from her social entourage every hint of heart, hope, happiness, and the humanities. The result is a small coterie of shallow, spiteful, and debauched vulgarians who do duty as Society, with a large S, and among whom Katharine appears, as Miss Field herself expresses it, like "a demoiselle of the *ancien regime* flung amidst a rabble of the Commune."

I was calling, recently, upon an old lady whose home looks across its ancient garden upon a mill-dam and the open fields. She and I and Sanchez, an Irish setter full of years and dignity, had been renewing old acquaintance. "Sanchez," said my friend, "I hear your disreputable boon companion calling to you from beyond the hedge. Listen," she said to me, "do you hear a sort of whining? That is a small black dog who sometimes takes Sanchez rabbit-hunting. He has been forbidden the place under penalty of the horse-whip, so now he telephones his appointments." And, sure enough, Sanchez, with elaborate nonchalance, rose, stretched, sauntered to the end of the piazza and so round the corner of the house. In a few minutes we saw two specks, a large red and a small black one, making across the fields toward the summer woods. "He'll be back in the morning," said Sanchez's mistress, "outwardly shamefaced and bedraggled, but inwardly happy." Our imaginations

are much like setters. They dearly love to run wild now and then; to break training and chase cross-country, after rabbits; and though they seldom start off on their own initiative, the staidest of them are not proof against temptation. Mr. Roy Norton, in "The Vanishing Fleets" (Appleton), calls to us from beyond the hedge to go with him on a lawless and exciting run through the thickets of the unlikely and the backwoods of the impossible. We will be apt, if we are full of years and dignity, to come back a bit hang-doggy, but the run will have done us good.

There are not a few who think that when the accounts come to be balanced and the literary profit and loss of our day and generation figured out and posted, the short story may be found to have been the most characteristic and revealing product of the time. It is, at least, our own invention and, irrespective of its appeal to posterity, it would seem, for good or ill repute, to be our most typical contribution to the art of fiction. Even in art, however, there holds good the old adage that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy; and a cub art, like any other cub, must have full freedom to cut antics and try its powers in make-believe. A volume of short stories, by Gouverneur Morris, recently issued and called "The Footprint" (Scribner), is full of this mock-earnest and semi-playful spirit—the cub, or kitten, spirit; alternately all claws and all fluff, shifting from fierceness to roly-poly with bewildering but spontaneous inconsequence. The title-tale of "The Footprint" is a story of absurd but snaky horror, wakenly impossible but with all the realism of a nightmare. "A Carolina Night's Dream" is as clean-cut a cameo of humor and happiness as one could wish for. "The Little Heiress" fairly drips sugar. And so it goes. There be those who are impatient of kittens. They prefer staid cats who sit calculably on their allotted cushions and purr. Let such pass on. Mr. Morris's stories are for us others.

There is a distinction between the lives of literary men and men's literary lives. Both have their seven ages, but these may so far fail to synchronize that, creatively, a man may be an octogenarian at forty or, like William de Morgan, be trying new tools at threescore and odd. The signs, however, are similar in both cases. In writing, as in living, some grow crabbed and cantankerous; others mellow ripely, like winter apples, with a tang of cider in their wisdom; and some, still young in heart, grow garrulous and never know it. Come to think of it, it is a good many years since F. Marion Crawford came back from the East with "Mr. Isaacs," and won our familiar friendship and the informal freedom of

our library tables. He had, as the saying is, a way with him. When he dropped in, we gathered round and hung spellbound upon his latest tale of Second Avenue or modern Rome. He still has a way with him, and season by season we still welcome him both for his own and for old sake's sake. But the Crawford of "Marietta" and "Arethusa" is not the Crawford of "Saracinesca" and "The Ralstons." He is, there is no denying it, growing more than a little gray on his story-telling temples. In his latest novel, "The Prima Donna" (Macmillan), a story of to-day and a sequel to his "Fair Margaret," he—well, he wanders. There are times when one feels that he is intent upon tracing the corroding influence of success on a fine character. Again, one concludes that he is writing a detective story. In the end one looks back upon the book (as I once heard an old Lake captain say that he looked upon watermelon) as a mouthful of fog.

Nobody, so far as I know, has ever discovered by what subconscious instinct or telepathic impulse all small boys, at certain seasons, take to playing marbles; nor to what agency of infection is due the hay-fever of peg-top that follows; nor why, later on, the sidewalks simultaneously break out into an eruption of hop-scotch chalk-marks. We used, I remember, to regard the sequence simply as a law of nature. Something of the same mysteriousness seems to envelop the coming and going of literary and intellectual obsessions. It is only a few years ago that all the novelists at once were writing historical romance. More recently all the philosophers have been devoting themselves to the consideration of sex. From Vienna and Chicago and intermediate centers of speculative science we have had "Sex and Character," "Sex and Society," "The Psychology of Sex," and other works. The game has been interesting and hotly contested. Physiologists, psychologists, misogynists, and idealists have taken part in it. The air has been full of biological inferences and evolutionary hypotheses. And now comes Mr. Emmet Densmore with an offer to act as umpire. It is an excellent suggestion. The game is about over for this time. Peg-top can't last for ever. Hop-scotch will soon be overdue. It is really worth while to take stock and see what pet ideas have had pieces chipped out of them, and what staunch old theories have been split open. Mr. Densmore calls his volume "Sex Equality" (Funk & Wagnalls). He reviews the arguments in turn, and without apparent bias, certainly without offensive partisanship,

sums up the debate. The book is a refreshing example of how lucidly non-technical a technically competent gentleman can be upon occasion.

OTHER BOOKS

"Leaves from the Note Books of Lady Dorothy Nevill" (Macmillan). A second volume of reminiscences edited by Ral; i Nevill and touching with a peculiar but pleasant naiveté upon all sorts of early- and mid-Victorian affairs.

"The Affair at Pine Court" (Lippincott). A story of exciting events at an Adirondack house-party, told with considerable verve by Nelson Rust Gilbert.

"The New American Type" (Houghton, Mifflin). A volume of essays, critical and commmentative, by Henry D. Sedgwick, who is one of the three or four American practitioners of this delightful art.

"The Judgment of Eve" (Harper). One of the novelettes with which Miss May Sinclair occasionally accentuates (by contrast) the glow of "The Divine Fire." This is a matter-of-fact recital of one white woman's burden in middle-class English life.

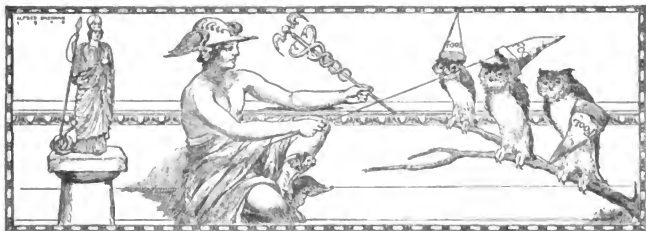
"The Management of a City School" (Macmillan). A discussion of modern educational problems from the standpoint of the principal, and a work that will repay the attention of parents as well as teachers and others in authority.

"Home from Sea" (Houghton, Mifflin). A volume of short stories by George S. Wasson, whose "Cap'n Simeon's Store" contained so life-like a record of Maine coast types and their idiosyncrasies. These tales are shavings from the same work-bench.

"A Princess of Intrigue" (Putnam). A biography of Anne Geneviève de Bourbon, Duchesse de Longueville (1619-1679), and the social history of her day, in two interesting volumes by H. Noel Williams.

"In Korea with Marquis Ito" (Scribner). George Trumbull Ladd's account of a semi-official visit to Korea, to which is added a much more interesting and valuable discussion of the historical, political, and religious condition of the country.





UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

Whether or not Samuel Clemens knows it, an agent once called upon Mark Twain and sought to interest him in life insurance. At first he talked well; then, having exhausted all of his arguments, he merely talked. Mark Twain yawned slightly and became reminded as follows:

"Some years ago in Hartford, we all went to church one hot, sweltering night to hear the annual report of Mr. Hawley, a city missionary who went around finding people who needed help and didn't want to ask for it. He told of the life in cellars, where poverty resided; he gave instances of the heroism and devotion of the poor. When a man with millions gives, he said, we make a great deal of noise. It's a noise in the wrong place, for it's the widow's mite that counts. Well, Hawley worked me up to a great pitch. I could hardly wait for him to get through. I had \$400 in my pocket. I wanted to give that and borrow more to give. You could see greenbacks in every eye. But instead of passing the plate then, he kept on talking and talking and talking, and as he talked it grew hotter and hotter and hotter, and we grew sleeper and sleeper and sleeper. My enthusiasm went down, down, down, down—\$100 at a clip—until finally, when the plate did come around, I stole ten cents out of it. It all goes to show how a little thing like this can lead to crime."

One Fourth of July night in London, the Empire Music Hall advertised special attractions to American visitors. All over the auditorium the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes unfolded one another, and at the interludes were heard

"Yankee Doodle" and "Hail, Columbia," while a quartet sang "Down upon the Suwanee River." Altogether an occasion to swell the heart of the exiled patriot. Then came the turn of the Human Encyclopedia, who advanced to the front of the stage and announced himself ready to answer, sight unseen, all questions the audience might propound. A volley of queries was fired at him, and the Encyclopedia breathlessly told the distance of the earth from Mars, the number of bones in the human skeleton, of square miles in the British Empire, and other equally important facts. There was a brief pause, in which an American stood up. "What great event took place July 4, 1776?" he propounded in a loud, glad voice.

The Human Encyclopedia glared at him. "Th' hincident you speak of, sir, was a hinfamous houting."

Long, long ago, in the days before certain Maine laws were laws, a man named Wing furnished "accommodation for man and beast" at his inn at Middle Granville. He was very deaf, almost as deaf as his chief crony Fish, the village painter. One day when Wing and Fish were both sitting in the tap-room a traveler from the South dropped in to inquire the distance to Brandon.

"Brandy?" said the host, jumping to his feet. "Yes, I've got some." He placed a decanter of the precious fluid on the counter.

"You misunderstood me, sir," said the stranger. "I asked how far it was to Brandon."

"They call it pretty good brandy," Wing assured him. "Will you take sugar with it?"

The traveler turned in despair to Fish. "Mine host seems to be hard of hearing. Will you kindly tell me how far it is to Brandon?"

"Thank you," said Fish. "I don't care if I do!"

The stranger treated and fled.

At a dinner given by the prime minister of a little kingdom on the Balkan Peninsula, a distinguished diplomat complained to his host that the minister of justice, who had been sitting on his left, had stolen his watch.

"Ah, he shouldn't have done that," said the prime minister in tones of annoyance. "I will get it back for you."

Sure enough, toward the end of the evening the watch was returned to its owner.

"And what did he say?" asked the diplomat.

"Sh-h," cautioned the host, glancing anxiously about him. "He doesn't know that I have got it back."

"Where are you goin', ma?" asked the youngest of the five children.

"I'm going to a surprise party, my dear," answered the mother.

"Are we all goin', too?"

"No, dear. You weren't invited."

After a few moments' deep thought:

"Say, ma, then don't you think they'd be lots more surprised if you did take us all?"

Marshall Field, 3rd, according to a story now going the rounds, bids fair to become a very cautious business man when he grows up. Approaching an old lady in a Lakewood hotel, he said:

"Can you crack nuts?"

"No, dear," the old lady replied. "I lost all my teeth ages ago."

"Then," requested Master Field, extending two hands full of pecans, "please hold these while I go and get some more."

"Alert?" repeated Senator Hopkins when questioned concerning one of his colleagues. "Why, he's as alert and clever as the Aurora bridegroom I heard of the other day. You know how bridegrooms starting off on their honeymoons have a way of forgetting all about their brides and buying tickets only for themselves? Well, that's what this Aurora bridegroom did. And when his wife said to him, 'Why, John, you only bought one ticket,' he answered without a moment's hesitation: 'By Jove, you're right, dear! I'd forgotten myself entirely!'"

A Mormon's wife, coming down-stairs one morning, met the physician who was attending her husband.

"Is he very ill?" she asked anxiously.

"He is," replied the physician. "I fear that the end is not far off."

"Do you think," she asked hesitatingly, "do you think it proper that I should be at his bedside during his last moments?"

"Yes. But I advise you to hurry, madam. The best places are already being taken."

The enterprising manager of a little lyric theatre in northern Pennsylvania believes in profiting by the misfortunes of others. One day he displayed the following sign in his house:

DO NOT SMOKE
REMEMBER THE IROQUOIS FIRE

So great was the efficacy of this that before the end of the week he put up another:

DO NOT SPIT
REMEMBER THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD

A believer in organized charity cites the following as an example of misdirected tenderheartedness:

A very benevolent but absent-minded old gentleman, riding in his carriage one hot July day, noticed a toad in the dusty road gasping with the heat. In the kindness of his heart he climbed down, tenderly moved the poor toad into the shade of his carriage, and then, thoroughly satisfied with his good deed, climbed up again and drove on.

Ezekiel, a Florida dorky, had no stockings, so the night before Christmas he hung his trousers in the chimney of the tumble-down shack that he calls home. Christmas morning a Northern lady, calling at the cabin with some presents for the family, was greeted by Ezekiel's doleful face protruding from a narrow opening in the door. After wishing him a merry Christmas, the lady asked him what presents he had received.

"Ah reckon Ah must have got er nigger," said Ezekiel. "Mah pants is gone."

"Waiter," said a traveler in a railroad restaurant, "did you say I had twenty minutes to wait or that it was twenty minutes to eight?"

"Nayther. Oi said ye had twinty minutes to ate, an' that's all ye did have. Yer train's just gone."

Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

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31 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

WE bound a yellow insert in the body of the June EVERYBODY'S, headed "A Favor—and the Price." Perhaps you read it. In it we asked our friends to help us swing fifteen hundred shares of The Ridgway Company stock. It took nerve (both kinds) to make that request, and after making it we put in several mighty anxious days. Would our friends understand? Could we lean on their friendship so hard and not strain it? Was it another mistake? You know the doubts that come trooping in after an important decision. We had them all. It was no use shooing them away; back they would come, bringing their ancestors.

Then one of our good friends heard about the proposed insert and called us on the 'phone:

"Is it true about the insert?"

"Yes."

"Is it too late to stop it?"

"Yes; don't you think it the right thing to do?"

"Well," he said, "it doesn't remind me of J. Pierpont Morgan," and rang off. We took the afternoon off to play golf—and it rained. Things were coming our way—not.

We never remember to have experienced a cloudier week, weatherwise and otherwise. On the morning of the day of issue of the June number we came down to the office early, and found a check for two shares of stock, from Boston. The magazine must have reached one friend a day early. But the clouds hung around all that day. We could not get it out of our minds that this insert was to be a supreme test of our standing with our readers. Do they believe in us? Do they care enough to wish to help us? Do they appreciate that we are really and earnestly striv-

ing to make the magazine a power for the Common Good? If they do not believe, care, appreciate, it must be that we have not done our work right, that we have failed somewhere. But praise be, they do believe and care and appreciate. We have overwhelming evidence of it. Nothing in our business experience has so enheartened us as the response to the yellow insert.

Beginning with the day following the day of issue, it has literally poured a white rain of compliments and checks and kindness. And though the money is greatly appreciated, we had gotten ourselves into such a stew worrying about how we stood with our readers, and fearing lest they might think we were presuming in our relation with them, that the compliments and kindness and the assurances that you do care make us almost forget the money. We shall reply to every letter, and we take this occasion to acknowledge the ones we did not receive—the thoughts that many of you had and did not have time to express on paper. We are wound up for five years more if we do not receive another "kind word" in all that time. Folks, we are proud of you. Proud to work for you. You know an honest worker, and your reward is kingly. It is a privilege to live in the same world with you—big, splendid, warm-hearted that you are. God love you.

BREAD AND BUTTER

We are writing this on May 27th, seven days after the June number went on sale. Too early to tell surely how the stock is going to sell. We have scarcely had time to hear from California. We will give you the facts, and you can make your own prediction. We

are impressed with the showing, and gratified, but the thing we are elated over is the unmistakable proof our readers have given us that they are with us. Talk about money in the same connection seems almost a sacrilege. We started out to sell stock, however—a bread-and-butter problem that brings us back to earth—and we shall see it through. You will be interested in the business end of that circular. If we needed any confirmation of our opinion of the value of EVERYBODY'S as an advertising medium, we got it. In addition, there were friends who wished to help us and thought they could not, but did with the letters they have written to us in the past seven days.

During these first seven days we have received in cash \$31,200. In addition to that, we have requests from our readers asking us to reserve for them \$12,500 worth of the stock. They made these reservations because their money was not immediately available. Inasmuch as many of the savings-banks pay their interest on July 1st, we have agreed to make a definite reservation for them until July 15th.

As the situation stands at the end of seven days, we have sold \$43,700 worth of the stock, but that does not begin to tell the story. You may remember that in the insert we asked our friends to write for further information if they desired it. We are replying to these inquiries as fast as we can. There is no means of knowing exactly how much money they represent. If our answers to the inquiries are satisfactory, it is conceivable they may represent even more than we have received in cash. The subscriptions and reservations and inquiries will, of course, continue for a long time.

Obliged as we are to go to press for the July number at once, we are in a quandary as to what to do next: whether to wait and see what the complete results of the running of the insert will be, or whether to run another insert in the July number to make sure that the entire amount we wish to place is subscribed. It is almost too much to expect that all of it will be subscribed through just one insert. If we decide to run the insert, you will find it between pages 88 and 89 of the text.

If you wish some of the stock or wish to make a definite reservation, we would advise that you write us immediately. We cannot promise that there will be any left on June 20th, when this number goes on the stands. Probably there will be some left.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS

"MR. RIDGWAY: I am reading with exceeding interest Mr. Garland's *Shadow World* experiences, finding the second instalment more absorbing than the first; but say, where did those mystic hands come from which adorn the mystic table on the May cover? They are photographs all right—no artist would ever draw a hand like those—but who sat for them? There isn't one of them that doesn't look as if it could yank the astral body off its perch and spank it into spectral submission. The poet says: 'Unseen hands delay the coming of what oft seems close in ken,' but these are not that kind. They're in the open and built to grab any old spirit and push it along. But maybe it is the camera's fault. What?

"W. J. LAMPTON."

Did those hands on our May cover strike you as they did Mr. Lampton? We should regret to be obliged to admit that they are as bad as he paints them, because—well, because they are our hands, you know. Our staff posed for them. We are half tempted to offer anyone five dollars who picks out the art director's. Of all the villainous-looking—but we must not give you a hint. All those hands look beautiful to us. You may recall the lines in vogue several years ago about "mother's hands":

"Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're neither white nor small,
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they are fair at all—"

and several verses more to the effect that mother's hands are beautiful because they do all sorts of things for us. Do you believe it?

PIERPONT AGAIN

Responsibility for other people's money is bound to make an honest man conservative. That is probably why bankers as a class are such proverbial wet blankets.

"EAU CLAIRE, Wis., May 29, 1908.

"ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, N. Y.

"DEAR SIR: Enclosed please find draft for \$500.00 for five shares of stock of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, as per your May 4th 'ad.'

"I asked the president of one of the banks about this, and he said if you could pay 10% Pierpont Morgan would take the whole lot. But I am sending this just the same.

"Yours, etc., A. T. H."

Our banker friend has hit his finger instead of the nail. We have three offers for the whole lot and two for the entire property. Now, why do you suppose Wall Street would like to control EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE?



Painted by B. Cory Kilbert for Cream of Wheat Company, 1907.

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“LEST WE FORGET.”



When the Sun is Red Hot



and you and your collar are limp
as rags; when your mouth and throat
are the only dry spots on you and you
are very, very thirsty, there's just one
thing to do—

Drink

Coca-Cola
TRADE MARK
REGISTERED

It will freshen you up—please your palate and quench
your thirst as no other liquid will.

**Delicious—Refreshing—Wholesome
Thirst-Quenching**

GET THE GENUINE

5c. Everywhere

22



AVGVST



"YOU DON'T WANT TO GET AWAY NOW, DO YOU, SWEETHEART?"

—A Symphony in B Flat.—Page 212

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XIX.

AUGUST, 1908.

No. 2.



And thus he sat . . . thinking, while the mellow glow of sunlight filled every nook and corner

THE BATTLE OF PANKOW

By GEORGE WOODRUFF JOHNSTON

Illustrations by Blanche Greer

YOUR Royal Highness," said General von Kampf in a loud, monotonous voice, as if addressing a large and distant body of soldiery: "Your Royal Highness, the disposition of your troops is most unwise and improper. Your left flank is entirely unprotected—is in the air," and he looked with stern disfavor at the troops of leaden soldiers on the table. "It was to a precisely similar condition of affairs that it became my duty to call the attention of your sainted grandfather on the very eve of the battle of Pankow. His Majesty, lending his august ear to my humble counsels, intrusted me with the

honor of remedying the defect, which I did, with the help of the dragoons of the guard, by driving off some of the enemy's artillery and temporarily occupying a most desirable position.

"I will not deny that the skirmish was sharp,"—one of the general's white-gloved hands strayed as if insensibly toward a blazing star pinned on his breast—"but the rest was easy. Your grandsire at once secured the position permanently, crumpled up the exposed wing of the opposing forces with great slaughter, and achieved an overwhelming victory. Considering how often and how

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carefully I have gone over with you every detail of the campaign that ended at Pankow—Pankow, name ever glorious in the history of our country!—I am surprised, nay, I am shocked, I am grieved that you do not at once see the weakness of your present dispositions. Unless your opponent be devoid of all military sense, he will attack immediately and your army will be decimated."

General von Kampf—bald, wrinkled, bristly, rigid—fixed his royal highness, the crown prince, with a cold blue eye, and bowed stiffly with much creaking of joints, belts, and buckles.

"Decimated!" breathed the crown prince, timidly, looking no higher than the toes of the general's martial boots. "Decimated? What does 'decimated' mean, if you please, your excellency?"

"To decimate," replied General von Kampf, "is to put out of action ten per cent. of your enemy's effectives. Such is its proper meaning; a good officer knows no other. To him the verb 'to decimate' has no passive voice. As applied to you, however, it is to be overwhelmed, demolished, annihilated, obliterated—in short, to be absolutely extinguished, for that is what undoubtedly will befall your command. Had you been attentive to my teachings, you would have rested your left wing on this river, which, as I have repeatedly told you, is too deep to ford, too wide for any shot to traverse, and too rapid to bridge. Then you would have been safe. As it is, you are utterly and irretrievably lost!"

Lost! The crown prince cast one appealing glance at General von Kampf, the chief of his household, but saw nothing on the harsh face of that dignitary save a frown of disapproval. He was terrified. The word "Lost!" "Lost!" kept ringing mournfully in his ears. He strove to be brave. He sat very still and very erect in his chair, made higher by a tremendous book—"Von Kampf on Strategy and Tactics, with Special Reference to the Campaign of Pankow and the Final Battle of the War." He clenched his little hands together tightly and gazed straight in front of him, trying with all his might to look somewhere, anywhere, rather than at a certain picture hanging on the wall. But it was of no use. His glance wavered, strayed nearer and nearer to the picture, until finally a lump rose in his throat and tears filled his eyes. And that he might hide this last weakness from her who looked down at

him with proud, cold face from out of the huge gilt frame, he cast his arms despairingly upon the table beside which he sat, and hid his twitching face in them. And that she might not hear, he choked back his sobs with all his remaining strength.

By this impetuous movement on the part of the crown prince, the royal forces covering the table were thrown into the utmost confusion and disarray, from which they, being quite as stiff and lacking in mobility as General von Kampf himself, were wholly unable to recover. The unfortunate left wing—horse, foot, and dragoons—already foredoomed to disaster, was entirely swept off its feet, and perished miserably beneath the torrential overflow of the impassable river, represented in the foregoing maneuvers by a mammoth celery dish filled with water.

At this, General von Kampf, solemn and motionless, frowned more darkly still.

"Be a man, Your Highness!" he exclaimed, irritably. "He who would be a king and would control others, must first learn to control himself. Be a man!"

"I don't want to be a king," stammered the crown prince, sobbing now in spite of himself. "And I can't be a man just yet, for I am only a little boy; and—and—your excellency, I want my mother."

"Preposterous!" cried General von Kampf. "Her Majesty left the capital yesterday. By this time she is at the end of the kingdom."

The end of the kingdom! Which end? wondered the crown prince, for he knew there must be two ends, since his father seemed always to be at one and his mother at the other.

Over this and many other serious problems, but chiefly over nuts fallen at random from the bursting storehouse of the general's wisdom and very hard to crack, his royal highness pondered deeply, especially at night, when military discipline was somewhat relaxed and he was at peace. And, based upon his speculations, he framed quite a formidable list of questions to be submitted to the chief of his household so soon as he should catch that grim warrior in just the proper humor. But before the list was half complete, his attention invariably wandered, and he fell to listening for the tread of the sentry in the courtyard beneath his window, or watched with frightened eyes the night-light flickering on the hearth and the shadows dancing on the wall. Now it was a giant, now a dragon with outstretched claws, now a ship tossing on the

sea. But soon giant, dragon, and ship faded into one another in some inexplicable manner, and looking about to discover what had become of them, he would see the early morning light shining in at his window, and the general, already starched, belted, and buckled, standing at his side and telling him that a good soldier should be up betimes and not lie idling in bed.

In the hurry and bustle of the busy day, with its drills and warlike exercises and its endless procession of spectacled professors, who used tremendously long words and expected him to know by heart all sorts of curious things of which he had never even heard, the crown prince could not recall a tithe of the questions formulated so carefully the night before. Or if he did, he could never screw up courage to ask them.

In the late afternoons, during his "play hour," as the general called it, matters were even worse. Whenever the latter said, "To-day, Your Highness, let us repeat the war-game of Pankow, in which famous battle, you will remember, I had the honor of being of some trifling service to your illustrious grand-sire," the crown prince, hopelessly wearied and confused by all that had gone before, could remember nothing, not even—what was now most to the point—the simplest principle of strategy or rule of tactics. In consequence, he disposed his leaden squadrons and regiments and batteries in the most haphazard and thoughtless manner. Nine chances out of ten, he forgot entirely which wing, if any, should rest upon the celery dish, and thus drew down death and destruction upon his unfortunate troops, and upon his own bewildered and terrified little head the fierce criticisms of the hero of that ever memorable day.

Once, however, by a happy chance, all went well. The imperiled left wing found itself in some wholly unexpected manner safely marshaled upon the very bank of the impassable river, and the enemy, completely out-manuevered, suffered an even more terrible defeat at the hands of the grandson than had in reality been inflicted by the grandfather.

The effect upon General von Kampf was simply astonishing. His face turned purple, his chest heaved, his marvelously tight uniform stretched and stretched until it seemed as if all the shiny buttons must fly off at once, and he stood for so long a time dumb and immovable that the crown prince became seriously alarmed. But presently the general's spurred heels cracked together; his right

hand, like a piece of rusty and complicated mechanism, came to the salute; and upon his face, after a good many abortive efforts, appeared an entirely new set of wrinkles, suggesting in some remote and phantasmal way the existence of a smile.

His royal highness was too astounded to speak, but quickly divining that no opportunity better suited to his purpose could ever be found, he rapidly reviewed in his mind, so far as he was able, the problems calling most urgently for solution. Among other things he desired to know if the general slept in his uniform with all his orders pinned on his breast, and if so, whether he found it comfortable. Again, he wished the general to let him look at his back, of which he never remembered having had a satisfactory view, and as a corollary thereto, to inquire if his excellency found it as easy to walk backward as forward, a mode of locomotion that he, the crown prince, had tried privily with but poor success. More important still, he longed to ask why his father did not give him a pile of sand in which to play, an appeal therefor having been several times made, at the general's suggestion, in the shape of a formal requisition for military supplies. But upon consideration he abandoned all these questions in favor of one that harassed him mightily.

"Why—why—" he began bravely, his eyes shining with excitement, his voice trembling with eagerness. He looked up, saw that the general was regarding him attentively, flushed hotly, hesitated, and stopped. "Why—why—" he began again; but his voice failed him. He could not go on. First, there was the general, of whom he was still mortally afraid. Second, was the sudden realization that the question he wished to ask was not one, but many, perhaps a thousand; for he could count up to a thousand, that being one of the most important of all numbers, as his excellency had often insisted, since it indicated precisely how many men went to make up a regiment of infantry. And third, now that the time to speak had come, came with it a knowledge of his own incompetency to put into words a single one—even the simplest—of the manifold riddles that together formed the one big riddle he so ardently desired to have solved for him.

Wearily, hopelessly, the crown prince closed his eyes and sank low in his chair, leaning his head against the great carved back that rose high above him. And thus he sat, thinking, while the mellow glow of sunset filled every



She went into a corner and put her back against the wall - holding him close - saying never a word

nook and corner of the lofty chamber with warmth and light, picking out the faded tapestries with shining threads, flaming and quivering in a mirror, a crystal chandelier, a trophy of ancient arms, and pouring over the polished floor a flood of molten gold. On each side of the towering chimney-piece, in the full radiance of the dying day, hung a picture, a full-length portrait the size of life, surrounded by a massive frame—the young king and younger queen, each in royal robes, each crowned, and as if this were not enough, surmounting each frame was yet another crown, huge in size and heavily gilded.

Under the portrait of his mother the crown prince sat, thinking, resting his head, which was too large and heavy, and his body, which was too small and thin, in the hollow of his carved chair. Though the light was blinding, the shadows lay heavy under his tired eyes; though all about him seemed on fire, he shivered with cold—a pale, sickly child, stifled, weary, worn out already before he had well begun to live, and all the glory of the setting sun could make nothing else of him. As gaily dressed in his little uniform as any of the leaden soldiers drawn up before him, he seemed as empty of the breath of life as they, as frail, as helpless.

The sun sank lower, its light crimsoned, and lay sluggish on the floor, like pools of blood. But presently that, too, faded, the air grew gray, and shadows formed beneath chairs and tables, blended with one another, and floated upward, thickening, slowly thickening, until familiar objects took on quaint and fearful shapes, now advancing, now retreating, now lost in infinite distances. And from the remoter corners of the room, where the gloom was deepest, issued mysterious whisperings and vague sounds like sighs.

The crown prince shuddered and looked up. The picture of his father had wholly disappeared. His father! Ah, here was one of the questions that most perplexed him—did his father love him, and if not, why? why? Was it because he was always so muddled in his little head, so worried, so tired that he could do nothing right, could never satisfy the general, never please anybody? Or was it because so many things frightened him, because he cried, because—he knew the very word—because he was a coward? Perhaps that was the reason no one loved him. And this brought him to the most terrible question of all—did his mother love him? Oh, if he only knew! if he could only tell!

Quickly he turned a supplicating glance toward her portrait. That, too, had vanished, the figure withdrawn into its frame as if departing through an open door. His mother had left him—alone in the coming darkness! Alone, for the general seemed to be asleep, and besides, he didn't count.

But was this his mother? If it were, then in some incomprehensible way he must have two mothers—one who looked as did she in the picture, too high up, too far away to notice little boys, a stranger, almost, to whom the general led him at long intervals that he might kiss her hand as she sat in the midst of a crowd of people. But surely there was another. How well he remembered one night long ago when he was ill—he must have been very ill, for the shadows pursued him and he started up panic-stricken from dreams that were full of shadows also, and found himself alone, and cried aloud in his terror and desolation. But he was not alone. There beside him in all her starry loveliness was his other mother—his dream mother, he had since loved to call her—and she lifted him from his hot bed and laid his aching head on her breast, and crooned him to sleep just as if he had been a little baby. Oh, how happy he had been! how happy he had been! But suddenly he seemed to be awake again. The room was full of people, the general among them, and every one talked at the same time, and there was great trouble. His mother's eyes blazed. She went into a corner and put her back against the wall, holding him close, saying never a word. And then his father came, looking very black, and pointed toward the door, and his mother kissed him over and over again, and went weeping from the room, whereupon the shadows and dreams all came back worse than ever before.

The crown prince could never guess how much of what took place that night was real, how much was part of shadow land and dream land. But whether real or no, he would have been willing to be ill a thousand times if only it might have happened just once more. It never did happen. Why? What was the trouble? *Where* was the trouble? Why was he unlike other little boys? Why did not his father and mother love him as the fathers and mothers of other little boys loved them? And again he asked the same old questions, again he went over them from the beginning, over and over, round and round, until he returned inevitably to that one, the most haunting, the most dreadful of all—did his mother love him,



T

he night light flickered on the hearth the shadows danced upon the wall

and if she did, then why did she never come back in the dark nights when his head was hot and ached, and the dreams and shadows terrified him?

He sat in his carved chair, thinking, as the day waned and the gloom deepened about him. And, as if in answer to his question, the huge gilded crown over the portrait of the young queen—dimly outlined in the expiring light—seemed to press heavily upon the proud woman and upon his own fragile figure as well, crushing them under an intolerable weight, thrusting them cruelly down, down, into the engulfing shadows.

Suddenly, with a cry, the boy sprang to his feet. A blade of crimson light, the last gleam from the embers dying in the west, pierced the darkness, and the crown leaped into flame. For an instant the picture seemed to be alive—the face convulsed, the body writhing under the agony of that blazing coronet. But in the twinkling of an eye the fire was quenched, and it was night.

Then out of the darkness rose a voice:

"Oh, mother!" the child cried in the depths of his loneliness and despair. "Oh, mother! mother! where are you? where are you? Oh, mother, I will try to be brave. Oh, come back from the end of the kingdom—come back to your little boy!"

The general, dozing in a corner, but in fancy once more on the field of Pankow, heard a cannon's roar or some such sound, which echoed loud through his martial slumbers. Abruptly aroused, dazed, and groping in the darkness, he stumbled over the form of his royal master lying senseless on the floor at the foot of the queen's picture.

II

THE night light flickered on the hearth, and the shadows danced upon the wall as the crown prince, in the last stage of a tremendous journey that had been full of darkness, bewilderment, and peril, climbed slowly, painfully, breathlessly up the toilsome path that leads from the Valley of Dreams to the Happy Country where real people live. One more effort, and he was near the top: another, and he reached the very edge, and knew he was there at last. For he could hear as plain as plain could be the familiar tread of the sentry marching back and forth, back and forth, in the courtyard beneath his window. But was it, after all, the sentry's step? No; it was the ticking of a watch—a big, fat gold watch with

a face the size of the moon, and behind the watch was a pair of shiny spectacles, also of gold, and above the shiny spectacles was a shiny dome fringed about with long, straight hair, not of gold but of silver. The crown prince watched Spectacles a long time, and Spectacles watched him, until at length Spectacles began to speak in a voice so kindly and so mellow that it seemed golden, too, or else of the finest quality of silver.

"Go to sleep, Your Royal Highness," said he, patting the crown prince's hand. "Go to sleep, my little man." And then: "Do not worry, Your Majesties; he will get well. Only do as I advise, and he will live to be as old as I am, or older, maybe."

At this, the crown prince, wondering about whom Spectacles was talking, peered a little way over the edge of the world and saw his father standing in the middle of the floor, his eyes red, his hair tumbled, and his hands buried deep in his pockets. He peeped a little farther still, and there was the general looking stiffer than ever and with so many orders pinned on his breast that he fairly shone; but his eyes were also red, and he seemed all of a sudden to have grown very old, very old indeed, older perhaps than Spectacles himself.

But stop! Spectacles was talking again, now about some wonderful place in the mountains—at the very end of the kingdom, the crown prince was glad to learn—where were to be found the most extraordinary butter and the richest milk and the freshest eggs and the best water—and air. When Spectacles came to this last, his adjectives had completely given out; but he kept on about it until it seemed as if all the other parts of the earth had the worst possible kind of air and this the purest, or as if this favored spot possessed all the air that was going and the rest of the world had to get along as best it could without any. It did not appear as if he would ever exhaust this topic, but presumably he did so, for after a while he bowed to everybody and backed out of the room without bumping into a single thing—as his highness carefully observed—just as though he wore spectacles all round the circumference of his shiny head.

He had no sooner gone than the king cast one glance at the crown prince out of the corner of his eye, and straightway fell into a perfect frenzy. He commanded the general to get a piece of paper immediately, or, better, a ream, if he could find it, and every pen and pencil he could lay his hands on, and to write

down forthwith certain directions that would be given him, all with the utmost care, so that the slightest chance of an omission or a mistake might be avoided. First, there was to be a sand pile made at this place in the mountains, a large pile, a monstrous pile, so big, in fact, that it would be perfectly impossible to set forth its dimensions here, as the king gave them, without being obliged to leave out the remainder of his majesty's injunctions.

"Mind you!" said the king, noting with covert eye that the crown prince was watching him intently, and shaking his finger at the general as if he were a little boy; "mind you! big, big—the bigger the better, and of the whitest, cleanest, softest sand; and to go with it a wheelbarrow, a bucket, and a spade. And next—write precisely as I tell you—six white ponies, all exactly alike, with long, white tails. Then, a dozen dogs, the most playful in the kennels, and a basketful—a big basketful—of puppies. Next, a fishing-rod, and a gun, and—let me see—and a swing, and a trunkful of games to be played out-of-doors on sunshiny days, and two trunkfuls of games to be played indoors on rainy days. And—go on!—next—"

But it was useless to go on. The poor general, writing like a madman, was miles behind already, so that the king, until he could catch up, sent for one attendant after another, charging that boxes and trunks be packed with the greatest expedition, assigning this for A to do, and that for B to do, until at length all had staggered off under loads of tasks and messages.

Finally, the general having caught up, or having abandoned his mission as hopeless, and being anxious to make a fresh start, asked:

"Your Majesty, shall the soldiers belonging to His Highness be taken, or any of his books dealing with military matters? And to accompany him, what equeries and chamberlains—"

"No! no!" said a voice almost in the crown prince's ear. He could not tell whence it came; but surely it was the sweetest, the softest, the gentlest voice in the whole wide world. "No! no! We will forget all about being a soldier and a king until we are ever so much older—ever, ever so much older than we are now. We will forget all about it and be a little boy—just a little boy. And we will go away from this place and take with us no reminder of it. It is stifling. It has kept us apart. It has made me cold and heartless. It has made him lonely and miserable. It

has almost killed him. Think of it! I might have lost him—my little son!"

The crown prince, beginning to doubt whether, after all, he had reached the edge of the Happy Country, looked up and saw his beautiful dream mother gazing down at him with eyes full of love and pity. He tried to move that he might pinch himself and make sure where he was; but her soft arms held him close, straining him to her breast, as if she sought thus to give all her strength to him to whom she had already given life.

"Mother," breathed the crown prince, reaching up with one freed hand to touch her cheek; "is it all real? is it you at last?"

"Yes, yes, my darling," whispered she, "it is all real, every bit of it."

"And you won't leave me again, will you? You will always stay with me, mother, won't you? Say that you will go with me to this wonderful place where the sand pile is to be."

"Yes, yes, my baby; yes, indeed, I will—you and I all alone to the place where the sand pile is to be."

"And I won't have to sit on the big book and be decimated?" asked the crown prince, now a little tremulously; "nor think about the river, on which my—my—on which one of my flanks should rest?"

"No! no!" answered the young queen, smiling through her tears. "You shall rest—God at last having opened my blind eyes—on a mother's love. That is best, that is safest for little boys."

"And yet, Your Gracious Majesty," said General von Kampf, bowing very low, "if you will permit me of the oldest and most faithful retainers of your august house to add a word—a river has its uses, particularly in military affairs. On the very eve of the battle of Pankow, observing that the left wing of the royal forces was unprotected—was in the air—it became my duty to call the attention of your sainted—"

The queen, smiling gently, laid her finger on her lips. The crown prince had fallen asleep.

The night light flickered on the hearth, the shadows danced upon the wall so gaily that even the young mother fell to watching them. Perhaps the crown prince saw them, too. Perhaps they had followed him back into the Valley of Dreams whither he had gone for a moment to gain fresh strength for his future journey through the Happy Country where real people live. At any rate, sound asleep on his mother's breast, his hand in hers, he laughed the happiest, the merriest of laughs.

Captain Thomas A. Scott—Master Diver

One Who Was Not Afraid and Who Spoke the Truth

By F. HOPKINSON SMITH

Author of "The Wood Fire in No. 3," "The Romance of an Old-fashioned Gentleman," etc.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—There rises constantly the cry that the magazines present only the unpleasant phases of life; that they harp solely upon graft and grafters; that they tear down, but never build up. We do not believe that this applies justly to EVERYBODY'S. It is true that we have dealt, and shall continue to deal, body blows to men and to practices unworthy our national heritage and dangerous to healthy public life. But we recognize that all about us are honorable institutions and good men—heroes, even—the record of whose service to the common weal is wholesome and inspiring. We have found one of these heroes in Captain Scott—an ideal American citizen; and we have happily found his biographer in that prince of optimists, F. Hopkinson Smith.

SOME sixty years ago there sailed out of a harbor on the Chesapeake, near the town of Snow Hill, Maryland, a craft carrying eight cords of wood—all on deck. She was what was known as a "bay puny," drawing but four feet of water, with a mast forward and a boom swinging loose. Aft of the stump of a bowsprit was a fo'castle the size of a dry-goods box, in which slept the captain and the crew.

The captain was Tommy Scott, a lad of fifteen—strong, well-built, and springy—with the look in his face of one who was not afraid, and who spoke the truth; the crew was a negro boy of twelve. These two supplied the neighboring towns with wood in exchange for oysters and clams.

Some years later a straight, clear-eyed young fellow, with a chest of iron, arms like cant-hooks, and thighs lashed with whip-cord and steel, shipped as common sailor aboard the schooner John Willetts—Captain Wever, master. He was seven years older than when he commanded the puny, but the look on his face was still the same—the look of a

man who was not afraid, and who spoke the truth.

A leaf torn from the log of the Willetts, yellow-stained and frayed at the corners, a fragment hidden in an old trunk in the garret all these years—furnishes a further record. From this fragment it appears that a certain Thomas Scott was hired at fifteen dollars a month, paid at intervals, as follows:

To cash at Port Richmond.....	\$2.00
To " at New York.....	1.00
To " for shirt.....	1.50
To " for trunk off Barnegat.....	2.00
Cash—a dollar gold piece.....	1.00

At the bottom are the words, "All settled with T. Scott up to May 1st, 1852," and then the signature, "T. A. Scott."

Three years later (1855 now) another vessel loomed into view. This was the schooner Thomas Nelson, Captain Thomas A. Scott, master and part owner, loaded to the scuppers with a cargo of staves bound for Barbados. She carried but one passenger—a slender Maryland girl with a wedding-ring on her finger, which the captain himself had placed there three weeks before. The voyage took eighteen days, the sea being smooth and the wind kindly—so kindly that the slender girl sometimes held the tiller. On the voyage back a gale from the northwest swept the deck and split the foresail into ribbons. On the tenth day the navigator and half the crew were taken down with fever, the navigator dying as he reached port. Again the slender girl held the tiller, standing beside the man who was not afraid—this time with her heart in her mouth.

Forty-eight hours the two stood on deck, taking turns at the pumps and tiller. On the twenty-fifth day they sighted the Capes, and the next morning dropped anchor in the Roanoke. Many a storm have these two ridden

out together since that blind rush from the Barbados—storms of poverty, of death, of sorrow; many a bright morning, too, and welcoming harbor have gladdened their eyes; but there were always four hands on the tiller, twobig and strong, and two warm and helping.

cargo to the surface. This experience fitted him for more important work along similar lines, and in 1869 he entered the employ of a submarine company in New York, and was at once placed in charge of the wrecked steamer *Scotland*, sunk in six fathoms of water off Sandy Hook. The steamer was an iron vessel, lay immediately in the channel, and was a menace to navigation. The government offered a lump sum for its complete removal and a percentage of the value of any cargo saved.

Up to the time Captain Scott was put in charge of this work, all attempts at breaking the iron hulk had failed. Explosives of to-day were unknown then; the battery was in use, but a water-proof cartridge of high power was lacking. Captain Scott crawled over every foot of the vessel in his diving-dress, made up his mind instantly what to do, bought thirty new wine casks holding sixty gallons each, filled them with powder, sunk and placed each cask himself—some under her lower deck, others back of her boilers, two in the fore-castle, five behind her engines—wherever the force would tell, connected the thirty giant bombs by rubber-coated copper wire, twisted the strands into one rope, placed his battery in a rowboat, fell back

some hundred yards, and made the connection. There was an upheaval, a column of water rose straight in the air, and the *Scotland* was split like a melon dashed on a sidewalk.

The fight for a clear channel being won, the work of salvage was begun. This occupied five hundred and eighty-five working hours, Scott breaking the record at that time by re-



Photograph by Giles Bishop & Son, New London.

CAPTAIN SCOTT'S MOTHER, WHO DIED AT THE AGE OF 89.

The children began to come now. The schooner was sold, and the captain and his wife moved to Coytesville, New Jersey, where he opened a general store. Two years later a burning steamer sank near Fort Lee. The captain was asked to make a survey of the wreck, with the result that the store was abandoned and a contract entered into between himself and the owners to bring the

maining seven hours and forty-eight minutes under water. The company's share of the property saved amounted to \$110,000; Scott's pay and percentage to \$11,000.

The following year (1870) he laid the under-water foundation for the first dock built by the Dock Department of New York, the plan being a novel one, and his own.

Between 1871 and 1878 he was in charge, at my request, of the submarine work of the Race Rock Lighthouse off New London harbor, to which city he moved his plant and family, and where the family still resides.

Not much of a record, the foregoing—unless you knew the man and were familiar with the difficulties overcome. Hundreds of men in similar walks of life have done as much, you might say; many have done more. I admit it, but few with so little book education. For there had been no time during all these years for study; Thomas Scott had practically no schooling—only what his mother had taught him and what he could thumb from the primers of the day. He was just a plain American sailor-man, born of industrious, honest people—his only capital his courage, his clear head, his willingness to tackle any job that came his way, and his mastery of details.

My own acquaintance with him begins now—one of the greatest blessings that ever came into my life. This is easily understood when my own unfitness for a task of the magnitude I had contracted to do is considered. I was young, inexperienced, with little money, and with practically no plant for a work of the kind. The problem was the building of a

lighthouse exposed to the full rake of the Atlantic, situated eight miles from a harbor, two miles from any shore, and in a race that ran six miles an hour—my first work of any magnitude. The success of work of this kind does not always depend on the skill



Photograph by Giles Bishop & Son, New London.

CAPTAIN THOMAS A. SCOTT AS HE WAS IN 1890.

of the engineer, but upon the nerve, pluck, and loyalty of the men who handle the material. These men are difficult to obtain, for there are no regular working gangs from which to choose them, since there are not enough lighthouses built in any one year on our coasts to educate and retain them.

Besides, experience in any branch, such as diving, handling and erecting derricks, is

really less important than the willingness to get wet and stay wet, hours at a time; to endanger one's life almost daily without caring for, or knowing, the risk; to go hungry when shut off from supplies by rough weather, during which no landing can be made; to sleep in a water cask for three days, lashed to the derricks, because every other movable thing—shanty and all—has been swept away by a southeaster (and this was one of our experiences). To do this cheerfully, patiently, and continuously, year after year, battling with the sea as an enemy, only looking forward to victory, is what crowns any submarine work with success.

More difficult still is the finding of a man to lead and command such men.

One morning, in answer to my advertisement, a forceful, straightforward man, strong as a bull, clear-eyed, honest-looking, competent, and fearless, walked into my office a stranger, and thirty minutes later walked out again as foreman of construction. He was about forty-two years of age at the time, in the prime of his manhood, and at the beginning of an experience now so widely known. References, usually considered necessary in a first interview, and generally confirmed by subsequent inquiries or written recommendations, did not enter into the negotiations between us. No man or child could look Captain Thomas A. Scott in the face without instantly believing in him, and no act of his in after life would shake that belief.

The reader must forgive the use of the personal pronoun in this part of the captain's life. I cannot tell the story in any other way and do him justice. This will be the better appreciated when it is remembered that during the seven years the lighthouse was building, we slept side by side in the same shanty, ate of the same food, and were often wet by the smash of the same sea, and that during that time and for years thereafter, he was the brains and force of all the work contracted for in my office. Our friendship began gradually, step by step, increasing in intensity as I watched him develop, noted his instantaneous command of resources, his indomitable courage, knowing no fear, and his marvelous control over his men. The sentiment deepened into love—the love a younger brother has for an older one, whom he looks up to and depends upon—as one difficulty after another, insurmountable to me, arose. And it became permanent when his first great calamity overtook him—the blowing up of his own working boat, the Wallace,

which proved a total wreck, with heavy loss in killed and wounded and a heavy money loss to him—some \$10,000. The hands that could wrench a sea-jammed rock from its bed in thirty feet of water were those of a woman now, as he sat night after night in the improvised hospital we had fitted up for the men's comfort or stood by their graves with uncovered head.

Nor can this story be properly and truthfully told without a slight description of the work his heroism and brains brought to completion. The problem presented was the throwing overboard of thousands of tons of stone from sloops, to form an artificial island upon which, when leveled to low water, there was to be built a granite cone some sixty feet in diameter; on this was to be placed the dwelling house, topped by the lantern and lens.

This turtle island—it was in the form of an ellipse—was to be leveled so smooth that the first course of masonry could be laid true. This was exceedingly difficult, for the rocks over this area weighed from three to seven tons; were, of course, jagged, with their points projecting sometimes several feet above the requisite level of mean low water, and so covered with sea-slime and kelp as to make a slippery foothold. The current of the race, too, was swift—so swift that, should the men pull away from the island in small boats far enough to escape the falling fragments of a blast to break these projections, they could not regain the island again except in slack water.

As a protection against these fragments, Captain Scott made trap-doors, three or four feet square, of heavy oak plank, spliced together. The men crouched up to their necks in water between the rocks before the blasts were fired, and pulled these skids, or trap-doors, over their heads. Owing to Scott's watchfulness, no skulls were cracked nor bones broken, and a general thanksgiving took place in consequence.

At this stage of the work an important discovery was made; in fact, we had been making it ever since work began. This was that many of the loose rocks which formed the artificial island and which, in obedience to the government's plan, had been thrown into the sea to find their own bottom, had altered their position. Soundings showed that the depth of water outside the edge of the island, instead of being but twelve feet, as shown on the plan, was really thirty feet. We were, therefore, building the island on a pyramid,

and not on a level surface. These facts were known and thoroughly discussed by the government, and were as fully known to us. But the department had decided to take the risk of the rocks' settling rather than incur the additional expense of leveling the whole shoal.

The impossibility of placing a granite cone weighing thousands of tons on such a foundation now, however, became apparent. The government was notified, and after some weeks of investigation, we were asked for a modified plan that would utilize, so far as possible, the work already completed.

I recall now the days and nights Captain Scott spent over this new problem, and the number of models made and abandoned by us as new difficulties and obstacles presented themselves. At last a plan, upon which the lighthouse was finally built, was submitted to the board and approved. It was as follows:

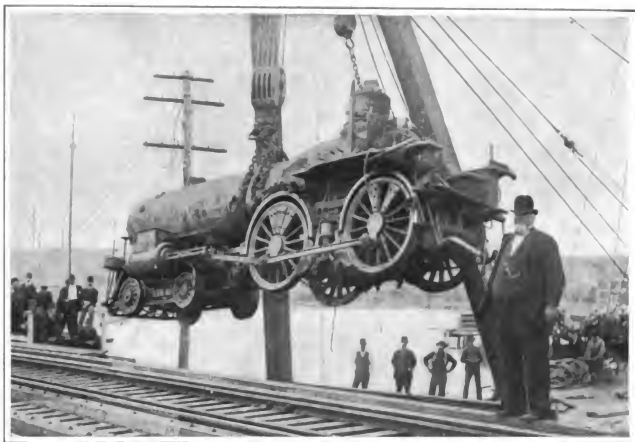
To chain and drag from the center of the turtle's back, by means of heavy derricks erected in a square on four points of the island,

all the three- to five-ton rocks that had been dumped in; to replace these rocks outside the circle of the proposed excavation, piling them up as a breakwater, until we had reached the original bottom and had uncovered the original Race Rock, a huge boulder weighing some twenty tons; and then to fill this water space with concrete in the form of a great disk up to the level of low water. Upon this concrete disk, in reality one solid stone the shape of a huge cheese, was to be built the granite cone.

I recall, too, the months of labor devoted to the chaining and dragging from their bed of these submerged rocks, jammed together as they were by succeeding winters' storms—the work becoming more and more difficult as the water deepened. Problems like these are outside a manual; the time comes when a human body, backed by courage and brains, must take sea after sea upon it when working above water, or, breathing through an inch hose, must grapple rocks below the



WHENEVER A SITUATION CONFRONTED US THAT THE ENGINEERS COULDN'T SOLVE, THE CAPTAIN ROSE TO THE OCCASION.



IT WAS BUT THE WORK OF HALF A DAY FOR CAPTAIN SCOTT AND UP SHE CAME.

wave-break. No money can pay a man for such labor, such loyalty to the work and to his associates.

With the water space cleared, the iron bands to circle the concrete were sunk and laid flat on the sandy bottom, filled with concrete mixed in a soft state, packed into buckets with drop-bottoms, and thus lowered to the divers below. This was continued until four successive circles of filled iron bands were laid, one on top of the other—a process occupying months—and the disk struck smooth. The first base stone of the lighthouse—a mill-stone sixty feet in diameter and three feet thick, hard as an obelisk, and of one solid stone—was now complete.

No other problem confronted us. There were storms, of course, with high surf, so that the Rock could not be reached, and there were setbacks of one kind or another, such as loss of shanties, platforms, and every movable fixture. But the captain's work was over, and one of the lasting monuments to his skill and loyalty complete in all its details.

A digression here is permissible—one that is illuminating. It is but a few years since this same old sea-dog—gray now, with a bald spot on the back of his head, and a trifle larger around the middle—boarded his tug in

New London harbor—he owned half a dozen of them then—took the younger brother with him, and pointed the tug's nose for the Race Rock Light, finished twenty-five years before.

"Good many holes out here," the sea-dog said, as he plunged her nose headforemost into the recurrent waves surging in from Montauk, "and it gits worse before it gits better."

As we neared the isolated pile of masonry, a spot in the waste of waters that all these years had withstood the attacks of the merciless sea, and still holds its light aloft, a man slid down the iron ladder of the cone and ran to the end of the wharf. Then came a voice:

"Anything the matter? Anybody sick?"

It was something out of the ordinary for a New London tug to head for the Rock in the teeth of a southeaster.

"No; just come out to see if we could land," the captain cried.

"Gosh! how you skeered me; thought some of the folks was tuk bad."

Then another man dropped down the ladder, and, springing to the boat's davits, began lowering a lifeboat.

"What d'yer think, sir—shall we try it?" asked the captain.

"Can we land?" I asked dubiously.

"Land? Of course!" he replied with posi-

tive emphasis. "It won't make no difference to me" (he was seventy-four then), "but there won't be a dry rag on you."

I picked up the glass and looked over the joints of the masonry, and followed the lines of the wharf and the angle of the cone. They were still as true as when Captain Tom had laid them with his own hands.

"Never mind, Captain," I said. "I guess you needn't bother."

What a difference twenty-five years makes in some of us!

In the building of the Light it was not only his indomitable courage that showed itself. The human side of the man—the woman side of him—was even more lovable. Lovable is the word. You admire some men, you respect and fear others. Scott you loved.

What I am about to relate is not fiction. I stood by and saw it all—it is true, word for word. There are half a dozen men yet alive who held their breath, as I did, in fear. They have never forgotten what they saw—and they never will forget.

The weather had puzzled some of us since sunrise; little lumpy clouds showed near the horizon-line, and sailing above these was a dirty spot of vapor, while aloft glowed some prismatic sun-dogs, shimmering like opals. Etched against the distance lay a sloop loaded with stone for the Light—her sails furled, her boom swinging loose and ready, the smoke from her hoister curling from the end of her smoke-pipe, thrust up out of the forward hatch. She was fastened with a tether-line to a safety-buoy, anchored within a few hundred yards of the Rock.

Below us on the concrete platform rested our big air-pump, and beside it stood Captain Scott. He was in his diving-dress, and at the moment was adjusting the breastplates of lead, weighing twenty-five pounds each, to his chest and back. His leaden shoes were already on his feet. With the exception of his copper helmet, the signal-line around his wrist, and the life-line about his waist, he was ready to go below.

This meant that pretty soon he would don his helmet, and, with a last word to his tender, tuck his chin-whisker inside the opening, wait until the face-plate was screwed on, and then, with a nod behind the glass, denoting that the air was coming all right, would step down his rude ladder into the sea: to his place among the crabs and the seaweed.

Suddenly I became conscious of a conver-

sation carried on in a low tone around the corner of the shanty.

"Old Moon-face [Baxter, the captain of the sloop] 'll have to git up and git in a minute," said a derrick-man to a shoveler—born sailors these; "there'll be a helluver time round here 'fore night."

"Well, there ain't no wind."

"Ain't no wind, ain't there? See that bobble waltzing in?" Seaward ran a ragged line of silver, edging the horizon toward Montauk.

"Does look soapy, don't it?" answered the shoveler. "Wonder if the cap'n sees it."

The captain had seen it—fifteen minutes before anybody else—had been watching it to the exclusion of any other object. That was why he hadn't screwed on his face-plate. He knew the sea—knew every move of the merciless, cunning beast. The game here would be to lift the sloop on the back of a smooth under-roller, and with a mighty lunge hurl her like a battering-ram against the shore rocks, shattering her timbers into kindling wood. And this would mean not only the drowning of some of her crew, but hopeless poverty for the old man and his wife who owned the sloop.

The captain called to one of his men—another shoveler:

"Billy, go down to the edge of the stone pile and holler to the sloop to cast off and make for home. And say"—this to his pump-tender—"unhook this breastplate; there won't be no divin' to-day. I've been mistrustin' the wind would haul ever since I got up this mornin'."

The shoveler sprang from the platform and began clambering over the slippery, slimy rocks like a crab, his red shirt marked with the white X of his suspenders in relief against the blue water. When he reached the outermost edge of the stone pile, where the ten-ton blocks lay, he made a megaphone of his fingers and repeated the captain's orders to the sloop.

Baxter listened with his hands cupped to his ears.

"Who says so?" came back the reply.

"Cap'n Scott."

"What fur?"

"Goin' to blow; don't ye see it?"

Baxter stepped gingerly along the sloop's rail; when he reached the foot of the bowsprit, this answer came over the water:

"Let her blow! This sloop's chartered to deliver this stone. We've got steam up, and the stuff's goin' over the side: git your divers ready. I ain't shovin' no baby carriage, and don't you forget it. I'm comin' on! Cast off

that buoy-line, you—" this to one of his men.

Captain Scott continued stripping off his leaden breastplate. He had heard his order repeated and knew that it had been given correctly, and the subsequent proceedings did not interest him. If Baxter had anything to say in answer, it was of no moment to him. His word was law on the Ledge; first, because the men daily trusted their lives to his guidance, and second, because they all loved him with a love hard for a landsman to understand, especially to-day, when the boss and the gang never, by any possibility, pull together.

"Baxter says he's comin' on, sir," said the shoveler when he reached the captain's side, the grin on his sunburnt face widening until its two ends hooked over his ears. The shoveler had heard nothing so funny for weeks.

"Comin' on?"

"That's what he hollered. Wants you to git ready to take his stuff, sir."

I was out of the shanty now. I came in two jumps. With that squall whirling in from the eastward and the tide making flood, any man who would leave the protection of the spar-buoy for the purpose of unloading was fit for a lunatic asylum.

The captain had straightened up and was screening his eyes with his hand when I reached his side, his gaze riveted on the sloop, which had now hauled in her tether-line and was drifting clear of the buoy. He was still incredulous.

"No—he ain't comin'. Baxter's all right—he'll port his helm in a minute—but he'd better send up his jib"—and he swept his eye around—"and that quick, too."

At this instant the sloop wavered and lurched heavily. The outer edge of the in-suck had caught her bow.

Minds work quickly in times of great danger—minds like Captain Scott's. In a flash he had taken in the fast-approaching roller, froth-capped by the sudden squall, the surging vessel, and the scared face of Baxter, who, having now realized his mistake, was clutching wildly at the tiller and shouting orders to his men, none of which could be carried out. The captain knew what would happen—what had happened before, and what would happen again with fools like Baxter—now—in a minute—before he could reach the edge of the stone pile, hampered as he was in a rubber suit that bound his arms and tied his great legs together. And he understood the sea's game, and knew that the only way to outwit it would

be to use the beast's own tactics. When it gathered itself for the thrust and started in to hurl the doomed vessel the full length of its mighty arms, the sloop's safety lay in widening the space. A cushion of backwater would then receive the sloop's forefoot, in place of the snarling teeth of the low, crunching rocks.

He had kicked off both leaden-soled shoes now and was shouting out directions to Baxter, who was slowly and surely being sucked into the swirl:

"Up with your jib! No, *no!*—let that main-sail alone! Up! Do you want to git her on the stone pile, you— Port your helm! PORT!! GOD!!—LOOK AT HIM!!"

Captain Scott had slid from the platform now and was flopping his great body over the slimy, slippery rocks like a seal, falling into water holes every other step, crawling out on his belly, rolling from one slanting stone to another, shouting to his men every time he had the breath:

"Man that yawl and run a line as quick as God'll let ye out to the buoy! Do ye hear? Pull that fall off the drum of the h'ister and git the end of a line on it! She'll be on top of us in a minute, and the mast out of her! QUICK!!"

The shoveler sprang for a coil of rope. The others threw themselves after him, while half a dozen men working around the small eddy in the lee of the diminutive island caught up the oars to man the yawl.

All this time the sloop, under the uplift of the first big Montauk roller—the skirmish line of the attack—surged, bow on, to destruction. Baxter, although shaking with fear, had sense enough left to keep her nose pointed to the stone pile. The mast might come out of her, but that was better than being gashed amidships and sunk in thirty feet of water.

The captain, his rubber suit glistening like a tumbling porpoise, his hair matted to his head, had now reached the outermost rock opposite the doomed craft, and stood near enough to catch every expression that crossed Baxter's face, who, as white as chalk, was holding the tiller with all his strength, cap off, his blowsy hair flying in the increasing gale, his mouth tight shut: no orders now would have done any good. Go ashore she must, and nothing could help her. It would be every man for himself then: no help would come. Captain Scott and his men would run for shelter as soon as the blow fell, and leave them to their fate. Peanut men like Baxter are built to think that way.

All these minutes—seconds, really—the

captain stood bending forward, watching where the sloop would strike, his hands outstretched in the attitude of a ball player awaiting a ball. If her nose should hit on the sharp, square edges of one of the ten-ton blocks, God help her! She would split wide open, like a gourd. If by any chance her forefoot should be thrust into one of the many gaps between the enrockment blocks—spaces from two to three feet wide—and her bow timbers should thus take the shock, there was a living chance to save her.

A cry from Baxter, who had dropped the tiller and was scrambling over the stone-covered deck to the bowsprit, now reached the captain's ears, but he never altered his position. What he was to do must be done surely. Baxter didn't count—wasn't in the back of his head; there were plenty of willing hands to pick Baxter and his men out of the suds.

Then a thing happened which, if I had not seen it, I would never have believed possible. The water cushion of the out-suck helped; so did the huge roller, which, in its blind rage, had underestimated the distance between its lift and the wide-open jaws of the rock—as a maddened bull often underestimates the length of its thrust, its horns falling short of the matador.

Whatever the cause, Captain Scott saw his chance, sprung to the outermost rock, and bracing his great snubbing-posts of legs against its edge, reversed his body, caught the wavering sloop on his broad shoulders, close under her bowsprit chains, and pushed with all his might.

Now began a struggle between the strength of the man and the lunge of the sea. With every succeeding onslaught, and before the savage roller could fully lift the staggering craft to hurl her to destruction, Captain Tom, with the help of the out-suck, would shove her back from the waiting rocks. This was repeated again and again—the men in the rescuing yawl meanwhile bending every muscle to carry out the captain's commands. Sometimes his head was free enough to shout his orders, and sometimes both man and bow were smothered in suds.

"Keep that fall clear!" would come the order. "Stand ready to catch the yawl! Shut that—" here a souse would stop his breath. "Shut that furnace door! Do ye want the steam out of the b'iler?"—etc., etc.

That the slightest misstep on the slimy rocks on which his feet were braced meant sending him under the sloop's bow, where he would be caught between her forefoot and the

rocks and be ground into pulp, concerned him as little as did the fact that Baxter and his men had crawled along the bowsprit over his head, and dropped to the island without wetting their shoes, or that his diving-suit was full of water and he soaked to the skin. Little things like these made no more difference to him than they would have done to a Newfoundland dog saving a child. His thoughts were on other things—on the rescuing yawl speeding toward the spar-buoy; on two of his men, who, seeing Baxter's cowardly desertion, had sprung like cats at the bowsprit of the sloop in one of her dives, and were then on the stern, ready to pay out a line to the yawl.

A hawser now ripped suddenly from out the crest of a roller. The two men on the sloop, despite the increasing gale, had succeeded in paying out a stern line to the men in the yawl; who in turn had slipped it through the snatch-block fastened in the spar-buoy, and had then connected it with the line they had brought with them from the island, its far end being around the drum of our hoister.

A shrill cry now came from one of the crew in the yawl alongside the spar-buoy, followed instantly by the clear, ringing order—"Go ahead!"

A burst of feathery steam plumed skyward, and then the slow chuggity-chug of the shore-drum cogs rose in the air. The stern line straightened until it was as rigid as a bar of iron—sagged for an instant under the slump of the staggering sloop, straightened, and then slowly, foot by foot, the sloop, held by the stern line, crept back to safety.

And this to save a friend and his old wife from loss and poverty!

This love for his fellow men and willingness to risk his life for their safety was not confined to Captain Scott's experience on the Rock. He never referred to any of these deeds thereafter; never believed, really, that he had done anything out of the ordinary. I myself had been with him for two years before I learned of the particular act of heroism that I am now about to relate—and only then from one of his men—an act that was the talk of the country for days. I give it as it was told me, and word for word as I have given it before. I do so the more willingly and without excuse for its repetition here because it illustrates not only the courageous but the tender, human side of the man. I give it gladly, because the reading and rereading of such deeds helps to keep alive in the hearts of

our people that reverence for heroism which, of late, seems to be on the wane among us.

Our so-called up-to-date literature is responsible for some of this; the absorption of our people in the material things of life for much of it. Our heroes of to-day are often the targets of the morrow. The thrill that sent the blood of our young men rushing through their veins when the oft-told story of Valley Forge, Bunker Hill, or Gettysburg was poured into their ears is nothing to the breathless interest with which many of them read the headlines of a newspaper, telling of ruined homes, wrecked reputations, and the misery and suffering involved. Now and then, it is true, when some brave fireman crawls along a burning ledge, or the gateman on a ferry-boat risks his life to save a would-be suicide, with the result that some official pins a medal on his chest, the heroic act wins a place, but the record rarely covers more than ten lines of the issue, and even then with the most important facts left out.

Of this incident it can be safely said that nothing has been left out. Best of all, it has been confirmed in all its details by the hero himself, after a corkscrewing on my part that lasted for hours.

But to the story:

One morning in January, when the ice in the Hudson River ran unusually heavy, a Hoboken ferry-boat slowly crunched her way through the floating floes, until the thickness of the pack choked her paddles in mid-river. It was an early morning trip, and the decks were crowded with laboring men and the driveways choked with teams; the women and children standing inside the cabins were a solid mass up to the swinging doors. While she was gathering strength for a further effort, an ocean tug sheered to avoid her, veered a point, and crashed into her side, cutting her below the water-line in a great V-shaped gash. The next instant a shriek went up from hundreds of throats. Women, with blanched faces, caught terror-stricken children in their arms, while men, crazed with fear, scaled the rails and upper decks to escape the plunging of the overthrown horses. A moment more, and the disabled boat careened from the shock and fell over on her beam, helpless. Into the V-shaped gash the water poured a torrent. It seemed but a question of minutes before she would lunge headlong below the ice.

Within two hundred yards of both boats, and free of the heaviest ice, steamed the wreck-

ing-tug Reliance of the Off-shore Wrecking Company, making her way cautiously up the New Jersey shore to coal at Weehawken. On her deck forward, sighting the heavy cakes, and calling out cautionary orders to the mate in the pilot-house, stood Captain Scott. When the ocean tug reversed her engines after the collision and backed clear of the shattered wheel-house of the ferry-boat, he sprang forward, stooped down, ran his eye along the water-line, noted in a flash every shattered plank, climbed into the pilot-house of his own boat, and before the astonished pilot could catch his breath, pushed the nose of the Reliance along the rail of the ferry-boat and dropped upon the latter's deck like a cat.

If he had fallen from a passing cloud, the effect could not have been more startling. Men crowded about him and caught his hands. Women sank on their knees and hugged their children, and a sudden peace and stillness possessed every soul on board. Tearing a life-preserver from the man nearest him and throwing it overboard, he backed the coward ahead of him through the swaying mob, ordering the people to stand clear, and forcing the whole mass to the starboard side. The increased weight gradually righted the stricken boat until she regained a nearly even keel.

With a threat to throw overboard any man who stirred, he dropped into the engine-room, met the engineer half-way up the ladder, compelled him to return, dragged the mattresses from the crew's bunks, stripped off blankets, snatched up clothes, overalls, cotton waste, and rags of carpet, cramming them into the great rent left by the tug's cutwater, until the space of each broken plank was replaced, except one. Through and over this space the water still combed, deluging the floors and swashing down between the gratings into the hold.

"Another mattress!" he cried. "Quick! All gone? A blanket, then—carpet—anything! Five minutes more and she'll right herself. Quick, for God's sake!"

It was useless. Everything, even to the oil-rags, had been used.

"Your coat, then. Think of the babies, man! Do you hear them?"

Coats and vests were off in an instant; the engineer on his knees bracing the shattered planking, Captain Scott forcing the garments into the splintered openings.

It was useless. Little by little the water gained, bursting out first below, then on one side, only to be calked out again, and only to rush in once more.

Captain Scott stood a moment as if undecided, ran his eye searchingly over the engine-room, saw that for his needs it was empty, then deliberately tore down the top wall of calking he had so carefully built up, and, before the engineer could protest, forced his own body into the gap, with his arm outside, level with the drifting ice.

An hour later, the disabled ferry-boat, with every soul on board, was towed into the Hoboken slip.

When they lifted the captain from the wreck, he was unconscious and barely alive. The water had frozen his blood, and the floating ice had torn the flesh from his protruding arm from shoulder to wrist. When the color began to creep back to his cheeks, he opened his eyes and said to the doctor who was winding the bandages:

"Wuz any of them babies hurt?"

A month passed before he regained his strength, and another week before the arm had healed so that he could get his coat on. Then he went back to the *Reliance*.

In the meantime the wrecking company had presented a bill to the ferry company for salvage, claiming that the safety of the ferry-boat was due to one of the employees of the wrecking company. Payment had been refused, resulting in legal proceedings, which had already begun. The morning following this action Captain Scott was called into the president's office.

"Captain," said that official, "we're going to have some trouble getting our pay for that ferry job. Here's an affidavit for you to swear to."

The captain took the paper to the window and read it through without a comment, then laid it back on the president's desk, picked up his hat, and moved to the door.

"Did you sign it?"

"No; and I ain't a-goin' to."

"Why?"

"'Cause I ain't so durned mean as you be. Look at this arm! Do you think I'd got into that hell-hole if it hadn't been for them women cryin' and the babies a-hollerin'? And you want 'em to pay for it. Damn ye! If your head wasn't white, I'd mash it."

Then he walked out; the next day he answered my advertisement, and the following week took charge of the work at Race Rock.

Another hour of corkscrewing made him remember the log of the *Reliance*, locked up in that same old trunk in the garret from which the log of the *Willetts* was taken after

his death. When the old, well-thumbed book was found, he perched his glasses on his nose, and began turning the leaves with his rough thole-pin of a finger, stopping at every page to remoisten it, and adding a running commentary upon the long-forgotten records.

"Yes, here it is," he said at last. "Knowed I hadn't forgot it. You can read it yourself; my eyes ain't so good as they wuz."

It read as follows:

"January 30. Left Jersey City 7 A.M. Ice running heavy. Captain Scott stopped leak in ferry-boat."

The ending of the work on the *Rock* found him about fifty years of age, but still strong, muscular, and with an experience in submarine work second to that of no man on our coast. Soon the docks in front of his home on Pequot Avenue, New London, began to be enlarged: sheds were built, new tugs bought and equipped, dredging-machines constructed, and heavy scows, barges, and lighters, carrying cargoes of two hundred tons or more, were equipped with the best modern machinery. He was ready now for any heavy work, no matter how large the steamer, how dangerous her position, or how serious the problem of refloating her. The telephone was within reach of his bedside, and no matter what the hour or how hard a gale was blowing he was out, at call, and aboard his fastest tug, often with a quart of raw oil dashed into the furnace and everything wide open.

It will be just as well to follow some of these experiences: with the steamer *Columbia*, for instance, wrecked off *Gay Head*—this in 1884.

The wreck lay three-quarters of a mile from the promontory, and the sea broke violently over it. Around the wreck were the steamers *Storm King*, *Conkling*, *Vincent*, *Hunter*, and *Hunt*, the latter having on board Captain Townsend, the New Bedford diver, who was there in the interest of the Boston Underwriters. Captain Baker, of the Baker Wrecking Company of Boston, was also there, waiting more favorable conditions to go below. Captain Scott recognized Captain Baker as having charge of the wreck, and the latter said, after a cursory survey, that, in his opinion, a diver could not stay under water in such weather, and that he would not send a man down. The New London diver characteristically replied that he would send no man down, either, but would go himself.

It was then resolved that an attempt should

be made about 3 P.M., if possible. Captain Scott kept by the wreck, noting the condition of the water closely, and made up his mind that if he waited Captain Baker's return he would lose the best chance for going under. He therefore began his preparations at 1 P.M., and shortly before two o'clock dropped over the starboard side and made a thorough examination. He found a hole three feet square forward about twenty feet from the stem, and several smaller holes forward and abaft; also a perpendicular crack near the foremast, while on the bottom were fragments of jagged rock, evidently broken from the larger boulders on which the ship struck. After completing the survey of the starboard side along the bottom, Captain Scott came up and made an attempt to examine the deck. He went under at the forward hatch, where he found the deck uninjured, but he was caught in the crest of an immense breaker and hurled feet foremost into the air. The heavy seas breaking over the vessel prevented any further work that day.

On Friday morning, Captain Scott again went out to the wreck in the Alert, but found a stiff breeze blowing and the water too rough to admit of resuming operations. The Alert, however, picked up three cases of boots and shoes, a portion of the cargo of the City of Columbus, near Wood's Holl.

On Saturday, the wind blew fresh from the northwest, but the sea was moderate, the weather clear, and Captain Scott was able to remain two hours under water and to complete his survey. He went down well aft on the port side and examined along the bottom; he found portions of the smokestack and machinery, lines, sails, and other wreckage strewed along the port quarter by the main rigging. There was no material injury to the hull aft of the boilers near the bottom, but there were numerous cracks and several holes forward. Further toward the bow the extent of the damage increased, the hull being cracked and pierced with holes innumerable. The diver went ahead of the wreck forty or fifty feet and found himself in a submarine sluiceway, making it evident that the vessel struck a considerable distance ahead of her present position, and kept dropping back by the influence of gravitation and the action of the tide, leaving the imprint of her keel on the sandy bottom.

Another experience: On January 12, 1890, the magnificent passenger steamer City of Worcester went ashore on the rocks inside Bartlett's Reef Lightship. Within an hour of the

receipt of the news of the disaster, Captain Scott was speeding to her assistance in his tug, the T. A. Scott, Jr., and was soon alongside the big, helpless steamer. The officers reported that the Worcester was fast on the rocks, with the water pouring into her second, third, and fourth compartments and her fires out. Life preservers were distributed, the boats made ready, passengers landed without a single accident; most of the cargo—1,250 bales of cotton being part—was transferred to lighters. Twenty-four hours thereafter the endangered steamer was hauled from the rocks, towed into New London harbor, and anchored within a stone's throw of Captain Scott's residence.

This list could be continued indefinitely. Hardly a day or a night was the crew idle—and it is not idle now, for Captain Scott's sons and associates still carry on the business. Sometimes a diversion in the customary work of recovering sunken property would occur. It was a locomotive on one occasion; she had attempted to cross a trestle and had toppled over in thirty feet of water, bottomed by mud.

"Get her up?" said Captain Scott. "Certainly; where'll I put her?"

"Back on the rails," said the manager, with a laugh at the impossibility of the task.

"All right; she'll be there in the mornin' "—and she was.

It was but the work of half a day for Captain Scott to rig up a pair of sheer-poles, drop beside her in his diving-dress, pass some heavy chains under the boiler and between her axles, hook a block into a ring, take a turn on a hoisting engine aboard his wrecking-tug, open a steam-cylinder—and up she came. To lower her gently to the rails and wash her clean of the mud with a nozzle attached to the hose of his steam-pump was the last service.

"There," he said, when she was scrubbed clean, "now git a fire under her and pull her out; she's in my way."

These instances, as I have said, could be multiplied indefinitely. Enough, however, has been told to show the fundamental incentive of his character—his determination to do his work right, so right that no man need ever perfect it after him. His superb constitution helped, but his indomitable will helped more.

He never drank nor smoked, and he had neither time nor desire to play cards. He would go for forty-eight hours in wet clothes, and think nothing of sleeping in them. He absolutely did not know what fear was for himself, yet he feared for his men. He would never

send a man where he would not go himself, yet he'd go where he wouldn't send the men. He never swore except in times of danger, and then the oaths that came from his deep chest meant something. "I've got to do it," he'd say to me. "They won't listen if I don't." So he'd swear at the men to get out of the way of danger, to keep out of this place or that, to let him go down instead of one of them. The result was that they obeyed him implicitly. If he said, "Don't go!" they didn't. If he said, "Go!" they went, though it might be to apparent death. They trusted his judgment in the face of everything; and they were never deceived. When a piece of work involved an extrahazardous risk he would say: "No, that ain't no place for you. I'll go."

And the harder the job, and the more hopeless it seemed, the more cheerily he rose to the emergency, taking full command and invariably doing the critical part himself. When mounting our system of derricks for Race Rock, the crucial cable was the outboard stay for the fourth derrick mast. At the end of the stay was a hook, and this hook had to be slipped into a ring that was made fast to a great block of stone out in the surf. When it came time to windlass the last mast into position and adjust this hook, of course somebody had to go into the surf to do it. The sea was rising fast under a southeast wind, which always kicks up trouble at Race Rock, and it demanded a man of great strength. So, of course, the captain went himself. Up to his waist in a boiling surf, buried under the incoming rollers, he hung on to that hook like grim death, swearing between mouthfuls of salt water to the men on the rocks, and in spite of every effort of wind and tide to thwart us, he got the hook into the ring and completed the derrick system that made possible the building of the Race Rock Light.

In fact, just here lay his unique value. Whenever a problem confronted us—one that the engineers in their offices could not solve, a problem where theories and precedent counted for nothing and the only solution lay in the workman himself, the captain was the man who rose to the emergency. For he could, in any situation, unite his great strength and manual skill to his keen wits and inventive genius. Engineering feats that would have been given up as hopeless he made possible by combining his brain with his muscle. He thought like lightning, too. Time and again I have seen him rescue his men when it didn't seem possible that they could be saved.

And the smallest job received just a smuch attention and disinterested devotion from him as the largest; nothing was ever shirked.

During the later years of his life, when he had grown too stout to be in daily active service (he weighed over three hundred pounds a few months before he died), the pent-up energy of the man seemed to find its outlet in the help he gave others. His charity was so extensive, and he was so much beloved by everyone, that at his funeral there were six hundred people gathered in and about the house. Until the very day of his death he was busy distributing bounties, sending children to school, looking after poor families up and down the coast. One of the New London papers remarked that it was hard to see how New London was going to live without Captain Scott. Only three days before his death he ordered a ton of coal sent to a woman who scrubbed the floors of his house, and nearly his last act was to call up the coal dealer on the telephone and upbraid him for delivering a cheaper grade than he had ordered, demanding that he take it out of the bin and substitute the better.

On the night of February 17, 1907, when he had reached his seventy-seven years, the end came in the fine new home he had built next his old cottage. Only a short time before, he had taken that same slender hand in his—the one that had helped hold the tiller on their wedding journey—and the two had crossed the intervening lawn together. All the sons and daughters and grandchildren were awaiting them in the spacious hall and adjoining rooms.

When the two dear old people entered the house, Captain Scott turned to his wife and said in that vibrant voice of his which all who loved him knew so well:

"This is all yours, Mrs. Scott. I guess our troubles are all over now." And he dropped into a chair and cried like a child.

Summing him up in the thirty-five years I knew and loved him: he has always been, and will always be, to those who had his confidence, one of nature's noblemen. Brave, modest, capable, and tender-hearted. The record of his life, imperfectly as I have given it, must be of value to his fellow countrymen. Nor can I think of any higher tribute to pay him than to repeat the refrain with which these pages were opened:

"One who was not afraid, and who spoke the truth!"

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW

By HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

Author of "The Smoke Eaters," "Don-a-Dreams," etc.

Illustrations by John Wolcott Adams

MRS. JOLIFFE had said at the time of her daughter's marriage: "Then I hope her children'll not take after me—fer if they do, they'll have the devil's own time bringin' her up." Mrs. Joliffe was Irish and intended the "bull." Her husband had been English and a butcher. "He was a blood-puddin' Britisher," she would say, in loving memory. "God rest his bones." And whatever natural differences she had ever had with the girl, she laid to the fact that Hetty took after him.

"An' annyway, there's no sort o' comfort in a daughter nowadays," she contended. "I'd as soon have a canary-bird to look after. They eat nothin'. An' they're that danged indipindint! If I'd 'a' had a son, now, he'd never 'a' knowed where to find a shirt to his body unless I laid it out fer him. These hoity-toity young misses in their little slippers, goin' hoppin' along on two toes! If I'd 'a' had a son, I c'u'd 'a' heard him comin' a block away. I never see a big fut like that in a trolley-car that I don't envy the mother of it."

These complaints, too, were intended half-humorously. Mrs. Joliffe's daughter and she had lived happily enough together, the mother being contented to stay at home and keep house in their little flat, and the girl willing to work all day in the millinery department of Altgelt's Sixth Avenue store. When the daughter married Bailey, who had charge of a section of Altgelt's grocery department, Mrs. Joliffe saw them off on a honeymoon excursion to Niagara Falls, and undertook to have their new home ready for them before they should return. "If yuh c'u'd eat straw hats," she said, "I'd not need to bother with yuh. But I'd better be lookin' after yer meals a while till Hetty learns how to trim a steak. Go along with yuh, an' don't fall in

the water. I'll have ev'rythin' set up fer yuh betimes."

She had it set up now, and she was expecting their return at any moment. They had found a "jew'l of a flat," with doors at both ends and a kitchen in the middle; and that kitchen was the largest room in the apartment. There was a bed-room for Mrs. Joliffe, opening off the dining-room and separated from the young couple's quarters by the whole length of the flat. "I c'n live here," she told herself, "with no more trouble to them than an ol' dog in their back yard." Bailey had given her money to spend on furnishing. She had more of her own; she had a small estate, which her husband had left her; and she did not spare her own in her desire to give her daughter "a start that anny gurl c'u'd be proud o'."

She covered the floors with carpets and then covered the carpets with druggets, with rag rugs, with door-mats, linoleums, and hall strips. (It was her belief that a floor was by nature cold and that the more one put upon it, the warmer the house would be.) She covered the windows with white roller-blinds, double sash-curtains of muslin starched like surplices, long lace curtains reaching from the cornice to the floor, and over-curtains of some sort of yellow stuff with an inwoven tinsel thread—until every window was as beautiful in gold embroidery and fine lace as "an archbishop sayin' mass." She crowded the little parlor with unmatched pieces of plush-upholstered furniture, which she had acquired in exchange for trading-stamps. She regilded her old picture-frames with a brush, bought Fourteenth Street colored "art photos," and hung everywhere her holiday calendars, embossed and beribboned, but years out of date.

The kitchen she outfitted as if she were to

cook there for a regiment; and in the place of honor she hung two great frying-pans, as thick as iron pots, heirlooms, such pans as are no longer made in these days of gas-stoves and light-housekeeping. She set her arms akimbo and looked about her. "Now," she said, with the defiant air of an artist opening his exhibition, "let 'em come."

It was nine o'clock at night when they came. They had been on the train all day, and Hetty looked tired. She was a small blonde, with pale, gray-blue eyes and with one of those firm little mouths that are capable of unlimited silence. "Well, mother," she asked, with a slow correctness of pronunciation that marked an ambition in her, "what've *you* been up to?"

Mrs. Joliffe laughed. "All sorts o' divil-mint," she said, kissing Bailey. "I been settlin' things in a kind o' way till you'd be able to put 'em to rights." She stood aside from the doorway. "Here's the parlor."

Hetty looked it over. She had it in her mind that the walls were like a stationer's window in Christmas week, and the whole room was as old-fashioned as her mother; but she said nothing. She accepted the arrangement as provisional: she could change it to the latest styles of Altgelt's furniture displays in due course.

Bailey had been a country boy who had come to the city to be a millionaire, and he had been living in shabby hall-bedrooms. If he did not seem sufficiently enthusiastic about the parlor, it was because he did not wish them to think he was not accustomed to such magnificence. Added to this country reticence, he had the art of accepting a bargain with a show of reluctance. He said: "It'll do *us* all right, won't it, Hetty?"

She pretended that she had not heard.

But Mrs. Joliffe was not discouraged. She introduced Bailey to a little tobacco-table set

with a tobacco-jar, a corn-cob pipe, and a tobacco-cutter on a mahogany board—the very cutter which Joliffe had used to slice his plugs. A puffed and padded armchair stood beside the table. A pair of new "morocco" slippers waited under the chair, and a tin spittoon beside it. "That's the place fer *you*," she said, "when yuh come home with yer very boots tired o' yer feet."

"But mother," Hetty cried, "he won't smoke in the parlor!"

"Won't he then?" she said. "He'll be a fool if he don't. He'll smoke where he likes in his own house." She produced a shaving-mirror in three leaves. "There," she said, "yuh c'n see all but the top o' yer head in it. An' thank the cats, as yuh get older yuh won't have to shave *that*."

Bailey, heretofore, had had no one to consider his comfort but the washerwoman, who sometimes charitably darned his socks. "That's great," he laughed, flattered. "All the comforts of home!"

Mrs. Joliffe made a gesture that said "Wait! I'll show yuh," and led the way to the dining-room. She had prepared cold ham and hot coffee, pie and pickles and

chocolate cake, bananas and cheese, bottled beer and sweet biscuits, celery, potato salad, table raisins, canned salmon, and chilli sauce. They were crowded upon the table promiscuously. There was scarcely room for the plates. "If yuh want annythin' yuh can't reach," she said, "ask fer it."

Hetty excused herself, on the plea that she was train-sick, and went to bed; and Bailey sat down to such a meal as he had not eaten since he had left his country home—for Mrs. Joliffe had boiled the ham herself, baked the cake, made the salad and the chilli sauce, and roasted and ground the coffee; and they had the flavor that cannot be bought. She watched him eating, with a maternal delight,



"NOW," SHE SAID, "LET 'EM COME."

as if he had been an infant. She kept his plate filled and his cup overflowing. When he had had enough, she coaxed and wheedled him into taking more. "Never stop eatin', man," she said, "till yer hands 're too tired to feed yuh."

He ate until he was red in the face; and then she brought him his pipe and let him talk. He talked shop—as Joliffe had used to do—and she listened as if the ambitions and jealousies of Altgelt's grocery department were the most interesting gossip. "Yuh'll be startin' up store some day fer yerself?" she asked. He replied that he would as soon as he had saved the necessary capital. "Then yuh needn't worry about the house," she said. "It'll cost yuh less than it did fer board, er I'm a Dutchman. Hetty'll want nex' to nothin' fer clothes. She sews her own. An' I'll look after the kitchen till she gets the hang o' housekeepin'. We'll be millionaires this day next week."

He went to bed, gorged and optimistic, and relieved of half the worries of a newly married man. He had been aware that Hetty was the sort of wife to grace any station in life to which his business success might raise him, but he had been afraid that she might prove rather expensive at first. Now he was assured, that with her mother's aid, their beginning would prove as easy as their end would be glorious.

Mrs. Joliffe remained for an hour in the kitchen, washing the supper dishes and setting the table for breakfast, as satisfied as if she had been for a year out of work and had just found "a job." She took a last fond look at the table before she reluctantly put out the light. And neither she nor Bailey suspected that there was any person in their flat not perfectly happy and willing to let things go on as they had begun.

II

It was two days later that Hetty began her quiet campaign against the established order.

She had found her first day a day of empty restlessness and dissatisfaction. She missed the noise and bustle of Altgelt's, the chatter of her fellow clerks, and the work to which she had been accustomed. She might have taken some interest in the housekeeping if her mother's incessant activity had not forced her aside and left her idle. She unpacked her trunk, put a few stitches in a torn flounce, changed the trimming of a hat, and washed

her yellow hair in the sunlight; but chiefly she wandered from room to room or hung out of the parlor window, vacant-minded, empty-handed, like a girl who has left boarding-school and come home to find nothing to do.

Her mother never joked with her, having learned by experience that when a joke falls on a literal mind it sprouts a misunderstanding. When she was not "slushin' about," as she called it, in the kitchen, she was humming "old-country" tunes and rocking happily in a favorite chair, which she had put by the dining-room window. It would be a nice study in psychology to explain why she never sat in the parlor; but she never felt at home there; and if she went in, it was only to stand a moment looking out of the window before she rearranged the curtains and went back to her usual place. "I'm like our ol' cat Tom," she had explained once, "that was never happy off his own bit o' rag carpet. Leave me be." And Hetty had the parlor to herself.

She was peevish that evening, and ate her dinner in silence, resenting the fact that Bailey had the head of the table, where he carved, and her mother the foot of it, where she poured tea, while she herself sat at the side and had no hand in anything. She vented her resentment after dinner by objecting again to Bailey's smoking in the parlor; and he moved his smoking-table to the dining-room, where Mrs. Joliffe and he played cribbage. Hetty disliked cards. She disliked sitting in the dining-room beside a table set with dishes. She stayed in the parlor—where she could hear her mother quarreling humorously over the pegging and Bailey laughing with the heartiness of a winner. Finally she went to bed in a sulk.

Bailey, after a midnight supper, came to his sleep chuckling. She said nothing to him.

But next morning, at breakfast, she demanded that they hire a servant so that her mother might not have to spend all her day in the kitchen. "Good heavens!" Mrs. Joliffe cried. "What w'u'd yuh be doin' with a servan' gurl litterin' up the house, an' pokin' her nose into ev'rybody's bus'n'ess, an' talkin' about us to the neighbors, an' stealin' ev'rythin' she c'u'd lay hands to, an' pois'nin' us with bad food! A servan' gurl!"

Bailey was less voluble, but equally determined. A servant was an expensive luxury, which he had no intention of indulging in—though he did not say so. He allowed his silence to say it for him.

"Well, I'm not going to spend all my time over a cook stove," Hetty protested.

"Leave the kitchen to me," her mother said, "an' don't be talkin' nonsense. We c'u'd live on Fif' Avenuh fer the price of a servan' gurl."

"Well, then," Hetty said, "let us send out the washing."

"What!" the mother cried. "Pay some one fer tearin' yer clothes to pieces? I'd as soon have a cook bringin' me on grub that I didn't know what she'd been puttin' into it. What's the good o' havin' purty clothes if yuh're never to have the fun o' washin' an' ironin' 'em? I never heard such like talk. What's got into yuh at all, gurl?"

A feeling that she was useless in her own house—that was what had got into her. She had looked forward to having a little home in which she and Bailey might be happy and alone together. She had expected her mother, if she joined them, to take her place as a visitor and grow old in idleness. Instead of that, Mrs. Joliffe had furnished the flat to her own taste and was running it to her own satisfaction. She had made herself more necessary to Bailey than his own wife. And the girl's attempts to supplant her with a servant only established her more securely in the kitchen; for Hetty maintained her determination not to work there at all, and Mrs. Joliffe ruled unchallenged.

When Hetty claimed the right to do the shopping, at least, she was invited to "go ahead an' do it, then." But when Bailey opened a bad egg for breakfast and sat down for dinner to a rolled roast so tough that no one could eat it, there was a scene at the table, and Hetty declared, in a passion, that she would never buy another thing for the

house. She went to bed almost weeping with anger.

Bailey played his cribbage and smoked his pipe.



"I NEVER SEE A BIG FUT LIKE THAT IN A TROLLEY-CAR THAT I DON'T ENVY THE MOTHER OF IT."

"Leave her be," Mrs. Joliffe counseled him—and Hetty overheard her through the open door—"she'll come out of her tantrums. I know her. Two fer 'his heels.' Go on now."

He tried letting her be and found it a poor plan. She let *him* be. She withdrew herself ostentatiously from the household life, was silent at the table, and turned her back on him when they were alone. She sat all day by herself, amid the furnishings of a room which she hated, brooding upon the incidents of a life which she despised. Bailey's manner during his courtship had flattered her by a tacit acknowledgment that she was

something finer and better than he. (He had fallen in love with her "cited" sophistication.) She had not allowed him to see much of her mother, of whose simplicity and commonness she had been ashamed. She had never let him know that her father had been a butcher; she had intended to leave all that sort of thing behind her when she married. She had known that Bailey was a trusted man at Altgelt's, with a future before him, and she had counted on rising with him out of reach of her past. She had intended vaguely to subdue her mother and put her into the background of the new life.

And, to Hetty's mind, it was the mother who had wrecked every plan. Hadn't she told Bailey about her husband—"God rest his bones." Hadn't she dragged Bailey down to her own free-and-easy tenement-house manner? Hadn't she destroyed his awed respect for his wife?

"What's the matter with you, anyway?" Bailey asked her impatiently; and she turned on him in a blazing indignation. "Don't you speak to me like that," she cried. "You haven't married a servant girl."

"I don't know what I have married," he retorted.

"You seem to 've married a mother-in-law,"

she said. "Go and sit in the kitchen with her. It's the part of the house you're most interested in."

"That's a nice sort of talk!"

His reproof put her on her dignity. She saw that she was lowering herself still further in his regard by her behavior, and thereafter she said nothing. She became self-contained, haughty, silent, and altogether impossible. No endearments could draw an explanation from her, and no impatience provoke her to a

retort. She lived a silent protest against the whole situation, and Bailey rapidly found himself reduced to a state of worried misery.

He could no longer enjoy his evening game of cribbage in the dining-room, and yet he played, because he did not wish to hurt Mrs. Joliffe's feelings. He could not enjoy his meals, but he had to pretend, for Mrs. Joliffe's sake, that he did enjoy them. She exerted herself to please him, performed miracles in cookery, and tried to keep the table lively with an indomitable good nature. But she did not understand what was wrong. She thought there had been some sort of belated lovers' quarrel between the two, and considered it the part of wisdom not to meddle in it.



John Wolcott Adams

WHEN BETTY CLAIMED THE RIGHT TO DO THE SHOPPING, SHE WAS INVITED TO "GO AHEAD AND DO IT, THEN."

She was cheerfully happy herself, worked singing, read the newspapers in her rocking-chair, and kept to her own end of the flat. "The gurl's a fool," she told herself, "but I was the same meself at her age. . . . Poor Jollie! Heaven give 'm rest!" She laughed to herself. "Us women—we're danged hard to live with!"

She played her part until it was not humanly possible to play it longer. Then she scolded her daughter and got nothing but a malevolent look. She advised Bailey to take his wife to the theatre at night, and he did so, though he fell asleep in his seat. Then he took her to Coney Island on a Saturday afternoon, and came back desperately discouraged—for the girl had told him calmly that she would not live in the flat more than a month longer; that as soon as the cool weather came, she would return to work in some shop.

He sat with his cards in his hands, too worried to play his game. He gazed at nothing, with an empty pipe in his mouth.

"She wants a couple o' babies," Mrs. Jolliffe declared. "When she has some squallin' young appetites to be stuffin', she'll have no time to be thinkin' of herself."

He shook his head.

"Aw, yuh're as bad as them ol' maid ministers," she cried, "that're allus writin' to the paypers about the divorce probium. If youse men had more children, yuh'd be havin' less trouble with yer wives."

"She doesn't like the flat."

"The flat! What's wrong with it, man?"

He looked at her as if he were going to tell her, flushed self-consciously, and went on with his game.

That look gave her her first suspicion of the truth. She lay awake a long time in the night, "puttin' two an' two together," as she would have said. When she saw her daughter in the morning, she understood.

"Well," she said to herself, "I ain't goin' to butt in. Let her do things her own way if she wants to. She'll learn as well by tryin' as by bein' told!"

III

SHE understood why Bailey did not play cribbage with her that night—though he pretended that it was because he had a headache. He spent the evening in the other end of the flat, with the doors closed against her so that she might not hear what Hetty was saying.

The old woman darned his socks and assured herself that it was natural in the girl to want him to herself. She overlooked his guiltily apologetic manner toward her in the morning, and said nothing to Hetty when they were left alone together.

The girl swept the parlor herself that day, rearranged the furniture, and took down all the calendars—as Mrs. Jolliffe discovered in the evening, when Bailey and his wife had gone off to a roof-garden. She found her cherished decorations thrown together in a closet, and she put them away in her trunk, her lips twitching with a pained indignation. The insult was two-edged, though it hurt her most by impugning her taste as a housekeeper. "Dang the girl," she said. "A few years ago she'd not 'a' behaved so—er if she did, she'd 'a' got well spanked fer it!"

She was up early and had breakfast ready for Bailey in the morning, with a cheerful countenance that changed, for a moment only, when she understood from his long and shamefaced explanation that he was going to take Hetty out to dinner in a restaurant and would not be home to the meal. (Here was an insinuation that her cooking was not all that it might be!) He invited her to come with them, but she knew better than to accept. "Never mind me," she said. "I'm too old to be gaddin' about."

Hetty's manner during the day seemed to have a suggestion of silent triumph in it, but nothing was said. The mother could not speak of what was in her thought, and the daughter would not. Mrs. Jolliffe could only wait and watch, hoping that what seemed to her an unreasonable anger in the girl would abate for want of provocation. But Hetty was determined to have her mother understand that *she* could not be ignored and put aside in her own house; and as her mother yielded, bewildered and hurt, Hetty pressed on to the realization of the plans which she had made before her marriage.

It was one of those tragi-comedies of household life which read so depressingly, and it was relieved only by the fact that it ended as a comedy and not as a tragedy. It developed, day by day, week after week, in the small incidents of domestic routine; and it came to a crisis in a way which they might have expected, if they had not been so busy acting their parts that they could not see a day ahead of them.

Bailey had done his best to smooth over the situation, but he was no diplomat. He had

asked Mrs. Joliffe to play cribbage with him, once, tentatively, but he was obviously relieved when she did not accept. He had allowed Hetty to send her own clothes to the laundry, and then his, and finally the household linen. He even ate less heartily what Mrs. Joliffe cooked, and he was content when she accepted these slights without appearing to notice them. He let Hetty take down the curtains in the parlor and put up others more to her taste. He gave her money to buy some new furniture, and she put away the rugs.

Mrs. Joliffe, sitting quiet and humiliated in the dining-room, heard the girl, now, singing as she worked.

By this time, of course, Hetty was no longer silent at the table, except when she and her mother were alone. When Bailey was there, she was quite talkative and affable, and affected to ignore what looked like ill humor in the old woman. "She'll come around," she told him privately. "She's sulky because she can't have everything her own way." She had bought a recipe book and she was experimenting in the kitchen with desserts, which Bailey praised immoderately and ate largely of. She had persuaded him that tea gave him indigestion; she did not drink it herself; and her mother had none to pour but her own. When the furnishings of the dining-room were overhauled, she turned the table around and placed Bailey's chair opposite her own—by which maneuver Mrs. Joliffe was left in the place of the outsider. As a final touch, Hetty helped the vegetables; and there was something hard to define in the way in which she passed her mother's plate. It was perhaps unconscious and unintentional; but it made Mrs. Joliffe feel that the hand of a slighting charity was extended to her with the food.

"I'm not wanted," she told herself. "I'll go away. I'll go away an' live by meself." But she had spent too much of her own money on the despised furniture and decorations of the flat, and she was too proud to ask for it back. The prospect of a lonely and useless old age frightened her even more than poverty. She wanted work to do; and here was work, if Hetty would only let her do it. "What's the matter with the child?" she asked herself. "What've I done to her? I'm that worried I've got the heartburn." And she rubbed her waist-line pathetically and blinked her faded eyes.

She did not appreciate this desire of a

young life to mold its own circumstances, direct its own plans, achieve its new ambitions. She saw herself thrust aside by a filial jealousy which seemed to her the most horrible ingratitude, unnatural and heart-breaking; and this jealousy, having begun in ill temper, continued in that aspect, because the girl was best able to justify herself in her own eyes by preserving her resentment against her mother, even after Mrs. Joliffe had been reduced to the meekness of despair.

At last Hetty happened to say, one day at dinner: "When we have a girl we'll be able to give little parties."

Bailey remained silent, and his silence piqued her. She glanced at her mother and took the old woman's set lips as an unspoken challenge. She remembered how humiliatingly she had been defeated on this point once, and she set herself to carry it now—to make her husband say that she might have a servant if she wished, although she did not intend to get one.

She complained of the need of some one to run out to the grocer's, or to answer the door. She found frequent occasions for remembering that her neighbor had a servant. And although there was no room in the flat for a maid, unless she should turn her mother out—and she saw that her mother regarded the matter in that light—she persisted and insisted and took every opportunity to push the question home.

"Hetty doesn't want me," Mrs. Joliffe told her son-in-law, with tears in her eyes. "She knows I won't stay here idle, eatin' what I do nothin' to earn. She'll need me bedroom fer the gurl. I'll go. I'll go."

Bailey remonstrated with his wife. "That's all talk," Hetty replied, with more animosity than she really felt. "She's too old to do the work now, and she's growing older every day. She doesn't get things half done, and the stuff she cooks makes me sick."

She had, in fact, been feeling unwell, complaining of attacks of faintness and eating very little.

Bailey said indignantly: "Well, I'm tired of this whole business. We don't need a girl and we can't afford one. Leave the poor old woman alone. The house was a good deal happier as it was—besides being cheaper."

"Very well," the wife replied. "If you think more of her crazy notions than you do of my health——"

She went out to a dairy restaurant for

luncheon and bought some food in a delicatessen shop and hid it in her trunk. She ate nothing for dinner except some tapioca pudding, which she had made herself, and it was so badly cooked that it disagreed with her. She was ill in the morning, refused to have her breakfast brought to her in bed, and sent Bailey to his work to worry about her. Her mother came to see her at midday with a bowl of chicken broth and some buttered toast. She refused it. "If I want anything to eat," she said, "I'll cook it myself."

Mrs. Joliffe put the food on the dresser and went to her room to pack her small belongings. "I can't stay here," she told herself, "an' I don't know where I'll go to. I'll have to get work. I'll have to get work somewhere, but I'll go to the poorhouse before I'll stan' fer this. I've slaved fer her all me life, an' I'd work fer her now, till the flesh dropped off me fingers, if she wanted me. But she don't. I'll go—an' be danged to her!" She wiped her cheeks on the end of her apron. "God help Bailey. I'm glad it's him that's got to stay an' not me."

She stripped her little room, packed her pictures of the saints, her holy-water font, and her photographs. She even began to tie up her bedding in a bundle, but left it until she should see Bailey. "I can't move till mornin' anyways," she said, "an' I'll not sleep on the floor to please nobody."

She did not go in to her daughter again; and Hetty, in a high fever, with a blinding headache, had the satisfaction of finding herself seriously ill. When Bailey came home, she was in such a state that he ran out again for the doctor. Mrs. Joliffe looked on at his anxiety, grimly contemptuous, and sat down to her lonely dinner, eating and drinking mechanically, with her eyes blank and her face resolute.

"I'm leavin' here in the mornin'," she told him.

The doctor was in the other room, and Bailey was awaiting his opinion of the case. "Leaving?" he said. "She's sick."

"She'll let me do nothin' fer her. She'll

eat nothin' I cook. She wants a gurl. She wants to be rid o' me. I'm goin'."

He wandered back to the bedroom again.

She heard the murmur of the doctor's voice and said to herself: "He c'n cure her bad timper, no doubt! It's all that's wrong with her!" When she heard the doctor go out, she took Bailey's dinner from the oven, ready for his return to the table. "Poor boy," she said. "She'll lead him a life!"

He came out to her, pale. "She wants to see you," he said huskily.

"What is it?"

He looked down at his feet. "She'll tell you, I guess."

His manner alarmed her. She hurried to the bedroom and found Hetty lying among the pillows, her eyes dilated, her lips trembling. "Mother," she said, clutching at the old woman's hard hand. "Don't go away. Don't leave me. I'm—I'm frightened."

"What is it?" the mother whispered.

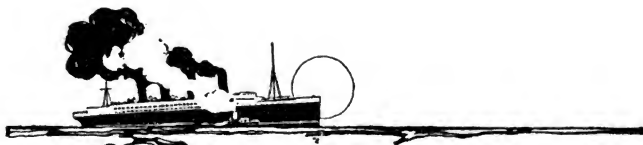
"What is it?" And even as she asked it, she knew. . . . "Dear God," she laughed, while the girl clung to her, "I wanted nothin' but to stay with yuh. Who said I was goin' to leave yuh? Don't be a fool, gurl. What're yuh scared o'? D'yuh think yuh're the first woman ever— Wait now. Yuh're hungry. That's what's wrong with yuh. Where's that broth?"

She ran out to the kitchen with it to warm it up. "There!" she said to Bailey. "What'd I tell yuh! We'll have no more trouble in *this* house. Sit down there an' eat yer dinner like a man an' a father. I'll beat y' at cribbage when I get her off to sleep."

She muttered to herself over the stove: "Us women! Why a sane man mixes in with us is more'n I know. . . . Poor Jollie! Born a man an' died married." She chuckled. "I hope it'll be a gurl, an' marry young. I do *that*. 'Tud serve Hetty dang well right if she lived to be a mother-in-law herself, fer her sins. . . . A mother-in-law! What a life! An' they make jokes about us in the papers!"



"TWO FER HIS HEELS."



THE SHIP MUST SAIL ON TIME

by ERNEST POOLE

Illustrated with photographs by

ARTHUR HEWITT

AN ocean liner lay at her dock. Doubly huge in the night, her details all in shadow, only her great white, sweeping lines showed out. Her port-holes were twinkling; delicate clouds were wreathing from her smoke-stacks, and from the depths of her came a low, restless humming. The autumn air that blew in from the ocean, rough, wet, and salty; the blasts and toots and bellows of the all-night harbor-craft at work; the yellow and red and frosty blue lights that flashed by thousands from the river and the bay—all gave the background and the rhythm to this climax in the drama of the nation, the converging of the products of the land.

Down on the wharf the rush was at its height. Under the sputtering bluish arc lights, amid endless clang and rumble, the produce of America came in. From the prairies, the mines and the mills, from the forests, the cotton plantations, tobacco fields, orchards and vineyards, from the oil fields and meat-packing houses, from the grimy factories large and small; ponderous engines of steel, harvesters, reapers, automobiles, bars of silver and yellow bricks of gold, bales of cotton and wool and hides and tobacco, meats, barrels of flour, and boxes of fruit, hogsheds of oil and casks of wine; tens of thousands of things and machines to make things—piled up on the wharf by the acre. And still all night the teams clattered in and the tugs puffed up with the barges; and from hundreds of miles away the trains were rushing hither, bringing more boxes and barrels and bags to be packed in at the last moment.

In gangs at every hatchway the four hun-

dred men were trundling, heaving, straining, a rough crowd, cursing and joking at the hoarse shouts of the foremen; while from the darkness outside, heavy black rope nets dropped down to gather gigantic handfuls of cargo, swing them back up to the deck of the ship and then down into her hold. So all through the night and right up to the hour of sailing the rush went on. For the great ocean liner's work is worth hundreds of thousands of dollars a month. And the ship must sail on time.

In scenes like these I spent six weeks, and I found them rich in stories. For the thirty thousand longshoremen on the wharves of New York harbor—Irish, Italians, Germans, Negroes, and Swedes—far from being the drunkards and bums that some people think them, are like men of the lumber camps come to town—huge of limb and tough of muscle, hard-swearing, quick-fisted, big of heart. And the work that they do brings the old human struggles in plenty.

Nowhere in the land can you find labor so heavy, so irregular. When the ship comes in, the rush of unloading begins, and the average stretch of work for a gang is from twelve to twenty hours; but often men, after heaving and hoisting from six o'clock one morning till two o'clock the next, will go on in the second gang and work *thirty-five hours without sleep*. For when the ship sails there is no more work for perhaps three or four days, and it is hard to get jobs on docks elsewhere. So here you find tales of prodigious endurance—like that of "Horsepower Mike."

"That's what I call him," said the foreman with a grin. "And the name just about

fits. The other night a team of dray horses went crazy on the dock, the teamster being drunk and lashing 'em. They reared up and fought, and began to smash all the boxes in sight—when Mike he made a jump for their heads. And in about two seconds them big critters was down on all fours, heads squeezed close together, snorting, eyes shooting fire, legs shivering. And then old Mike said a few things. He's a quiet-mouthed old cuss, Mike is, and when he does swear he swears low. But he certainly did sober up that teamster. . . . Here he comes now. Watch him."

I could just see his grizzled gray head. The rest of him was hidden behind the crate he was trundling. When he stopped and tipped it from his truck, it struck with a jar that made the planks shake under our feet. Two stocky Italians bent and strained to boost it into the net, and Mike watched them with a twinkle. The crate never budged. He brushed the Italians away and bent down his shoulders and heaved.



The crate rose easily, toppled, and fell. Another heave, and it lay on the net, which slowly tightened and dragged it, turning and creaking, up into the ship.

Mike stood there a moment, a short, heavy old bull of a man. His grimy blue shirt was open and torn; I could see the thick ridges and knots on his hairy chest and back and shoulders. It was all alive with use, this muscle—twitching.

But all at once his legs seemed to give way under him. He caught at a barrel behind him, and sat down, his face contracting sharply. We went over.

"Hello, Mike," said the foreman. He looked down with a grin. "You all-fired lazy old loafer, what you sittin' down for?" Mike had drawn a plug of tobacco from his hip pocket and was biting off a chunk.

"I ain't sittin'." His voice was a low, surly growl. "Me legs kind of fell into me boots, an' I was jest tryin' to yank 'em out." He rose to his feet and swayed slightly, his face again scowling with pain. He lifted



AT ALMOST EVERY WHARF ENTRANCE A LONG, CROOKED LINE OF MEN WAITING TO DRAW THEIR PAY.



his empty truck and rattled it off. The foreman watched him curiously.

"There's something up," he said, "but I can't make it out. He's a deep one." He pulled

they quit at midnight, he stayed and went on with the second gang. It's now two in the afternoon; that makes fourteen hours more; thirty-four hours all told—and he's still at it. Now that ain't uncommon. There's often men that do it. But they lay off for two or three days after. Mike has done the same thing four times in the last ten days, with only about twenty-four hours' rest after each stretch. . . . I wonder what's up?" he repeated.

Returning the next week, I found my foreman. He laughed when he saw me.

"You remember old Horse-power? Well, I found out about him. I got the yarn from his stepson Bill. About a month ago the old man for the first time in his life was made a granddaddy, and the baby is a kid, and they're going to christen him Mike." He stopped suddenly and went off to shout some orders. "Well," he said, coming back, "the granddaddy of that kid has just gone and bought the finest blue and red baby carriage that ever struck the Battery on a hot afternoon! That's why he was after that extra pay!" He stopped short, and nudged me. Old Horse-power came by us.

"Say, Mike!"

"Well," said Mike gruffly, "hello."

"Here's a reporter who wants to know how in thunder such a sour old cuss as you can enjoy smokin' on a Battery bench, watchin' a baby carriage! Like I seen you Sunday!"

Mike dropped his truck with a bang and stood scowling straight into my eyes.

"How about it?" the foreman asked me. "Ain't it a story? Look at him, how soft and womanish and—and gentle."

Old Mike drew slowly nearer. "Yes," he growled into my face, "look at me."

I did. And there was a moment's dangerous silence.

"Is it a story?" he asked. And I looked very solemnly back.

"No story at all," I assured him. "It's the commonest thing in the world."



out his big silver watch. "Mike went on the job at four o'clock yesterday morning and worked the regular twenty-hour stretch with the gang. But when

At noon I had dinner with the foreman in a lunch-room. It was shaped like a tunnel and packed with burly dockers hard at work. Little was heard but the noises of eating. Having scalded my mouth by my first attempt on the soup, I stopped and looked about me. The same soup, smoking hot, was being gulped down like cool, pleasant water. And then the main dinner appeared.



FROM THE DEPTHS OF HER CAME A LOW, RESTLESS HUMMING.



IN GANGS AT EVERY HATCHWAY, MEN WERE TRUNDLING, HEAVING, STRAINING.

This consisted of plates piled high with beef and potatoes and cabbage, all of which was consumed in from five to ten minutes, together with coffee in huge thick bowls, even hotter than the soup. Then out came the pipes. I watched them all with envy.

"Seems like a healthy life," I remarked. "If a man can eat like this, and work forty hours at a stretch when he's a granddaddy, he must have had a healthy job to grow old on."

The foreman's jaws were still working hard. But while he ate he stared at me. And then he leaned solemnly forward:

"Look here, young un, tell me this: Is a job any good for the health of a man if his wife is a widdler?"

The answer to that was easy.

"No," I replied, "it certainly is not."

"Well," he said, "that's what's the matter with a good many boys on the docks. Their wives are always becoming widders, and I don't know anything that can annoy a man more."

"I haven't seen any accidents so far."

"And you won't. Not at first. Because when a man gets took off from the docks, the rest of us don't wipe any eyes nor tear out any hair. We just go on working. It's all in the game. . . . But jest you keep your eyes open."

In the next week I talked with policemen all up and down the river. There is one stationed at every pier entrance; he must enter each ambulance case in his notebook; and looking through these books, I found that each





HEAVY NETS DROPPED GIGANTIC HANDFULS OF CARGO DOWN INTO HER HOLD.

dock averaged one accident a week—about fifty a year. I heard scores of stories, most of which are better left unwritten. I will give only two; the first as it was told to me by a docker:

"We called him Paderoosky Jim. He had hair like the smoke of a river tug, and his face was made to look savage as his hair—only it wasn't. Under the skin he was the happiest little Dago that ever struck the dock. Jest one Irish wink would get him a-going, and then he'd grin and chuckle to himself like a ten-year-old kid. Between grins he worked steady and hard on the job. And that was about all we knew about him—till we took up the collection.

"Jim had gone into the family business wholesale. Only one wife, all right, but he had nine

kids, the oldest of 'em only twelve years old. He averaged from ten to twelve dollars a week right through the year—being such an all-fired steady worker. And the family spent it. When he made six dollars a week they spent it, and when in a rush week he made sixteen they spent that too. Dagoes ain't made to figure ahead.

"But there was one thing they did figure hard. The oldest boy, Jim Junior, was a regular professor on the piano. There was an old yellow piano in the back room of the corner Eytalian saloon, and Jim Junior was always at it. He was pinched once by the truancy cop for cutting out school for that piano. He got more fun out of finding a new swipe chord than most kids would get out of smashing a grocery window.



"His dad was proud as a peacock. The bartender told me old Paderoosky would sit there in the back room at night till the place closed up, with only one glass of beer—he wasn't the drinkin' kind. And his hair would get all bunched up with

an old dog's eyes when people look at her pups.

"So Paderoosky he figured ahead what a newspaper wonder Jim Junior was a-goin' to be.

"But one year we had a late spring.

One of them springs when the cussed snow hangs on and on, meltin' slow, and then comes again in a bunch like a million automobileels—'way into April. Them late, draggin', cold spells is bad enough all over town; but it's worse on the docks, where you get all the slush and wind there is, and have to keep on the job all day and night without stopping. That kind of a season always brings accidents by the dozen. Because men get all done up and drink to get warm—and drink some more.

"Paderoosky didn't drink. But one afternoon late in March a heavy wet snow blew in from the bay. The deck got covered with slush and slippery as suds. Night come on; we went off to supper and then back to the all-night job. The ship was booked to sail the next day at eight-thirty.

"The wind got worse, blowin' the snow out of the dark into the light in big white clouds, stingin' yer face like forty thousand devils. You could jest hear the foreman yell his cuss-words down on the dock.

"Up on the deck next to Paderoosky and me was a Dutchman who had drunk too much

at supper. A dozen times I grabbed him when he slipped; and the last time I held on, shook me fist in his face, and told him a



RIGHT UP TO THE HOUR OF SAILING THE RUSH WENT ON.

pride, and his face kind of solemn; only, when men crowded in to listen to the kid, his eyes took the shine that comes into

string of things—and it sobered him up for a while. But I kept me eye on his feet, and pretty soon I saw him get woozy again. Then I jumped to the dock side of the deck and yelled down to the foreman to send up another man.

"When I turned round, Paderosky and the Dutchman was gone.

"Down in the bottom of the hold, the man that was looking up at the time saw the Dutchman slip and come over the edge, and then Jim make a quick reach for his collar. The reach was too quick—and Jim came too.

"The Dutchman was killed when he struck, and Jim lived about two hours after.

"The next day, the boys sent me round to find out what family he had. And when I got the whole story, it hit me so hard I jest put it up to the gang, and the end of it was we collected enough to buy little Jim Junior a big street piano. You can see him 'most any day out with his mother, and I guess they make enough for spaghetti and rent.

"But it's a thundering shame, ain't it! After all old Paderosky's figuring ahead—Jim a plain organ-grinder!"

Few dockers "figure ahead" about sons to be "newspaper wonders." Most are the steady, hard-working kind, who figure simply on bringing up sons to be good, husky workmen like themselves. This is no easy task. In the average large family, the pinch begins some five years after the wedding, and from that time on every penny of the docker's ten or twelve dollars a week is



NOWHERE IN THE LAND CAN YOU FIND LABOR
SO HEAVY.

needed to keep his small children. So the pinch lasts some ten years, till the oldest son begins working. Happy the docker in whose tenement home no accident, sickness, or death has come in the meantime to drag him down.

Jansen, the Swede, married too late. The winsome Swedish peasant girl who finally won his heart did not come to New York till Jansen was thirty-four. And even after he met her, being by that time a cautious bachelor, he made a slow job of the wooing, and he was thirty-five when they married.

Jansen had saved ninety-four dollars. He might have saved more, for he was one of the best men on the docks; his work the most skilled and the most dangerous kind, down in the bottom of the ship, taking the cargo as it came down from the crane and

shifting it back in the hold—to trim the ship, a thing that no "stiff" or green hand can do. So his pay averaged fourteen dollars a week. But Jansen had saved no more, because he had felt that this glorious power of muscle would always be in him. It was only during the wooing time that he had begun to put money aside.

Most of the money was used to furnish the four-room home. Then his thrifty young wife made him begin to save again.

And so careful was she with his wages that seven years later, when they had three little girls and one boy, she had over a hundred dollars locked in a box in the cupboard.

But Jansen was now forty-two. Most dockers, before they are fifty, find that the muscle force and





THE BLUE PETER IS HOISTED AND THE STARTING WHISTLE SOUNDED—THE SHIP
MUST SAIL ON TIME.

endurance that seemed everlasting begin suddenly to wear out. Although this is a fact well known to all, it comes to each man like a blow from behind. When it comes, the average docker, having married young, has at least the consolation of one or more sons and daughters already working for the home. But Jansen had married too late.

Having worked harder than usual that year from Christmas to Easter, after one twenty-hour stretch of labor he had come home feeling doubly stiff and sore. And the next morning on waking, the first move in bed made him wince with pain.

The rest of the story is so common that it is better briefly told. Long weeks of "rheumatics" that kept him an angry, impotent cripple; the savings slowly running out. Then a short stretch of dock work—and again the sickness. After that his wife went out scrubbing. But as in the stiling days of July the little woman grew white and thin, again did Jansen, furious at himself and cursing down his limb spasms, go back to the docks. He gritted his teeth and worked. But his old-time adroitness was gone.

And one week later his leg was shattered by a long, heavy crate.

The men on his dock collected a hundred and twenty dollars. Since then Jansen has been a nurse for the children at home, while his wife goes out office scrubbing. Brave, quiet little woman, she looks twenty years older now. And the oldest girl is still only eleven. For Jansen had married too late.

"Somebody's got to get hurt, and that's all there is to it. But there is one thing that makes the boys mad." The speaker was a lean, quiet, shrewd-looking Scotchman of middle age, proprietor of a tiny lunch-room where dinner is served for a quarter. He leaned over the desk, on his right elbow.

"Who ought to pay the damage?" With his thumb he pointed to the limp sleeve that hung in place of his left arm. "There is a law for damages," he went on, "and there's plenty of lawyers around the docks *who know jest how to handle it*. These lawyers are employed by the Ship Company, or by some insurance firm that backs the Company, I don't know exactly which. All I do know is that for a good many years while I was at work as a docker, I watched how they did it. And havin' a feeling, as my good old mither in Scotland would put it, that I was

foreordained to get smashed—I began to kind of study this damage law by myself, and decided just about what I'd do if the time ever came.

"It did. One afternoon in the bottom of a ship my arm got hit from behind by the end of a big mahogany log." He paused for a moment, then he added slowly, "When I come to, down on the dock, I jest kept my eyes shut and shouted, 'I won't sign anything!' Being somewhat frivolous-minded from the arm, which was pounding inside like twenty pile drivers, I made the same remark to the ambulance man, and again to the hospital nurse when I come out of the ether that night. Then I got almighty sick. But when the lawyer arrived the next day, my legal mind was ready.

"How much for my arm?" I asked. That started him talking and showing his long lawyer paper. At last he pulled out fifty dollars, and said they were mine if I'd sign and 'have no more trouble at all.'

"No more trouble at all," I said, speaking sad, 'with a family, and no arm to work with, and fifty dollars to live on.'

"Then, as he looked down on me in the bed, his face got lighted by hope, faith, and charity; he told me how sorry he was. But he said I'd been careless—in the eye of the law.

"This eye of the law," I remarked, 'is a just eye—for me and the Ship Trust alike.'

"Tries to be," he said.

"It's a kind eye for my wife and kids," I remarked.

"Tries to be," he said, looking sorry.

"And if I don't sign, and sue you in court for five thousand, it'll be a slow eye."

"Tries to be," he began—but he grinned. "Your case wouldn't even be called for a year," he said, looking sorry.

"I sat half up on my elbow.

"And if I go to court with every Tammany chief of the district—still a slow eye," I remarked.

"The lawyer jumped, and his face got queer. He took the addresses I gave him, and went to see my friends. He came back the next day, and grinned kind of sheepish, and offered a thousand. I signed."

Talk with hundreds of men on the docks, and you will find that the Scotchman's opinion, rightly or wrongly, is the opinion of all. But few are as shrewd as he. Nine out of ten get nothing at all, or else settle at once for some beggarly sum. And so,

having grown hopeless of this "just eye," they long ago started a scheme of their own.

One Saturday afternoon, walking along the North River, I found at almost every wharf entrance a long, crooked line of hundreds of men waiting to draw their pay; and at every pay window stood a man with an empty cigar box, into which each docker dropped a half-dollar, a quarter, or a dime, for the man who had been "careless" that week—or for his widow.

There were often scores of negroes in line, and I found that they always did their part. I remember one—a giant, round-shouldered and bare-chested, his coat thrown back. He stood in the line, with arms folded, gloomily regarding the wharf entrance, where just outside, with four other dusky females, stood his stout, forbidding boarding-house keeper, watching him with triumphant eye.

"Say, Abe," chuckled the fat little darky behind him, "Ole Susy cert'nly is a layin' fo' you. Look at her hands—jest a-clutchin'! How much you owe?"

"All I'll get," growled Abe. "I got by her last week in de rain." The fat one doubled up and shook silently.

"Aw, shet up!" muttered the giant. With a curse he moved forward in line. "I's plumb disgusted," he growled, "wid dis yeah Ship Trust, standin' a man right out in a public place, lettin' any ole woman walk up an' look at his pay."

Five minutes later, standing by the window, I watched the giant pushing forward. Beside me was the cigar box. The money was to be given to a spinal-injury case, and details about it were being told along the line. The man was a young Italian whose eighteen-year-old wife had already one child; another was soon to be born; and the doctor had said that the man would be all his life a helpless paralytic. The Irishman who had the collection in charge was skillfully adding touches of pathos—the girl's face, her beauty, how brave she was, the dumb look in her eyes. Big Abe listened harder and harder, and I saw his face suddenly light up.

"No twenty-five cents fo' me," I heard him exclaim. "Not dis time. No, suh!" His face fairly glowed with philanthropy. And when he drew his pay, he turned from the window and tossed a bill into the box, exclaiming in triumph:

"Heah's a dollah from Ole Susy!"

There is another waste of life—slower and less apparent, but even more fatally sure in the human misery it brings.

Of the thirty thousand men on the docks, nine-tenths are clean, hard of muscle, steady supporters of families. Watch any huge gang leave a dock after a long rush of work, and you will see the large majority make straight for their homes in the big tenements near by. Even of those who do crowd into saloons, few stay for more than an hour. No habitual drunkards and bums can do the work of the dockers.

But as elsewhere in America, so here, there are the one-tenth who go down—men who, after the long, exhausting strain, yield to the constant temptation in the ensuing stretch of idleness. Spree follows spree. Little by little the man drops out of the regular gang; little by little his face becomes flabby and red, his muscles grow soft—and he becomes a "Shinango."

Perhaps there are three thousand of these in all, in New York, Jersey City, Hoboken, and Brooklyn; some are down solely because of the drink, others crippled by accidents or the "rheumatics." Wrecks of the rush, who still do occasional jobs to get money for drink. From them come the police-court stories of wife-beating, starving children, tenement homes ugly and squalid and cold.

But, in spite of all this, in the big strike of a year ago the men made only one demand—deeply typical of America. No shorter hours, no measures to lessen the terrific waste of life—but—

"We average only eleven dollars a week. Give us higher pay!"

The rush, the fierce day-and-night strain, the tenement homes left desolate—or worse: all this, as in other parts of America's race, is "all in the game." The game that grows year by year more vast and intense and inspiring. The huge industrial game of the world, with America far in the lead, America working the swiftest, and straining each nerve to keep up with despotic machines of steel that she herself has created. And laughing at the damage.

For the great white ocean liner lies waiting at the dock. Her work is worth hundreds of thousands of dollars a month. The products pour in ceaselessly from all four corners of the land. And the ship must sail on time!



On the Spot; or, The Idler's House-Party

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

Author of "The Pagan's Progress," "Ellen and Mr. Man," etc.

Illustrations by J. H. Gardner Soper

LAST winter was socially the most disgusting that I remember ever having known, because everybody lost money, except Sally's father and mine. We didn't, of course, mind how much money our friends lost—they always had plenty left; but we hated to have them talk about it, and complain all the time, and say that it was the President's fault, or poor John Rockefeller's, or Senator So-and-so's, or the life-insurance people's. When a man loses money it is, as a matter of fact, almost always his own fault. I said so at the beginning of last winter, and I say so still. And Sally, who is too lazy to think up original remarks, copied it from me and made no bones about saying it to all the people she knew who she thought needed that kind of comfort. But perhaps, now that I think of it, Sally and I may have contributed to making the winter socially disgusting. Be that as it may, we were the greatest sufferers.

We moved to Idle Island in September. And we were so delighted with what the archi-

tects, and landscape-gardeners, and mosquito doctors had done to make it habitable; with the house itself, and the grape-house, and greenhouses and gardens, and pergolas and marble columns from Athens, and terraces, and in- and out-door tennis-courts, and swimming-pools and boat-houses, and golf links, and all the other country-place necessities, and particularly with a line of the most comfortable lounging-chairs and divans in the world, that we decided to spend the winter there. Sally telephoned to my father's secretary and asked him to spend the winter with us, and make out lists for week-end parties, and to be generally civil and useful. The secretary said that he would be delighted to come if he could persuade my father and mother to go abroad for the winter; and later he called Sally up, and said that he had persuaded them.

Well, from the first our week-end parties were failures. On the first Friday in October the President of the United States said that

he hated cheats and liars (only he mentioned names) and the stock-market went to smash. Saturday it was still in a messy state, and the people who came out Saturday afternoon couldn't or wouldn't talk about anything else. They came by the two-thirty to Stepping-Stone, and were ferried over to the Island in the motor-boat. Sally and I rode down to the pier in the jinrikisha that my father's secretary had had imported for us for a wedding present; and, I give you my word, the motor-boat as it slowed into the pier looked like an excursion steamer out to view the beauties of the Hudson. Everybody on board was hidden behind a newspaper.

"Fong," said Sally to her jinrikisha man, "take me back to the house."

He turned and trotted off with her, and they disappeared under the elms.

"Just because your guests aren't interested in you," I called after her, "is no reason why you shouldn't be interested in them."

But she didn't answer, and I was afraid I'd hurt her feelings; so I said to my man, or horse, or horse-man—it's hard to know what to call them:

"Long Lee, you go back to the house, clip-step."

Clip-step soon overtook Sally, and I asked her what she was mad about.

"I'm mad," she said, "because none of those people have ever seen this beautiful island before, and they wouldn't look up from their dirty old newspapers. What's the matter with them?"

"They're worried about the market," said I, "and each one wants the others to think that he's more worried than they are. That's all."

"But the women!" said Sally. "There was sat waving to them, and not so much as a look for our pains. My arm is all numb from waving hospitably."

"Never mind," I said. "I'll—I'll ask your maid to rub it for you. And then we'll send the motor-boat for the very latest edition of the papers, and we'll have Blenheim and Windermere fold them like ships and cocked hats, the way they do the napkins, and put them at each person's place at dinner. That will be the tactful way of showing them what we think about it."

Sally, naturally enough, was delighted at this idea, and forgot all about her poor, numb arm. But the scheme sounded better than it worked. Because when we went in to dinner the guests, instead of being put to shame by

the sight of the newspapers, actually sputtered with pleasure, and fell on them and unfolded them and opened them at the financial pages. And then the men began to shout and argue, and perspire and fling quotations about the table, and the women got very shrill, and said they didn't know what they would do if the wretched market kept up, or rather if it didn't keep up. And nobody admired the new furniture or the pictures, or the old Filfield plate, or Sally's gown, or said anything pleasant and agreeable.

"Sam," said Tony Marshall to me, "I'm glad that you can empty your new swimming-pool in three-quarters of an hour, but if you don't watch out you may be so poor before the winter's over that you won't be able to buy water enough to fill it."

"If you're not careful," I said, "I'll fill it with champagne and make you people swim in it till you're more sprightly and agreeable. I never saw such a lot of oafs—I——"

"I tell you, Sam," bellowed Billoo, "that the financial status of this country, owing to that infernal lunatic in the White House——"

"If you must tell me again——" I began.

"Oh," he said disgustedly, "you can't be serious about anything. You're so da—a—ah—urn rich that you never give a thought to the sufferings of the consumer."

"Don't I?" said I. "Did you happen to see me the morning after the Clarion's ball last winter—I thought about the consumer then, I can tell you."

Billoo turned his back on me very rudely. I looked across the table to Sally. She smiled feebly. She had drawn back her chair so that Tombs and Randall could fight it out across her plate without hitting her in the nose. They were frantically shaking their fists at each other, and they kept saying very loud, and both at once:

"I tell *you*!" and they made that beginning over and over, and never got any farther.

At two o'clock the next morning Mrs. Giddings turned to Sally and said:

"And now, my dear, I can't wait another moment. You must show me all over your lovely new house. I can think of nothing else."

"Can't you?" said Sally. "I can. It's two o'clock. But I'll show you to your own lovely room, if you like."

In the morning I sent for Blenheim, and told him to take all the Sunday papers as soon as they arrived and throw them overboard. All I meant to be was tactful. But

it wouldn't do. The first thing the men asked for was the papers; and the second thing. And finally they made such a fuss and threw out so many hints that I had to send the motor-boat over to the mainland. This made me rather sore at the moment, and I wished that the motor-boat was at the bottom of the Sound; but it wasn't, and had to be sent.

Later in the day I was struck with an idea. It was one of the few that ever struck me without outside help, and I will keep it dark for the present. But when I got Sally alone I said to her:

"Now, Sally, answer prettily: do you or do you not know what plausible weather is?"

"I do not," she said promptly.

"Of course you do not," I said, "you miserable little ignoramus. It has to do with an idea."

"No, Sam!" cried Sally.

"One of mine," I said.

"O Sam!" she said. "Can I help?"

"You can."

"How?"

"You can pray for it."

"For the idea?" she asked.

"No, you silly little goat," I said. "For the plausible weather."

"Must I?" she asked.

"You must," I said. "If you have marrow-bones, prepare to use them now."

Sally looked really shocked.

"Knees," I explained. "They're the same thing. But now that I think of it, you needn't use yours. If anybody were looking, it would be different, of course. But nobody is, and you may use mine."

So Sally used my knees for the moment, and I explained the idea to her briefly, and some other things at greater length; and then we both laughed and prayed aloud for plausible weather.

But it was months coming.

II

THINK, if you can, of a whole winter passing in Westchester County without its storming one or more times on any single solitary Saturday or Sunday or holiday! Christmas Day, even, some of the men played tennis out-of-doors. The balls were cold and didn't bounce very high, and all the men who played wanted to sit in the bar and talk stocks, but otherwise it made a pretty good game. Often, because our guests were so disagreeable about

the money they had lost or were losing, we decided not to give any more parties, but when we thought that fresh air was good for our friends, whether they liked it or not, of course we had to keep on asking them. And besides, we were very much set on the idea that I have referred to, and there was always a chance of plausible weather.

It did not come till May. But then it "came good," as Sally said. It "came good" and it came opportunely. Everything was right. We had the right guests; we had the right situation in Wall Street, and the weather was right. It came out of the northeast, darkly blowing (this was Saturday, just after the usual motor-boat load and their afternoon editions had been landed), and at first it made the Sound, and even the sheltered narrows between the island and the mainland, look pancake-flat and oily. Then it turned the Sound into a kind of incoming gray, striped with white; and then into clean white, wonderfully bright and staring under the dark clouds. I never saw a finer storm come up finer. But nobody would go out to the point to see it come. The Stock Exchange had closed on the verge of panic (that was its chronic Saturday closing last winter) and you couldn't get the men or women away from the thought of what *might* happen Monday. "Good heavens," said Billoo, "think of poor Sharply on his way home from Europe! Can't get to Wall Street before Wednesday, and God knows what he'll find when he gets there."

"What good would it do him to get there before?" I asked. "Wouldn't he sail right in and do the wrong thing, just as everybody has done all winter?"

"You don't understand, Sam," said Billoo, very lugubriously; and then he annihilated me by banging his fist on a table and saying, "*At least he'd be on the spot, wouldn't he?*"

"Oh," I said, "if you put it that way, I admit that that's just where he would be—Will anybody come and have a look at the fine young storm that I'm having served?"

"Not now, Sam—not now," said Billoo, as if the storm would always stay just where, and as, it was; and nobody else said anything. The men wanted to shout and get angry and make dismal prophecies, and the women wanted to stay and hear them, and egg them on, and decide what they would buy or sell on Monday.

"All right, Billoo-on-the-spot," I said. "Sally——?"



WE BOTH PRAYED ALOUD FOR PLAUSIBLE WEATHER.

Sally was glad to come. And first we went out on the point and had a good look at the storm. The waves at our feet were breaking big and wild, the wind was groaning and howling as if it had a mortal stomach-ache, and about a mile out was a kind of thick curtain of perpendicular lines, with dark, squally shadows at its base.

"Sam!" cried Sally, "it's snow—snow," and she began to jump up and down.

In a minute or two flakes began to hit us wet slaps in the face, and we took hands and danced, and then ran (there must have been something intoxicating about that storm) all the way to the pier. And there was the captain of the motor-boat just stepping ashore.

"The man himself," said Sally.

"Captain," said I, "how are we off for boats?"

By good luck there were in commission only the motor-boat, and the rowboat that she towed behind, and a canoe in the loft of the boat-house.

"Captain," I said, "take the Hobo (that was the name of the motor-boat) and her tender to City Island, and don't come back till Wednesday morning, in time for the Wall Street special."

"When you get to City Island," said Sally, "try to look crippled."

"Not you," I said, "but the Hobo."

"Tell them," said Sally, "if they ask questions, that you were blown from your moorings, and that you couldn't get back in the teeth of the gale because—because——"

"Because," said I, "your cylinders slipped, and your clutch missed fire, and your carbureter was full of prunes."

"In other words," said Sally, "if anybody ever asks you anything about anything—lie."

We gave him a lot more instructions, and some eloquent money, and he said, "Very good, ma'am," to me, and "Very good, miss," to Sally, and pretty soon he and the Hobo and the engineer and the Hobo's crew of one and the tender were neatly blown from their moorings, and drifted helplessly toward City Island at the rate of twenty-two miles an hour. Then Sally and I (it was snowing hard, now) climbed into the loft of the boat-house, and *fixed* the canoe.

"There," said Sally, putting down her little hatchet, "I don't believe the most God-fearing banker in this world would put to sea in that! Well, Sam, we've done it now."

"We have," said I.

"Will Monday never come?" said Sally.

"Stop," said I; "the telephone."

Idle Island was moored to the mainland by a telephone cable. It took us nearly an hour to find where this slipped into the water. And we were tired and hungry and wet and cold, but we simply had to persevere. It was frightful. At length we found the thing—it looked like a slimy black snake—and we cut it, where the water was a foot deep—the water bit my wrists and ankles as sharply as if it had been sharks—and went back to the house through the storm.

It was as black as night (the weather, not the house), snowing furiously and howling. We crept into the house like a couple of sneak-thieves, and heard Billoo at his very loudest shouting:

"I had Morgan on the wire all right—and the fool operator cut me off!"

Sally snipped her wet fingers in my face.

"Hello, fool operator," she said.

"Hello, yourself," said I. "But oh, Sally, listen to that wind, and tell me how it sounds to you. A wet hug if you guess the answer."

"To me," said Sally, "it sounds plausible." And she got herself hugged.

III

I DON'T believe that anybody slept much Saturday night. You never heard such a storm in your life. It seemed to Sally and me, who would have been the chief sufferers if it *had* blown down, that our comfortable, brand-new marble house flapped like a flag. Every now and then there came a tremendous crack from one part of the island or another; and each time Sally would say, "There goes my favorite elm," or I would say, "There goes that elm again."

Most of the men came down to breakfast Sunday morning. What with the storm and the worry about stocks keeping them awake most of the night, they were without exception nervous and cross, particularly Billoo. He looked like an owl that had been first stuffed and then boiled. Blenheim told me later that at various times during the night he had carried four several pints of champagne to Billoo's room; and at 7 A.M. bicarbonate of soda and aromatic spirits of ammonia.

"I tell you, Sam," said Billoo crossly, "I've been awake all night thinking what it would mean to some of us—yes, me!—if this storm should wreck that ferry-boat of yours."

A lot of wet snow and wind hit the dining-room windows a series of rattling slaps.

"She's a good boat, Sam, but smallish to ride out such a storm as this.

"What a goat you are, Sam," said Tombs, also crossly, "not to keep two ferry-boats, so that if one breaks down you have the other."

"When we made up our minds to spend the winter here," I said, "I ordered another; in fact, two. But they're still building; and besides, what if the Hobo does break down? There's plenty to eat and drink, I hope. Nobody would suffer much."

"No," said Billoo, "it would be no suffering for a business man to be storm-bound here during a probable panic on Wall Street!

"I'm tired," said I, "of hearing you refer to yourself or any of these gentlemen as business men. You always gamble; and when you're in good luck you gambol, and when you aren't, you don't. What makes me sickest about you all is that you're so nauseatingly conceited and self-important. You all think that your beastly old Stock Exchange is the axle about which the wheel of the world revolves, and each of you thinks, privately, that he's the particular grease that makes it revolve smoothly."

"Well," said Billoo, "you know that the presence on the floor of one steady, conservative man may often avert a panic."

"Show me the man," I said. "Has any one here ever caused a panic or averted one? But you all lose money just as often because you're on the spot, as make it. Wouldn't you all be the richer for an absence now and then?"

"Of course," said Randall, "there are times when it doesn't matter one way or the other. But when—well, when the market's in the state it is now, it's life or death, almost, to be on the spot."

"I don't understand," I said. "When the market looks fussy, why not sell out, and wait for better times?"

"We *can't* sell out," said Billoo. "We're loaded up to the muzzle."

"You look as if you had been," I said courteously; but Billoo brushed the remark aside as if it had been a fly.

"If we *try* to unload," he said, "the market begins to collapse. We *can't* unload, except a little at a time, and still prices get lower and lower and margins thinner and thinner. Now I happen to *know*"—he looked about him importantly—"that to-morrow will hear the failure of a *very well-known* house, and after that's announced—God knows."

"How true that is," I said. "But tell me: suppose you gentlemen deliberately absented yourselves for a few days—wouldn't it restore confidence? Wouldn't the other brokers say: 'Billoo, Randall, Tombs, Marshall, Bedlo, etc., don't seem to think there's much doing. None of 'em's here—what's the use of *me* being scared?'"

"It would have the contrary effect, Sam," said Tombs solemnly. "They would think that we had decamped in a body for Canada."

"I don't know," said I, "but it would be a better thing for the country if you all did ship to Canada—I don't think there's much doing outdoors to-day. Hear that wind!"

"If I can get rid of all my holdings," said Billoo, "I'll sit tight. We'll see lower prices before we see higher."

"Well," said I, "I'll bet you we don't."

"Young man," said Billoo, and he looked almost well and happy, "just name your sum."

"I'll bet you a thousand," I said.

"Sammy," said Tombs very sweetly, "have you got another thousand up your sleeve?"

"Sure," I said.

"Done with you," said Tombs.

In about five minutes I had bet with everybody present.

"But mind," I said, "there mustn't be any dirty work. You people mustn't go to town to-morrow with the idea of forming a strong coalition and *putting* prices down."

"It wouldn't be worth while," said Billoo.

"As a matter of fact, we'd like nothing better than to see you win your bet, but as you can't, possibly—why, a thousand dollars is always a thousand dollars."

"Just the same," said I, "*no* coalitions."

The wind went on howling till late in the afternoon and then it began to peter out. We had spent the whole day in the house, and everybody was tired and bored, and nervous about Monday, and bedtime came earlier than usual.

"Sam," said Sally, when we were alone, "it's just occurred to me that we *may* be causing some of these people to lose a lot of money."

"Why, Sally," I said, "you look scared."

"I am," she said. "Don't you think it would be rather awful?"

"No, I don't," I said; "I think it would be splittingly funny. But they won't lose. Their absence will steady the market."

"Who told you that, Sam?" said Sally.

"Sam!" said I.

IV

EVEN before the leaves come, you can't see the pier from the house. It runs out from the bottom of a high bank and is otherwise hidden by trees. But it's only a short distance, and in good weather we have the guests walk it, because it gives them a better chance to admire the gardens and the Athenian columns and things. But Monday, which dawned bright and still and warm, and was just as typical of May in Westchester as was the snow-and-wind storm, we drove them down in a bus because the roads and paths were horribly muddy. Of course none of the women wanted to take the early train, so there were only the men and Sally and I in the bus. Sally said that there was going to be some fun when the men got to the pier and didn't find the Hobo, and she wasn't going to miss it. Just before we started she drew me aside and said:

"Sam, when we get there, for heaven's sake look blank."

"I understand your fears, Sally," I said, "and I will look as blank as I possibly can. But remember, child, how easy it is for *you* to look blank; and don't always be urging others to attempt the impossible."

"Mrs. Sam," said Billoo, on the way down, "I can't tell you what a good time I've had."

"You nice man," said Sally, "I wish we could persuade you to stay a day or two longer."

"If it wasn't for the market. I could stay forever," said Billoo.

"Not if I lived," said I. "Saturday to Monday is plenty long enough—Hello—!"

The pier and the empty stretch of water between the island and the mainland were in sight, but there was no Hobo.

"Hello what?" said Tombs. "Why, where's the ferry?"

"I don't see her," I said, and, I hope, anxiously; "you don't suppose——"

"Isn't the Hobo there?" shrieked Billoo. He turned his head on his fat neck, and at first he looked very angry, and then scared.

We walked down to the pier, and then out on the float to get as big a water view as possible but there wasn't so much as a rowboat in sight.

"What can have happened?" said Sally.

"I'm worried to death," I said. "Suppose she *was* blown from her moorings, the captain could have run her into New Rochelle, and come back yesterday afternoon when the

wind went down. Something must have happened."

"Oh, Sam," cried Sally, "you don't think she may have been run down by one of the Sound steamers and sunk?"

"I dare not think of it," I said. "I dare not think of the poor chaps on board."

"I don't see how I'm to get to town," said Billoo dismally. He pulled out his watch, and held it in his hand, and every moment or two looked at it. "Haven't you a couple of rowboats? We couldn't get this train, but we could get the next——"

I shook my head. "I'm sorry," I said. "We're not much on the water, and we've never been properly supplied with boats——"

Billoo swallowed some hasty thought or other, and began to look across at the mainland. My father owns all the land opposite the island, even the pier and the short road to the village of Stepping-Stone; and although there were several boats at the pier, there were no people, and the rest of the shore is nothing but thick woods.

"We must telephone somewhere," said Billoo.

"You can't," I said. "You know you tried to telephone all yesterday and couldn't, and the butler told me this morning that he had tried to put in a call and got no answer."

"What does it matter?" said Sally. "You've all got to stay now. I think that's splendid."

"Mrs. Sam," said Tombs hollowly, "do you realize that this accident may mean *ruin* for some of us?"

"Oh, dear!" said Sally, "how dreadful!"

"Somehow or other," said Billoo, "I'm going to get across."

And the others said that somehow or other *they* were going to get across, too.

"I've got to!" said Billoo, and he looked about in a fat, challenging way as if daring any one to say that he had not got to.

"You poor things," said Sally, "I hope to heaven you can; but how?"

"Where there's a will, Mrs. Sam——" Billoo said. And he began to think hard. All of a sudden his face brightened.

"It's too easy," he said. "The wind's right; four or five of us have umbrellas— Sam, you'll have to lend us this float. We've only to cut it from its moorings, and sail it across— May we have it?"

"Yes," I said, "but you're crazy to try it."

"It's a case of sink or swim," said he. "Who's coming?"

Without exception the men agreed to sail with him on the float. It was a fine, big platform, floated on sheet-iron air-tanks, and moored at the four corners by heavy ropes.

Sally and I withdrew to the pier and watched Billoo and the others cut slowly through the ropes with their pocket-knives. Presently the float began to move, and a second or two later the float end of the gang-plank slipped into the water with a heavy splash. Those who had umbrellas opened them to catch the breeze, and the others lit cigars, and stood about in graceful attitudes. Sally and I cheered as loud as we could.

"I'll send you a tug or something," Billoo called back to us, "and try to find out what's happened to the Holo."

"Thank you!" I called back.

"Sam," said Sally, "I don't know what you think, but I call it good sand."

"So do I," said I, "but foolish."

"Why foolish?" said Sally. "They're really going quite fast, and they'll be across in no time, and they'll get the next train and everything."

"They will not," I said.

"Why?" said Sally.

"Because," said I, "they will run on to the middle ground, and stay there."

"Not at high tide!" exclaimed Sally.

"At high tide," said I. "That float draws a good two feet, and it's so heavy that once it runs on the mud it will stay on the mud—"

And then I shouted to Billoo:

"Look out for the middle ground!"

"What?" he answered.

"Why do you warn him?" said Sally.

"Because it won't help him," said I.

"What?" called Billoo again, and Sally answered at the top of her lungs, "Look—out—for—the—middle—ground!"

"Right O!" Billoo answered; "where is it?"

"Just ahead," Sally called.

Billoo turned to look, and at that moment the float, which was traveling at a good clip, ran into it.

Billoo and Randall fell flat on their faces; everybody staggered; one umbrella and two hats went overboard and drifted away, and Sally and I sat down on the pier and laughed till we were helpless.

V

THE float had become a fixture in the landscape about two hundred and fifty yards out.

We could converse with our friends by shouting only, and when we got tired of condoling with them and giving them assurances of our sympathy, we told them that we were going back to the house to get some more breakfast and think out what was best to be done.

"Sam," said Sally, "that's the maddest lot of men I ever saw."

We looked back. Billoo was stamping up and down the float, waving his arms and orating like Falstaff; Randall and Tombs had their heads together, and were casting what appeared to be baleful glances at Billoo. It was evident that he was not popular on the float.

When we had had some more breakfast, and had sat around a little to digest it, the women began to come down-stairs. Mrs. Randall was the first to come down, and she was in great distress.

"It's too dreadful," she said. "I had something of the utmost importance to tell Billy, something that I wanted him to do for me down-town. And I overslept."

"Well," said I, "let me tell you what a good fellow Billy is. He hasn't gone yet."

"Good heavens!" she cried, "not gone yet? Why, what time is it? Why, he won't get down-town in time for the opening."

"Probably not," I said. "He was just going, when suddenly he said, 'I know there's something my wife wants to say to me.' I said, 'Wake her up and find out what it is.' He said, 'No, she's getting so she can't do without her beauty sleep; I'll just wait around till she wakes of herself.'"

"Sam," said Mrs. Randall, "what has happened to my husband?"

"Nothing much," I said. "He's in the same boat with many others—only it isn't a boat. Don't be alarmed."

"If *here is my husband*?" said she.

"If you are equal to a short, muddy walk," I said, "I will show him to you— Morning, little Miss Tombs—want to see brother and young Fitch? They said they wouldn't go to town till you'd seen them— Morning, Mrs. Giddings—morning, Miss Marshall—I'm not much on breaking bad news, but there's been an accident to all your husbands and brothers and fiancés. They're all alive still, so far as I know—but they ought not to last more than five or six days."

"It's proposed," said Sally, "that we all go and see what can be done for them."

We refused to answer any questions. We led the way to the pier and pointed out



SHE HAD DRAWN BACK SO TOMBS AND RANDALL COULD FIGHT IT OUT ACROSS HER PLATE.

the float, and the men on it. "There," said Sally, "you can see them quite plainly from here."

"Yes," said I, "and the more plainly you see them, the plainer they are."

"Will you kindly tell me," said Mrs. Randall, "what my husband is doing out there on that float?"

"He is doing nothing," I said. "You can see for yourself. And it isn't a float any more."

"Better tell them what has happened," said Sally.

"No, Sally," I said, "no."

"Yes, Sam," she said.

"Oh, all right," I said, "if you really think it's best. The fact is, ladies, the whole thing is a piece of drunken folly. You know how men are when they get drinking and arguing and quarreling. To make a long story short, it came to Billoo's insulting Randall; Randall challenges him; dueling is against the law; they take pistols and witnesses out on the water beyond the jurisdiction of the United States; and they *were* going to murder each other. But it's all right now—don't be frightened."

Sally had turned her face away, and I'm sure I was serious as a judge. I patted Mrs. Randall on the shoulder.

"Even if your husband isn't brave," I said, "he's clever, clever and deep."

"My husband not brave!" she cried. "I like that; he's the bravest man I ever saw."

"Well, that may be," I said doubtfully, "but, considering that on the way out to the dueling ground, or water, when nobody was looking but Sally and me, he kicked the box of cartridges overboard— But, perhaps they'll agree to use pocket-knives——"

"Sam," said little Miss Tombs, "I'll give you a kiss good morning if you'll be serious."

"Wait till Fitch is looking," I said.

Then Sally explained what had happened, and edged herself so politely between little Miss Tombs and me that the others laughed.

"They'll float at high tide, won't they?" asked Mrs. Giddings.

"No," I said. "It was high tide when they ran aground. It will take a tugboat to get them off."

The words weren't out of my mouth when a tugboat appeared round the corner of the island, making up the channel. The men on the float began to scream and yell and jump up and down and wave their arms. But the tugboat paid no attention. It thought they were drunk. It passed within three hundred yards of them, whistled a couple of times, and became small in the distance.

"Sam," said Sally, "in about an hour they'll be high and dry on the mud. Then not even a boat can get to them. And by the time it's high tide again it will be dark and nobody will see them, and they'll be dying of hunger and thirst."

"That's true," I said. "Sally, you explain that to them, and I'll have the men fetch one of the stable doors, and we'll put a sail on it and provision it and trust to its hitting the middle ground about where they did."

I never worked so hard in my life. I had a stable door taken off its tracks and rigged with the canoe's sail; and we put a case of champagne on board, and a tub of ice, and bread and cold meat and butter and jam and cigars and cigarettes and liquors and a cocktail shaker and a bottle of olives stuffed with red peppers, for Billoo, and two kinds of bitters, and everything else to eat or drink that anybody could think of, and some camp-chairs, and cards for bridge, and score-pads and pencils and a folding table. Of course most of the things got soaked the minute we launched the door, but there wasn't time to do the thing over again. So we gave the relief boat three cheers and let her go.

The way the men on the float eyed the course of the door, you would have thought them all nearly half dead with hunger and thirst. We were all excited, too.

At first the door made straight for the float. Then the breeze shifted a little, and it made to the left of the float—then to the right of it—and then straight at it again.

Everybody cheered. The relief expedition looked like a success. The men all came to the edge of the float to meet it—and then, just as all seemed well, a dark patch of wind came scudding across the water, filled the door's sail, and sent the door kiting off to the right again. The game was up. The door was going to miss the float by sixty or seventy feet.

Then the men on the float began to toss coins; there was a shout of delight; and Billoo, trumpeting his hands, called to me:

"Make the ladies go behind the boat-house, quick!" And he began to unbutton his coat. I herded the women behind the boat-house and ran back to the pier. Billoo was stripping as fast as he could.

"What's he doing?" Mrs. Giddings called to me.

And I answered, "He seems to be overcome by the heat."

A few moments later Billoo stood revealed,

a fat white silhouette against the opposite shore. He stepped from the float into the water; it came to his ankles. Then he waded, gingerly but with determination, toward the passing door. He went as if he expected the water to get suddenly deep, but it didn't. At no time did it reach to his ankles, until, just as he was reaching out his hand to catch hold of the door, and just as the men on the float set up a cheer, he stepped off the middle ground into deep water.

The splash that he made lifted the door half out of water, and shot it away from him, the wind filled its sail, and when Billoo came to the surface and looked for it, it was thirty feet off. But he set his teeth (I think he set them) and swam after it. Just as he reached it, he fetched an awful yell. He had been seized with cramps. Still, he had sense enough to cling to the door, and, when the first spasm of the cramp had passed, to sprawl himself upon it. There he lay for a while, lapped by the water that came over the door, and writhing in his fat nakedness.

Meanwhile, the door was caught in the full strength of the ebbing tide, and began to make for the open Sound. Poor Billoo was in a bad way, but he had sand—I'll say that for him—and when he had turned the ice-tub upside down for a seat, and wrapped himself in the canoe sail, I invited the women to come out and see for themselves how brave he was.

He waved his hand to us, and just as he and his well-provisioned craft rounded a corner of the island he selected a bottle of champagne and deftly extracted the cork.

I told some of my men to follow along the shore and to let me know what became of him. I couldn't do anything more for Billoo; but I liked the man, and took an affectionate interest in his ultimate fate—*whatever* it might be. And I call that true friendship.

Pretty soon the middle ground on which the float was stuck began to show above water, and as it was evident that we could do nothing further for the relief of our shipwrecked friends, we decided to go back to the house, change our muddy boots, play a rubber or so, and have lunch. But first little Miss Tombs called to young Fitch, and told him if he found himself starving to dig clams in the mud.

VI

THE only fault that I could find with the way things had gone so far was that Sally

had a disgusting headache that marred her pleasure and her sense of humor. She hadn't said very much, and had laughed with only a half-heart at things that had seemed to me excruciatingly funny. For instance, when Billoo was seized with the cramps she had barely smiled, and once or twice when I had been doing the talking she had looked pitying-

see the doctor," I had a sudden awful, empty, gulpy feeling. Suppose she was going to be really sick! Suppose she was going to have pneumonia or scarlet fever or spinal meningitis! Here we were, cut off from medical assistance till Wednesday morning. And it was our own fault—mine; mine, for being *too* funny. Then I thought, "Maybe those men



I HERDED THE WOMEN BEHIND THE BOAT-HOUSE.

ly at me, instead of roaring with laughter, the way a wife should do.

And when we got to the house, she said that if we would excuse her she would go to her room and lie down.

"I've just got one of my usual headaches," she said.

That remark worried me, because it was the first headache she had ever complained of to me; and when, after she had gone up-stairs, Miss Randall said, "Maybe Sally ought to

on the float are losing all the money they've got in the world," and that made me feel pretty glum; and then I thought, "Maybe poor Billoo is drowned by now," and I went cold all over.

"Why don't you make the trump, Sam?" said Mrs. Giddings.

"Good heavens!" I said. "Did I deal? Won't somebody play my hand? I'm worried about Sally."

Then I bolted up-stairs, and there was Sally

lying on her bed, with a glass tube sticking out of her mouth.

"How are you," I said, "and what are you doing?"

"I feel rather sick, Sam," she said. And she looked so pale that I could have screamed. "And I'm taking my temperature."

"Do you think you've got fever?" I cried.

"I don't know," she said.

"O Sally—Sally," I cried. "Forgive me—it's all my fault—and I love you so— My God! what shall I do? I know—"

Then I kissed her, and ran out of the room, and all the way to the boat-house. I found a bathing-suit, undressed, put it on, tore down to the pier, and went overboard. I suppose the water was ghastly cold, but I didn't feel it. I suppose I never should have gotten all the way across to the mainland if I hadn't been boiling with fear and excitement, and besides I walked and waded across the middle ground and got a rest that way. The men on the float kept calling to me, and asking me questions, but I hadn't enough breath nor reason to answer them; I just swam and swam and swam.

About fifty feet from the pier on the mainland I began to get horrible pains up and down the muscles of my legs; and they wanted to stop kicking, but I wouldn't let them. I had to sit on the pier for a while to rest, but pretty soon I was able to stand, and somehow or other, running and walking, I got to the doctor's house in Stepping-Stone. He is very nice and an old friend, and the moment I told him Sally was desperately sick he said she wasn't, and I felt better. He gave me some brandy to drink, and we started for the island. I begged him to run, but he wouldn't. He walked leisurely and pointed out this tree as a very fine specimen and well grown, or that one as too much crowded by its neighbors. He was daft on forestry. Patients didn't interest him a bit. Finally, however, we got to the pier, and stole somebody's rowboat, and I took the oars, and then we went faster.

When we entered the house we found all the women except Sally surrounding Billoo. He was very red in the face and dressed only in the canoe sail; but he wasn't in the least embarrassed. He had a self-satisfied smile; and he was talking as fast and as loud as he could.

We told him to go to bed and be ashamed of

himself, and sleep it off. And he said that nobody understood him, and he denied having drunk the whole case of champagne, and he said that he was in perfect control of all his faculties, and that if the ladies wished him to, he could dance a hornpipe for them that he had learned when he was a sailor. . . .

The doctor and I went up-stairs; and while he was with Sally I changed into proper clothes; and then I waited outside the door for him to come out and tell me the worst. After a long time he came. He looked very solemn, and closed the door behind him.

"What is it?" I said, and I think my voice shook like a leaf.

"Sam," he said gravely, "Sally is by way of cutting her first wisdom tooth."

"Good Lord!" I said, "is that all?"

"It's enough," said the doctor, "because it isn't a tooth."

"Oh!" I said, "oh! What ought I to do?"

"Why," said he, "I'd go in, and tell her how glad you are, and maybe laugh at her a little bit, and make much of her."

But I couldn't laugh at Sally, because she was crying.

I took her in my arms and made much of her, and asked her why she was crying, and she said she was crying because she was glad.

When the doctor had returned to Stepping-Stone, he got the Hobo's captain on the telephone and told him from me to bring the Hobo back to Idle Island at once. She came about six, just as the tide was getting high, and she brought rescue to the men on the float, and, better than rescue, she brought the evening papers.

There had been a big day on Wall Street; one of the biggest in its history. And the men whom we had kept from going to business had made, among them, hundreds of thousands of dollars, just by sitting still. But they were ungrateful, especially Billoo. He complained bitterly, and said that he would have made three times as much money if he had been *on the spot*.

When the men paid the bets that they had lost to me, I turned the money over to my father's secretary and told him to deposit it as a special account.

"What shall I call the account?" he asked.

"Call it," I said, "the account of W. Tooth."

THE SHADOW WORLD

A Realistic Account of Occult Phenomena

By HAMLIN GARLAND

Author of "The Tyranny of the Dark"

V

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Are there spirits? This is the issue to which we are narrowed in this instalment. The most rigidly conducted investigations of leading scientists of France, Italy, and Russia, and the investigations of Mr. Garland all tend toward an answer in the negative. But we seem to be on the eve of discoveries that will revolutionize our whole theory of natural forces. The experiments with Eusapia Paladino, herein described, have developed the most astounding phenomena in the history of psychic research. Yet the noted scientists by whom she has been tested have been forced to the conclusion that it is through natural means that Paladino performs feats heretofore credited to "spirits."

CAMERON'S Amateur Psychic Club, which had so nearly disintegrated by reason of the long series of barren sittings, was drawn together again by the news of my startling success at Fowler's house. Cameron at once decided to call the members together to hear my story, and I was notified to be ready to relate my experiences in full. We met, as before, at the dinner-table, and even before the soup-plates were removed the interrogation began, and by the time the company was in full possession of the facts the coffee and cigars had appeared.

"Why didn't these wonders take place in our presence?" asked Mrs. Quigg, who had returned to something like her original truculence of doubt. "Why should you believers be so favored?"

"In this business everything comes to him who waits," I replied, a note of triumph in my voice. "Harmony and patience are essentials in the production of these marvels."

Miller continued firm in his agnosticism. "Although puzzling, I cannot grant so much

as one of the phenomena. Belief in the smallest of those manifestations at my house would be uprooting to all established theories of matter."

"Were not the notions of Galileo and Darwin also subverting?" asked Fowler. "Is there anything sacred in error? If we are wrong in our theories about the universe, let's correct them. You do not stand out against wireless telegraphy or the Röntgen ray?"

"I'm not going to take instruction from a tipping table or a flying hair-brush," retorted Miller.

"I'll take illumination from any source whatsoever," declared Fowler.

Here I interposed: "The only question that concerns me at this stage is: Does the table tip and the brush really fly? No physical fact is trivial, for it stands related to mountains and the clouds."

Fowler's eyes gleamed with contempt. "That's the way of you so-called scientists: you narrow the mighty fund of occult phenomena down to a floating feather. As a matter of fact, there is a sea of evidence accumulated by the investigations of far greater men than you, testimony that is neither trivial nor ignoble. It is because you and your associates are so petty in methods that the tables and the chairs play leading parts in your drama."

"Good for you!" cheered Brierly. "You're quite right. When these materialistic investigators get done with trying to prove that independent slate-writing exists, they'll begin to give some attention to the fundamental truths of the message. Going after small things, they get small things. If Garland and his like went forth seeking the essentials of the faith, they would find miracles instead of foolish tricks of hand."

"Essentials such as what?" interrupted Harris with snappy suddenness.

"Such as—as—direct spirit communication, a knowledge of the astral, the reincarnation of souls, and—and—a faith in the upward progression of the self."

Here again I interposed a quieting word: "I confess that it begins to look as though the theosophist's theory of the astral (at which some of us have smiled) were in a fair way to be proved scientifically—through the entrance of Eusapia Paladino into the physiological laboratory of Cesare Lombroso. I regard this as the most important event in the history of psychism. Nothing pertaining to mediumship since Crookes's experiments has had such value for the scientist."

"We have heard of Lombroso, but who is Paladino?" asked Mrs. Quigg.

"She is the most renowned psychic now living. Though only an illiterate Neapolitan woman, she has been able for more than twenty years to baffle every scientist who has studied her."

"Tell us about her! Who is she? Where does she live?"

"She was born at Minervino Murge, a mountain town near Bari, in Italy, but she has been a resident of Naples since her girlhood. According to Lombroso's daughter, who has written a sketch of her, she is about fifty-three years of age. Her parents were peasants. She is quite uneducated, but is intelligent and rather good-looking."

"What does she do?" asked Cameron.

"What is her 'phase,' as you call it?"

A CONQUERING MEDIUM

"It must be confessed that most of her performances are of the *poltergeist* variety. She produces the movement of mandolins, chairs, sofas, and small tables without contact—at least, such is the consensus of opinion of nearly a score of the best-known scientists of France and Italy. But there is vastly more than the *poltergeist* in her. She has conquered every critic by the force of her psychic powers. Take, for instance, Lombroso's conversion, a fairly typical case. He was not only skeptical of spirit phenomena, but up to 1888 was openly contemptuous of those who believed in them. However, in an article called 'The Influence of Civilization upon Genius,' published in 1888, he made this admission" (here I drew out a small book and read from it): "*Twenty or thirty years are enough*

to make the whole world admire a discovery which was treated as madness at the moment when it was made. . . . Who knows whether my friends and I, who laugh at spiritualism, are not in error, just like hypnotized persons, or like lunatics?—being in the dark as regards the truth, we laugh at those who are not in the same condition."

"True enough," said Fowler.

LOMBROSO CHALLENGED

"It was this candid statement that moved Professor Chiaia, a friend of Eusapia's, to write Lombroso a letter that was in effect a challenge. After recounting a score or two of the wonderful doings of Paladino, whom he had studied carefully, he ended in this amusing fashion: 'Now you see my challenge. If you have not written the paragraph cited above simply for the fun of writing it, if you have the true love for science, if you are without prejudices—you, the first alienist of Italy—please take the field. When you can afford a week's vacation, indicate a place where we can meet. Four gentlemen will be our seconds; you will choose two, and I will bring the other two. . . . If the experiment does not succeed, you will consider me but as a man suffering from hallucination, who longs to be cured of his extravagances. . . . If success crowns our efforts, your loyalty . . . will attest the reality of these mysterious phenomena and promise to investigate their causes.'"

"I hope Lombroso was man enough to accept the challenge," said Cameron.

"He did not at once take up the gage. It was not, in fact, till February, 1891, that he was able to go to Naples to meet Eusapia, who had begun to interest some of his trusted scientific friends. At this time—in 1891—Eusapia was the wife of a small shop-keeper in Naples, and a decent, matronly person, quite untouched by mysticism. Although not eager to sit for Lombroso and his party of scientists, she finally consented. Among those who took part in this celebrated sitting were Professor Tamburini, an eminent scientist; Dr. Bianchi, the superintendent of the insane asylum at Sales; Dr. Penta, and a young nephew of Lombroso, a resident of Naples.

"Lombroso had charge of the sances, which were held in a room of his own choice and with the medium entirely under his control. He was astonished at the prompt response obtained. At the first sitting, while he

and Professor Tamburini held the psychic's hands, a bell was carried tinkling through the air and a small table moved as if it were alive. Many other mysterious movements took place. Lombroso was very much disturbed by these inexplicable phenomena, and could not rest till he sat again. At the second séance spectral hands developed, profoundly mystifying every sitter. Lombroso went away, promising to carry forward a study of spiritism, and in a letter written the following June he manfully said: '*I am filled with confusion, and regret that I combated with so much persistence the possibilities of the facts called spiritualistic. I say facts, for I am opposed to the theory.*'"

"Did Lombroso say that?" asked Harris.

PRINT OF SPECTRAL HANDS ON PAPER

"He wrote it, which is still more to the point—I am reading you his own words. And it was his acceptance of the main facts of Paladino's mediumship that led other groups of scientists to take up her case. Professor Schiaparelli, director of the observatory at Milan; Gerosa, professor of physics; Ermacora, doctor of natural philosophy; Aksakof, councilor of state to the Emperor of Russia; Charles du Prel, doctor of philosophy in Munich; and Richet, of Paris, were in the next group, which met at Milan with intent to settle the claims of this bold charlatan.

"The sittings took place in the apartment of Monsieur Finzi at Milan, and the tests were more rigid and searching than any Paladino had ever passed through, but she was again triumphant. Lombroso himself was present at part of these séances, the results of which were very notable and very far-reaching."

"What happened? Let us know details."

"For the first time, so far as I know, a table was photographed while floating in the air——"

"No!" shouted Howard.

"Yes—and certain other telekinetic happenings were proved, to the stupefaction of most of those in the group. One special experiment, the success of which confounded the shrewdest, was the attempt to secure on a smoke-blackened paper the print of a spectral hand. The impression was made while Paladino's hands were imprisoned beyond all question, and, what was most singular of all, the hand that made the print smudged the

wrists of one of the experimenters, and yet not a particle of black appeared on the fingers of the psychic."

"That ought to have convinced them of her honesty," remarked Fowler, with a note of amusement in his voice, "but it didn't; these scientific folk are so difficult."

"No," I replied, "it didn't entirely convince them, but it jarred them not a little. In their report they admitted this much. They said, 'We do not believe we have the right to explain these things by the aid of insulting assumptions.' (By this they thought that they cleared the psychic of the charge of fraud.) 'We think, on the contrary, that these experiments have to do with phenomena of an unknown nature, and we confess that we do not know what the conditions are that are required to produce them.'"

"This seems to me like a very mild statement, but really it was epoch-marking. From this time forward learned men in Russia, France, and Italy successively sought Paladino out and tried to expose her to the world. Professor Wagner, of the department of zoölogy at the University of St. Petersburg, made a study of her in 1893, and found her powers real. A year later M. Siemiradski, correspondent of the French Institute, experimented with her in Rome, obtaining, among other miracles, the plucking of the strings of a closed piano under strictly test conditions."

"You got that, didn't you?" asked Mrs. Cameron.

"Yes, I've experienced that."

"How do you account for a thing of that sort?"

RICHET INTERESTED

"I don't account for it—at least, not just yet. But to go on: Among the most eminent and persuasive of all Eusapia's investigators was Professor Charles Richet, the French physiologist and author. He, too, was bowled over. He tells the story of his conversion very charmingly. 'In my servile respect for classic tradition,' he writes, 'I laughed at Crookes and his experiments—but it must be remembered in my excuse that as a professional physiologist I moved habitually along a road quite other than mystical.' His attention, he goes on to say, was first drawn to spiritualistic phenomena by a friend who had discovered a power that caused a table to move intelligently. He was trying to explain this (and one or two

other little things like telepathy and prophetic vision) by the word somnambulism, when his friend Aksakof, a great psychical expert, reproached him for not interesting himself more keenly in experiments with mediums. 'Well,' said Richet, 'if I were sure that a single true medium existed, I would willingly go to the ends of the world to meet him.'

TESTS PALADINO FOR THREE MONTHS

"That's the spirit!" exclaimed Fowler. "That is the way the scientist should feel. What then? Aksakof told him all he needed to do was to go round the corner, didn't he?"

"Not exactly. Two years later Aksakof wrote to him: 'You needn't come to the end of the world; Milan will do.' So Richet went to Milan, and took part in those very celebrated séances with Eusapia. 'When I left Milan,' Richet says, 'I was convinced that all was true—but no sooner was I back in my accustomed channels of work than my doubts returned. I persuaded myself that all was fraud or illusion.'

Here Harris interrupted: "Miller can testify to this inability to retain a conviction. He, too, has slumped into doubt. How about it, Miller?"

"I never professed to believe," quietly declared Miller.

"You were pretty well convinced of telekinesis that night in your study, weren't you?" I asked.

"I was puzzled," he replied guardedly.

There was a general smile at his evasion, and I resumed: "Richet went to Rome, and, together with Von Schrenck-Notzing and Siemiradski, made other and still more convincing experiments—and yet doubt persisted. 'I was not yet satisfied,' he says further. 'I invited Eusapia to my house for three months. Alone with her and Ochrowicz, a man of penetrating perspicacity, I renewed my experiments in the best possible conditions of solitude and quiet reflection. We thus acquired a positive proof of the reality of the facts announced at Milan.'"

"By George, that's going it strong!" said young Howard. "You've got to believe that a man like Richet has seen something after three months' experiment in his own house."

"Yet let me read you again his confession of doubt—some of you have heard it," I said. "He writes: 'It took me twenty years to arrive at my present conviction—nay! To make one last confession—I am not yet ab-

solutely and irremediably convinced. In spite of the astounding phenomena which I have witnessed during my sixty experiments with Eusapia, I have still a trace of doubt. . . . *Certainty does not follow on demonstration; it follows on habit.*' So don't blame Miller or myself for inability to believe in these theories, for our minds are the kind that accept the mystical with sore struggle."

"Go on with Eusapia's career," said Harris. "I am interested in her. I don't care what you and Miller believe; I want the story of those old-world investigations."

"Her story broadens," I resumed. "Her fame spread throughout Europe, and squad after squad of militant scientists grappled with her and 'John King,' as her 'control' was named. She was called before kings and emperors, and everywhere she triumphed—save in Cambridge, where she made a partial failure, but redeemed herself later with both Lodge and Myers, so that it remains true to say that she has gone surely from one success to another.

BOTTAZZI'S EXPERIMENTS

"The crowning wonder of her career came when she consented to enter the laboratories of the universities of Genoa and Naples. It is in the writings of Morselli, professor of psychology at Genoa, and in the reports of Bottazzi, head of the department of physics at Naples, that skepticism such as Miller's and my own is met and conquered. I defy any man of open mind to read the detailed story of these marvelous experiments and deny the existence of the phenomena produced by Eusapia Paladino."

"You speak with warmth," said Harris.

"I do! I am at this moment fresh from a reading of the reports of Bottazzi's recent experiments, and I must say he has not only sustained Crookes at every point, but has gone beyond him in his ingenuity of test and thoroughness of control. He adds the touch of certainty that we all needed to complete our own experience."

"Can't you tell us about it?" pleaded Mrs. Cameron.

"It is too long and complicated. You must read it for yourself. It is too incredible to be told offhand."

"Never mind, Garland; we'll take it as a phase of your fiction," bade Brierly. "Go ahead."

As I looked about me, I could detect in the

faces of some of my friends an expression of apprehension. It was plain that Harris and Miller considered me on the highroad to spiritualism. Quite willing to gratify their wish to be startled, I proceeded:

"You will find the latest word on these matters in a small but valuable review, published simultaneously in London and in Paris, called *The Annals of Psychical Science*. It is edited by Cæsar de Vesme in France, and by Laura I. Finch in England, and is a mine of reliable psychism. Its directors are Dr. Dariex and Professor Charles Richet. Its 'committee' is made up of such men as Sir William Crookes, Camille Flammarion, Professor Lombroso, and others of like character."

"We don't want the review, we want your account," said Harris. "Don't spare us."

"Thank you; you shall have it hot-shot, but I'll have to generalize the story for you. It's long and full of machinery. The most decisive of all the tests have been made during the past eighteen months, and the final and most convincing of all within the year, under the direction of Lombroso, Morselli, and Bottazzi. It is safe to say that with these experiments (and the reports that accompany them) a new era has dawned in biology. The facts of spiritualism are at last in process of being scientifically observed by a score of the best-qualified men in Europe."

Fowler took issue with me here: "It is absurd to say that no one but these physicists is properly qualified to study spiritualistic phenomena; spiritualists themselves have put the screws on quite as effectively as ever Crookes or Richet has done. Some of the best investigators ever known have been spiritualists."

PSYCHISM AND RELIGION

"Even if that were true, their testimony would lack the convincing power that flames from Morselli's book or Bottazzi's report," I answered. "The essential weakness of the spiritualist's testimony lies in the fact that for the most part he assumes that the facts of mediumship are somehow, and necessarily, connected with somebody's religion. Whereas a man like Morselli is concerned merely with the facts; he lets the inferences fall where they may. Bottazzi was not concerned with whether Eusapia's manifestations opposed Christian theology or not—he wanted the phenomena.

He was amazed at their bearing on biologic theories, but he did not shrink from making report of them. So far as I am concerned, my lot is cast with these men who put the clamps on the fact and wait for larger knowledge before constructing a system of religion on the half-discovered. But to return to Paladino. Above all else, she deserves honor for breaking away from the traditions of mediumship."

Mrs. Quigg caught me up on this: "What do you mean by 'traditions of mediumship'?"

"I mean that for the most part investigators have been kept at arm's length by the fiction that the 'guide' should control everything, that the séance is a religious rite, that the medium must not be touched nor exposed to the light, and so on. The scientist has been hedged about till he was reduced to the rank of an onlooker *in the dark*, so that no definitive test was possible.

EUSAPIA CONVINCES SCIENTISTS

"I am ready to grant that some of these rules were justified. But *Eusapia* has set a new pace for mediums. She has gone into the lion's den alone and unarmed, not once, but a hundred times. She entered Lombroso's study, a room previously unexplored by her, and there placed herself before a cabinet that she was not permitted to examine—a cabinet filled with machines of satanic ingenuity, capable of dividing the true from the false. She submitted to tests the like of which not even Crookes was permitted to apply. All sacred rules and regulations, all ideas of religion or questions of morality, vanished when she entered the cold, clear air of that bare-walled laboratory."

I had the strained attention of my audience now. Time was forgotten, and cries of "Tell us!" "Tell it all!" arose.

"Well, up to the beginning of last year Bottazzi confesses that he had read little or nothing on the subject and, like our friend Miller here, considered it beneath the dignity of a scientist to be present in spiritualistic circles. It is highly instructive to note that Paladino, the most renowned medium of her time, was living in Naples at his very door; but that doesn't matter—a scientist is blind to what he does not want to see. Bottazzi's eyes were opened by a young friend, Professor Charles Foà, of Turin, who sent him an account of what he and Dr. Herlitzka had witnessed in Eusapia's presence."

"They appear to be taking the phenomena very seriously over there," said Harris.

"They certainly are. These particular sittings at Turin made a great sensation in Italy. They were under the direction of Doctors Herlitzka, Charles Foà, and Aggazzotti, assistants to Professor Mosso of the University of Turin. Dr. Pio Foà, professor of pathologic anatomy, was also present during one séance. The conditions were all of the experimenters' own contriving. They were young men and had been companion workers in science for many years, and were accustomed to laboratory work. They all came to this experiment perfectly sure that no mediumistic phenomena could endure the light of science. At the end of their three sittings they, manfully announced, '*Now that we are persuaded of the authenticity of the phenomena, we feel it our duty to state the fact publicly in our turn, and to proclaim that the few pioneers in this branch of biology (destined to become one of the most important) generally saw and observed correctly.*' You will note that they relate their tests, not to theology, but to unexplored biology."

PALADINO'S ENTRANCE INTO LABORATORY

"I like the ring of that declaration," said Fowler.

"With ingenuity that would have seemed diabolic to Paladino (had she known of it), they had laid their pipes and provided for every trick. They were confident that nothing genuine could occur, but as a matter of record weird performances began at once. Bells were rung, tables shifted, columns of mercury lifted, mandolins played, and small objects were transported quite in the same fashion as the books were handled during our own sittings at your house, Miller. A small stand was broken to pieces under the very eyes of the learned doctors, *and hands hit and teeth bit those whom the medium did not like.* Each of the machines for registering movement, though utterly out of reach of Paladino, was operated, and some of these movements were systematically recorded.

"It was this care, these scrupulous and cold-blooded tests, that so profoundly affected Bottazzi.

"After reading these articles with avidity," he says, "Professor Galeotti, my associate, and I looked at each other astounded, and the same thoughts in the same words came simultaneously to our lips: 'We, too,

must see, must touch with our hands—and at once!—here in this laboratory where experiments of the phenomena of life are daily carried on with the impartiality of men whose object is the discovery of scientific truth, here in this quiet place where sealed doors will be superfluous. Everything must be registered. Will the medium be able to impress a photographic plate? Will she be able to illuminate a screen treated with platinocyanide of barium? Will she be able to discharge a gold-leaf electroscope without touching it?' And so we traveled on the wings of imagination, always having before us the plummet of the strictest scientific methods."

"Now you're getting into my horizon," said Miller. "That is the way I should like to proceed. Did he get these things done?"

"Not too fast," I replied, much amused at his eagerness. "First you must catch your medium. Bottazzi succeeded at last in getting Paladino's consent, through the good offices of Professor Richet, whom she deeply loves and reverences. Bottazzi invited his friend Galeotti, professor of general pathology in the University of Naples, Dr. De Amicis, professor of dermatology, Dr. Oscar Scarpa, professor of electro-chemistry at the Polytechnic High School of Naples, Luigi Lombardi, professor of electro-technology at the same school, and Dr. Pansini, professor extraordinary of medical semiotics—a formidable platoon, indeed, for a poor peasant woman to pit her forces against. The room in which the experiments took place was an isolated one belonging to the laboratory of experimental physiology, and to that part of the university set aside for Bottazzi's exclusive use. Nothing could have been farther from the ordinary stuffy back parlor of the 'materializing medium.' No women were present, and no outsiders."

MARKS NEW ERA FOR SPIRITISM

The members present nestled into their chairs with looks of satisfaction, and Mrs. Cameron said, "Don't leave anything out. Tell it all."

"It is hardly necessary to say that every precaution was taken. Photographs of the interior of the cabinet were made before the sittings and afterward, in order that all displacements might be recorded. Eusapia sat with her back toward the curtains of the little cabinet, which Bottazzi himself had constructed, and which she had not so much as

touched. Bottazzi declares in italics that she neither put her hand into the cabinet nor knew the contents of it. 'Rarely has she been surrounded by such an assembly of unprejudiced minds, by such strict and attentive intellects,' he declares; and I am ready to agree that a new era began for spiritism when Eusapia entered that room, April 17, 1907."

"Poor Paladino!" sighed Mrs. Cameron. "I tremble for her."

PALADINO MOVES OBJECTS AT A DISTANCE

"Bottazzi grimly says: 'We began by restraining her inexhaustible mediumistic activity. We obliged her to do things she had never done before. We limited the field of her manifestations. . . . I was convinced that it was much easier for her ["spirit hands"] to drag out of the cabinet a heavy table than to press an electric knob or displace the rod of a metronome,' and this theory he set himself to prove. It was beautiful to see the way he went about it."

Howard was also impressed. "I see Eusapia's finish. She won't do a thing. The influences will criss-cross."

"She was controlled throughout by at least two of her stern inquisitors," I continued. "At the beginning she was very uneasy, as though finding the conditions hard. Nevertheless, *even at this first sitting, everything movable in the cabinet was thrown about.* The table was violently shaken by an invisible power and the metronome set going. Bottazzi ends his report by saying, 'The séance yielded very small results, but this is always the case at first séances. Nevertheless, how many *knowing* people and *savants* have formed a judgment on phenomena after séances such as this one.'"

"That's a slant at you, Miller," remarked Harris.

"Yes," I agreed, "it's a slant at all commissions and committees that think they can jump in and settle this spiritistic controversy in the course of half an hour. Bottazzi, like Lombroso and Richet, was aware that he had entered upon a long road. He knew that a tired or worried medium was helpless. He called the same circle together again, willing to try patiently for developments. All came but Lombardi, whose place was taken by M. Jona, an engineer."

Harris seized the chance to pun: "I hope he did not prove a real Jonah."

"He did not. The second sitting was a wonder. Warned by his first experience, Bottazzi nailed or screwed every movable thing fast to the walls of the cabinet. He was resolute to force 'John,' the supposed 'spirit,' to touch an electric button and press a ball of india-rubber, which connected with a mercury manometer. He intended to teach the spirit hand to register its motions on a cylinder of smoked tin. He wanted graven records, so that no wiseacre like Harris, here, could say, 'Oh, you were all hypnotized!'"

"Did he get the records?" asked Harris.

I refused to give away my climax. "Among other things, he put into the cabinet a small table weighing about fifteen pounds, and on top of it arranged a hair-brush, a hen's feather, a bottle full of water, and a very thick glass. These articles and the table were the only objects that could be moved. Well, while the medium was before the curtain and fully guarded, *that little table came out of the cabinet of its own accord in a light that made it perfectly visible.* But that is not the most remarkable thing. The psychic's feet were held by the engineer, and he observed that *at the exact moment when Paladino pushed against his knee, the table moved.* 'Each advance of the table corresponded,' says Bottazzi, 'with the most perfect synchronism, with the push of Eusapia's legs against Jona's knees—in other words, she really executed movements identical with those that she would have made had she been pushing the table out of the cabinet with her *visible* limbs.'"

As I paused for effect, Fowler said, "You say that as if you considered it very significant."

THE THEORY OF SYNCHRONISM

"I do! In my judgment, it is the most significant fact developed by these most searching experiments. Flammarion noted this same synchronism, and so did Maxwell. Maxwell proved it by experiments on his own person, and now Bottazzi set about proving it in a larger way. 'A few moments later,' he says, 'a glass was flung from the cabinet by these invisible agencies, and this fling coincided exactly with a kick which Paladino gave to Jona, as if the same will governed both movements.'"

Miller was thinking very hard. "That certainly is very strange," he said, "but I observed nothing of it in Mrs. Smiley's case."

"Hasten!" urged Fowler. "Come to the phantoms. I see his theory, but it will be upset later by the materialized forms."

"On the contrary, Bottazzi declares that the phantoms also conformed to this same law. He kept insisting that the 'spirits' press the rubber ball, or lower the registry balance, or set the metronome going, and Eusapia repeatedly moaned, '*I can't find, I can't see, or I don't know how.*' Once she complained that the objects were *too far off—that she could not reach them!*—all of which sustained Bottazzi in his belief that these activities were absolutely under her psychic control, just as the synchronism of movements convinced him that she was 'the physiologic factor in the case.' All of this is very interesting to me, for I have had the same feeling with regard to every psychic with whom I have sat. Are you not thinking the same thing about Mrs. Smiley, Miller?"

He answered very thoughtfully: "It certainly opens up a new way of escape for the psychist. I can't but think that our control of Mrs. Smiley was complete, and yet I could not (under the conditions) assert that she was not the author of the acts we witnessed in my library."

"Yes, here you have an alternative theory. Bottazzi plainly hints at his conclusions by saying, '*The invisible limbs of the psychic explored the cabinet.*' He goes farther and says, '*I am convinced that these "mediumistic limbs" are capable of being taught unfamiliar duties like pressing an electric button or squeezing a rubber ball,*' and this he proceeded patiently to exemplify. The ball was squeezed and the movement registered.

A PHANTOM KISS

"At the third sitting Madame Bottazzi was present (Lombardi and Jona being absent), and the 'force' was much greater and more active than before, probably because of the psychic's growing confidence. A small table floated in the air, '*while we watched it in amazement,*' Bottazzi says. Furthermore, a big black hand came from the curtain and touched Madame Bottazzi on the cheek, and frightened her from her place beside the medium."

"I can understand that," said Mrs. Cameron. "I shudder to think of being touched by the spirit of even my own father."

"Professor De Amicis not only was touched on the arm, but was forcibly pulled as if by an

invisible hand. The curtain of the cabinet then enveloped him as if to embrace him, and he felt the contact of another face against his, and a mouth kissing him——"

The women turned pale and cried out at the thought, but I hurried on to make Bottazzi's point: "*At the same time [that the phantom embraced De Amicis] Eusapia's lips moved as if to kiss, and she made the sound of kissing, which they all heard.*" Here again, you see, is that astounding synchronism between the mysterious movement of objects at a distance and the unconscious contraction of the medium's muscles. Bottazzi pauses to generalize upon this: 'Whatever may be the mediumistic phenomena produced, there is almost always at the same time movement of one or several parts of the medium's body.'"

EDUCATING ASTRAL HANDS

"What does he mean? Does he mean that Eusapia performed all these movements with her 'astral hands'?" asked Mrs. Quigg.

"That is precisely his inference. 'Ethereic hands,' Lombroso calls them."

"But how will he account for the difference in size between Eusapia's hands and the large black hand that Madame Bottazzi saw and felt?" asked Fowler.

"Bottazzi himself remarks this discrepancy. 'To whom does this hand belong?' he asked. 'This hand, a half a yard away from the medium's head, seen whilst her visible hands are rigorously controlled by her two neighbors. Is it the hand of a monstrous long arm which liberates itself from the medium's body, then dissolves, afterwards to materialize afresh? Is it something analogous to the pseudopodium of an amœba, which projects itself from the body, then retreats into it only to reappear in another place? Mystery!' Furthermore, one of the professors saw remnants of legs and arms in the cabinet."

"Horrible!" exclaimed Mrs. Cameron. "I'd rather believe in spirits than in such ghastly arms and legs."

"So should I," declared Miss Brush. "Ghosts are nothing like so grisly."

"Now, then," said I oracularly, "in the light of these experiments my own sitting at Miller's and especially those that I held at Fowler's house take on the greatest significance. Miller, Mrs. Smiley's visible limbs did not handle the books—of that I am positive—and yet I am equally certain that her

mind or ours governed every movement. At one sitting, Dr. Giuseppe Venzano and several others saw an arm emerge from Paladino's shoulder and seize a glass of water—this is what must have happened with Mrs. Smiley. In fact, I have seen these hands in the case of another medium."

"But what about the voices?" asked Fowler. "Does this theory cover the whispering personalities we heard? What about 'Wilbur' and 'Maudie'?"

"That's easy," retorted Howard. "Once you explain the manipulation of the cone, the rest is merely clever ventriloquism."

"There is nothing 'easy' about any of these phenomena," I answered. "As Richet says, they are absurd, but they are observed facts. After seeing a mandolin move and play of itself, after having the metronome set in motion, stopped, and set going again, after having the registrations he most desired, Bottazzi concludes the record of his third sitting by saying: 'An invisible hand or foot *must* therefore have forced down the disk, *must* have leaned on the membrane of the receiving-drum of my apparatus, because I assured myself next day that to obtain the highest lines registered the disk had to be pressed to the extreme point. This was no ordinary case of pushing or pulling. The mysterious hand had to push the disk, and push upon it in a certain way. In short, the "*spirit hand*" was becoming educated to its task.' And this 'spirit hand' was Paladino's."

"To grant the possible putting forth of a supernumerary hand and arm makes physiological science foolish," said Miller. "It is difficult to accuse such a man as Bottazzi of neglecting precautions, and yet he must not be permitted to claim too much."

VIOLET FLAMES APPEAR

"But let no one think he stands alone," I answered. "These facts of Bottazzi's are in effect only a kind of splendid climax to the experiments of Crookes, Zöllner, Wallace, Thury, Flammarion, Maxwell, Lombroso, Richet, Morselli, and scores of other equally shrewd scientists. Bottazzi gives the final touch of convincing proof to experiments that even with Richet never quite reached the conclusive point. Bottazzi's laboratory was the crucible wherein came the final touch of heat that fused all the discordant facts into a solid mass of proof."

"Was this the culmination of his series?

Is this *all* he is willing to affirm?" queried Harris with ironic inflection.

"Oh, no, indeed! The greatest marvel is yet to come. At the fourth sitting a new person, Professor Cardarelli, was introduced, and this disturbed conditions somewhat. Nevertheless, the inexplicable took place. Small, twirling violet flames were seen to drift across the cabinet curtains, and hands and closed fists appeared above Paladino's head. These hands have been photographed, by the way. Some of them were of ordinary size and others seemed at least three times larger than the psychic's own. The flames interest me very much, for I have seen them on several occasions, but could not believe in them, even though Crookes spoke of getting them. I must admit their objective reality now. It is absurd to suppose that they were fraudulently produced in Bottazzi's laboratory.

INVISIBLE LIMBS PERFORM WONDERS

"A stethoscope was taken from Cardarelli's pocket and put together—by two hands. The movement of fingers running over the keys of a typewriter in the cabinet was plainly heard, although no writing came. And a small electric machine placed in the cabinet was wound up and its motors whirled. At the fifth sitting the mandolin again moved as if alive (no one touching it), in a light that made all its movements observable; and as it did so *Eusapia's hand* (tightly controlled by Bottazzi) made little movements as if to help the instrument to move. Each movement, though intended in the air, seemed to affect the mandolin. Bottazzi says: 'It would be necessary to have Paladino's fingers in the palm of one's hand, as I had that evening, in order to be convinced that the evolutions, twangings of the strings, etc., all synchronized with the very delicate movements of her fingers. . . . I cannot describe the sensation one experiences when seeing an inanimate object moved, not for a moment merely, but for many minutes in succession, by a mysterious force.'

"He obtained the print of human hands in clay and also on smoked glass. He demonstrated that the invisible limbs of the psychic were able not only to move objects at a distance, but also to feel at a distance. 'Eusapia's attitude was that of a blindfolded person exploring space with her hands to find a lost object,' he exclaims at one point; and he adds: 'While the fingers of her visible hand were pressing my index finger, she lit the electric globe within

the cabinet—she repeatedly lit this lamp, the switch of which was utterly out of her reach.' Not only this, but she lit a lamp (in the cabinet), by means of her 'etheric hands,' when the switch lay in Professor Morselli's pocket! And once, when a contact-breaker was thrown on the table, she called out, 'See how it moves!' 'We all directed our gaze towards the small object,' says Bottazzi, 'and we saw that it oscillated and vibrated at an elevation of an inch or two above the surface of the table, as if seized with internal shivering—Eusapia's hands, held by Monsieur Galeotti and myself, being more than a foot from the contact-breaker.'

My auditors were now in the thrall of Bottazzi's story, and the silence was eloquent. At last Cameron said: "It certainly seems like a clear case of invisible hands. I begin to believe in our first sitting with Mrs. Smiley. What do you want us to do, announce ourselves converted?"

"SPIRIT HANDS" DISSOLVE

"Certainly not!" was my warning reply. "We must not relax our vigilance, even though Bottazzi, Morselli, and their fellows seem to have proved the genuineness of the phenomena. At the same time, I admit it is a source of satisfaction to me, and a reassurance, to know that these Italian scientists, with conditions all their own, are willing to affirm that Eusapia '*feels with her invisible limbs*,' and explores a cabinet while sitting under rigid control more than a yard away from the objects moved. Bottazzi was not convinced that Eusapia could 'see with mediumistic eyes,' but my experience with Mrs. Smiley and several other psychics seems to point to this. How else could the cone be handled with such precision as was shown at your house, Miller? Lombroso observed that chairs and vases moved as if under the guidance of eyes, and that the psychic could see as well behind her as in front. I noted that Mrs. Smiley could always direct me *exactly* to the point where the cone or pencil had been flung. And how can letters be formed so beautifully and so precisely as is done on the inside of slates, without some form of seeing?"

"Spirits are clairvoyant," asserted Fowler. "Darkness does not exist for them. Didn't 'Wilbur' say as much?"

"But this is not all," I resumed. "Bottazzi apparently proved that the invisible hand of

Eusapia's invisible arm could not penetrate a cage of wire mesh that covered the telegraphic key in the cabinet. 'How then can we consider it to be a "spirit hand"—an immaterial hand—when a wire netting can stop it?' he very pertinently inquires."

"What difference does it make?" retorted Fowler. "Isn't the latest word of science to the effect that matter is only a condition?"

I agreed. "Every advance along the line of these experiments goes to prove the dominance of mind over matter. It almost seems to me at times as though these psychic minds were able to mold the ether to their will," I admitted, "and this, indeed, is Maxwell's tentative theory. Witness the phantoms that began to thicken toward the close of Bottazzi's sittings. In the seventh sitting, with the same rigorous restraint of the psychic, a vase of flowers was transported, a rose was set in a lady's hair, a small drum was seized and beaten rhythmically, an enormous black fist came out from behind the curtain, and an open hand seized Bottazzi gently by the neck. Now listen to his own words: 'Letting go my hold of Professor Porro's hand,' he says, 'I felt for this ghostly hand and clasped it. *It was a left hand, neither hot nor cold, with rough, bony fingers which dissolved under pressure. It did not retire by producing a sensation of withdrawal; it dissolved, "dematerialized," melted.*'"

I paused to say: "Remember, this is not the tale of an imaginative spiritist. These things did not happen in a back parlor. On the contrary, they are the words of a physiologist of high rank. The incident is not part of a séance in a medium's house, full of side doors and trick windows. It is a registered phenomenon in the laboratory of a great university, occurring under absolute test conditions. I confess it gives verity to many a doubtful thing I have myself seen."

"It certainly staggers me," said Cameron. "How does he explain it?"

FOWLER SCORNS PSYCHO-DYNAMISM

"He goes on to say: 'Another time, later on, the same hand was placed on my right forearm—I saw a human hand, of natural color, and I felt with mine the back of a lukewarm hand, rough and nervous. *The hand dissolved (I saw it with my own eyes) and retreated as if into Madame Paladino's body, describing a curve.* If all the other observed phenomena of these seven séances were

to disappear from my memory, this one I could never forget."

Looking up from the book out of which I had been reading, I saw that Fowler was smiling with calm disdain. "Let him go on with his psycho-dynamic theories. He will be confounded yet. Suppose he proves that Eusapia can liberate from herself an arm. The next step is the birth of a complete form like 'Katie King,' one that can speak and reason and love. From this it is but a step to the spirit hypothesis. These are only the first stages of the game. I am content to let these scientists play out their hands."

"But all this happened with the psychic merely held," protested Miller. "Why didn't Bottazzi handcuff her, or nail her down as we have done with Mrs. Smiley?"

MATERIALIZED ARM VISIBLE

This amused me. "There you go again! Not satisfied with wonders, you want miracles. Happily, you may be satisfied. In the eighth sitting, which took place in the same room of the physiological laboratory, with Bottazzi, Madame Bottazzi, Professor Galeotti, Doctors Jappelli and D'Errico present, Eusapia submitted to the most rigorous restraint of her life. Two iron rings were fastened to the floor, and by means of strong cords, which were sealed with lead seals like those used in fastening a railway car, her wrists were rigidly confined. She was, in fact, bound like a criminal; and yet the spectral hands and fists came and went, jugs of water floated about, and as a final stupendous climax, while Galeotti was controlling Eusapia's right arm, which was also manacled, he saw the duplications of her left arm. 'Look!' he exclaimed, 'I SEE TWO LEFT ARMS IDENTICAL IN APPEARANCE. ONE IS ON THE LITTLE TABLE, AND IT IS THAT WHICH MADAME BOTTAZZI TOUCHES. THE OTHER SEEMS TO COME OUT OF THE MEDIUM'S SHOULDER, TO APPROACH AND TOUCH MADAME BOTTAZZI AND THEN RETURN AND MELT INTO THE MEDIUM'S BODY AGAIN. THIS IS NOT AN HALLUCINATION. I AM AWAKE. I AM CONSCIOUS OF TWO SIMULTANEOUS VISUAL SENSATIONS, WHICH I EXPERIENCE WHEN MADAME BOTTAZZI SAYS SHE HAS BEEN TOUCHED.'

"After this stupefying declaration, the account of the sittings ends in these words, from Bottazzi himself: 'From henceforward skeptics can only deny the facts by accusing

Galeotti and myself of fraud and charlatanism. I should be very much surprised if anyone were bold enough to bring this accusation against us, but it would not disturb our minds in the least.'"

In the pause that followed I studied Miller and Harris, neither of whom wanted to be the first to speak. Mrs. Quigg was the one who asked excitedly: "Well, what is the upshot of it all? Are there spirits? What does Bottazzi conclude?"

"He does not conclude. Perhaps his state of mind is best expressed at the close of his statement concerning the registration of the movements of the 'spirit hand.' He says, in effect: 'These tracings demonstrate irrefutably that the keys were repeatedly pressed with perfect synchronism, the outside key by Eusapia's left hand, the one inside the cabinet by another, which a convinced spiritualist would call that of a "materialized spirit," and which I believe to be nothing of the sort, although I am not able to explain what it was.'"

"Oh, lame and impotent conclusion!" exclaimed Brierly. "After that superb test, why didn't he frankly say the discarnate had been proved?"

"Because he was not convinced of that. 'One thing is certain,' he asserts. 'It is not a being foreign to the organism of the medium who produces the mediumistic phenomena.' Morselli says, 'I await more light.'"

"Lombroso goes farther," declared Fowler, "and so does Crookes. They admit that the theory of disembodied spirits is the only one that meets *all* the facts—"

"Yes, but do they endorse the theory of the return of the dead?" asked Harris.

"No, they stick on the question of identity."

MRS. SMILEY'S "ETHERIC DOUBLE"

Miller now took a hand: "What about the rest of these Italian physicists? What is their present position? Do they sustain Bottazzi?"

"They practically all admit the facts. Dr. Foà believes the phenomena to be in the domain of natural forces, and the result of a transmutation of psycho-dynamic energy accumulated in the medium. He calls this 'vital energy' or 'psychic energy,' and adds: 'If these phenomena appear strange by virtue of their comparative rarity, they are not really more marvelous than the bio-

logical phenomena which we witness every day."

"According to this theory, then," said Miller, "Mrs. Smiley's material self has remained, as you believe, motionless in her chair, but has been able to 'energize' at a distance."

"More than that. According to Bottazzi's theory, she has been able to emit a complete etheric double of herself, which moves with lightning speed and perfect precision, yet with a certain waywardness—a double that is molded by the will of the psychic or by the combined will of sitters and psychic. It is this actual externalization of both matter and sense that makes darkness so essential to the medium. Vivid light forces this effluvium, this mysterious double, back into its originating body with disrupting haste. Witness the several times when Mrs. Smiley was convulsed merely by being touched at the wrong moment."

"There is a different interpretation to be put upon the psychic's hatred of light," remarked Howard.

"I know all about that, and so did Bottazzi and Morselli; but they now understand the psychic's position much better. By the way, yet bearing on this very subject, I read of a singular experiment a few days ago. A certain Dr. Encausse, in giving a lecture before the Society for Psychical Research at Nancy, told of a study he had made of direct writing. He said that in 1889, having heard that a certain magnetizer named Robert was able to put a subject into such a state of hypnosis that he could project lines of writing on paper without use of pen or pencil, he was curious to see the performance.

MEDIUM DEMATERIALIZED

"Together with a colleague, Dr. Gibier, Encausse hastened to witness this marvel. One of the subjects was a girl of seventeen. The magnetizer put her to sleep, 'and during this séance,' says Dr. Encausse, 'we were able to obtain in full light on a sheet of paper signed by twenty witnesses the precipitation of a whole page of written verses, signed "Corneille." I examined under the microscope the substance that formed the writing, and I was led to the conclusion that it consisted of globules of human blood, some smattered as if calcined, others quite distinct. I thus verified the theory of

the occultists of 1850 that the nervous energy as well as the physical force of a medium, the material of which he is constituted, such as his blood, could exteriorize itself and re-construct itself at a distance."

"What a stunning experiment!" exclaimed Cameron.

"Important, if true," sneered Harris.

"What do you know about this learned doctor?" asked Miller.

"Nothing—but you will see that these later experiments of the Italian scientists are sustaining Rochas and Aksakof, who claim that the medium is in a sense dematerialized to build up the phantasms. Dr. Encausse goes on to say: '*Moreover, the medium who had produced this phenomenon was preparing for the stage and had been studying Corneille during the whole of the preceding day.* I was thus able to discover the origin of the substance of the materialization of the writing, and also its psychic origin.'

SHAPING THE ASTRAL BODY

"You mentioned Rochas—what is his theory?" asked Harris.

"He claims to have proved by practising upon hypnotized subjects that the astral body, or 'fluidic double,' can be liberated from the ordinary body, and that this body can be molded or modeled into shapes in conformity with the thought of the psychic, or of the sitters in the circle. By throwing the subject into trance, he is able to *will* this exteriorization. The astral body appears to the subject in halves, one on either side, outlined as a kind of gray vapor. He claims to be able to demonstrate this externalization by pinching the air without permitting the psychic to see him do so. The psychic shows sensitiveness. He concludes that not merely force and substance but sensibility also are thus exteriorized—and he has gone so far as to state that this astral body can be made to shape itself instantly to the will of the hypnotizer—that it follows the imagination of the subject—all of which has a bearing on our own experience. Mrs. Smiley's 'Wilbur' and 'Mitchell' and 'Maud' would seem to be (according to this theory) fixed 'parasitic personalities,' which manifest, more or less automatically, from the recesses of the medium's mind, while the feeble, fugitive, shy 'spirits,' able only to give their names, are formed from the subconscious minds of the sitters. The whole process,

though mysterious, is in the region, as Bottazzi says, of 'unexplored biology.'

"Oh, piffle!" shouted Brierly. "Why go to all that roundabout explanation? The plain fact is that the material body is only the husk of the astral. The soul is the heart of the astral. Death attacks the outer husk, but does not affect the inner self, which is above and beyond the laws of matter."

"Not so fast," put in Miller. "I am content to plod with these Italian scientists. Let us establish one supernormal fact and then reach for another. You fellows with your reincarnations, and the spiritualist with his foolish messages from Cleopatra, Raphael, and Shakespeare, have confused the situation. We must begin all over again. I have not read these reports Garland speaks of, but if they are true, then it is our duty to take up the scrutiny of these facts as a part of biologic science."

Fowler clapped his hands. "Bravo! that is all we ask of you. To study frogs and mosquitoes, to peer close into the constitution of the blood or the brain of man, is considered useful by our schools; but, to my mind, the questions raised by these Continental experimentalists are the most vital now clamoring for answer."

"Will they ever be answered?" asked Mrs. Cameron. "Are we to know the secret of death?"

To this I made cautious answer: "Perhaps the secret of death is the ultimate secret, which will forever allure us. Of this I am fully persuaded: Men will be discovering new laws of nature ten thousand years from now, just as they are doing to-day. It is inconceivable that the secrets of the universe should ever be made entirely plain. Nothing is really explained—what we call familiar facts are at bottom inexplicable mysteries, and must ever remain so."

"Then why go on? Why not stop now

and save ourselves the trouble of investigation?" Mrs. Cameron asked.

"Because there is joy in the pursuit—because it is in the nature of man to follow this quest. Who knows but the observations of Morselli, of Bottazzi and Foà, have opened new vistas in human nature? These supernormal powers may chance to be of immense value to the race, quite aside from their bearing upon the problem of death. Furthermore, these reports come at a time when a hard and fast literalism of interpretation is the fashion among our scientists. Perhaps they and the art of the day will alike be offered new inspiration by these mystifying enlargements of human faculty. At any rate, it is up to our American biologists to take notice of these experiments by Bottazzi and his brave fellows."

"Well, now," said Cameron, "the practical question is this: Are we to go on with our investigations?"

"I am ready," said Miller promptly. "Garland, will you purvey another psychic, and conduct the expedition into this un-mapped biological territory?"

"Yes, provided you all come in with spirits attuned, ready to toil patiently and observe silently. The law of these psycho-dynamic reactions seems to be this: the forces of the psychic are proportional to the harmoniousness of the circle and in inverse proportion to the light. Accepting this law as proved by our illustrious fellow experimenters abroad, are you ready to try again along the lines they have marked out?"

As with one voice all agreed. "Very well," said I: "I will see what I can do for you in the way of a new psychic and new phenomena. I know of one young psychic who says he will submit to any test, and I am hoping others will volunteer. Only in this way can we advance toward a solution of this all-important problem. We will now experiment with design to prove the identity of 'discarnate intelligences.'"

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—These articles are drawn from records of my actual personal experiments, and in all essentials they are as true as the reports that I made to the American Psychical Society. For literary purposes I have thrown them into a series of conversations, and for other, more obvious reasons I have concealed names and places; but no important phenomena have been consciously distorted. Without allegiance to any theory, I have followed where the evidence led.

Hamlin Garland

In the September number Mr. Garland will describe some remarkable experiments in which **Spirit Identity** is tested.



A Symphony in B Flat

By ELEANOR ATKINSON

Author of "Mamzelle Fitine," "Lincoln's Boyhood," etc.



Illustrations by Rose Cecil O'Neill

Allegro

IN quest of a young draftsman whom he sometimes employed, Hollister turned into the cool, white vestibule of the Winona Apartments, viewed the row of brazen letter-boxes in either wall with a considering eye, and—rang the wrong bell.

Instantly, as if he were expected, there was an answering click, and the glass-paneled door at the top of the short flight of marble steps unlatched. This opening of a locked door by an invisible agency was one of the little incidents of well-ordered city life that gave Hollister a sense of satisfaction when he had business to despatch. But on a moonlit June evening like this, when the wooded park he had just passed might have been the Forest of Arden, it reminded him of his remoteness from Arcadia.

It would be a great deal more entertaining now, for instance, to be on his way to meet a lady just "as high as his heart," in a certain plantation of oaks beyond the lagoon, than to be seeking a young man in a hall bedroom, Hollister was thinking idly. But romance and electric buttons were incompatible.

And then he saw her! As he pushed open the upper door of the vestibule, the door of Flat B on the left was opened cautiously, disclosing the face of a dryad—innocent, gay, fearless—in the aperture. A swift glance of inquiry at the stranger, and the door was flung wide in a laughing abandon of welcome. The girl called back to some one within as she rushed into the hall:

"Here he is at last, Daddy! What makes you so late, Billy Boy?"

"Why, I've been carving your name on the trees in the park, Rosalind!" Hollister murmured, with remarkable presence of mind.

"Did you hear that, Daddy? And he thinks there are no lovers in these degenerate days!"

They were in a tiny reception-hall now, under a rosy light, with the door shut. The girl had both hands clasped on Hollister's arm. Her face, brilliant with excitement, was lifted to his with audacity and yet with appeal. She was laughing and talking rapidly, now aloud, with merry assurance, to the invisible person in the room beyond, then to Hollister in a hurried whisper.

"Daddy, if you come out here you'll see a good imitation of a beautiful girl in love with a fine young man! I'm in an awful scrape! You'll see me through, won't you? My name is Alice! Quick!"

"All right, Alice; I'm with you!" Hollister laughed easily.

"Good boy!" Alice said aloud, and patted his arm ecstatically, so that delightful little tangles ran up it and diffused themselves over Hollister's anatomy. With her back to the hanging stuff that screened the opening into the drawing-room, and her scarlet lips three inches from his, Alice delivered herself of a loud, convincing stage kiss.

It nearly bowled Hollister over, but he was braced by an amused chuckle from behind the drapery.

"That wasn't a fair sample, Alice," he

murmured with gentle reproach. "Give me another one!"

"No, indeed, greedy boy! One at a time and they'll last longer."

She eluded him skillfully, hung his hat on the hall-rack, and swung herself within the circle of his arm with one hand, parting the drapery with the other. She held him there a full half-minute, under the blaze of the electrolier, while a comfortable, prosperous looking man of sixty rose from an easy chair and adjusted his glasses in front of a pair of shrewd, humorous gray eyes. Alice's father was not a man who could be hoodwinked with impunity, Hollister decided instantly, yet here was this reckless girl clinging to a spurious lover, and wearing an adorable air of proprietorship over him.

"Well, Daddy, here's my best young man. What do you think of him?"

"I'll have to take him on faith now, Alice; but I promise you to look him up afterward," he said genially, and he extended a sufficiently cordial hand to Hollister.

"Not in Bradstreet, I hope, sir; I haven't got that far yet," Hollister protested, with a readiness that horrified himself. Alice squeezed his arm delightedly, and escaped to adjust a window-shade.

"No, I wouldn't expect that in so young a man. But if you can tame that girl of mine, I should say you were equipped to go up against almost any game."

Alice lifted her chin saucily. It was a very determined chin for all its dimpled roundness; and it was a very wilful little head, with its coronet of burnished copper hair. The black-lashed gray eyes met Hollister's candidly, like those of a child, then drooped demurely with irrepressible coquetry. Her lips were full, red, distracting. She was not tall, but she stood erectly, and moved with the grace and freedom of a nymph. She was entirely feminine, from the lace arabesques of her lingerie blouse to her tailored white skirt and the tips of her little white shoes; yet, if she had been a young man, Hollister would have described him as "feeling his oats."

"I've done a few things, sir, in the engineering line," Hollister said with becoming modesty.

"H'm-m! Alice forgot to mention it—love's young dream, etc. Lord! I never thought she'd do such a sensible and satisfactory thing as to fall in love. If you'll bring her back home to me, Billy, you'll

have no cause to complain of your welcome."

"You're coming along too swift for us, Daddy," laughed Alice. "No wedding-bells nor rice yet, please! But, really, Billy, he's hungry. It's 'cook's night out,' so you are to come with me and make yourself useful."

They went down the narrow hall hand in hand. In a moment Alice switched on the light in the dining-room and shut the door softly. Then she dropped into the nearest chair and laughed like an excited child.

"Splendid! Billy, you're a brick!" she said, when she could get her breath.

"I think I did pretty well myself, without a rehearsal," admitted Hollister. "My name isn't Billy. Still, if you like it, it's all the same to me. What's the plot of this piece?"

"You do look—well, plausible. Daddy was beginning to grow skeptical when Billy didn't turn up. The plot? Oh, yes, you are impersonating the character of my fiancé."

"Did you notice how it fits me?—So that accounts for your violent affection?"

"Billy, please!" faltered Alice.

"Well, I won't. But don't think I'm complaining. By the way, who is the stern parent? If he should think me an impostor, he looks quite capable of throwing me down an air-shaft."

"Yes, indeed!" laughed Alice. "That's why I didn't dare leave you together. I'm not sure but that he would drop me down, too."

"What happiness—to die together!"

"I prefer to live——"

"——together," finished Hollister promptly. Alice blushed charmingly.

"Billy, you're a bright young man, as well as very presentable. Daddy was wonderfully taken with your 'sir.' He thinks young men have no manners nowadays. I'm proud of you! I have a right to be, you know, because I made you up out of my own head, and you come right up to the specifications!"

"A custom-made lover! Now, I never imagined there was such a girl anywhere in the world as you, but you suit me as well as if I'd had you made to order."

"The commercial manner isn't becoming to you, Billy. Find a corkscrew to open that Apollinaris, please. Yes, there's wine in that cabinet, but it is not my—it is only

to look at. Wine is a mocker. Why, Daddy gives temperance lectures to the men at the camp."

"Camp? Military?"

"No, dear boy; camp-meeting!"

Hollister laughed skeptically.

"He doesn't look the part. I've seen his type in the wheat-pit."

"Well, you shouldn't be so curious. And another thing: would you mind speaking casually of our mutual friends, the Spencer-Joneses? They're in Europe, so it's perfectly safe. You met me at their house, you know, at Mabel's wedding."

"Of course, and proposed in the conservatory. Did you ever notice that weddings are contagious?" She ignored this philosophical observation.

"No," witheringly. "In the garage."

"Oh, yes," reminiscently. "But it wasn't a stage kiss that time, Alice."

"You take the cue like a veteran, Billy. You make an ideal stage lover!" admiringly.

"I could do the real thing infinitely better. Just try me," coaxed Hollister.

"You're—so—sudden!" laughed Alice. She blushed in a way that finished Hollister's demoralization. A thought struck him as he was carrying a bowl of cracked ice to the built-in buffet, so that he nearly dropped his burden.

"By the way, Alice, is there a real Billy, and am I only the understudy?"

"Certainly not!" with gratifying emphasis.

"Then why this interesting comedy?"

"It's a special-benefit performance. Daddy thinks I need a young man."

"He's right! You see, you needed me so badly you had to kidnap me."

"Just for an emergency," she returned with gay inconsequence.

"Emergencies will happen in the best-regulated hearts. But how long is this piece scheduled to run?" he asked, following her into the kitchen. "It's growing very popular with me."

"One night only. Daddy leaves for New York on a night train. Then curtain, and lights out!"

"The plot thickens!" mused Hollister.

Alice clapped her hands in applause. "It's as good as a play. You deserve a reward. Shall I fess up?"

"No, no!" Hollister protested. "It's a dream, an idyll! Dreams and idylls don't grow on every telegraph-pole in Chicago,

so leave me mine a little while. Afterward—" Alice was startled by a look in his eyes—a look that implied consequences. Hollister's raillery was gone.

"Alice, sometimes, in reckless moods, I have dreamed that romance might consent to dwell in a flat built for two. This soft-colored casket here is so shut in and so small that two people couldn't get very far apart if they tried. It's got a vine-wreathed cottage beat a mile. Do you think we could find another one like it? In this tiny kitchen, now, one could scarcely get around the cook without——"

There was mischief in his eye as he reached around her, taking the longer and pleasanter way toward a plate of butter. Before Alice could extricate herself and retreat, the dining-room door opened softly and closed again. Her father walked slowly back to the drawing-room and lit a big, black cigar. If Hollister had seen him at that moment, he would have described the old gentleman as looking as if he were in the middle of a big deal in wheat. But presently he brought a humorously critical eye to the table.

The board was bright with what looked suspiciously like brand-new wedding silver and glass and china. There was an art-glass canopy shading the light over the table, hung by verdigris-brass chains from a beamed ceiling. The picture was so artistic and delightfully intimate that, although Hollister was used to dining well, the canned soup that Alice ladled hot out of a chafing-dish tasted like ambrosia. Her father ate it without audible comment, but he passed up the cold roasted chicken with a facetious remark:

"Papier-maché! Looks as if it had been varnished!"

"Daddy!" gasped Alice.

"Now, young lady, you got this whole outfit at a delicatessen, didn't you? Billy, that girl has been putting up games on me since she was three years old."

"It serves you right for inviting yourself to dine with me," laughed Alice, unabashed.

"How about Billy? Did he deserve to be poisoned, too?"

"Oh, Billy!" she answered airily. "He knows better than to dine with me—at this stage of the game. But you insisted on doing the domestic act. Billy, I've got a stiff-necked parent. Aren't you afraid to belong to our family?"

"I could not perish in a better cause," declared Hollister, with his hand on his heart. Daddy's appreciation expressed itself in a grin.

"Youth is rash and prone to self-sacrifice. You'll be a year older next year. I'll put you on now, Billy, that such behavior in a woman is actionable."

The little party broke up rather hilariously over the coffee that Alice made to perfection in the urn on the buffet. She cleared the table and put everything scrupulously in place like a well-trained maid. She even sorted the silver and slipped it into flannel cases. Hollister wondered at that, since it was likely to be needed for serving breakfast; and he wondered also at the perfect order in which she left the drawing-room when, at half-past nine, they started for a local train, to accompany her father to the Park Row Station. The old gentleman lectured them virtuously, on the way, on the folly of late hours. As for him, he went to bed with the chickens and got up with the cows. Witness his going to his berth now instead of two hours later at train-time. Hollister listened with amused tolerance, but was puzzled by Alice's curiously guarded expression.

They delivered her father over to a Pullman porter and started back through the train-shed.

"Keep up your air of devotion, Billy, until we get outside. Daddy is standing on the observation platform watching us. He's a regular 'foxy grandpa.' When he looks guileless, you want to watch out. I believe he more than half suspects us now," said Alice.

"Well, this ought to convince him. Almost it persuades me." Hollister slipped an arm round her for a second. They turned and waved their hands at the solitary, pathetic-looking figure inside the brass railing, for a moment, before they disappeared down the subway exit.

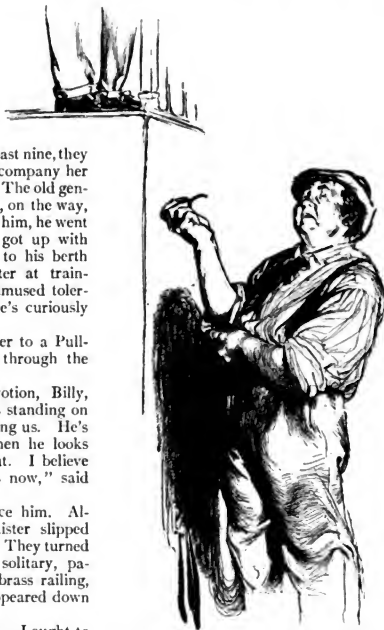
"He's the only father I've got. I ought to be kinder to him," admitted Alice penitently. This was a new, more adorable Alice, and Hollister promptly lost his head.

"I'm the only young man you've got, I hope! You ought to be kinder to me."

"I intend to be," she said, with a dazzling smile, as they emerged into Park Row

in front of the station. "Do you see the Logan monument on the lake front? I always wanted to go up the steps and sit on the pedestal as long as I liked, when there was no policeman about to drive me away. We are going up there now to watch the automobiles go by on the boulevard, and listen to what the wild waves are saying to the breakwater; and there I'll tell you the whole story. Then we are going to quarrel desperately and part forever after."

Hollister turned this over in his mind



"SAY, BOSS, IF THERE'S ANYTHING THE MATTER WITH YOU, YOU OUGHT TO DO SOMETHING FOR IT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE."

a moment as he stood smiling down at her.

"That isn't the way fairy stories end, Alice. Besides, it takes two to quarrel."

If Alice took alarm, there was not the flicker of an eyelash to betray her.

"Oh, I can quarrel for both of us. You'll need a cigar to brace you up."

"Sweet Alice!" murmured Hollister, unreprieved. In utter content he turned to the cigar-booth in the station foyer for a light. It occupied him a scant half-minute. But when he turned back again, Alice was gone.

Andante

Although the motor-cab in which Alice had escaped was just turning into Michigan Avenue when he stepped out of the station, and another stood near for the hiring, Hollister did not take up the pursuit. Alice could but resent crass haste after the finesse with which she had closed an incomparable incident. She had given the last possible zest to a feast that might well have cloyed. An acquiescent, apologetic Alice was less to Hollister's taste than this gallant girl, who flung dust in his dazzled eyes and fled from his threatened importunities.

He stood in the station entrance, smoking his cigar, and watched the cab break the speed laws, through the arc-lights and the shimmering poplars that bordered the boulevard, until it disappeared. He strolled after it slowly, feeling delightfully like one of the heroes in Robert Louis Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights." To prolong the sensation, he imagined himself at the beginning of a vacation (which he suddenly decided had long been due him) and spending it right here in this dream city, now palpitating with potential romance, in the pursuit and capture of the elusive Alice.

It was a matter of not a little pride with Hollister that he succeeded in behaving like a normal human being in the morning. He took a leisurely bath at the club, ate his usual breakfast, read the morning paper, and called up the office to say that he had an engagement that might detain him all day.

An hour later he suddenly paused with his thumb on the bell-button of Flat B, Winona Apartments, while the name on the letter-box slowly penetrated to his understanding. It was Howard Sherwin.

"So this is where good old Howard hangs out? Whom did he marry? Alice—!" Hollister nearly had heart-failure. Then that erratic organ jumped back into place and resumed its peaceful jog-trot. "Why, it

was Miss Mabel Spencer-Jones, of course; and Alice was at the wedding. So was I. She must be their guest now, and they were out last night. What extraordinary luck! Don't I owe the happy pair a postnuptial call? That's right; that's what I'm here for. So there'll be a formal introduction to Miss Alice Will-o'-the-Wisp. Just watch 'Billy' now, and see things happen."

He pushed the button, and nothing happened for two minutes. Hollister looked surprised, but he pushed it again, hopefully. Two minutes later he looked pained. The third time he kept a determined thumb on the button until something did happen.

It was the unexpected, as usual. An irate janitor, disturbed in the pleasing occupation of stoking a hot-water furnace on a June morning, poked his head up the area-way outside.

"Say, are you turning in a 4:11 alarm?"

"I'm only trying to get into this apartment," explained Hollister, inoffensively. "The people don't seem to be at home."

"Guessed right first time," said the janitor with mild sarcasm. "You might guess again that you're going to give it up and go away."

"Well, I might, and then again I might conclude to wait here until some one comes back."

The janitor grinned his appreciation. "You'd wait a good while. Them folks ain't never been at home."

"What! Why, I dined there last night!"

The autocrat of the Winona Apartments looked concerned. "Say, boss, if there's anything the matter with you, you ought to do something for it before it's too late."

Hollister never argued. "Have a cigar?" he said diplomatically. He lit one himself and sat down on the vestibule steps. The janitor condescended to come up and sit down also.

"Sure! About two for a quarter? This is a good brand to get up steam on."

"Rather expensive fuel."

"Depends on how bad you want steam. I can get it up in twenty minutes, but there have been times when it took half a day. No goods on this counter for tenants who won't loosen up. See?"

"I see." Hollister deftly extracted a coin from his pocket and slid it along the marble tread and under the janitor's hat. That functionary became communicative.

"Ain't been married long, them Sherwins.

In and out here every day for six weeks before their wedding, linin' their nest, just like them hard-workin' robins over in the park."

"Haven't they got back yet?"

"Nope."

Hollister had an inspiration. "Oh! I see; expected to be gone some time, so they left friends in charge?"

"Not much! Payin' me to look out for suspicious characters," said the janitor, impersonally. "Say, boss, was it a lady you dined with?"

"There was a lady in the party."

"Well," soothingly, "don't take it too hard. When you're with a lady you don't always know where you're at. There's another building in the next block that's a twin sister to this, the Winnebago or the Wheatena. Pipe-dream names they give these flats! You don't know whether it's a Pullman sleeper or a new brand of breakfast food. You might try the Winnebago for that tired feeling."

Arranging with the janitor to call him over the telephone as soon as the Sherwins returned, Hollister went back to his rooms and hunted for the Jones-Sherwin wedding cards. "At Home after September the fifteenth," he read. It was now the twentieth of June!

The salt of life suddenly lost its savor. It was a humid day, and the incessant noise and smoke got on Hollister's nerves. He was ready to adopt a Frenchman's comparison and liken the city of his affections to St. Lawrence's gridiron. He smoked seven cigars in succession and read the latest best-selling novel. But in the evening the justly celebrated lake breeze came up, and he recovered his philosophy.

During the next two months Hollister



"LET ME THINK!"

attended strictly to business. If the nights were given up to dreams that would have been listed at 0 on the stock-market, no man saw it in his face. Late in August he took his usual fishing trip, returning to find the telephone message on his desk: he Sherwins were none.

He did not wait for them to be "At Home." As he had but the slightest acquaintance with the bride, he should, in all propriety, have called in the evening, when Howard was likely to be in. But, on reflection, he deliberately presented himself at ten o'clock in the morning. Although himself a very recent victim of the tender passion, Hollister's plight would excite only ribald mirth in Howard. A bride, on

the contrary, would be all sympathy and discretion.

Mrs. Sherwin floated into the reception hall in a ravishing silk kimono that was a revelation of domestic intimacy to a club-hardened bachelor. She was a fair, plump, placid girl, whose apparent lack of guile would disarm suspicion.

"Is it the man with the luggage—trunks? Oh, I beg your pardon! How do you do, Mr. Hollister? I am so glad to be back in a land where trunks are trunks. Luggage, indeed!" She looked polite inquiry at him.

"Mrs. Sherwin," he hastened to explain, as she led him into the drawing-room, "I dare say you never noticed me, but I was among those 'also present' at your wedding."

"Oh, yes, I noticed you. I still have eyes for other men. Besides, Howard says we are to be particularly good friends, so we might as well begin now." She tucked her voluminous draperies under her and sat down informally on the piano-bench, smiling encour-

agement at his evident embarrassment. He startled her by saying:

"I feel as if I began three months ago, when I dined at your table."

"When you dined at my table? Why, dear man, I haven't dined at my own table yet."

"I assure you I have—with Alice."

"With Alice? Alice who?"

"Ah, yes, indeed! Alice who? That's what I should like to know, Mrs. Sherwin."

"Here? With a fair unknown? Without a chaperon? What a delightful, improper adventure!"

"Her father was with us. Perhaps I would better say her alleged father, for as she purloined an apartment and kidnapped a lover, a father might easily be within her resources. He was a Jim Hill, empire-builder sort of man. You know the type."

A light came to Mrs. Sherwin's puzzled eyes. "Tell me all about it; every word." She sat with her chin in her palm, listening with absorbed interest to the story, which was brief, for Hollister had his reserves in the telling.

"The little wretch! She deserves to be pilloried! But she always was a good actress," laughed the bride. "She was our 'star' at Wellesley. It seemed to be perfectly natural to her—just a bubbling over of high spirits and pure invention. But I don't know why she did this. She must have been in a desperately tight place."

"Who is she?" begged Hollister.

"Ah, my dear sir, if Alice did not tell you, how can I betray her? But there is more than one kind of fly for catching trout. To be sure, there must be justification." A significant pause; then: "Mr. Hollister, are you in love with Alice?"

"Oh, Lord, yes! I throw myself on the mercy of the court. Mrs. Sherwin, will you help me?"

"Will a duck swim? Howard says I'll never be happy until I get all the men I know into the same scrape he's in. No, don't thank me. Let me think!" She wrinkled her pretty nose charmingly, and planted a beautifully manicured finger in the middle of a fair forehead.

"What's your telephone number? Thank you. No, I won't tell Howard a word! Trot along, now. This is my busy day—unpacking trunks. Keep your ear to the receiver, and I think you'll hear something to your advantage."

Hollister lived in a fever of expectancy and impatience for four days. It was just as he was leaving the office at five o'clock on the fourth day that the call came.

"Hello! Is this Mr. Hollister? Yes, this is Mrs. Sherwin. Come around this evening at half-past eight. Understand? No, don't send in a card; just ask the maid for Howard and me. No, don't come a minute earlier! What's that? Your good angel?"—a laugh—"I suppose that compliment is a crumb from Alice's table. Thank you. Good-by. Good luck!"

Scherzo

Exactly on the minute, a trim little Dutch maid, who walked as if she still wore the wooden shoes of her native land, ushered Hollister into the drawing-room and left him in the dark. In a moment there was a quick, light step in the hall, and a flute-like voice was making apologies:

"I beg your pardon. Mrs. Sherwin would be annoyed. Annetjé is a diamond, but in the rough. Where is that button? Oh, thank you!"

The light flashed out, blinding her for a moment. Then: "Oh, Billy!" Alice sank into a chair, and stared at him in startled dismay.

"Why, Alice!" Hollister simulated a surprise as great as her own.

"How do you come to be here asking for the Sherwins?"

"I was at that wedding, you know"—apologetically.

"I didn't see you there"—with marked skepticism.

"Didn't you? Well, I wasn't there very long, so my offense is small. As I didn't know any one, I got peevish and told Howard I was going home. He called it his star-spangled wedding. There were guests from every state in the Union. Were you one of the stars, Alice? We revolve in the same social orbit, anyhow. We'll be properly introduced now."

"Mr. and Mrs. Sherwin have gone to the theatre," demurely.

"Ah!" ecstatically. "How considerate of them! If this is only a dream, please, dear lady, don't wake me up!"

Alice laughed, for the first time, like the enchantress of that never-to-be-forgotten night whose memory had tantalized Hollister for a long quarter of a year; but she retreated the length of the room before the ardor of his



"YOU'RE NOT PLAYING FAIR, BILLY!"

eyes. He pursued her relentlessly and drew up a chair facing hers. It was a strategic position, for he had her neatly cornered in an angle between the piano and the steam-radiator. If she saw his advantage, she scorned to notice it.

"What have you been doing these three months?" he demanded, with a masculine directness that admitted no evasion.

"What should a perfectly normal young woman be doing but just 'sitting in the sun, a-wishing and a-wishing for a nice young man'?" Her eyes danced like an impish child's, while she kept time with her gay little head to the nursery rhyme.

"And me here, wasting my sweetness," he said plaintively. "Why didn't you put me on, Alice?"

"Didn't you get any of my wireless messages? There were times when I called for help. Billy, I've been having a sweet, sentimental time acting the engaged young lady all summer. Daddy never let up on me a minute. He was in a beatific state of satisfaction. He took a violent fancy to you."

"He must have been stringing you," Hollister answered indulgently.

"Well, I kept him guessing. I managed every now and then to let him come upon me holding a letter and looking pensive. 'Why don't you wire Billy to come and cheer you up?' he'd ask. Then I'd make big, serious eyes at him—like this—and answer: 'Billy's got to *work* if he's ever to go up against the matrimonial game with an expensive girl like me.'"

"No-o, I don't have to, Alice. I've got all the time there is for a girl like you."

"But, you see, I really didn't need you, anyhow. There were others."

"There's safety in numbers," complacently. "Did you kill them all off?"

"And after I had killed them all off, there was still"—tenderly reminiscent—"Mike—Maloney." It brought Hollister up with a jolt. He regarded her warily.

"I really wouldn't advise you to trifle with the affections of a man named Mike Maloney, Alice."

"I wasn't trifling with him. I was playing politics with Daddy. He has a forty-mile belt of woods up north. That's where *he* lives and breathes and has his being. Mike's the foreman of his lumber camps. Billy, I've made Daddy believe for three years that if I had to spend a winter in his rude little village, I'd be driven to marry Mike before spring."

"You're too many for me, Alice; you don't seem to have a conscience," Hollister commented cheerfully.

"Oh, yes, I have; but what's the use? Daddy doesn't need me. He's acquired the great American habit of living by hard labor, except in the summer, when we go camping. It's primitive, idyllic, up there then. I get as brown and muscular as a little squaw."

"I'll take you fishing with me next year, Alice." Hollister felt as if his arteries were charged with seltzer water.

"Oh, will you?" delightedly. "I know how generous that is. Mike thinks women are a nuisance in the woods, and Daddy expects me to 'stay put' in one spot. All Daddy can think of for me is to get me married—tiresome person, who takes himself seriously, preferred, as an offset to my levity."

"Pardon a very personal question, but what kind do you prefer?"

"Why, where's the fun of being married unless you have a husband you can flirt with?"

"Good Lord! what luck—for the right man," he added hastily. He didn't want to startle this rare quarry—yet.

"That's just it! I told Daddy I would marry when the right man came along. But he hurried—*hustled* me—Billy. He said if I didn't get married he'd take me home—to the woods. To make him easier in his mind I—invented—a lover." She had the grace to blush. "It was a risky expedient, I'll admit, but if you would have omelet you must sacrifice eggs. And then, the right man was likely to come along any day."

"Sure to! Didn't I turn up at the psychological moment?"

"Of course," she returned gleefully. "But it was a close call when Daddy telegraphed me one day that he was coming the next to dine with me and meet 'Billy.' Mrs. Sherwin had given me a latchkey, so I brought him here where there would be no witnesses to my humiliation. And then you rang the bell! How did you come to do it?"

"Fate," Hollister answered promptly. "Are you sorry, Alice?"

"N-no; I wouldn't be so ungrateful. You looked like first aid to the injured to me. And didn't we play it well? Daddy was complaining about my returning to Chicago this fall. A lover is a perfectly legitimate object of absorbing interest to a girl, and he thought I—simply—couldn't—live—another—day—without you!"

It went to his head like a complicated cocktail, but he put on the brake.

"Singular coincidence; same here."

"Oh!" cheerfully. "But we've quarreled, you know. Nothing would satisfy Daddy but that we should marry in haste, to repent—in Chicago. So we had to quarrel. Now he wants to take my poor broken heart home. Billy, I've got to the end of my rope."

"We might make up again," suggested Hollister, with an air of impersonal interest.

"Billy, you're a dear! That would answer for all winter!" she exclaimed enthusiastically.

"It would have to answer for—ever," he returned, catching his breath. He felt himself beginning to let go. To Alice it was like the snapping of a twig to a wood nymph.

"Forever's a long day," she said archly. She started to slip past him to freedom, but he barred the way. She threw back a glance over her shoulder as bright and direct as that of a friendly child.

"You're not playing fair, Billy!"

"I'm not playing. I never have played. I've been up to my ears in love with you from the first instant, and I definitely intended to marry you. I'm in dead earnest. Don't make any mistake about that." He was white to the lips.

The words tumbled over one another like water from a burst dam. Alice met his immemorial look a moment gallantly, before her lashes went down in defeat. But she still had the last weapon of the Eternal Feminine. It took just two big tears to reduce Hollister's spinal column to the consistency of a cotton string.

He begged her forgiveness if he was too precipitate, but he had to persist. He had been in purgatory when he thought he had lost her. Good heavens! Didn't she know it made him feel like a brute to see her cry? Well—then—if she felt that way about it—a long, helpless sigh—Hollister was all in!

When she had him properly reduced to a pulp, Alice recovered. She threw up her head and laughed excitedly, through scarlet, trembling lips and flashing tears.

"Other young men take their refusal and go!" she said imperiously.

"But you haven't refused me, Alice." He spoke with meek discouragement. She failed to see this point, broad opening, and made an utterly irrelevant observation.

"You're a very determined young man. I don't know what to do with you."

Before Hollister could make the obvious suggestion, the hall clock chimed the half hour after eleven. Alice started in alarm.

"You must go now. The Sherwins may be home any minute! I should die to be discovered like this."

"It wouldn't matter if we were engaged, Alice. It demoralizes anybody to get engaged."

She pushed him into the hall and forced his hat into his hand.

"Yes, I'll go; but I'm coming back tomorrow to take you out in an automobile. We'll have a chauffeur, because I can't give my mind to a machine. But no chaperon, understand. I'm going to make love to you all day, you darling!"

"Good-by," she whispered.

"Good-night, not good-by. Alice, you *are* just as high as my heart! What are you struggling for? When lovers make up, they always kiss, like this—and this—and this!"

Finale

Mrs. Sherwin was standing on guard at a front window when Hollister pulled up at the door at ten o'clock the next morning. She tapped on the pane and called down.

"Send that noisy machine around the corner, and come right up without ringing the bell." When he came, she put an index finger to her lips and ushered him into the drawing-room.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Mr. Hollister," she said, with distinct disapproval, "I'm afraid you didn't use your opportunity very well."

"On the contrary, I assure you, Mrs. Sherwin—"

"Why did you leave so early, then? Did Alice show you the door?"

"Yes. I filed a protest, but at exactly eleven-forty she turned me out into the cold world." Mrs. Sherwin's hands went up in a gesture that admitted her inadequacy to the situation.

"That—girl's—duplicity is something appalling!"

"I told her she had no conscience. What's she been doing now?"

"We got home at midnight, exactly, to find the house dark, and Alice asleep, apparently for hours."

"Quick work! She intimated that she didn't intend to be caught with the goods."

"You don't mean that you proposed?"

"That's my best recollection."

"And she accepted you?"

"Well, I wouldn't go so far as to say that," he admitted, reflectively, "but do I look like a man who has been turned down?" Mrs. Sherwin clapped her hands with enthusiasm.

"You look like 'Hail, the Conquering Hero Comes!' I have no doubt that you can manage Alice—when you can get at her. At present there are difficulties."

"Has she run away again?"

"I am not to tell. I have orders to deny that I ever heard of such a young person, if anyone inquires for her. Mr. Hollister, Alice came out of her room this morning gowned for the street, even to her hat. She was going home. She lives away out on the North Shore, with two dear old ladies, friends of her father's, who are supposed to chaperon her."

Hollister picked up his hat and demanded the address.

"Wait a minute! At breakfast a telephone call came for her. Her father was just in on a night train. She offered to meet him downtown. No, he wouldn't hear of it. She stormed at him, refused, pointblank, to remain here, begged, even wept a little into the telephone. He told her she could suit herself, but as he was leaving for the East to-night, he wouldn't have time to wait for her anywhere, nor to go out to the North Shore to see her."

"Shall I need a search-warrant?"

Mrs. Sherwin waved her hand comprehensively. "You can see into every nook and corner from the hall. An apartment is as open to the public as a crocodile's countenance. The only private room in this one," significantly, "belongs to the maid."

"Then she has coaxed Annetjé?"

"Bribed is the word, Mr. Hollister. Alice repays my hospitality by corrupting my servant. She gave Annetjé a beautiful, long, copper-brown automobile veil that she spent one hour matching to her own hair."

"Ah!" Hollister conjured up a russet vision. "She needs that veil when she goes out with me. Well, I have a bank account," he added recklessly. "Mrs. Sherwin, have you a list of your wedding guests? It would be making some progress to learn her name."

"You idyllic young couple!" She breathed a long, reminiscent sigh, of whose sympathy Hollister was blissfully oblivious. His finger ran down the typewritten list that she handed him, and stopped.

"Away up in the Lake Superior region

there is a lumber king named Hugo Farley. Is this Miss Farley here, by any chance——?"

But Mrs. Sherwin had her fingers in both pink ears, and was gazing at her own pleasant reflection in the console mirror. "I think, after all, it's likely to rain, Mr. Hollister," she remarked, in her most impersonal society manner.

"Would you mind if I camped here until the clouds roll by?"

Mrs. Sherwin considered. "I couldn't very well conceal anything so large as you. Oh, there *is* another private place!" She led him through an alcove library, and past a door paneled with amber bull's-eyes that opened upon a tiny, stone-balustraded loggia, sunk in the front of the building over the entrance door. It was a coign of vantage. Hollister lit a cigar and gave himself up to distracting memories and delightful anticipations.

It was two hours before a stout, energetic man of sixty turned the corner as if he had to catch a train. Hollister leaned over the flower-boxes on the stone ledge.

"Come right up without ringing, Mr. Farley. I'll let you in." In a few moments he had rushed Alice's father through to the loggia.

"I had a pressing engagement with Alice," Hollister explained affably, "but Alice takes a different view of it, so I'm on sentinel duty." Mr. Farley studied him through narrowed eyelids.

"Don't intend to let her give you the slip again, eh? What did you let her do that for?"

"If it will be any satisfaction to you to know it, Mr. Farley," he answered with engaging candor, "I have spent three months calling myself all the fifty-seven varieties of wild ass. But how did you know she gave me the slip?"

"My train didn't leave for two hours after you put me on it. That talk about going to bed with the chickens was all poppycock. When you dropped down the subway, I strolled out through the waiting-room, trailed you to your club, and invested a dollar in the darky at the door. And I followed that information up. There isn't much you can tell me about yourself that I don't know, Hollister." His eyes were twinkling humorously. "So you have just found her?"

"Yes, sir; but I haven't lost any time since."

"Why is Alice in hiding, then?"

"I think," carefully weighing his words, "that she thinks she needs time to consider

a few things I said to her. I guess I rushed matters a little."

"Didn't sign up with her?"

"Well," smiling, "if I'd got as next to a man on a business proposition as I got to Alice, I'd act on the supposition that I had him." Farley nearly exploded.

"I guess we can do business together all right. Have a smoke," he said genially.

"It's a pretty stiff brand for a youngster, but you might as well get used to it. Well"

—he looked at his watch with the misty eye of resignation, but he spoke briskly—"I have to go on to New York to-night. It would free my mind for serious business if I could leave Alice in your hands. She picked you out herself, and you suit me, so if you think it's safe, we'll just call Alice's little bluff."

Hollister brought his hand down on Farley's with a thwack that might have been heard in Alice's retreat in the rear. They went immediately into a committee of ways and means with Mrs. Sherwin. At the end of the session, Mr. Farley peeled a bill off a roll.

"This is my blowout, Mrs. Sherwin. Tell the caterer to throw himself. Sorry you have to go, Hollister. Guess I'll borrow your buzz-wagon and take Alice out for a spin, to get her mind off her troubles. Then you will have a chance to get busy with the telephone, Mrs. Sherwin. Better put up some money on this combination—it's a sure winner."

At five o'clock the ladies were dressing for dinner, Mrs. Sherwin keeping up a running fire of small talk.

"Put on your white chiffon, Alice. You ought to dress up for your own father. And here's a half-wreath of white ribbon rosebuds for your hair. Sheer magic what those department-store girls can do with a bit of ribbon! . . . Dr. and Mrs. Chenowith are to be here. I told Howard that the very first people to dine with us should be the

minister who married us. . . . Now you're ready, and sweet as—a bride. There's the door-bell. What makes you jump every time the bell rings, Alice? Who is it, Annetje? Mr. Hollister? Alice, dear, would you just step into the drawing-room and keep that inadvertent man going until I finish dressing?"

"Who is Mr. Hollister?" doubtfully.

"Oh, an old fossil of a family friend. I think Howard inherited him, along with his great-grandmother's cameos. He means well."

A moment later Alice parted the draperies of the arch. Her half-uttered cry of dismay was smothered against the front of Hollister's best dress coat.

"Be quiet, Alice! If you make a noise, some one will come, and then there'll be a scandal," he whispered, laughing. He arrested her hand—raised to box his ear—and slipped a ring on the third finger.

"You don't want to get away now, do you, sweetheart?" Her rigid figure suddenly relaxed to a limp submissiveness.

The telephone bell rang. Mrs. Sherwin frou-froued to the closet at the rear of the hall.

"That you, Howard?—Yes, the stage is set.—What!!! Can I go to New York to-night?—Why, we've just got home!—You've arranged to turn the apartment and the maid over to—?—Oh, you bright boy!—Be here in five minutes with the whole bunch?—All right!—Get that kiss? Good-by."

She hung up the receiver and slipped noiselessly to the concealing draperies. Hollister smiled at her over Alice's unconscious head.

Mrs. Sherwin clasped her pretty hands in speechless admiration. Then she assumed the correct attitude

and uttered a little shriek.

"Why, Alice Farley!"

Alice whirled free and blazed out her wrath.



"GOT THE LICENSE, PHILIP?"

"It's abominable of you to be shocked, Mabel. Billy and I are engaged."

"Billy," indeed!" with virtuous indignation. "His name isn't Billy; it's Philip." Alice turned her insulted back on Mrs. Sherwin and collapsed into a chair.

"It's just a pet name she has for me, Mrs. Sherwin," Hollister explained, as if eager to placate the offended proprieties. "I'm her property—she may call me anything she likes." But Mrs. Sherwin intended to be scandalized for all it was worth.

"I'm surprised at you, Mr. Hollister! She didn't know your last name, either, five minutes ago. Oh, there's the bell. I wonder what your father will say, Alice!" With this parting shot Mrs. Sherwin disappeared to meet the confusion of arrival in the hall.

"She'll tell him something outrageous! I didn't know Mabel could be such a little cat! Oh, Billy, what will Daddy say?" Mr. Farley put his head between the portières, and this is what he said:

"Got the license, Philip?"

"Yes, sir. Here is the fatal document."

"Oh, all right. Brace up, Alice. You really shouldn't try to play poker with an old hand like me," and he vanished.

"*The license!*" gasped Alice. Hollister kissed her on the lips with laughing assurance. A conspiracy? Well! She rounded up her stampered wits as at the crack of a lash. When the laughing crowd of Hollister's friends and her own broke into the drawing-room, she faced them with smiling self-possession. Howard Sherwin made a rush for the two.

"Hello, Phil! Still up to your old college trick of sliding to base. Well, here I am, in time to do the last sad office for a friend. Better give me that ring; you're so nervous you might drop it. Mabel, step round there and support the blushing bride. Mr. Farley, if you don't look out, the bride will give herself away. All ready? Now, give 'em the life sentence, Doctor."

As the peals of laughter and scrambling for places were hushed by the clergyman's uplifted hand, some one in the next apartment struck the opening bars of "Oh, Promise Me" on a pianola. And for the wedding-march to the dining-room, Annetje

patiently banged the Chinese gong in the hall.

It was ten o'clock before the bride's cake was cut, the last cork popped, and the last witticism expired in laughter. The chief guests departed on a journey, leaving the happy pair in the apartment for the honeymoon. Howard emptied a hatful of rice over them, and fled to a waiting carriage.

When the door was shut and they stood under the soft rose light of the hall lantern, Hollister waited with an air of conscious expectancy.

"Fair lady, if you were thinking of doing something pleasing to your lord, you might repeat that imitation of a beautiful girl in love with a fine young man."

But before he finished Alice was regarding him with piquant reproach over the top of a high-backed chair in the drawing-room.

"An artiste never repeats herself." He considered a moment.

"Then, for second choice, you might do a turn in 'The Reformed Coquette.'"

"Alas!"—with an inimitable gesture of French comedy—"that is not in my repertoire." He unexpectedly executed a flank movement and held her at arm's length.

"Mrs. Philip Hollister, in your mad haste to commit matrimony you overlooked one little detail: Am I the right man?"

Alice looked up through her eyelashes and blushed to her hair. Hollister laughed a little deliriously, pinioned her arms, and lifted her chin.

"Since when?" he asked with soft insistence. Alice was suspiciously submissive.

"You won't be conceited about it nor throw it up to me, ever?"

"Oh, won't I?" Hollister threw caution to the winds. "Wasn't it the very first—instant—sweet—witch?" he demanded, punctuating the question in judiciously selected spots.

A sigh as of resignation to the inevitable. "The very first instant—" She slipped free, flushed, disheveled as to hair, alluring, poised for instant flight, and blowing frivolous kisses to him between mocking laughs.

"The very first instant—that I saw—Billy. As for you, Mr. Hollister— O-o-oh! don't crush me—quite—please! Yes—oh—yes—Phil, dar!"





The Quest of the Gentle Sizzlybow

By BROUGHTON BRANDENBURG

Illustrations by E. W. Kemble

MEBBE I'm wrong, but I'd ruther be able to think fast than to run a hundred in ten flat," said Limpy Hawes meditatively, one day in Louisville, as we sat swinging our heels from the top of the monkey-wagon because a midday downpour was flooding the low lot on which the animal tent was pitched. "Another man thunk fast enough to ladle himself out of a Mulligan stew-pot onct. He would 'a' been frickysed and forgotten if he hadn't had a high-gear'd brain, and I git to wishin' sometimes I had a little more edgencashun in my nut and a little less eye-blackenin' up my sleeve. Honest, my boy, if I hadn't 'a' been and seen and done as much as I have, I really wouldn't have sense enough to know I hain't a real smart man."

He relapsed into a tantalizing silence. I had thought he was beginning one of his surpassing tales, but he vouchsafed nothing further, and a half hour later I had given up hope, when he suddenly threw out his quid, pulled his slouch hat over his eyes, and I knew all was well. The yarn was ready.

"That feller Doogan-Dhugann was sartin' a queer streak of weather. I'm surprised he was willin' to use the same alphybet other people do. He trained himself to be left-handed, he's so contrary, and I bet he'd have et with his ear if he could. You never was able to tell what he was thinkin' about, and you was gener'ly lucky if you never found out. He knowed about all that six colleges could pump into him, and he could do anythin', or make anythin', with his hands he could think of, like that sea-sar-pent and that autymatic god I told you about. And top of it all, the terrors of death seemed to tickle him inside some place. He just loved to play ring-around-a-rosey with his finish. But lie got a full dose this time, I tell ye. I got about three doses. There ain't been but *one* hunt

for the gentle Sizzlybow, and if there's another of the like, to change the words of the hymn feller:

" 'When the roll is called out yonder,
I'll *not* be there.' "

"Ye see, a bunch of onthinkin' Buffaler citizens put up a lot o' money for some old plantation promotin' mish'nary to bring a real section of West Africa to the Pan-American Axposishun Midway, and the old fever-rack fetched some mighty strange clumps of life out of that mighty strange country. Doogan-Dhugann with his eekally strange idees was jest drawn to the spot. The Old Man sent him and Doc Smith to see if they was anythin' from Fred Cummins's Injuns on one end to the Eskimos on t'other that we wanted for the show. They picked up some little acts that they signed, and some they bought, but both was jest bustin' over somethin' else Doog had run into.

"Think I told you Doog talked all kinds of gabs, and he'd hooked up in this African village with a black Kroo sailor chief who'd been a kind of a pirate and a slave-hunter all around that cave-in you see in the map of the west coast. Well, this dingy thug told Doog that in the goriller country south of the Ogaway River there was dwarfs and giants that talked to the monkeys, and there was one awful big goriller that everybody knowed about, that was tamed and was like a spring lamb minus mint sass, he was that gentle and sociable. Everybody in that country knowed him as the Sizzlybow.

"Says Doog: 'Say what they please, there's no genywine goriller in captivity. Let's get that one and a nigger family to chat with him.'

" 'Darwin Done to a Dreary Drab! Won-

der of the Wilderness—" begins Doc Smith, too excited to wait.

"'Nuff said. Great! Great!' says the Old Man, and his eye lit on me. I pertended not to be listenin' and tried to sneak along to the canteen coach, because I saw my old friends Trouble and Excitement liftin' their frowls heads over the horizon of the future, and they was makin' faces at me. 'Twarn't no use. Before I gits the door shet the Old Man yells:

"'Hey, Limpy! Come back! See here! Put Early Jim Butts to runnin' the critters, 'cause you're boss of a new and entertainin' job. Here's a good wad of the root of all evil legislation. You and Doog and Hans Myer start for New York termorrer, ship down to the Gulf of Guiney, and bring back this here Sizzibow.'

"By gosh a'mighty, I felt bad. I know Africy is goin' to git me yit. But I didn't say nothin', and went down-town and bought me a couple o' collars and a hand-satchel to pack up in.

"When we gits to New York, we has three daystill a steamer sails for England, and Doog says that seein' as how the Sizzibow might not be jest as refined and delicate a gentleman as the perspectus called for, we better take along a good steel-rod cage six by six-and-three. So we orders it made in a rush and sees her put on board, all boxed in a new smooth pine case jest like a big pianner-box.

"Off we goes to Liverpool, and then down to the Gold Coast, where we had to take a dinky little steamer over to Cape Lopez. Mebbe you won't believe it, but she was so old, so rotten, and so dirty, they wouldn't 'a' used her to carry excursions on round New York. As it got hotter, we got kinda less boiling over with anxiety fer work, and Hans Myer says, as he looks at the box containin' that cage that we had got to lug along, now resting on the fore hatch it was, lashed tight:

"'By Yiminny, Limby,' says he, 'dot boxes look like he been growin' since we come away, yes?'

"Thinkin' of the tussle we was goin' to have gettin' it up country, it sartinly looked about a foot bigger each way to me, too. Tak' m' oath, if I'd 'a' knowed just what that tussle was a-goin' to end in, I'd 'a' swum out fer St. Thomas right then and there, a-singin' the Portygeezee hymn.

"There was a Canadian Frenchman goin' to Mayambo along with us. He was some kind of trader. Probly hymn-books, beads,

and licker. The day we come in sight of Lopez, and seen the mountains liftin' up back of them mangrove swamps, Hans Myer was talkin' to him, and then he come to me with his chin a-tremblin' and his eyes all wet.

"'Limby, dose Vrench gentlemen says dot he knows I was a reg'lar goner.'

"'Don't say?' says I.

"'Ach, Limby, he says dem hills ain't no nice place to go in over up.'

"'Why?' says I.

"'Up by der north is dey Fans mit dey sharp spears.'

"'Um—hah!' says I.

"'Yes, und back behind beyond is dey Nyam-Nyam chiantzes mit dey great big cloobs.'

"'That so?' says I.

"'Und down around vere ve gotta go in dey front is dey Obongos mit dey teeny pizent arr's and dey big cooking-pots.'

"'Yes?'

"'Limby, lissen by me, Limby, he says dey shoots a vite mans und den go by *cookinings him in dey pots*.'

"'What the heck about it?' says I.

"'Den he comes by being eats. Oh-yaw-umpf-ahoo!'

"'Aw, shut up,' says I. 'Course they is savages. But you're safer than in Bridgeport. They ain't cultivated up to imported Dutch saggages yit, Hans,' says I.

"Then I walked away, leavin' him to figger it out.

"There warn't no trouble gittin' landed on shore, axcept I kinda had to pry the Dutchman away from the ship. If they'd 'a' been six of us, they wouldn't 'a' been enough shore to land on that wasn't knee deep in sea-mud, but bein' only three, we lit on terry-fermy in the early mornin', and the settin' sun seen a dug-out fleet goin' up the Ogoway with the tide, the cage-box and Doog's chist 'crost two of them dang little skiffits, and about forty niggers in charge.

"They was in two sizes, one bunch as big as Zulus, reg'lar whoppers, Perfecto Maduros, and t'other didn't have a man in the crew that weighed a hundred pounds. Diplomatic Claros, they was. They had an awful row which bunch would take us up stream, and was jest about to argy the matter with anythin' they happened to be carryin' when Doogy jibjabbed a bargain with 'em to git us to high ground on a kind of partnership plan.

"Besides the cage-box, Hans and me had a satchel apiece, and Doog had that chist he

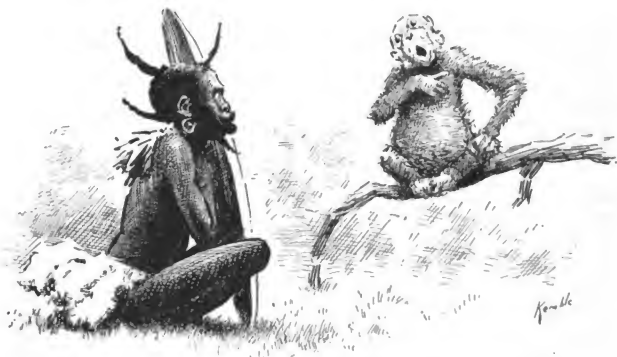
had all his tinkerin' things in. By gosh a'mighty, he'd tinker with the climate if he could. I bet he starts mendin' the hinges of the Golden Gate the first day he's inside.

"That night we camped on a rock in the middle of the water, and all we had to do was to look over the aidge any time after dark, an' we'd see green eyes a-shinin', an' hear some hungry critter splashin' round.

"Twarn't so hot with the sea-wind blowin' that night, but in the mornin' the old sun jest natchelly reached down and kicked ye in the neck. Hot? The devil would 'a' built hell there if he could 'a' bluffed off the 'skeeters.

that I was sittin' against. Tell ye, I wasn't feelin' jest the most unconcerned. That night two of them, a big one and a little one, dropped out o' sight, and the next mornin' Doog come to me and he says:

"Say, Limpy, these niggers all been sayin' that the Sizzlybow don't live in this country, but I think they lie. Now the river-boss of one gang says he calls to mind that the river that joins this one a little further up runs to the country where he thinks the Sizzlybow is. The two gangs have got some kind of a bargain between them, but I reckon we'll turn off there where he says.'



"ONE GORILLA WAS LIKE A SPRING LAMB, HE WAS THAT GENTLE AND SOCIABLE."

They was so thick the ground was kivered with them that'd bumped into the trees and fell down. The equator's right around there some place. Bet I could 'a' baked a pie on it if I hadn' been too durn busy keepin' the bugs and ants from crawlin' over me.

"All them niggers had tried to make open work out of their hides, and some of them looked like black hand-embroiderin' done under grease. One set had their teeth filed into curlycues, and t'other had every other one missin', and them that was left filed sharp as needles.

"Second day up the river, we was restin' in the shade durin' the middle o' the day, when I woke up out of a doze. One of them little saw-teeth niggers had jest taken a feel of my arm, reachin' around a bread-fruit tree

"All right,' says I. 'His guess is as good as mine.'

"Second day after that, we come to a rapid with a big pool below it, and without an aye, yes, or no to us, the walkin' delegate of them niggers steers for the left shore of the pool. Just then I hears a sound I'd heard before—*a tump-tump-tum-tum-tum-tum-tum!*

"Vot is dem noises, Limby?' says Hans.

"Them is rawhides pulled tight over gourds bein' beat by some gentlemen on shore to git themselves axcited,' says I, feelin' that wisht-I-was-goin'-t'other-way sperit in me. When we got closer, Hans says, tickled to death:

"Ah, g'wan! You make fun by me, Limby. Dem is trrums. Haw-haw-haw! Dey is a moosic band up in der bush.'

"I hope you'll like the tunes they play," says I.

"The minute we touched shore, the bush jest popped open with niggers that riz up like a bunch of bromo-seltzer, and all sizes they was. The little ones had fistfuls of pized arrows, and the big ones was carryin' spears with blades as big as your two hands and clubs the size of wagon-tongues, jest to show how cheerful and lovin', symp'thetic and welcomin' they was to furrin visitors.

"Front of the bunch was the two niggers that had left us down river, and they was flankin' a big old feller that wore a purty little Paris model toque made out of a hand-painted dead man's face with mussel-shell eyes, trimmed with a Africy tiger-cat's head on one side and a wild pig's on t'other. His hide was peppered so full of holes that he looked like home-made crowshay work. He was boss, it was plain to see, and he welcomed us to his city with three grunts, two bounces, and a coon-dog howl.

"Try one of your college yells on him," says I to Doogy, but, by gosh a'mighty, before we could do anythin' really perlitic and respondin', them niggers just assembled with us, and before we knowed it, we was headed inshore away from the river, a bunch of niggers to each white man, Doog bein' last in line, and twenty bucks totin' the cage-box behind. A-leadin' the merry party was the old Human Tidy. Tak' m' oath, I felt mighty fretful.

"And I reckon I felt worse when they begun to sing 'Mar-a-roo-um ph-a-bah-unk-unk-unk-you! Yow!! Yow!!! Bas-a-wee-ee-ee,' with the drums goin' tump-a-tump-a-tump-a-tump all around us.

"Says Hans: 'Ve get a pig recepshuns. Dey is glad ve came.'

"Heluva sight glad-der'n I am," says I.

"I never hear such bad moosics," says Hans.

"Says I: 'Likely'nuff you never will agin—after supper-time.'

"We didn't have fur

to go till we come to a town up on the hill—hundreds of basin-shaped huts upside down, made of long grass, with a hole to crawl inside of—and bunches of wimmin and little snickers standin' outside along the main street.

"One half the town was on one side of the hill and t'other half on t'other. The parade was kind o' stringin' out when we got there, and the bunches Hans and me were in got over and out of sight of Doog and the cage-box. I was lookin' back kind o' anxshus when all to once I hears a screamin':

"Hey, let go mine leg. You pum! You don't dare hit me mitt dot cloob. Hellup! Hellup! Ach, Limby!"

"I looks around jest in time to observe Hans bein' chucked head first into a cage made out of straight saplin's, with plenty of air space like a dog-crate, and before I could make a move I was grabbed by about twenty of them big bucks and landed in another coop a hundred feet further on. The big fellers done it; all the little fellers had faded away, which 'peared funny. I put a line of ter-baccer juice in one feller's eye, thumbed another one's nose around to where his ear usually hung out, and heeled one other one till he had a dent in his chest like as if he'd rid on the B. & O. onct too often. But it didn' do no good. No star player can beat good team work. In eight seconds I was in my little coop, beyond the temtayshuns of this

sinful world, and sartinly in no danger of walkin' myself to death.

"Up the avenoo was a poor unfortinit critter-walloper by the name of Myer, bellerin' like heck. He was doin' it in Dutch, and it was hard on the nerves of anybody that was thinkin' about t'other bank o' the Jordan and gittin' ready to play hot-country headline to a special bill-o'-fare. Anyhow, the rum-pus he was makin' drewed the crowd around him, and they left me alone. Well, sir, Hans howled so that the chief himself come along. 'Peared to me for a minnit like he was goin' to ca'm the mourner with-



"DOSE VRENCH YENTLEMANS SAYS DOT I WAS A REG'LAR GONER."

a club. S'pose he was afraid Hans might wear off some of his appetizin' fat. Hans thought the cook was makin' the last call for supper in the dinin'-car, and leaked a stream of Low Dutch woe that was pityus. An' fin'ly the old Human Tidy makes all the gang clear out, and they goes trapsin' over the hill to tantalize Doog, I s'posed, wherever they'd shut him up.

"Now ye see, my boy, no bunch o' trouble ain't so bad that it can't git worse. I 'lowed, as the hymn feller says, that I was lookin'

"On the last declinin' sun
That marks my final arthly
day,'"

when I put my hand in the hip pocket of my britches and found I didn' have *one good-sized chaw of terbaccer*.

"Just then a nigger woman that didn' have on 'nuff duds to tuck a handkerchief into, come along and shoved a gourd of boiled rice and goat's meat in at me. I didn' have sperit enuff to tech it. But as she santered around waitin' for the gourd, she kep' singin' over and over somethin' I knowed, and all to onct I ketched on to what it was.

"*Hi-la ka, koo-koo-la, tech-a-lo
Ta-kay-me, oh-lo-see laka-bah!*"

"By heck, I opens up with the silvery tenor that I used in the Dobbersville choir the time I kep' store and post-office in Missouri:

"There's a *land* that is fairer than day,
And by *faith* we can see it afar.'

There'd been mish'naries around there! I bet they didn' last long. The nigger woman luffed and luffed, and she give me an idee. I thunk it over and over before I went to sleep. Them nigger tribes never has more'n two 'r three hundred words of talk, and I 'lowed they was put together on the west coast same as the east. Mebbe I could pull enuff together to git her to go swipe my papers of terbaccer out of my satchel, wherever it was. The next mornin', after yellin' up the pike to

Hans, I was settin' on the ground watchin' the kids makin' faces at me, when she come along agin. I sprung a word or two on her and she ketched right on. I give her two



"SHE CAME BACK PLEASED TO PIECES
WITH HERSELF."

bone collar-buttons and a vest-buckle, and we got quite thick. She stayed there all mornin' tellin' me the names of things, and sung me a couple more hymns she knowed, and, tak' m' oath, in two days I was sailin' right along in home talk. Then I showed her the tin-foil paper out o' which all my fine-cut was gone by then, and beseeched her to go fetch the other papers. I give her the tin-foil and my blue suspenders. By the jumps-o'-Juno, she come back the next mornin' pleased to pieces with herself, wearin' the suspenders in a fresco round her middle, and handed me two more tin-foil

papers empty and all smoothed out flat. Tak' m' oath, I purt' near cried.

"Also I was clost to crazy answerin' the fool questions Hans kep' yellin' at me forty times a day—'Vas I dedt yet? Do dey make him first into soups or spare-ribs? Do dey cook him und den kill him? Vas dey vaitin' for a pig Sunday dinner?' and so on.

"I asked the nigger woman about the Sizzlybow, about Doog, the cage-box, etc., and she 'peared skeered to tell me anythin'; when she didn' wanta say, she purtended she couldn' onderstan'. Anyhow, she let me know that there wasn' enuff to go around—they must fix up the white meat with a little dark, and I felt some better. It seemed mighty funny too, that the whole dang town, axcept this woman and some kids, hung around on t'other side of the hill all the time they was awake. I heard a lot of knockin' and poundin' one day, and one evenin' a whole durn percession of niggers come by. One of the old Human Tidy's main fightin' men come by with a new jumpin'-jack whittled out of green wood and marked with a colored pencil, and a dwarf nigger in trouble 'peared to be a pris'ner. They dumped him into a cage right acrost between me and Hans on t'other side of

the pike. The man that had the jumpin'-jack was pullin' the string with all the whole crowd of his niggers jest a-fightin' to watch him, laffin' themselves to death. I reckoned they'd caught the dwarf and took the jack away from him, and so I knowed Doog was up to somethin'.

"That same day I first seen somethin' else new the little nigger in the cage kept doin', a kind of hoppity step, leanin' backwards and hummin' somethin'. The next day it was worse. It 'peared kind o' familiar and it had me guessin'. The next evenin' a bunch of niggers come over the hill and dumped three more little ones in the cage, and they begun doin' that funny movement right away.

"Hey, Limby, vat kind of a tanz is dose plack nickahs makin' yet?" yells Hans.

"It bust on me all to onct. Dance? Sure! They was *cake-walkin'*!

"I knows dot moosic dey vas tryin' to make," says Hans.

"What is it?" says I.

"I can't say it," says Hans.

"Why?" says I.

"I haf forgot it," says that beautiful bologny-head.

"I was purt' near crazy for a chew by now, and the nigger woman acted like she was goin' to cry when I pestered her about it. But the morning after we ketched on to the cake-walk, a big buck come by with one of my papers o' fine-cut hung round his neck by a string, like a locket. I guess I hollered some.

"Now dey is killing Limby alretty," Hans begins to yell.

"I shut him up, and jest then my nigger woman come with breakfast, and I showed the tobacco man to her, and in two minutes I'd traded my toothpick and a horseshoe nail for the fine-cut, and drawed back into a corner.

"Afterwards, as I 'uz settin' there, Hans calls down:

"Hey, Limby, I have remembered dot moosic."

"What is it?" says I.

"I can't say der name of it yit," says Hans.

"Aw, shucks," says I.

"You chust vait, I tells you dot moosic soon," says Hans.

"Well, sir, I reckon I must 'a' slep' purty sound that night, for the goin's-on that must have happened before mornin' all got by me. The first thing I seen was a piece of pine board, real American pine board, a-layin'

bang in front o' my cage, and on it a bit of wrappin' muslin. Some nigger had been trimmin' and carvin' up the board, but they was a stencil left on the muslin, 'Rocco Palacci, Pianos, New York.'

"What the heck was any dago pianner-maker doin' sendin' a pianner down to this nigger heaven?" thinks I, but jest then I sensed somethin' else. The cage 'crosst the way was plumb jammed with about eight more little niggers, and Hans was whinin' because two had been put to live with him. They was a guard with one of them big rib-separators in front of each place. Nigger wimmin was goin' by carryin' round stones up the hill, and blowin' down from the top come the stronger smoke from green wood. A soljer nigger 'stead o' my woman brought me twict as much breakfast as always. Up by the chief's house the drums was goin' *tump-tump-a-tump-a-tump*. By gosh a'mighty, the cooks was gettin' ready to make American pie.

"I nefer *didn't* like nickars," says Hans. "I vanta get out of de inside."

"You'll go out to get inside purty soon," says I.

"All day the crowd hung around with their mouths waterin', and 'peared to me that a lot o' soljers that 'd been away was back. Been on a marketin' trip, I reckon. Some of 'em had little figger things that I knowed was Doog's. By heck, he'd tinker if the last horn was blowin'. Kind o' pitiful, though, him makin' them gim-cracks to please the soljers, a-hopin' to get let out to show what he really could do. I wisht he was on our side of the hill so's I could holler to him onct in a while. Reckoned, though, I'd see him at supper that night. Mebbe not all at the same time.

"The smoke kep' gittin' thicker'n thicker'n thicker, and every now 'n' then I could hear the poppin' of the fire or the bustin' of some of the stones, so't I knew they was gittin' red hot. More stuff to eat was settin' in front of my door than I knowed what to do with.

"Hey, Limby," says Hans, 'bout four o'clock, 'I near 'most yust now sedt oudt der name von dot moosic pieces. I 'most vistled vun chordt.'

"If you don't hurry up, you'll only hear your lost chord in heaven," says I.

"Tell ye what, my boy, all jokin' aside, I was feelin' purty bad. The sun was gittin' down all red and fiery, shinin' through the stinkin' smoke, and up there on the hill the

whole town was gathered singin' some chant as an appetite tonic:

*"Mar-roo-umph a-bah
Bar-a-mah! Bar-a-mah!"*

"Some kind of a harp they had was ting-tang, ting-tangin' away, while all the time come the tump-a-tump of them dang drums. Reckon the mish'naries had got in their work on the little fellers too, for them in the cages was kneelin' down, kind o' sittin' on their legs and squealin' away on a mish'nary hymn. They knowed durn well what was comin', and was doin' their best to square themselves:

*"There 's a land that is fairer than day
And by faith we can see it afar."*

"Not so gol blame afar, boys,' says I, and jines in with my A1 tenor. If Hans hadn' cried so hard, I'd 'a' kep' it up some time.

"Then the dark come down thick'n sudden, and up there on the hill showed out the big red glow of the fires, makin' black shadders agin the red light spots.

"Off in the bush around the wild critters

was chatterin', and all was peaceful and quiet like, with the monkeys puttin' their kids to bed, and the big birds floppin' from tree to tree, gittin' fixed for the night.

"The big full moon was blushin' up the east, when the little fellers in the cages begun to squeal away louder than ever, and I looked out to see about a hundred of them big soljers in double lines comin' marchin' down the hill to'rds the coops. In half a minute we was all let out. I took a last good big chaw of fine-cut and stepped inside that fence of ten-inch spears. Hans and me led the mourners, or rather the parade of pervisions, and says I to Hans:

"Hollerin's no help, so shut up. If you must make a noise, sing."

"Vat shall I make a singin's about?" says he.

"Why don't ye try 'There's no place like home'?"

"We come swingin' up before the chief's house like a couple o' quarters of beef, with them little niggers behind us like so many pork chops, still a-squealin' about the land that is fairer than day.



"THE LITTLE NIGGER KEPT DOIN' A KIND OF HOPPITY STEP."

"Ah, my boy, my boy, that was sartinly a sight up there."

"The whole town was packed in a great big circle in the open square, all kneelin' down, and in the middle was a long heap of red-hot stones half kivered with about two tons of wood coals. Over on one side was a hundurd drummers and rattlers, and that mighty tang-a-tump they made jest natchelly smothered everythin'. Nowhere was any sign of Doog, and yet all the eatin' and cookin' things about was jest as clean as ever they was. He hadn't led the way to the beyond."

"Now we was drawn up in a line close by the fire, and I tell ye what, the water was runnin' down the side that was next it. A soljer with a club 'bout like a crowbar come out and stood behind each of the pieces of white and dark meat, and the other soljers begun to dance. It 'peared like they was a thousand in the ring they made around us, and back of them the wimmin and old men was singin' that song about

"*Mar-roo-umph a-bah
Bar-a-mah! Bar-a-mah!*"

"The row was jest terrible, and with a big ring of black sky, a ring of black woods, and a ring of black devils with the red fire shinin' on 'em, it was awful, plumb awful. Hell of a nice place for a feller to say his prayers!"

"They danced and danced till they was plumb wore out, and the delicksies they was goin' to have for supper was meltin' down where they stood. Then they quit the fun and stopped to feed."

"The drums was rollin' and bangin' as the old Human Tidy stepped out into the ring and come singin' a song that I guessed was to wind up with the word to swing the clubs."

"He lifted his hand and I knowed the end had come. For the first time in three hours there was quiet."

"Ach, Limby, lissen, der's dot moosic pieces," says Hans, grabbin' my arm.

"Thinks I: 'Poor Hans, this is marcifol. His mind's gone.'"

"But by gosh a'mighty I heard it too; the old chief heard it, and the people heard it."

"From down the side of the hill to'rds the river come the rattle and bing of a reg'lar American street-pianner. It was comin' up the hill and comin' fast."

"Dot's it! Dot's it!" yells Hans, beginnin' to dance and sing:

"Tara-ra-ra boomst de-ays. Tara-ra-ra boomst de-ays."

"My boy, my boy, you oughta seen the breakin' up of that fam'ly dinner party!"

"Most of 'em fell down and howled or run around in rings and yelled. Purty soon they was a rush from those at the end of the pike up which the music was comin'. I didn't know what it all meant, or what was goin' to happen, but it beat the reg'lar program all holler."

"The rush become a push and then a panic to get out t'other side o' town, as an army of the little kind of niggers showed up, marchin' in a fine column of eights. In front, *in a electric-light juggler's costume he must 'a' had in his kil, was Doog.*

"Surrounded by the main guard was the moosic, a reg'lar dago street-pianner carried on a platform, backed up with a big sheet-tin thing to throw the sound, and turnin' the handle as fast as he could push her around was a *great big cheerful-lookin' goriller! The gentle Sizzybow!*

"The minnit they struck the open they begun to yell that Tara-ra-ra boom de-ay, and to cake-walk. Sufferin' Jews, when the big nigger tribe seen and heard it all, 'specially them flashin' lights on Doog, even the paralyzed got up and flew."

"When the town was burnin' and the little niggers were totin' back home all the stuff they'd looted, Doog explains to me:

"You see, the two gangs had agreed to divide us."

"I knowed that all the time."

"You and Hans to the Nyams, and me and the treasure-box, as they called it, to the Obongos. Their town is four-miles off on that other hill. I'd found out that the Sizzybow was where I was goin', and just laid low. I whittled my vray out of jail, got a-hold of these tungs they'd been afraid to put a hand on and had been a-dancin' around, and I won the whole lot over. It's no use to preach the Gospel to them until they've forgot about me. The two chiefs, all their wives, and a lot of others are goin' back with us, and the Sizzybow, who is a peach. I've been waitin' four days for this supper, so I could spoil it. Wonder what the feller who was expecting a hand-piano in Cape-town will think when he gets a steel-rod cage?"

"Der ship's peoples was carefules," says Hans. "Ven ve go back ve vill sue dem."

"Says Doog: 'Heaven keep you mild and innocent always, Hans.'"



THE BOARD-WALKERS

Ten Days with Bertha at Atlantic City

By FRANK WARD O'MALLEY

DOWN at Atlantic City—or down t' Atlantic, as Philadelphia says it—is the place to see the appealing eyes and the peeling noses. Back in the tall timber Bertha, the vivacious saleslady, is thinking of all this and much more on the last Saturday night before the beginning of her ten days' vacation, as feverishly she covers with cheesecloth the dress-goods in her department at Heimer and Hofheimer's dry-goods emporium in Main Street. Now she quite has forgotten even the instances of unbearable insolence on the part of Mr. Cooper, the floorwalker, instances so irritating that really they cannot properly be muckraked in an article that has to do primarily with Atlantic City and its ecstatic joys. She is thinking instead only of the wondrous things she saw the previous summer at the sandy city, of the delirium of the Boardwalk and the three parts into which it is divided—the middle and two ends.

At the very moment that Bertha is thinking of these ecstasies, so is the wife of Bertha's wealthy employer, Mr. Hofheimer, remembering them, as she packs the trunks with her own and the children's fluffiest summer frocks to start for "the shore." On Clay Boulevard there's a lawn-bordered residence of pretension wherein at the same time Mrs. Reynolds, the wife of the millionaire paint manufacturer who owns the building occupied by Heimer and Hofheimer, is supervising the packing of her trunks for the same destination.

Before the train that perhaps carries Ber-

tha, Mrs. Reynolds, and Mrs. Hofheimer reaches Atlantic City, it probably will number among its cargo parsons and pugilists, jockeys, college presidents, millionaires, milliners, politicians and their wives, settlement workers, chorus girls, college boys and girls, gamblers, comedians, and undertakers. The ultra-swell and almost no one else go to Lenox, Bar Harbor, Newport. Swell and near-swell and folks "just comfortable" go to places like Asbury Park. Into Atlantic City every day in the season are dumped ultra-, almost-, and near-swell, folks comfortable and uncomfortable, and absolutely every other kind by the thousands; for that's Atlantic City.

Bertha knows that they'll all be there, and so do Mrs. Hofheimer and the parsons, pugilists, song writers, and undertakers. That's why they're going, too.

Wherefore, after the glory of Bertha's crowded hour spent in Philadelphia and the ride across the Delaware River has flickered out, it's maddening when she settles herself in the day-coach for the rush across Jersey from Camden to the sea to learn before many miles have been reeled off that the longer she rides the farther Atlantic City is from Philadelphia. Now, as a matter of fact, the distance is not any greater than it really is, but because of the slipshod computations of some painter of pickle sign-boards scattered along the railway tracks, Bertha soon begins to doubt that she's going in the right direction.

"Philadelphia 10 Miles—Atlantic City 46

Miles," she reads from a corner of the pickle man's sign at one point, and she sighs happily. Fifty-six miles in all before perfect joy is attained.

"Philadelphia 11 Miles—Atlantic City 47 Miles," reads Bertha from the sign-board a mile farther on. There's a total of fifty-eight miles now to be covered, you see, and no credit received at all for the mile traversed since one was assured that Philadelphia and Atlantic City are only fifty-six miles apart. Even the conductor's word for it that the whole distance really is only fifty-five and one-half miles is forgotten when, other miles farther along, Bertha reads, "Philadelphia 21 Miles—Atlantic City 38 Miles," or fifty-nine miles altogether. Oh, birdseed! The nearer you get to the place the farther it is away. Bertha and her two friends from the store have moved across the aisle where they can't see the old signs. It's most distressing.

Even pickle signs, however, can't always be killjoys. For now the maples and the horse-chestnuts are giving way to gnarled oak and pine trees that are cripples, trees quite unlike the kind that grow back home. The dark soil grows lighter, until the scars in the banks along the tracks show a pale gray sand. Flatter grows even flattened Jersey, and now there are glorious mosquito-pools among the spiny rushes, and perhaps a faded blue shack perched high on stilts to keep its feet dry. Suddenly Bertha's train thunders out upon a great billiard-table of dull green that reaches unbroken to the ends of the world, unbroken except for more and more of the boatmen's shanties rising on their stilts from the shattered oyster-shells, and, far away on either side where the green billiard-table merges hazily with the blue sky, a long strip of fog bank that faintly is dotted with tiny gay colored cottages and the towers of hotels and the fantastic catchpenny Ferris wheels and minarets that probably haven't any side to them except that which faces the audience.

Best of all, Bertha notes the salty smell of the sea ozone, and as her train races across

the meadows she opens her car window still more to breathe it in deliciously. Really it is the combined smells of rotting seaweed, derelict oyster-shells, and other marine flora and fauna that just have passed away, but why tell Bertha so? What's the use in letting her know that even the sea ozone is bunk? She's going to be bunked very steadily anyway during the next ten days in almost everything else, till the moment comes when, tanned and tired and regretful and eight pounds lighter, she steams westward again back toward the tall timber and Main Street and the bolts of dress-goods that have to be covered with cheesecloth forever and forever.

The minute Bertha and her friends get their suit cases and stuff out into Atlantic Avenue in front of the railway station, they find that it's frightfully to wny, like Main Street. Hurry away to some other spot, girls. The very trolley-cars are run by electrical power, whereas new arrivals have a vague notion that they are at least sloop-rigged and started by motormen garbed like a sailorman. Freight-cars are being shunted along the principal business street by



APPEALING EYES AND PEELING NOSES.

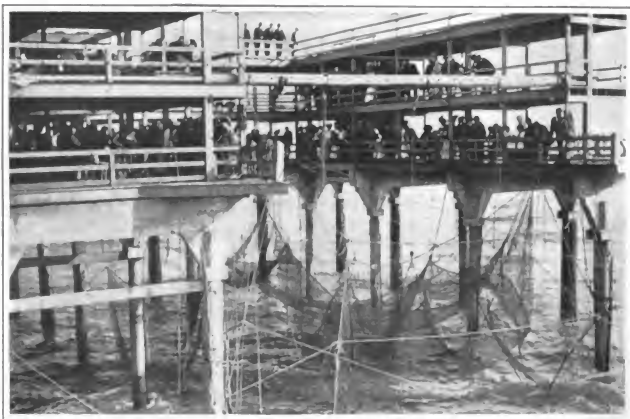
shifting-engines. The permanent population (there's really a permanent population of about 40,000, it is alleged) objects to the freight-cars' holding up traffic quite as much as Bertha does and with more reason. The townspeople realize that the railroads—a railroad, rather—owns the town and that perhaps as much of the strength of the sea ozone comes from the city government as from the rotting seaweed. Simply because the new asphalt on Atlantic Avenue is well laid the population is content to—

But what's the use? Bertha and the things she is going to see and do are far more interesting.

For out toward the ocean—ah! Dinna ye hear the skirling? Bertha and her friends know that all the Atlantic City they have come to see is summed up in that simple pattern of iron pipe railing against the horizon, for that is the Boardwalk! Framing the long vista down which she looks wistfully toward



INTO ATLANTIC CITY ARE DUMPED ULTRA-, ALMOST-, AND NEAR-SWELL, FOLKS
COMFORTABLE AND UNCOMFORTABLE, AND EVERY OTHER
KIND BY THE THOUSANDS.



OCEANWARD ARE THE AMUSEMENT PIERS THAT WADE 1000 FEET OR MORE BEYOND THE BREAKERS.

the Boardwalk is a conglomeration of frame "hotels," with sign-boards swinging merrily. To one of these side-street hotels, as the converted cottages call themselves, Bertha and her two girl friends are going, and they have a choice of any good name from Burke's Peerage and Landed Gentry that will look well on ruled paper. They're jammed and crowded together—the hotels—and they are—well, jammed and crowded together applies to Bertha and her two friends, too, for they're all going to occupy one room containing a bed and a cot, and hardly large enough to permit one sufficient space to change one's politics in—and are, I say, distressingly ornate with yellow paint (we're talking about the hotels again) and bay-windows, and ambitious flights of wooden steps, and

balconies and more balconies, and planing-mill gingerbread, and ominous mosquito-netting covering windows and stretched between the curlicue wooden pillars of still more balconies.

Bertha can get room and board for \$7 a week in Atlantic City, but she and her friends probably will pay about \$10. While she is completing arrangements with the hotel proprietor, many of her fellow passengers are registering at hotels where they will pay \$20 a week. Probably no one ever has listed all the hotels at Atlantic, but certainly there are more than 700 and probably less than 900, and so you may go as far as you like. You may pay \$500 a week and some do. I saw one hotel bill for housing and feeding and salt-water bathing a man, his wife, one



IT'S A CINCH.

child and nurse—\$755 for the week, and if—

But oh, come on out to the Boardwalk. That's what Bertha is here for, to grapple it feverishly and race along it throughout the evening under the strings of lights that stretch away to Nowhere like the sparks of a rocket. The whole length of the island it runs—for seven miles—and Bertha and her two friends will race it all the next day and the next and the next, amid the smells of the ocean and cooking popcorn and candy

couples in the double rolling-chairs who are oblivious; five-legged cows, a live but youthful whale in a tank, Johnstown floods, pennants and flags snapping in the sea-breezes overhead, and folks, folks, folks, folks. And from nine o'clock in the morning until after midnight they all swarm through a setting as theatric as stage scenery itself and almost as flimsy, and all designed to scream at you with tragic intensity to "have a good time" during your brief summer's "rest." Have you ever spent a vacation traveling with Barnum's circus?



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LOLLING ON THE SANDS OR SQUIRMING AMID THE BREAKERS ARE MORE THAN 150,000 BATHERS

and some good tobacco and perfume, with vats of both that are bad.

Newsboys are crying the Pittsburg papers. Never before did even Bertha realize the variety of coiffures into which a girl can worry her hair. Babies are everywhere. Automobile veils flirt by that never were redolent of gasoline, and you hear the "tromp, tromp" of yachting shoes that don't get beyond fishing excursions. Passing by Bertha constantly are countless very evil and very innocent faces. She sees wide women in white, and women in pinks and pale blues that hurry and stare and are stared at; hatless youngsters who invite the tan; pale new arrivals and bronzed old-timers; spooning

If that Englishman of Lowell's, whose notion of America was that of a great stretch of bargain-counter strung along the seashore, founded his conception of the United States upon a glimpse from a schooner off Atlantic City, neither Bertha nor anyone else would blame him. The Boardwalk is a string of shops on one side facing the sea, and to Bertha they are, next to the thousands of promenaders, the most interesting things there. She may have hurried away from the towny shops back in Atlantic Avenue when she noted that they sported grossly material things like heads of cabbage and sides of beef, but out here among the Boardwalk shops she will find nothing on sale except

everything in the world that she hasn't the slightest real use for. They've thrown away the fronts of the shops so that Bertha the better may see the near-Japanese gimcracks that our studios and spectacled and suave little brown brothers are selling through the medium of a well-groomed white auctioneer, who repeats the bids offered as though he were revealing a great secret sorrow. Here are Persian, Syrian, and Turkish rugs, some designed and built in a post village like Bagdad centuries ago, no doubt, and many more that were designed there centuries ago but only recently have been built for the Western rich in the applied art centers of Camden, which is in New Jersey. Toy-shops fairly embrace one another. Picture post-cards are even more numerous than around the Hotel Venus at Santiago—rows and racks of them that litter tables and climb ceilingward along three walls.

So many of the shops have only one story that Bertha, if she knew anything about second-story men, would find herself wondering what would happen to one of them of nervous temperament whose physician sent him to Atlantic City to recuperate after a hard season. From the backs of the shops she can see leaping skyward the ocean-front hotels, with "arcade" entrances between the shops leading far back from the Boardwalk to the hotel clerks' desks and the rubber plants and mahogany and wicker chairs of the great lobbies. The hotels all were of wood even when Bertha first began to go to Atlantic City, but now there are many of concrete and brick, the eaves decorated with tiling molded into the forms of lobsters, crabs, and other à la carte things.

Oceanward across from all this array of bazaars are the amusement piers that sometimes wade a thousand feet or more beyond the breakers, occasional pavilions for shaded rest, and the stretch of bathing beach

with its life and movement. As to movement, the whole arrangement could not be better staged. A master showman like Frederic Thompson, when laying out the new Coney Island, grasped that no matter where one stands at gaze within his park one must see something in motion. Well, when the curling waves first began to smash their plumes, motion perpetual, which always is attractive, was established on one side of the Boardwalk, and on the landward side of the railing is cluttered all the man-made fantasy that could be imagined to make onslaughts upon Bertha's pocketbook. Finest of all, between the two is the Boardwalk itself, which means all life, hurrying helter-skelter and flirting and scheming and preening and being silly and looking wise and fussing and altogether having the most intense, and

therefore artificial, "good time" on sale perhaps in any place on earth.

The strand, the hotels, even the Atlantic Ocean itself, are but overflows, boundaries, of this seven-mile ribbon of planking, for the Boardwalk is Atlantic City. That's where Mrs. Hofheimer meets Bertha and the two other girls from



THE GARDEN OF CAPTAIN YOUNG'S SUMMER RESIDENCE.
BUILT OUT ON HIS PIER.

the store, and perhaps Mrs. Hofheimer runs across Mrs. Reynolds, the millionaire paint manufacturer's wife, to whom Bertha is introduced by Mrs. Hofheimer; and that's something not at all likely to happen back home. And Atlantic City, ever watchful of the ethics of professional entertaining which is its sole mission, knows that to Mrs. Reynolds as well as to Bertha the Boardwalk is the be all and the end all of the place. Wherefore the city strings her attractions along the Boardwalk and keeps it well policed. There are no beggars around to bother Bertha; they and the tramps are run out of town as soon as discovered. And Atlantic City won't let you suffer any inconvenience other than your tired feet. Even this



THOUSANDS OF EXCURSIONISTS COME FOR THE DAY ON SUNDAY.

item is looked after. At one spot there's a sign in front of a shop that reads:

BOARDWALK FEET
RELIEVED HERE

There are cottagers at Atlantic City, especially to the west of Florida Avenue, which separates Atlantic City proper from Chelsea, where the butcher's boy doubtless leaves pork-chops at the back door during the forenoon, and where the maid is directed to sweep the sitting-room to-day and to put that frayed chair in the garret for good and all before the Joneses see it, and where tired men come down from Philadelphia every evening about five o'clock to join their families—men who would rather sit on the front porch of their cottages and smoke than race the Boardwalk. Neither Bertha nor Mrs. Reynolds has come, however, to see these prosaic folks, for to the visitor the hotel district with its jamming and packing is the thing to see. Who cares that Atlantic Avenue with its trolley-cars is followed by Baltic Avenue, and that even farther out is another aqueous avenue called Arctic and pronounced Artic. Rumors are afloat that still farther out on the meadows is another, which perhaps is called Chinese Sea or Hippodrome Tank

Avenue, but wouldn't Bertha be the foolish thing to go that far from the Boardwalk to find out?

For look who's here—there, rather, coming out on to the Boardwalk from the arcade that leads back to a block-wide hotel. Only in dreams or on the vaudeville stage or the Boardwalk are visions like this young man and his girl companion possible. Also they are joining the thousands of promenaders at the very moment, perhaps, when Bertha is recovering from the delirium of having pointed out to her Richard Harding Davis, or Dr. Munyon, or Cecilia Loftus, or James J. Corbett, or Finley Peter Dunne, or Laura Jean Libbey, or Ada Lewis, or heaven knows what celebrity. Maybe this young couple are not Who's-Whoers, but don't their clothes make anything that Bertha ever saw back home look as prehistoric as a stone hatchet or even a high-wheeled bicycle? Bertha wouldn't be surprised in the least if they walked to the strand edge of the Boardwalk, bowed to the bathing audience, and began to sing:

"While strolling in the park one day
In the merry, merry month of June—"
(Break with feet.)

At home Bertha and Mrs. Hofheimer never have seen anyone that would think of dressing



FOR THE AMATEUR YACHTSMAN—THE INLET.

like these two except the song-and-dance artists on the dreamy side of the footlights at Poli's, corner of Main and Market—take Ragweed Junction cars from Public Square and transfer at Washington and State. Transfixed, Bertha and her friends watch the two merge into the thousands, and the uncanny part of it all is that the young couple seem not to grasp that they're both dressed up like show-offs. One would fancy from their nonchalance that they imagined themselves fixed up merely like home folks! Whereas (Bertha is listing the two in the composite to save time and space) they are wearing:

One scarlet four-in-hand.

One cream colored sack coat faintly striped with light blue.

One flaring white piqué skirt.

One pair cream colored trousers striped with light blue.

One butterfly cravat of pink China silk.

One soft-boiled yellow shirt with embossed pattern of light green filigree overlay.

Pair white canvas yachting-shoes.

Pair white kid slippers.

One perforated shirtwaist of light blue silk.

One barber's-pole parasol.

One pair blue silk honeycombed stockings.

One pair Scotch plaid silk half-hose.

Hats, walking-stick, fobs, bracelets, seal ring, stick-pin, lace, ribbons and things and stuff to taste.

They circle around a party of three women from the prairies dressed in the fashion of two years ago, and they're gone and almost forgotten by Bertha and her friends the moment a wide person comes wheeling in a wicker rolling-chair from the other direction. This one is dressed like a coach-dog, all ripples and billows of fluffy white goods spattered with

black polka dots the size of a quarter, and with hair gleaming like the display in the showcase of an advertising dentist. She has just been regilded. Only now and then, of course, do glories like these explode by; if the explosions were incessant, the Boardwalk soon would become as monot-



THEY ARE RUN BY AFRO-AMERICAN POWER.

onous as 5 o'clock p. m. of July 4, 1876. In fact, it's the joyousness of contrasting these outbursts with the backward clothes worn by the thousands that makes Bertha feel when retiring at night, after smashing with a wet towel the last mosquito visible on the bedroom walls, that the day has been quite worth while.

And say, do you know something? Right on that Boardwalk Bertha or anyone else may see men, even on nights when the Elks are not holding a national convention at Atlantic City, walking along in evening clothes and with no intention of doing anything except just stroll. If these men were going to a party or something, then one could understand it, but they're not. They walk right by folks and wear their evening clothes *without covering them with an overcoat!* Perhaps this is true only in part, inasmuch as most of the wearers of the evening clothes will tell you that in their own opinion they are wearing them **WITHOUT AN OVERCOAT!!** After wives and daughters have made them don the derved things for a few successive evenings, perhaps the wearers grow so accustomed that they could subside into mere italics while describing their innermost thoughts on the subject; but even a whole summer at "the shore" isn't quite long enough to enable one to learn to settle all the way down from capital letters to lower-case type. And side by side with them on the Boardwalk are men who if they were not in evening clothes after sunset would feel as uncomfortable as an English earl.

One reason why this Boardwalk affair is of so much importance at Atlantic City is that the principal thing you do down there is to walk and walk and walk and walk and walk and walk and walk and walk and walk. Watch Bertha and her friends sprint, if you doubt that Americans enjoy their vacations by the sweat of their brows. Perhaps the theory advanced by Major Woodruff in his book, "The Effect of Tropical Light on White Men"—that ultra-violet rays irritate the whites into greater nervous activity—explains this racing through the blazing sunlight. It's no place, so one Philadelphia neurologist who is famous told me, to send a neurasthenic. The sea, the hot strand, and the Boardwalk itself send the sun rays aglance, and if any ray bounces away to escape, straightway the light-colored buildings slam it right back on the racing Bertha again. Don't forget, either, the diamonds, amethysts, rubies, carnelians and things on the morning

gowns and cravats flashing by as Bertha swings along, all combining to light up the weather still more. Bertha herself doesn't notice it, but it's true that she and everybody else slow down to a second speed on gray days. But always she is walking, walking, walking, walking, like everybody else.

Except the hundreds upon hundreds being wheeled along in the rolling-chairs. Once the rolling-chairs, with which one always associates the Atlantic City Boardwalk, were large enough for only one, and the man that paid the dollar for the chair also supplied the motive power and any part of the conversation with the lady in the chair that he wanted to—except, of course, the last word. Now there is room for two in the chairs and they are run by Afro-American power. Bertha, like everybody else, found the chairs and their luxury-loving occupants interesting at first to look at, but after a bit they grew to be a nuisance to her: they were always in the way, and when one walked backward to see how a waist that had just flashed by was made in the back it was dollars to a Canadian quarter in New Orleans that you sat down hurriedly on the bowsprit of an oncoming rolling-chair.

But one day Mrs. Hofheimer invited Bertha into her rolling-chair to ride up to the Inlet. It was exasperating the way people *would* get right in the way of that chair when they had fifty feet of Boardwalk to use to walk around Bertha's chair. It's the point of view.

All day long the chairs wheel by noiselessly, except when it rains. Perhaps Bertha doesn't know it, but when it rains in Atlantic City the average fall is almost impossible to learn accurately because of the difficulty of separating the rain-water from the Japanese tears and the weeps of the other Boardwalk shopkeepers, the tear ducts of whom go into commission as soon as the gentle rain droppeth down from heaven unstrained. If ever the United States Weather Bureau permits the rain to fall for seven days in succession at Atlantic City, Bertha'd better beat it from there before the Japanese fleet opens fire on the hotels. A cold, rainy season like the spring and summer of last year doubtless frazzled the nerves of more earnest tradesmen than the combined horse-power of alcohol, coffee, and tobacco.

Never forget, though, that rain makes roses as well as mud. Ask Bertha's landlord or the proprietor of Mrs. Reynolds's ocean-front hotel. Bertha has to stay in her hotel when it rains and so do Mrs. Reynolds and Mrs.

Hofheimer and their friends and the friends of their friends, until finally Bertha and some 200,000 others or more are all indoors. They have to do something, of course, to keep amused, and to do things at Atlantic City you have to pay for doing them. And so the billiard-balls all are clicking on rainy days, the bowling-alleys are thundering and rumbling, and the Demon Rum, escorted by bell-hops or waiters, is being hoisted steadily in the elevators to the lady whist and gentlemen poker games on the upper layers of floors. The mission tables in the hotel cafés are clustered with glassware and cracked ice and are tinkling like a chandelier.

It is in the glorious, glamorous, the velvety, witching eventide that the hotels really take a wallop out of the high spots, however, rain or no rain. We're back now to the hotels that stay open all the year around, and that are as well appointed, save for the onyx pillars and marble stairways, as any in the world. Bertha had gone into them timidly at first, because one never could tell at what moment a haughty bell-hop would assert his authority and order one out. But now she has reached the stage where she knows that she is quite as well dressed, because less flashily and with more simplicity, than many of the girls staying there. She would be happier, perhaps, if she only knew that the dowagers seated among the potted plants didn't know any more than she did (when they first arrived) that the Marlborough-Blenheim isn't pronounced a bit like that and that Chelsea has only two syllables. It was from Mrs. Reynolds herself that Bertha and her friends learned that it's Marlbra-Blenem (the letter *i* is clipped as in pattycake, or, for that matter, as in dachshund), and all by herself she learned that it's "Chel-see." In fact she tipped Mrs. Hofheimer off to that "Chel-see" stuff.

Before the dinners of either Mrs. Reynolds or Bertha have worked down to the conventional pie one probably has pronounced a tentative decision upon the weighty question of where to spend the evening. All the Boardwalk is jeweled with lights now. Strings of incandescents are stretched across it, arbor-like, every few paces. The façades of the hotels are picked out with countless glowing windows.

Music is everywhere. Excellent brass bands (if there be excellent brass bands) are holding forth in "grand concert" on the piers, and there is a barrel-organ attachment

to any kind of amusement device that seems to feel the need of a barrel-organ. There are no "barkers" to rasp at one's ears, as at Coney Island. Softly lighted gardens twang with Hungarian music. At least three theatres offer stage attractions, and the piers are alive with whirling roller-skates, dancing-floors that are crowded, and with weird and foolish amusement devices.

Like live coals the piers themselves reach out into the blackness that is the Atlantic Ocean, and as Bertha and her friends approach nearer to them the showers of electric bulbs that outline columns and eaves and minarets become a great pyrotechnic set piece. You may rest in a rocking-chair near the business end of one of these piers—although resting at Atlantic City requires fortitude and effort—and as you watch the endless stream of rolling-chairs and the stomping strollers go by, you can hear rolling under your feet the last efforts of the ocean. Out of the seaward blackness the long, ghostly wraiths twist shoreward toward the lighted zone in unbroken ribbons until they are shattered and spread and tilted and curled back at their advancing milky edges on the slope of the vague strand. If Bertha only would stop racing for a moment and get a quiet, intimate nook along the gun'l of one of the piers at night she'd forget even the two-step the band is smashing out near by, as she watched in the moonlight the United States of America fling the Atlantic Ocean backward every few seconds to show the ocean its place. That's real vacation, Miss Bertha. They've been fighting it out for a good many million years, the Atlantic and the States have, but so heavyweight is their class that you'd never tire of watching the scrap.

For when all is said and done, there is an ocean at Atlantic City. It's uncanny the way Bertha and everyone else learns about ten o'clock every morning, as secret political news spreads all over India in a day, that in some mysterious way the ocean is now open for business and will stay put until about one o'clock in the afternoon. After that it becomes uninteresting to the average vacationer. Bertha may see straggling bathers use it until sunset; but there are crude persons that wear frock coats after six o'clock and that can't help going even so far as to call them Prince Alberts. Bertha must have gasped when she glimpsed that ocean and the strand on her first Sunday morning from the vantage-point of a pier railing; for then the billows and

beach are a strip of fly-paper whereon, lolling on the sands in the brilliant sunshine or squirming amid the breakers that are plumed like a charlotte russe, there are more than 150,000 bathers.

With the exception of the appallingly heavy swells, almost all the large cities from Chicago to the Atlantic are well represented. There are some of the very weightiest swells there too, of course, but these mostly visit Atlantic City during Easter week. While Bertha is back home studying over her Easter hat with knitted brow, the "society" persons find Atlantic City, with an Easter population of about 100,000, much more agreeable than when the 300,000 there during July or August cause the town to explode: Pittsburg ever is present.

A big part of Philadelphia is there. Atlantic City is Philadelphia's Coney Island raised to the *n*th power. Philadelphia department stores deliver parcels there as if it were a part of the Quaker city. In about forty-five or fifty minutes, or quicker than a New Yorker can get from Forty-second street, New York, to Coney, thousands of Philadelphia professional and business men rush down to the sea every evening. They revel in the ocean on Sundays because usually they arrive too late and depart too early the next morning on week-days to take a swim. Thousands of cheap excursionists from Philadelphia and from Delaware, Jersey, and Pennsylvania towns come for the day on Sunday, too, and they all join the hotel folks and the cottagers in an omnibus bath.

Bertha early has learned that she won't find any of her friends in bathing at the foot of Texas Avenue, near the Chelsea dividing line, for here the dark-skinned residents of the vicinity of Eighth and South streets, Philadelphia, have a pier and about a city block of the strand and Boardwalk for their very own. Here Bertha may see the splendidly dressed quadroons with Mendelian reversion to darker shades intermingled. There's no hard and fast color line, of course; but if an Eighth Street resident wandered up the strand to the part where Bertha and Mrs. Hofheimer bathe, and there should be a mix-up in the waves, and the Eighth Street resident suddenly, while coming up for air, should be bumped violently by the rough ocean against a tall lawyer, say, from Culpeppuh Co't Haouse, V'ginyuh, just as *he* came up for air (one has one's razor checked with one's clothes in one's bath-house all this time, re-

member) and the lawyer— Well, anyway, Bertha doubtless would see one gentleman concentrating his mind upon trying to bust up the whole day's pleasure of another gentleman, that's all.

The Eighth Street negro and the Southern gentleman both are at Atlantic City; and the pleasures there of Bertha, and these two extremes, and the poor foreign quarter that is being built up not far from the negro pier, and the Mrs. Reynoldses of the bustling hotel district, differ in degree only, not in kind. Folks will flock, that's all; for even Bertha must know that four aces in one hand get along much better than when they are scattered all around the table. No thoughtful man would bother with a deck that didn't contain at least all the kinds of aces there are, and the only reason Bertha goes to Atlantic City is because she'll see there all the kinds of folks there are.

She may go to many other watering-places where merrymakers may fish and flirt and sail and golf and motor and crab and drink highballs and bathe and lose weight, but there's no other resort where she can so easily take part in a chain of three-ring circuses simply by stepping into outdoors. She and Mrs. Hofheimer have learned long ago that almost anything may happen there, since they've doubtless heard that one bright morning Reuben Castang, the animal trainer, strolled—started to stroll, at least—down the Boardwalk with a half-grown leopard in leash. Never will the leopard's nervous system quite recover from the shock resulting from all the things that happened then. Again, three young men and a blonde person got a touring-car on the Boardwalk once at midnight and shot along its length, the siren shrieking like a lost soul, as if they were Chief Croker going to join one of his three-alarm fires in New York even more anxiously than usually he does. You see, you never can tell.

When the summer crowd has all gone, in the first weeks of September, and the beach has grown very gray and very beautiful, then the ocean comes into her own. All winter long she smashes inland exultantly, as if in sheer ecstasy that she, at least, is real and is to go on forever. It's too bad that Bertha can't see her then, for when the summer crowds return the sea lady sullenly irons out her exultation and shatters her jewel bags on the beach sulkily; but she shatters them, for she simply can't help being beautiful.

THE GUARDED HOUSE

By ARTHUR STRINGER

Author of "The Silver Poppy," "The Wire Tappers," etc.

Illustrations by Gordon Mallert McCouch

THE cool and quiet of midnight hung over the city. The narrow cross-streets, lonely defiles of brownstone and brick flanked by still lonelier gas-lamps, dipped and fell away into the unbroken darkness of the East River.

I turned into one of these cross-streets. It lay before me as desolate as a glacial crevasse. Its midnight emptiness reminded me of a flume run dry, of a conduit waiting for its current, of a tideway eaten out by its daily life. It undulated off into darkness so quiet and sullen that I swung about, quickly, at the sound of an opened door.

I could make out the figure of a little old man, lean and stoop-shouldered. He was waving an arm at me. So I turned back, reluctantly, still thinking of supper in my all-night chop-house that smelt of broiling steaks and hot coffee.

"Get me a policeman!" called the thin and stooped little figure, as I came to the foot of his house steps. Instead of doing what he commanded, I went calmly up the wide brownstone slabs.

"I want a *policeman!*" he snapped, like a terrier, blocking my advance, with one hand on his tarnished brass door-knob.

"Well, I'm one!" was my indifferent answer.

I stood there, confronting him. He made a strange figure, in his German felt slippers and his ragged old crimson dressing-gown, held together at the waist by a piece of well-frayed window rope.

"No, no; an officer; a police officer!" he repeated, more impatiently. And still he blocked the door.

"Didn't I tell you I was an officer?" I retorted.

"Hey?" he squawked, to gain time, with his hand behind his ear.

"I'm a plain-clothes man, I say, from the City Detective Bureau!"

"Where's your badge, then?" he demanded, squinting out at me. I turned back my coat-lapel and showed the nickel shield I'd wheedled out of "Lefty" Boyle, the stool-pigeon, three weeks before.

"What's wrong in here?" I asked. The man's eyes were still on the badge.

"Take it off and let me see it!" he insisted, stretching out a clawlike hand. I unpinned the nickel trinket, and dropped it in the waiting palm. The man withdrew from sight, with a preoccupied and swinish grunt, promptly locking the door in my face as he did so.

Just as promptly I got my ear against a panel of that door, to make sure he wasn't phoning Headquarters. In two minutes they could have told him my nickel shield had been out of service since the days of McAdoo.

But the unmannerly little rat was merely satisfying himself that it *was* a police-shield. The door was unlocked in a moment, and the shifty old eyes were once more squinting out at me. I caught the sound of his second little grunt; this time it seemed almost one of satisfaction, as he returned the shield.

"You're an *honest* officer?" he still parried, turning from me and peering up and down the deserted street. His eyes, I could see, were still furtive and frightened.

"Look here, you!" I cried, now in actual exasperation. "I'm getting tired of this! Go back in there and 'phone Headquarters, and maybe they'll take a night off and let you know my whole family history and who's my second great-aunt on my mother's side——"

"That's just it!" cut in the wizened little ogre, querulously. "I *can't* telephone! I can't call up anybody—I can't get help! Something's been done to my wire!"

Things were getting interesting, after all.

"What you want is a lineman then, not a policeman!" I started down the steps.

He called me back, in alarm, as I felt he would do. He seemed afraid of me. But he seemed even more afraid of being left there alone. I returned his stare, with a show of rising indifference.

"Come in!" he said at last, with his odious and animal-like little grunt. "Come in!"

He held the door back a foot or two, and I squeezed inside. Then he promptly turned the key in the lock. That done, he slid the heavy bolt beneath it back into its socket, and hooked the wrought-iron chain that still further guarded his house entrance.

I had time for only one glance about me. On an old-fashioned marble-topped table stood a small kerosene lamp, meanly lighting the dim and cavernous hallway. In the half-light, to the rear, I could see the steps of a carpetless stairway, and the shadow of a door-frame or two. But that was all. The place was as bare and silent as a tomb.

"Well?" I asked, and my own voice echoed back out of the quietness with startling clearness.

The owner of the house peered through the surrounding darkness for a minute or two. Then he motioned for me to follow him. It wasn't until he took the lamp up in his shaking hand, and the light fell full on his face, pinched and wizened and pebbled with wrinkles and beaded with little drops of perspiration, that I realized the stress of feeling under which he was struggling. He stood there, wheezing heavily, with his head on one side, like an old crow, still listening for some sound or movement. Then he shuffled across the uncarpeted boards of the hallway, and cautiously swung back a great door of oak. I noticed, as he did so, that he carefully turned down the wick of the lamp. The door opened into what seemed a dining-room, a musty-smelling chamber of quietness.

"You're armed, of course, if you're an officer?" he ventured, as he crept guardedly into the twilight room.

I took my Colt out of its padded resting-place above my hip and dropped it loose into the side pocket of my coat. The frightened householder noticed the movement, with a guttural little sound of approval.

"You haven't been robbed?" I asked, as he put the lamp down on a wide table of walnut, black with age.

"Robbed?" he echoed. "What have I to be robbed of?"

"Then why d'you want me here?"

He peered about the gloom, from under his shaggy brows, meditatively. Then he turned and looked at me, almost fawningly, with his shoulders hunched up.

"I'll see you're paid for this," he declared. "I'll—I'll see you get a couple of dollars for your night's trouble!"

He wagged his head prodigiously, as though he'd just threatened me with a fortune.

"Cut it out!" I retorted. "The force can't take money, and you know it!"

"Ah, good, good!" he wheezed, rubbing his skinny old hands together. "It's a rare treat, nowadays, to see a man above graft and greed, a rare treat!"

I was getting tired of his gibbering.

"Give us some gas there!" I said, with a motion toward the huge, glass-prismed chandelier that cascaded incongruously down through the gloom.

"Gas!" cried the little old hypocrite. "D'you suppose I'd pour *my* money into the hands o' robbers! Gas! There'll be no gas burnt in *my* house!"

He must have observed my passing look of disgust.

"Oil-lamps are easier on the throat, you know—soothing to the tubes!" he explained. Then he added, with a touch of pride: "And I've got three of 'em!"

I could make out the mockery of an open fire smoldering in a little mockery of a marble grate, at the far end of the room. And as I looked at it, through the cold and the silence, the truth of it all came home to me. The man was a miser, a mean and penurious-minded old harpy, a niggardly-souled old lickpenny, a Harpagon out of his time!

I had never dreamed, in a city of such over-swollen fortunes and riotous living, of such loose-handed and prodigal wealth, that a person like this could still exist! I had thought such things belonged to the Middle Ages, to old women's tales, to the extravagance of comic opera.

I looked at the sly little figure in wonder, at the dissembling old face fretting under its burden of half-hidden fears. I began to hate the man, and to be afraid of him.

"But if nothing's happened here, and you haven't been robbed, what are you wasting my time for, anyway?" I demanded.

The earlier look of unguarded terror came back into his face. Still again he blinked apprehensively about the room, and shuffled to the door and peered furtively out.

"It's to see that I'm *not* robbed!" he cried, with a vehemence that startled me. I noticed his bony knuckles tremble against the black walnut table-top as he spoke. It seemed, almost, as though he were addressing, not me, but the silence about him.

"I'm an old man, and alone, *but I will not be robbed!*" he burst forth, with a sudden fury of defiance that made me think, for a moment, that I was alone in the house with a lunatic.

II

My eyes, grown accustomed to the meager light, coasted about the great barrack-like room. It seemed as comfortless and sepulchral as the hall, with here and there a piece of somber horsehair furniture, and a ghostly armchair or two in soiled ticking.

"Well, what do you want me to do?" I asked the owner of the house.

"I want you to go over this place with me, and see that it's safe—every inch of it!"

My sudden laughter brought his furtive eyes back to my face. He peered up at me without the least sign of resentment.

"I can't see what they'd be robbing you of!"

"That's just it!" cried the wizened little dissembler, with updrawn shoulders. "But this morning I found my basement door tampered with! And what am I to think—with my wire cut off, and Weaver deserting me this way, without a word, and my old house-dog gone!"

"You're alone in the house, you mean?"

He acknowledged, by a movement of the head, that he was.

"Who is Weaver?"

"Weaver's my man—my house-servant."

I began to understand the situation a little. It was not without interest to me.

"Then the sooner we look things over, the better!" I said.

He wagged his head at this, and motioned for me to take up the lamp. I had to smile at the look on his sly old face, as he drew back and waited. Then our eyes met; and I felt that he was either an arrant coward, or that he knew of some peril he had not seen fit to explain. So instead of taking up the light, I stepped back and drew out my Colt, and looked it over carefully. Then I advanced toward the door and waited. He understood the movement.

"Let's have a look at that telephone of yours first!" I commanded. Without a word he

took the lamp and preceded me through the gloom of the hallway. There, under the stairs, he pointed out the transmitter, dark against the wall-paper of faded yellow.

"Turn up that light!" He did as I ordered, grudgingly.

I quickly inspected the installation wires, examined the diaphragm, unscrewed and tested the receiver. The wire was "dead"; it had obviously been cut somewhere outside the house.

"Your doors and windows are all locked?" I asked him, as I worked over the transmitter.

"Every blessed one of them!" was his answer.

"No neglected cellar manholes?"

He choked a little, down in his pendulous old throat. "I attend to that sort o' thing myself!" he replied.

"Then what else is wrong?"

"I—er—had a few alarm-bells—had 'em put in years ago. An hour ago I found those bells wouldn't work!"

"You mean you have an electric burglar-alarm system in the house?"

"A kind of a one!" he admitted.

Then there *was* reason for guarding that bald and seemingly empty old mansion! I began to feel that I was losing time over trivialities.

"I want to look over this house, right away. Get me down to the cellar first!" And as we made our way slowly down through the chill gloom I kept firing my volley of questions.

"Tell me more about this man of yours, Weaver."

"What is there to tell?" whined the figure with the lamp, in front of me. "He's been a servant here for twenty-seven odd years. And a good man he was—though extravagant, at times, sinfully extravagant."

I could quite imagine that!

"He was never known to leave this house for a day before, without good reason."

I paused, for a moment, to examine the ponderous chain-lock of a well-sealed coal-chute.

"Then you think something—a—unlikely has happened to him?"

"Something must have happened! Tomorrow was his pay-day!"

"How much was coming to him?"

"Two dollars. A week's wages!"

I stopped and stared at the man in amazement.

"Yes, I paid him that—two dollars a week and board and keep, month in and month out, year in and year out!"

"You have other servants?"

"Servants? What do I want with a pack o' servants?" he whimpered.

"Who cooks for you? Who takes care of your place?"

"Weaver's granddaughter used to look

"About your dog—you say he's disappeared?"

"Yes! He was a brindled bull—the lightest-sleeping watch-dog I ever raised—as good as an army o' roundsmen, that dog!"

Building up my facts, in this way, brick by



HE STOOD THERE, WHEEZING HEAVILY, LISTENING FOR SOME SOUND OR MOVEMENT.

after things a bit, until she off and married. That was last spring. And a dollar a week *she* used to cost me, month in and month out. When the girl went, we shifted for ourselves."

brick, I explored the house from cellar to garret. And a cold and barren and ruinous house it was, with its dank and unventilated corridors, its dusty and disordered rooms, its bare and carpetless stairways; its old and

moldy furniture, its general atmosphere of unalleviated decay and neglect.

It brought to me both a sense of depression and a sense of disappointment, until, in the sleeping-room on the second floor, I made two discoveries.

The first was that on the wall above the squalid and disorderly bed stood an amazingly complete and efficient burglar-alarm apparatus, worthy of a place in a Broad Street banking-house. It was not only equipped with the usual buzzers and alarm-gongs, but beyond this it possessed a dial-indicator that would promptly register any given point of disturbance. It meant that the slightest movement of any window or door in that entire house was at once telegraphed and recorded at the bedside of the owner.

It was as I stepped across the room to examine this apparatus at closer range that I made my second discovery. A wall had been torn away, evidently, making two smaller rooms into one. The room stood, I assumed, directly above the dining-room. As I crossed its broken flooring, my steps fell hollow, of a sudden, and as I glanced down I could make out the faint outline of a small trap-door. What it led to, or what it was there for, I had no means of judging.

III

I FELT, as we made our way back to the musty dining-room below-stairs, that I had found out too much on the one hand, or too little on the other. My companion, I noticed, appeared to be more satisfied, once safely back in the room. I suddenly remembered it was the only room I had not examined.

So I took the lamp, turned up the wick, and cast my eye about the huge chamber.

For the first time I made note of the great bricked-up fireplace against the farther wall. I could quite understand why its voracious throat had been muzzled, why it had been supplanted by the meanly proportioned little marble grate at the end of the room.

My wandering eye next made out three large canvases, in oils. From each of these I could see a painted figure staring out into the somber room. But it was the largest canvas, directly above the bricked-up fireplace, that caught and held my attention. I saw, as I approached it with the light, that it was an example of some bizarre school of anecdotal art, and bore on its gilt frame the title of "The Duelist."

It was well named. For it showed the tense and waiting figure of a man in middle life, his shoulders stripped to his white shirt, peering straight out of the canvas. The man's right hand—and it was a very tricky and effective bit of foreshortening—was held straight before him. And in this hand was balanced a dueling pistol. The barrel pointed directly out of the canvas, so that a round "O" of menacing steel was all that could be seen of it. Above this arm glowed the wary and guarded eyes of the duelist, looking out into space as though determined to lose no slightest movement on the part of some unseen enemy.

It was a remarkable figure—of that there could be no doubt. It seemed to dominate the room, to menace and threaten it, as that painted stare, concentrated, malignant, yet indescribably debonair, cut out with the keenness of a sword-blade through the silence and the darkness. Once before, and once only, had I seen anything like it. That had been on the occasion of a certain more or less painful interview in the Chicago office of the Pinkertons. There, in the great detective's inner sanctum, had hung the life-sized painting of a burglar, wearing a black mask, and pointing a revolver out of the canvas. I had noticed then, as I noticed now, that the eyes seemed to follow me, no matter what position I took before the painting.

In fact, I slowly backed away, under the spell of those strange eyes, until I was on the opposite side of the great shabby dining-room.

Then I stopped abruptly, still gazing up at the picture. For my back had come in contact with something unexpectedly hard and cold, something under an artfully arranged piece of drapery. It was a thing of metal, and a thing of massiveness: that much I knew after my first contact with it.

So I explored that massive thing of metal, with one hand thrust carelessly behind my back, as I continued to hold the lamp aloft and peer up at the painting. It took me only a second or two to make sure that the thing I had so accidentally backed into was a safe, set in the wall and draped with what must have been an old table-cover or two.

I could detect the furtive and uneasy glances of the little old householder as I stood there near his stronghold. I could see his look of relief as I stepped forward again. Both to gain time and to get better control of myself, I made a pretense of peering up at the painting to the left of "The Duelist." This

canvas, I saw, was a portrait of my host. But it had been painted many years before, showing him in the pride of his early manhood. Every note of it seemed a mockery of what he now was—the high-held head pompous and domineering, the hand thrust airily into the bosom of the black frock coat, the deep-set eyes direct and uncompromising.

To the left of the fireplace again was the picture of a girl. There was something so fine in the drawing, something so rich in the clear tones, that I made bold to lift the oil-lamp close to the canvas, to catch a better glimpse of the face.

It was the portrait of a young woman of eighteen or nineteen years, perhaps even twenty; a clear-eyed, red-lipped, golden-haired girl, teeming with the vigor and love of life, with audacity crowning the fresh young mouth, and some strange spirit of revolt resting warningly about the deep and shadowy eyes.

It was none of these things, however, that compelled me to turn suddenly on the odious little figure behind me. For I had made my third discovery.

"Whose portrait is that?" I demanded.

There was a moment of absolute silence.

"My daughter's!" said the old man curtly, not even giving the canvas a glance. Instead, he was peering at me, in wonder.

"When was it painted?"

"Eight—no—nine years ago. And it cost me six hundred dollars in good money. I was a fool in those days!"

"Does this daughter live with you?"

The old man blinked at me, surprised at my interest. Then he slowly shook his head. There was something loathsome in his little mirthless laugh.

"She was too pretty a butterfly for this dull house!" he whined, sobering of a sudden.

I looked back at the picture. I tried to imagine the meanness and penury, the misery and starvation of soul against which that spirit must have struggled before the bonds of her chrysalis had broken. A strange and nameless sense of tragedy seemed to haunt the silent room, as I stood there gazing up at the portrait.

"Where is she now?" I demanded, still gazing up at the soft and girlish face all crowned with gold.

The old miser pursed up his flaccid lips, and shifted about uneasily.

"She was a wild girl!" he mumbled.

I turned on him with disgust.

"And you don't know what became of that girl?" I broke out indignantly, resentfully, knowing what I knew.

"She was always spending—spending—spending!" was all he would say. I could see it was useless to question him further.

But the canvas on the wall before me was a portrait of "Goldie Laurason," the diamond-smuggler and steamship thief, the fit-thrower and dummy-chucker whose simulation of psychic epilepsy had duped three Justices of Special Sessions and twice as many doctors, the missing heiress of the long-notorious "Todhunter Case," the fair and youthful confidence woman, mining swindler, and hotel embezzler that I had seen, seen with my own eyes, lined up for "gallery inspection" at the Central Office!

IV

"Look here," I said, facing my opponent, "I've been on duty since six o'clock this morning. I'm all in! I've got to have something to eat and some sleep!"

"You don't mean you're going to leave me alone here?" cried the little old man, in sudden alarm.

"You're still *alive*, aren't you?" I retorted.

"Yes, yes; but I want this place watched to-night!"

"Why to-night?"

"I have my reasons!" he answered. He squinted about, apparently weighing something in his mind.

"Wait here, and I'll fetch you food," he conceded. "Then you can make yourself comfortable on my sofa there for the night."

He disappeared toward the back of the house. I moved a little nearer the hidden safe. But those staring and watching eyes of the duelist seemed to intimidate and hold me back, as the presence of a living person might. While I stood there, hesitating, the little old man shuffled back into the room again, with a jug of cold tea and a plate of hard biscuits. He spread out a newspaper, before putting these down on one end of the walnut table. Then he stood off and eyed the food mournfully.

Two minutes of struggling over such a meal was enough for me. The other's satisfaction was manifest as I pushed back the plate.

"So you want me to sleep here?" I queried.

"Are you a light sleeper?" he suddenly asked. I assured him I wakened at the slightest sound, whereat he fell to wagging



HE DROOPED AND WILTED FORWARD, STARING WEAKLY INTO THE FACE BEFORE HIM.

his head, and pointed toward the high-backed old horsehair sofa and vowed I'd be as snug as a bug in a rug.

"Look here," I said, swinging round square in front of him. "If I'm going to watch this room, I want to know what I'm watching!"

"Hey?" he queried vacuously, with his hand behind his ear. It seemed his habitual rite of equivocation.

"Have you anything here you could be robbed of?" I repeated.

He looked at me warily, rubbing his wrinkled chin between a meditative thumb and forefinger. Then he fell to shaking his head again.

"I've got nothing more than an old man needs to live on. A trifle—only a trifle!"

"Then what do you use that safe for?" I demanded, whirling him about, and pointing straight at the ponderous steel vault hidden under its drapery.

He stood there, blinking hard and fast, with his mental engines reversed, sounding for some channel of evasion.

"That's for a family trinket or two!" he confessed, with upthrust shoulders. "Odds and ends of old silver, and the like!"

"Is that all?"

He watched me covertly as I buttoned up my coat. I saw his moment of hesitation.

"Listen!" I whispered, creeping to the door. "Listen!" I stood there, peering out through the gloom. The movement seemed to throw him into a second sudden panic of fear. His forehead moistened once more. He passed his tongue over his thin lips.

"What is it?" he wheezed.

I went back into the room.

"I thought I heard somebody!" I explained, slipping my Colt back into my pocket. He watched me, staring-eyed, as I put my hat on my head.

"What're you going to do?"

"You don't suppose I'm going to waste time wet-nursing an iron box full o' family junk, do you?" I retorted.

He caught at the slack of my sleeve with his shaking claw. Even before he spoke I knew I had won my point.

"I—I had some papers and things left on my hands here to-day! They're in that safe now! *That's* why this house has to be watched!"

"How long have they been there?"

"Since three o'clock this afternoon," he answered.

"From where? What are they?"

"A hodgepodge of stuff—things from a safety-deposit vault."

"But what are they doing here?"

"The company sent a collector here, nagging and bulldozing me for more money. They do it every year. It's robbery—it's outrageous—eighty dollars for a little hole in the wall!"

"Ah, now I see! And you refused to pay?"

"It's robbery, I tell you! I won't be robbed!"

"And so they simply preempted your lock-box and dumped your precious papers back on your own hands?"

He wagged his head apprehensively.

"And you say they're now in that safe?"

Again he wagged his head.

I strode to the thing that harbored his wealth, flung back the covering from its face, and looked over its hinges and lock-dial.

"And it would take the right man about twenty minutes to get into that safe!" I said. It did not tend to make the old man any easier in mind. Then I looked about the room.

"I think this house *does* need watching!" I declared, with decision. And I intended to do that watching. The little old man's eyes were following every move I made. I swung the high-backed sofa round, so that it faced the wall. Over it I flung an old plaid shawl. Then I looked at the waiting householder, puzzling how to get him away.

"You might as well go to bed," I advised, with a pretense at a yawn. I found, to my astonishment, that he was ready enough to do as I suggested. So I pushed the sofa close up to the wall, dumped the entire scuttle of coal on the grate, and poked it vigorously. I noticed the little old man wince as he beheld this lavish waste of fuel. Then he brought out a tiny bedroom lamp, lighted it from the fire, by a spill, and carefully lowered the wick. "Don't you think you'd better get that stuff of yours back into its vault to-morrow?" I asked him, sleepily, as he took up his lamp.

"I suppose I'll have to," he admitted, wagging his head. "I'll have to, even though it costs a hundred a year!"

And he shuffled off through the gloom, and up the echoing stairs, with his lamp in his talonlike clutch, pausing every few steps, with his head on one side, to listen. His elfish figure, as I watched it, seemed rather one of the Dark Ages, of the days of the thumbscrew and the stake, than of modern

and machinery-ridden New York. And the house about which I stared seemed rather the grotto of some fabulous ogre than the brownstone habitation of a twentieth-century human being.

V

I HAD done a good deal of yawning and stretching, for a minute or two, as the little old man shuffled off through the darkness. But never in my life had I been more wide-awake than when at last I was quite alone in that sepulchral and silent room.

I lay there, boxed in on the high-backed old horsehair sofa, blinking meditatively about me. It was that dead hour when midnight begins to drag on toward waiting daylight, when the sleeper who awakens is uneasy, when life is in some ways at its lowest. Now and then a cinder fell in the grate. Now and then the purr of a breaking flame disturbed the silence, and threw shadows across the half-lit room.

Lying there, waiting, I watched idly the broken light play on the features of the ever-compelling and ever-menacing duelist. Even as I studied it, the figure seemed to grow more lifelike in the uncertain light. It seemed to loom above me with the malignancy of an actual enemy, mysteriously challenging, sentinel-like. I began to wonder if there might not be something hypnotic in its set and staring eyes. Time and time again they seemed to coerce my attention, to hold me, almost against my own will.

I began to wonder how long it would be best for me to wait. My last chance would be gone with the break of day—and it was a chance well worth the risk. My vague satisfaction with the dramatic irony of the situation began to give way to a growing feeling of irritation. For as time dragged slowly on and the fire burned down and the silence deepened, I seemed still prompted, even against my own wish, to wait longer, and yet a little longer.

I began to wonder if this were due to the feeling, so teasing and persistent, of that painted canvas being an actual presence in the room, a sentry-like and sentient being who might witness and resent any movement I essayed. Then it crept into my mind how wary and artful the little old miser had been, in reality; how there was now something more intimidating in his very absence than in his presence. Once beyond my range of vision, in that midnight house, he threatened

me from every imaginable quarter. Each silent door became a danger, each moving shadow a menace. The unseen enemy is the one we're always afraid of.

My speculation ended unexpectedly. It was swept and tossed away on a sudden rushing tide of astonishment, on a release of apprehension that seemed to beat and eddy against every nerve in my startled body.

For ten feet away from where I lay I heard the distinct sound of a creaking door-hinge. It came to a stop, for a moment, and still again it sounded through the quietness. I could make out the slow and guarded movement of the black mass of the door itself, as it swung back, inch by inch. Then it stopped.

Some one was standing on the threshold of the door, peering into the room. I could hear the noise of a trailing footstep, minute and muffled. Then came the all-enveloping silence again.

My first rational thought, as I drew out my Colt and huddled close down behind the shadow of the high-backed sofa, with its broken scrollwork of grape clusters carved out of walnut wood, was that the owner of the house had surrendered to some final suspicion and was returning to watch over his threatened wealth—to watch with his own eyes. My next thought, however, was that the secrecy of that return seemed to imply some intention of which he wished me to remain ignorant. He was coming back for his precious fortune surreptitiously, to carry it away to some place of safety.

I saw that my arm was free, and lay there, waiting. Such a procedure would suit my purpose remarkably well. It would save me a great deal of dangerous and difficult work. For, once the safe was open, my plan of action could be both simple and decisive.

I crouched there, watching from under a corner of the shawl. I knew, suddenly, that the door had been opened wider. Then it was closed again quickly, almost without a sound. I don't think I even breathed during those first few seconds of unbroken silence, as the vague black shadow standing motionless beside the door defined itself to my staring eyes as a human figure.

It stood there, guardedly, apparently listening for some sound, apparently peering slowly about the darkness. Then something above and beyond my mere physical senses told me the figure was *not that of the owner of the house*.

My breath returned to me as I saw the vague black blur creeping toward the safe. Then came still another pause, and still another minute of suspense. Then I heard a subdued rustle of clothing, and a moment later the thin shaft of light from an electric flash-lamp was fluttering and penciling interrogatively about the surface of the safe-door. Then the light went out as suddenly as it had appeared. Again I heard the rustling of clothing.

I sank flat down behind the horsehair sofa-back, for this time the narrow shaft of white light was circling the room, leaping from object to object, probing into corners, dancing and springing from side to side. I felt it flutter over my screening sofa-back for a critical second or two, and then shift and flash to the opposite wall.

As it did so, I heard the sound of a sudden gasp, an involuntary little cry of astonishment. Looking up, I saw that the pencil of light rested flat on the face of "The Duelist" picture, making it stand out with the clearness of a cameo, until the combative and challenging eyes and the threatening, outstretched arm seemed those of an actual person. It was no wonder the intruder had gasped at the first glimpse of that strange canvas. Nor was it any wonder the little shaft of white light rested studiously and apprehensively on the painted face confronting it. I could hear the quick breathing of the figure behind the light. Then I heard a deep-drawn sigh as the shaft of light swung to the left, falling on the portrait of the little old man himself. It seemed to rest there for only a contemptuous moment or two. Then it hovered to the right, to the portrait of the red-lipped and shadowy-eyed young girl. It hung on her face tremblingly, second by silent second. It fluttered about that girlish face crowned with gold, and went back to it, and lingered over it, I thought, almost affectionately.

Then came the sound of the throaty little gasp again—it seemed almost a moan—and the quick rustle of clothing. This was followed by the brisk and businesslike chink of the revolving lock spindles, the click of the wards, and I knew the stooping figure was working over the combination of the safe. The light of the flash-lamp, as it steadied and shone on the burnished surface of the nickel dial, was reflected and diffused back into the face of the stooping figure. And I saw, as I peered through the gloom at it, that the softly yet clearly outlined face was a

woman's face; and that woman was Goldie Laurason!

VI

My shock of surprise was lost and submerged in a second shock. A sudden sound broke through the stillness from the far end of the room. The light went out like a flash. I could hear the telltale *click-click* of a raised trigger. I knew the woman was standing there, with her back to the safe, waiting, ready for that unknown enemy. Yet the sound had been nothing more than a coal cinder falling in the blackened grate.

It must have been two full minutes before she moved again. Yet I knew, by the little noises that followed her next movements, that the safe-door had been opened. I could hear the sound of her hurriedly padding hand feeling about the inside of the safe, and the pregnant rustling of papers. Even as I did so, I noticed for the first time that the night was passing away. The heavily barred windows at the back of the room showed the earliest faint gray of coming morning, a leaden twilight more oppressive and phantasmal than darkness itself.

Only once did the woman stop in her work. I could not make out what prompted her to do so. All I knew was that she had suddenly drawn back from the safe, wheeled about, and after standing there listening for a minute or two, once more directed the light of her flash-lamp across the room to the painted figure of the duelist. She seemed to study it in bewilderment. Then she slowly turned back to the open safe. Her eyes must have caught sight of the early gray light at the windows, for she stooped quickly this time, and began flinging packages out on the floor beside her with feverish haste.

As I crouched there, watching her, there crept through me the feeling that I was merely witnessing some scene in a drama. The intruder and the open safe and the vault-like room seemed things of the imagination, the figures and shadows of a nightmare.

It was a sudden audible gasp from the woman herself that brought me back to earth, reminding me where I was.

Again I saw her stand upright and wheel quickly about. I let my gaze follow her line of vision wonderingly. Still again it rested on the painted figure and face of the duelist. There was something uncanny in the way that painted face seemed to challenge and hold her. Yet there was some shadow

of reason for it, I felt, as I peered up at the malevolent and threatening eyes, deep-set and shadowy in the broken light. The very pistol-arm seemed to thrust itself out into the paling darkness of the room. More vividly than ever the figure took on its illusion of actuality, its suggestion of a living person watching and guarding the silence before it.

Then slowly the hair of my head began to stand on end. Through my body tingled a shock that all but brought a cry from my throat; for I realized for the first time why the woman was standing there, panting and trembling and swept with terror. She was being watched by something more than a mere painted figure. The peering and malignant eyes of that painted figure *were alive*.

VII

OUT from the canvas, into the half-lighted room, stretched and reached an actual, living arm. In the thin and clawlike hand at the end of that arm was balanced a long-barreled magazine revolver.

The woman had seen it all, even before I did. She must have seen, too, that the arm kept pointing at her, each move she made. For suddenly a scream broke from her lips, and echoed and reechoed through the quiet room.

She looked about, panic-stricken, in search of some place of refuge. Then she flung up one arm, across her eyes, as though to ward off the sight of that searching and sinister barrel-end.

Precisely at the moment she did so, the silence of the great high-ceilinged room was filled with an explosion of sound. It prolonged itself into a dully reverberating roar, and a cloud of dust rose from the prism-hung chandelier. This dust spread and mingled with the slowly curling, acrid-smelling powder smoke, obscuring the vision. But I could see the still standing woman take two faltering steps forward, and crumple down to the floor. She clapped one hand to her side, with a moan, as she fell. She had been wounded—she had been killed—was the first thought that registered itself on my disordered brain.

I dimly felt the moment to be crucial, and yet I hesitated. I scarcely knew what move to make. Again the utter and sepulchral silence of the house hung about me. Again I peered at the woman on the floor. She did not stir. Then I turned to the picture. The

painted duelist glowered down at me, intact—for all I could tell, a flat surface of canvas. Then I wheeled about to the door, for it had opened and closed again, as I stood there, with the quickness of a trap.

It was the little old man. In his left hand he held his low-turned bedroom lamp; in his right he carried a long-barreled magazine revolver. His face was now the bloodless, cadaverous yellow of unripened cheese, yet out of its pallor shone and glowed his deep-set, furtive little eyes. They reminded me of a cat's. He stopped, and peered over at the woman on the floor.

"What's this?" he demanded.

"It means you are under arrest!" I told him, inwardly wondering how I was to manage the long-barreled thing in his hand.

"What's this?" he reiterated, unmoved.

"There's been a murder here!" I answered.

"A murder?" he echoed. I advanced toward the huddled figure on the floor. He followed me impassively, step by step.

"This woman's been shot, here, in your house!"

"Shot? How?" he asked, looking me square in the eye. There seemed something more than malignant in his new deadly calm of assurance. I still bent over the woman, but I began to feel vaguely afraid of the impassive little ogre at my side, as he repeated his question.

"That's what I intend to find out!" I retorted.

"*You* shot this woman!" he suddenly declared. I did not answer him, for my eye had caught sight of the woman's gun-metal pistol on the floor beside her. I quietly caught up and "broke" that ugly little toy, dropping the cartridges into my pocket.

"You shot this woman!" the old man repeated meaningly.

"That's not the point! She's dying here—something must be done, at once!"

"Then she's not dead?" he muttered, holding his lamp over the motionless figure. The man almost nauseated me.

"Look at her face!" I cried, stepping back. "Look at her face and see."

He put the lamp down on the floor. Then revoltingly, with the barrel-end of his revolver, he pried the woman's body over, emitting an indifferent grunt as the relaxed shoulder fell back into its former position. I stooped and picked up the fallen flash-light, and as I did so the muscular little scoundrel slipped an arm under the woman's waist and



MY ONLY WAY OUT WOULD BE TO CLUB THIS WHEEZING FURY INTO SENSELESSNESS.

turned the inert figure completely over.

Then he peered down at the white face, vaguely outlined under the black mass of its crushed hat-brim. Again I heard his swinish little grunt of indifference. So I threw the flash-light's glow full on the woman's up-turned face. It cut out each feature with the clearness of a calcium spot-light. It showed the lidded and shadowy eyes, the once wilful and audacious upper lip drawn close across the teeth, the tumbled and heavily massed golden-brown hair, shot through with red, the soft lines of the blue-veined neck.

For the space of what must have been a dozen heart-beats there was not a sound in the room. But the squinting eyes of the man before me slowly dilated. His lower jaw fell away, and lifted again, noiselessly. His lips moved, but for a moment no sound came from them. He drooped and wilted forward, staring weakly into the face before him. Then a long and thin-noted groan, a groan so shrill and ludicrous that it seemed almost a squeak, burst from him.

I picked up the revolver that fell from his hand, and casually placed it on the high mantel of the bricked-up fireplace, well out of his reach.

"Alice!" he whispered wheezily. "My Alice!"

He pushed back her tumbled hair with his shaking talon of a hand.

"I've killed her!" he gasped. "I've killed my own child!"

A sudden ague seized him. His bony frame shook and trembled; his teeth began to chatter, like those of a man with a chill; a sob broke from his pendulous old throat.

"I've killed my own daughter!" he moaned, feeling senselessly about her body, as though in search for the wound. Then he lifted the woman's head, until it lay across his knees, and kept calling out her name. I had not looked for any such fire under the hardened lava of his penurious old life. Yet I gave it little thought at the moment; for as I looked down at the woman I could make out the slow, pulsing movement of the external jugular, in the soft hollow of her blue-veined neck, just under the white ear-lobe.

"But she's not dead yet!" I reminded the groaning man.

"No, she's not dead yet!" he wheezed.

"Then get help here; get a doctor!"

He looked about the room, dazedly. His old furtive look returned to him, but it was only for a moment.

"I've brandy up-stairs in my bedroom—wait here!" he panted, as he struggled to his feet and ran across the room. I watched him shuffle out into the gloomy hall and disappear into the silence above-stairs. My way was at last clear.

VIII

I SLIPPED over to the door, and quietly closed and bolted it. Then I darted back to the safe. The unconscious woman still lay on the bare floor. She was as white and impassive as the dead.

I stooped to the tape-tied packets that lay about the opened vault door, bending over the carelessly scattered wealth for which more lives than one had been hardened and embittered. And still the way seemed clear. Turning to the safe itself, I reached an exploring arm well into its shadowy recesses. I would make that haul pay for what I had gone through!

Then I stopped short, frozen in my tracks by a sudden metallic snap that was repeated, once, twice, three times.

What that sound meant I knew too well, even before I turned and saw the white-faced woman standing there confronting me. The empty revolver in her hand was still pointed at me; I had a new enemy to face.

My startled brain had scarcely realized the meaning of the picture before she flung the useless pistol from her. Her fall had been a feint; the dummy-chucker had merely made use of an old trick of her trade! Yet I wondered what her next move would be.

"Father!" The call rang out, high and tense and clear, making the room echo and pulse with sound. It was enough to wake the dead.

"Father, we're being robbed!" the vibrating soprano called out into space. Then I saw her quick and restless eye travel to the mantel and the magazine revolver resting on it.

We sprang for the gun together, and together we caught it up. But I was too much for her, and one quick wrench loosened her clutch and sent her staggering against the black walnut table. By the time she looked up I had her covered. We stood facing each other, breathing hard.

"Father, quick!" she screamed into the quietness of the room where we stood locked in, alone.

I lowered the gun-barrel to her breast and took one deliberate step forward. As I did

so, I was dimly conscious of a sudden splintering of pine, of a sharp tearing of canvas. Then on my startled head and shoulders came the full weight of a falling body. I vaguely realized that this flying body had leaped out of the gilt frame above me. But beyond this I had no time for thought. The thin and bony figure clung to me chokingly, snarling and biting and tearing like a wildcat.

It took all my strength to get the talon-like hands away from my throat, to wrest the sleeve of my gun-arm free from the locked teeth. So I grasped the long-barreled revolver by its muzzle, knowing that my only way out would be to club this wheezing fury into senselessness.

"Don't! Don't!" pleaded the distraught woman close behind me. I could feel her pulling and tugging at my body. Then she stopped suddenly, with a quick side movement of her hand. I knew she had found and taken the Colt from my pocket, even before she spoke, and that she had me covered.

"Don't move!" she called, with quiet authority. The little old man slipped to the floor, panting and moaning, his scrawny hands nursing a helpless left knee.

"Kill him!" he gasped mercilessly, malignantly, between his groans. But I did not look at him; I was too busy watching the woman. I began to feel that the game was almost up. I had the two of them united against me. The most I could hope for, now, was some chance of escape. To get away, empty-handed, would be luck enough.

"Put that gun on the table!" commanded the woman. "Put it on the table, *handle out, as you hold it!*"

I did as she ordered. I could see her lip curl with scorn as she caught sight of my nickel police shield. Even to get away was not going to be easy!

"Put up your hands and cross the room until you come to the wall!" she commanded. "Now turn around!"

Her gun and her eyes followed me, every move I made. I stood facing her in grim silence. For one moment her gaze wavered between me and the man moaning on the floor.

"Father," she ordered, "take that revolver from the table!"

"I can't!" he groaned, nursing his knee. I moved an inch nearer the door.

"Take that revolver, or *we may lose everything!*" she cried shrilly. She was still

afraid of me, of some sudden play on my part. I moved another inch or two nearer my door. Then I stopped short, for I saw the drooping revolver barrel lift and steady, directly between my eyes, and the woman's lips compress significantly. At the same time I saw the gasping and meaning old man rise on his right knee. He struggled and tottered there for one moment of anguish, and then fell back in a dead faint, face upward on the floor. I could see that his leg was broken, just below the left knee. There was now only the woman between me and the door. But not once did she take her eyes off mine as I stood there coercing myself to fling back at her a stare as belligerent as her own.

"Father, the revolver!" she called in her tense, shrill tones. "I know this man; I know he is not to be trusted! I can't—oh, don't make me kill him!"

Her voice trailed off into a moan of helpless horror, but no answer came to her call for help. I compelled myself to a display of laughter; the sound of it seemed to worry and terrify her more than ever. Still again she steadied her gun-barrel so that it pointed directly between my squinting eyebrows. I could see her face contorted and twisted with contending fears, but the dominant one, I knew, was the horror of taking a human life. That discovery left me brave enough to laugh at her again, and she fell back a step or two, with a gasp of frustration.

"No!" she cried, "I can not—I *can not kill him! I can not murder!*" And again my quietly forced laugh seemed to harry and madden her.

"The revolver!" she burst out, in her tight-throated whisper. "Father, you—you must do it! I can not—I dare not—oh, quick—*kill him before it's too late!*"

"Look at your father!" I said to her, as calmly as I could. "Look at him there. *He's dead!*"

It was an arrant lie, but it served its purpose.

The woman half turned as I spoke. It was only for a second, but in that precious second I had slid the bolt and shot out through the door. I could hear her cry of pity, of commiseration, and her abandoned wail of "Father!" as I turned the key in the lock and darted across the bare hallway. Twenty seconds later I had the front door open and was outside in the empty street and the gray light of early morning!

THE ALBUM ON THE CENTER-TABLE

By EUGENE WOOD

Author of "Back Home," "Folks Back Home," etc.

CERTAIN folk there be, made of finer clay than ordinary mortals, who can take into their hands a crystal globe or polyhedron, and, gazing into its prism-hued depths, can see there wondrous visions. Psychics they are, or seventh sons of seventh sons (scarcer than hen's teeth in these small-family days), fortunates who were born with a caul or have attained unto the Fourth Dimension (sometimes gifted in the Second and Third as well; that is to say, in breadth and thickness). At any rate, to them the past reveals itself; as in a glass, darkly, that which is to come is adumbrated.

I have no such paper-weight, and consequently my mediumistic powers are not developed along that line. But I have a photograph album; not the red plush covered kind with but one brass snap-'em-bob to hold it shut, but two; two sumptuous, gold-washed clasps, a little green in places. Its lids are deeply bossed—I might say "carven"—into a pannel, ornately cruciform, after the similitude of the Family Bible sold you by that young man with the nice eyes who went around the country taking orders for it. He was paying his way through college, don't you mind? On each lid are little hard white knobs, like heads of picture nails, four of 'em on each lid, thereby "connoting," as they say in high-class philosophic works, a marble-topped center-table. There is a sort of richness in the clicking of those knobs upon the marble surface. The gilded edges of the thick leaves, or rather paper slabs, are nicked, as it were, in floriated patterns. Top and bottom, each paper slab has cracks through which to shove card photographs, four holes in each page being cut to show them, two at the top oval to fit vignettes, two at the bottom kind o' squared like.

After the manner of the crystal-gazers, I

hold this album in my hands. I relax the focus of my eyes, and things about me swim in a dim haze. My wrists twitch spookily. I fetch a long, deep sigh, and shudder as if some one were walking over my grave. I sink into what Mat King calls "a catamose condition."

Before my rapt, ecstatic vision there comes a picture of the past. I seem to see a parlor. In that parlor, upon a richly caparisoned haircloth sofa are seated a youth and a maiden. The maiden holds upon her lap a photograph album such as the one I have, and I get the thought, somehow, that gladness fills the maiden's heart because she can wear long dresses now; it makes you look so pigeon-toed to hold an album on your lap. The youth appears to be short-sighted; he has to get real close to see the pictures in the book. His arm next to her interferes with hers as she turns the leaf, and so he rests it on the sofa-back.

Presently, in his deep interest in the tin-types of Uncle Ezra and Aunt Huldah, who live out in Nebraska, his arm slides limply down and rests upon her waist-line. She does not notice it, so all-absorbed is she in the narration that this is the likeness of a gempman that poppa used to know, by the name of Smith, or Donahue, or Pettibough!—or some such name. (The "ugh!" is an attempt to represent the forcible expulsion of the maiden's breath, caused by the spastic contraction of the young man's arm upon her short ribs.) Now thoroughly aroused, she turns her face and murmurs: "How strong you are!" As she turns, the peachy-smoothness of her rounded cheek touches the twice-over-with-bay-rum-smoothness of his, sending the wild thrills a-gallop up and down their backbones. Their faces revolve, as they were friction-pulleys, until

their lips engage; each mouth is all bunched up; each one stops breathing till the last moment of endurance, when they wrench themselves away, making a noise like bu'sting a cracker-bag, only shriller.

"Oh, my!" the maiden whispers. "I wonder if they heard us."

Is this for anybody here? Any one recognize the scene?

I open the book. Time and Space obliterate themselves. It is no longer Here but There. It is no longer Now but Then. As I gaze upon this bit of paper, curiously blackened into the pattern of the face and clothing of an underjetted person with chin-whiskers and a smooth upper lip, I am no more a big, big man, with a real watch that all the time goes tick-tick, tick-tick because it has little men inside it making nails, but chairs and tables and door-handles look high up and tall to me; I wear a waist and knicker-bockers of gray ladies' cloth, very full and gathered at the waist, trimmed with square blocks of black silk velvet, kind of catty-cornered, point to point.

Here is the boy now. Yes, that's me when I was little. I was considered to be very pretty then. My! but that must have been a long, long time ago. I wore that suit of clothes the very first time I went to Sabbath-school, and the underjetted man, whose name was "Brother Brown," taught the infant class on that occasion—in an emergency, I believe. I have since learned he was a traveling salesman. From my experience of traveling salesmen, this seems almost incredible.

A PLAGUE OF CURLS

And here's a fellow standing up and holding fast to a tall chair, braced also with a fixing behind him, whose cold iron head-clamp jammed against his skull seems to have convinced him that he is cornered in a fight for life, so desperate is his glare. His hair seems lifting with sheer horror, but I know that it is only because he has such curly hair—each particular lock seems to go z-z-z-z! it kinks so tight. You should hear him lament about the dang mop; comb and comb, and wet it sopping and it won't lay down, and he all fixed up to "go out amongst 'em." Pleg gon it all! He is going to high school in the town, and lives with his auntie next door to our house. You can tell by his legs he

comes from the country. He rode on horses so much when he was little, before his bones were hardened, and it kind of bowed them out.

THE FIRST LOVE

I don't care two pins for him, but his photograph is all I have as keepsake of the first girl that ever won my heart and promised hand. His auntie was her gramma. She was just my age. She said she'd marry me when we both got big. She never did. Ah me! We are apart. And why, pray tell? Simply because I never asked her hand in marriage. And how could I, when I didn't know where she lived? She was a sweet girl. She kind of gurgled when she talked, if you know what I mean. She used to come out on her back porch and holler over to my house: "I beat you *up* to-day-ay-ay!" like a rooster crowing. And she hadn't, either. I was up long before she was. . . . My first love, my lost love! And all the keepsake of her I have is the picture of her cousin Charlie, with the hair that seemed to z-z-z-z! it curled so tight.

Do you see anything sort of miraculous about this picture here? It is very seldom, I might say never, that a girl has only a white feather sticking up from her forehead and not a sign of hair at all. This one leaning in the Oriental window would make you think she was unfortunate that way. But I'll explain it to you. What looks like a white feather is the part; her hair is there all right, but it "took" the same shade exactly as the background. You notice that she looks sad and disconsolate. And well she might! Well she might! They say that pity is akin to love, and I pitied her. I would have loved her had she not been so old. Yes, and I admired the spirit she displayed in resisting the invader. What do you think her father did without once asking her consent, she being all of nine years old and his nearest living relation? Went and got married again!

Over the leaf from hers is the picture of a little boy in his first pair of "pants." His almost transparent hair is roached up in the middle and was wetly curled, as you can see, over his proud mother's finger the moment before they set him in the chair and the picture gentleman told him to watch for the little hirdie to come out of the box. He was a great crony of mine, that boy. "We twa

ha' paddled i' the burn," only we called it "crick." It was a fine crick to paddle in; just deep enough to be exciting, but not too deep for safety. It ran between high banks, and little rills flowed into it from the springy ground about, for all the world just like "A River System" in the joggerly book. There was stiff blue clay by wagon-loads to model into shapes, and once, in a hole in the steep bank-side, we found a half-fledged bird. We had been playing with a shingle whittled into boat shape, towed with a string. The bird had never been much of any place nor ever had a boat ride in all its life, so we took it out sailing. I don't believe the shivering thing enjoyed it as much as we did—while the bird lasted. Then when it played out we threw it away. What's the dif? There's plenty birds.

BOYHOOD PICTURES

We had good times together, he and I. As plain as if 'twas only yesterday—plainer—I can see it all. I can tell you just exactly where we put the water-mill his daddy whittled out for us, and where we built the mud fort. Every memory-picture blazes with sunshine, as if it never rained in those days. But it is all kind of misty, and I must think hard to call to mind his after-life, dark with disappointment, clouded with melancholy, ending too soon in silence. If he had been other than a clean-minded, wholesome, honest, keen-witted, and enthusiastic boy, I could understand it somehow.

The railroad got him. I don't mean it slew him with sudden brutal violence, or maimed him and then gave him some starvation switch to tend or crossing to flag. It was crueller than that. It threw its witchery about the farm-boy pining for adventure and the larger life. It tolled him on, and tolled him on, and when it had him so he couldn't get away, it condemned him to confinement in an engine-cab, every nerve strung to snapping tension as he roared over a roadway skimmed and scamped at every point in order that easy-living people might have "an independent income." For stretches of hours you wouldn't believe a human being could endure, it kept him at it, and then when, as it seemed to him, his head had hardly touched the pillow, it roused him up again to take another train out. More engineers and shorter runs and safer roadbeds would have lessened "the in-

dependent income" for the easy-living ones that never soiled their hands at work. It was like being under a decimating fire in action. This friend of his was ground to pulp; that one was scalded so the flesh slipped off his bones; another one was pinned beneath his engine screaming for hours to his frantic rescuers to shoot him for God's sake and put him out of his misery. Always there was some one being hurt.

"It'll get you, boy, one of these days," the old-timers told him. And he knew it would be so. Each run he made and came back safe brought only that much the nearer what cannot help happening when dividends are all in all and human life is nothing much. It came. One day when he was riding as passenger there was an accident. He was unhurt, but the dearest chum of all was engineer, and he was killed. He lived just long enough in my friend's arms to recognize him. It came, I tell you. Not a scratch upon him, sound and fit to outward seeming. Inwardly he was wrecked. His nerves had stood all that they could stand. He could no longer take a train out; he was spoiled for anything else. His solitary life had made him taciturn; it now made him brooding, melancholy. He fretted himself to death, eating his heart out. The only son of his mother, and she a widow.

I know it isn't much of a story, come to look at it. You can easily out-tell it from your own knowledge: terrible tragedies of men killed at their work, and leaving helpless families to struggle along, it makes you sick at heart to think how. I know it's not an exciting story, but to me the wreck of a young man's life is just as tragic whether the wreck be outward or inward. Ah, but it's a pluck-me store the sons of Martha do their trading at, where they pay their lives out over the counter every day to buy their lives for next day.

EVERY-DAY PATHOS

The leaves turn and turn, each one uncovering a new sadness. Something unutterably pathetic is in the rank on rank of pretty, childish faces, each one (we cannot fail to see) gazing as wistfully at the dark mystery of life as at the dark mystery of the camera, and with the same expectation that pretty soon the little birdie will jump out, all golden-feathered, singing so beautifully. The photographer had no such; for his purpose it

was enough that the children should think he had one.

How it has been with them the faces of the old people in the album tell us. Do their cheeriest, they cannot help their features drooping into what is, at best, but patient resignation. So many, many times they've hoped; so many, many times their hopes have crumbled into nothing. The only expectation left them is that it will soon be over now. A new life will begin, and then—yes, *then*, for certain

"Wish and fulfilment shall severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer."

HEARTACHE ON EACH PAGE

On every page of an old album is written heartache, downfall, disillusion, loneliness. Here is the picture of the boy whose every waking hour outside of school was partly yours. So genial a fellow he was, so ambitious, so brilliant. You saw him last year, and hardly recognized the shabby wreck that Drink had made, hardly were able to eke out half an hour's conversation with him. Here is the college chum with the fine head who was to do great things in life. Consumption. The blossom blighted ere the fruit was set. This other classmate with the face of Keats—the merest hair's breadth of misdirection in a furrow of his brain, first manifested in a comic oddity. (What a world, in which wild laughter and wild grief are so inextricably interfused!) After the flesh, our friend still lives; only his mind is dead.

And here is one whose every lineament shows forth engaging frankness and the joy of life—worse than dead. Embezzler, guilty fugitive with a neighbor's wife. His broken-hearted old father, his wife, his children—all of us who trusted in him, how much rather would we have followed him to his grave than have this come upon him! And then the long list of those with whom our lives were intertwined, for whom we hoped, believed, expected—mere insipidities, triflers, failures, half-successes, living along somehow. And we ourselves. What we meant then to be; and what we are!

The loved and lost of all degrees of intimacy are here, the angel that tabernacled with us for a few precious days, the sainted mother we must mourn while life remains to us, are here with the mere trivial acquaintance; they are all here in the album. Life

—whole, entire—is bound up with its binding. On every page is written hope, and over against it disillusion; love and heart-break; comradeship and loneliness; ambition, downfall. If, when we first looked for the little birdie to jump out, all golden-feathered, singing so beautifully, we had known how it was all to be. . . .

Anybody see anything of my cap and bells? I took 'em off a minute ago, and—Oh, here they are.

Do you know, I feel kind of sorry for the people in a photograph album. They have primed and primed and primed; suffered unheard-of tortures with shirts and collars and tight shoes; with neckties that would not tie right, and hair that stuck up six ways for Sunday; have raked and scraped in every bureau drawer and borrowed from the neighbors every dew-dab and gill-flickety that can be pinned on, tied on, stuck on. They stare at us through the peepholes in the paper slabs of leaves in albums, guiltily conscious, desperately defiant, as much as to say: "Well, I done *my* best, and what's it *to* you, anyways? Say! Do I look all right?" And what's the pitiful result of all this struggle? With all their priming up and diking out, by this time they look as if they came from 'way back in the woods somewhere, over by Rum Creek, maybe, or Johnnycake Corners, or some other God-forgotten spot where the styles don't go at all till everybody else is through with them.

THE BRIDE AND GROOM

Here, for instance, are Hen Dietrich and Polly Ann, his wife, taken right after they were married. How I come to have the picture at all—I never laid my eyes on Hen—is that Polly Ann is a sort of a relation of mine by marriage. I never could quite figure it out, but it's like this: her stepmother was a half-sister of my own uncle's second wife. (In those days it wasn't the disgrace it is now for a man to marry again if his dear companion died. How else was he to get his meals' victuals?)

I call your attention to the "Get up, Jack; let John sit down" posing of the bride and bridegroom, expressive of the photographer's conception of the relative importance of the sexes. I call your attention to Polly Ann's meekly triumphant aspect, as with downcast eyes she lays her hand upon Hen's shoulder, declaring to all the world: "I landed him,

you bet, and here he is," just like folks who get themselves photographed carrying a string of fish. But chiefly would I call your attention to Polly Ann's get-up. Don't expect me to have the technical terms right. I don't believe I know a peplum from a tilter nor a redingote from a polonoise. Do you? So I'll just have to muddle through the best I can by the light of pure reason, which, in such matters, is no great shakes.

She has on an overskirt, something like an apron tied on behind her, and just about the Tropic of Capricorn a sort of bunched-up petticoat. Her waist might have been turned in a lathe, so round it is, so exactly like a peg-top, front and back alike. Her sleeve has loose, white stuff around the wrist, seemingly fixed a-purpose to catch in the butter and the plum preserves, and there is a surplice effect about the elbow for which I find no other word than "dinky"—though I have walked the floor for hours trying to think of a more dignified expression, for I abominate slang. Something sleazy, all punched full of holes in patterns, is pinned around her neck, and—miracle of loveliness!—a long, pine-shaving curl dribbles down upon her bosom from the big, round wad, for shape and size the spit-and-image of an eight-cent cottage loaf, held on her head somehow with a net.

The net's the only thing in the whole outfit that I covet. If I had it, I should fasten it on a short pole and go crabbing. I know where there are some nice ones; regular blue-claws. And don't they snap and clash those claws! I had one nip me the other day. Gee! I hollered murder watch. He took me kind o' by surprise.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC FIB

What becomes of people who tell wilful stories and stick to 'em and do not repent is too well known to be repeated here. You know, and I know, and I am sure that Polly Ann knew. And you know, and I know, and Polly Ann knew we'd know she never in the round world had all that hair of her truly own. "Sold eggs and buyed it," says you. Don't palter. You know what I mean. She simply couldn't have had that much hair. No woman could. And yet there she stands as bold as brass, proclaiming now, and for as long as this card photo shall endure, "Why, certainly it's mine!" Isn't it perfectly terrible?

(I have some pictures of girls in spit-curls,

but I can't bear to look at them nor talk about them. They seem so gawmy.)

And poor Hen! I wonder what he thought when he discovered, all too late, that it was no lady off the advertisement of Hair Vigor he had married, with long, luxuriant tresses, but just an ordinary, human girl with no more tresses than would just about wad both barrels of a shotgun. Think of the thousands upon thousands of men whose fancy has been snared by curling locks that were the product of the application of hot pokers or kid rollers to hair that naturally was as straight as any tow-rope. The poor, dejected, disillusioned creatures!

MEN, WOMEN, AND STYLE

Nay, madam, never look so scornfully at me. Don't tell me that these wild contraptions are all worn by you to please the men-folks. Was ever a fashion anything but comic to the men-folks? Aren't they for everlasting making fun of what you wear? We're just as bad as you are, just as much slaves to style, only we don't go at it in such a slam-bang, Pa's-rich-and-Ma-don't-care way as you do, swooping from one wild distortion to another. And that's the sad part of it. The changes are so microscopic, and yet so necessary to our self-respect, that life, for us, is just one long, agonizing worry. That man who looks so swell in evening clothes: you think he's happy. Little you know! He has just discovered that he's the only man there with a black tie on.

When a woman's head-gear gets out of date, she rescues from the wreck the pompons and the plumes, the buckles and the bugles, ribbons, rosettes, glass cherries, and muslin buds—all kinds of ornamental junk that she can use another time. She can pull and yank the wire frame into the very latest style; nobody'll ever know the difference. But between last season's silk hat and this season's there is je-e-e-est a little mite of difference that defies all making over. The little more, and oh, how much it is! No guilty wretch caught in the act of stealing sheep can possibly feel more like a sneak than the man caught wearing a last year's hat. And if he doesn't feel that way, the more shame to him! He ought to.

Have you ever felt that awful sense of gone-ness when you looked over an old album and saw a likeness of yourself taken at the age when you were all wrapped up in styles, and "what they're wearing now"? Heavens to

Betsy! Did I look that way? I, who have my faults, I must admit; I, who never pretended to be an Apollo, but— Am I the gone gump that makes me out to be? Give me that thing. Give it to me, I say. What am I going to do with it? Why, what should I do with it but tear it into little bits and burn the bits?

And they won't let you have it. They say it is a good likeness of you, and they're always going to keep it; wouldn't part with it for anything. Of course, we weren't so foolish as we looked; 'twas just the way they dressed us. But why, for mercy's sake, did they dress us that way?

I have one of those old-fashioned photographs that antedate the album. It is in a little, square, hard, shiny, embossed black case, sumptuously lined with stamped red cotton velvet. The picture itself is wonderfully soft and clear. All that mars it is where the "artist" has dabbed on a lick or two of gold paint to call attention to the breastpin of the young woman and the watch-chain of the elderly gentleman who sits beside her, his every lineament expressing: "What if I am a proud daddy? Who has a better reason?" Right-spang in the middle of each face is the very identical nose I'm wearing now, the nose of which I am so vain. I got it from my mother, she got it from her father (as the ambrotype will prove), and I suppose, though I don't know for sure, he got it from his mother, she in turn from her father, and so on indefinitely into the past. I do not doubt that nose of mine has been dodging back and forth, from father to daughter, and from mother to son, for endless ages. I can't prove it, for we have always been poor folks, and couldn't afford to have a painter in.

TOO GOOD A LIKENESS

And even if we had. . . . Well, I tell you. If my ancestors had felt as I do about that nose, they would have said, after the man had got through with the job: "Um-m-m-m. Well, I dunno. Er—er— Say! Can't you fix that somehow so's it won't— I had no idea that it— Oh, it can't be quite as bad as all that; it simply cannot be— I d'know's I want to pay for such a job o' work as that. Makes me look like the Old Scratch in a hail-storm. Course, I want it to be a *likeness*, but land o' Goshen, man! Eh? What do you think?"

We must assume the artist was a normal artist, that is, hard up. Across his mind flits

what the grocer said to him that morning: "Couldn't you let me have a little *something* on that bill of yours? I don't want to shut right down on you, you know, but I've got some obligations I must meet," and so forth and so on. You know. The artist's trouser-legs are fringy, and in his coat pocket is a letter from the tailor that made the suit. The letter is a statement, and on the lower left-hand corner the tailor has written and underscored the word, "Please." The landlord got red-faced and loud-mouthed when he told the artist he'd give him till the fifteenth to pay the rent for the last two months or he'd throw him into the street. Right into the street, sir!

AN EDITED NOSE

And his wife had said only that morning when he started for my ancestral halls: "I don't know what's going to become of us. It just seems as if I'd go crazy when I think of it. There's four-eighty-four we owe the butcher, and the milk-bill for last month isn't paid yet. And look at my shoes, will you? My feet right *on the ground!* I wish there was something I could do. I just worry and worry all the time. Why don't you paint something that will *sell*? Oh, Art nothing! Give 'em what they want. What do *you* care?"

The artist, remembering these things, smiles at my ancestor a sickish smile, and says, "Well, perhaps I could remedy that," and he so favors that unesthetic feature that if I walked down the echoing galleries of my ancestral home, comparing generation after generation of the noses on hand-painted portraits; noses that, in a manner of speaking, had their best foot foremost; noses that had been toned down a trifle, minimized, edited, even mercerized, I fear I should lose confidence in my theory of the Conservation of the "Conk."

I hold the album in my hands—and muse. Housed in tawdry, tarnished splendor, somehow embodied in those smug and smirking portraits is a mysterious power that gives clairvoyant vision. The past reveals itself; as in a glass, darkly, that which is to come is adumbrated. Some slender comprehension of the age that even now is ending, some inkling of the age that even now is here—both of these are mine.

The century just ended, how wonderful its works! In its brief compass the world progressed as in no chiliad of sluggish years, each

like its fellow. Nothing at all about us is as it was a hundred years ago. Why should this century have achieved so much? The album tells us.

For the first time in history it became possible to get the truth, unminimized, unedited, unmercized. Take it or leave it; there it was. Previously we had it as others saw it, or thought they saw it, or wished it were, or wished us to believe it was. The artist's vision might be defective or his hand lack skill. More than that, he had to please his patron. But the sunlight's board is paid; it doesn't care what like the sitter's nose is. In a thousand ways the truth—even the unwelcome truth—was told us. College professors were compelled to duck Darwinian discussions or lose their jobs, but structures, bony or vascular, when ranged in their due order, told their tale, and feared not even the General Conference. Here is the truth. Take it or leave it: *but here it is!* Evidence, not testimony; facts, not "wisdom of the Fathers"; observation, not ratiocination; instruments of precise measurement, not syllogisms neatly framed. The century had the temperament of a mechanic, not a salesman's, not a noble's. That's how it did things.

The photograph is only one expression of an age so democratic at its heart that it aches to see a man holding himself superior to another.

"You are so skilled at catching likenesses," it sneers. "So long you've studied Art; so long you've practised painfully. You're a whole lot, you are! A clumsy lout that cannot draw straight lines shall make a better likeness in a second than you can in a day.

"You artisan—so strong and active at your handicraft—muscles as tough as whip-cord, hand so true and steady—you're a whole lot, you are. An engine that eats coal and water where you eat bread and meat shall do your work and never tire; machinery that never errs hoots with derision at your steady hand. You capable? A weak girl, dying of consumption, shall turn out a hundred times more and better work a day than you.

"You intellectual wonder, with your nose stuck in a book; you cannot drive a nail, but you're a whole lot because so many years, so many dollars have been spent upon you, to fill your mind with languages you cannot speak, with treatises on How to Lead the Blind, compiled by all the leading blind men, from Aristotle down. I'll make schools

free where any ragged youngster may get a real education, dated somewhat later than 1550.

"You financiers, captains of industry, pillars of society, without whose money we cannot stir hand nor foot. You're a whole lot, too. I'll show you how to found gigantic enterprises on mere water. What is your capital? A prospect that looks good. 'Stewards of wealth,' your best apologists have called you. Stewards, eh? I think I'll audit your accounts."

Photography is a great leveler. It tells king and clodhopper, impartially, just how the other looks (he's not so much!) and how he ties his necktie, so that the one may be as like the other as one pea is like another, if so he wishes. I have a picture of the Bishop of London at the entrance to that great church which stands at the head of Wall Street. It is a good likeness of his lordship; it is a better likeness of his office-boy-ship, who has thrust his mocking mug into the focus.

What is the purpose of the age? What is the purpose of the photograph? Many's the long year that's passed since last you saw your Uncle Ezra and Aunt Huldah in the flesh, before they moved out to Nebraska. Yet you know how they looked last summer when they had their pictures taken, they and your Cousin Will, and 'Mandy, whom you've never seen, and 'Mandy's baby, the cutest little thing! You've never so much as smelled salt water, yet you've seen the King of Spain ride through the streets of Paris, watched him flick the ashes from his cigarette, and noticed that his carriage-horses switch their tails like any other horses. In your parlor Caruso sings *Una Furtiva Lagrima* for you as often as you like, and boo-boos as he comes down from high A-flat just as he would if you were sitting in "the golden horseshoe."

What is the purpose of all these wonderful inventions of the age—the telephone, the ocean cable, the new device whereby men jet their words across the broad Atlantic through the pale air? By nature your life is brief: for a few years only your personality reaches to your arm's length, to the few yards your voice will carry, to the few miles your eye can dart. What is the purpose of the age but to extend your personality till it is world-wide and age-enduring?

It is cope that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly. We are to know the truth, and the truth is to make us free.



Out from the red west staggers a ship.
 Slow creeps a cloud.
 It leans to the sea a livid lip
 And its breath is loud.
 Like a beast to the pounder it stealthily crawls
 And sudden it heaps and flashes and falls.
 And the mist's turned shroud.

There are six hills stand to the sea
 To their heads in foam;
 And one is a cross and a stunted tree,
 And one is home.
 And haycocks' tess on the other three—
 Tess like the cockle out at sea
 Where the white waves' comb.

Two men lie on the littered beach
 Dying and dead;
 Who knows if their outflung arms beseech
 The cross overhead?
 The withered tree is uplorn on the shore,
 The home is dark for evermore.
 And the west is red.

The Storm

by
Algernon Cassin-





AS LONG AS HE WAS NOT TOO FULL TO WALK, HE WAS NOT TOO FULL TO EAT.

From the Teeth of the Tide

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Author of "The Heart that Knows," "The Hunters of the Silences," etc.

Illustrations by Philip R. Goodwin

HITHERTO, ever since he had been old enough to leave the den, the mother bear had been leading her fat black cub inland, among the tumbled rocks and tangled spruce and pine, teaching him to dig for tender roots and nose out grubs and beetles from the rotting stumps. To-day, feeling the need of saltier fare, she led him in the opposite direction, down through a cleft in the cliffs, and out across the great, red, glistening mud-flats left bare by the ebb of the terrific Fundy tides.

From the secure warmth of his den the cub had heard, faint and far off, the waves thundering along the bases of the cliffs, when the tide was high and the great winds drew heavily in from sea. The sound had always made him afraid; and to-day, though there was no wind, and the tide was so far out that it made no noise but a soft whisper, silken

and persuasive, he held back with babyish timidity, till his mother brought him to his senses with an unceremonious cuff on the side of the head. With a squall of grieved surprise he picked himself up, shaking his head as if he had a bee in his ear, and then made haste to follow obediently, close at his mother's huge black heels.

From the break in the cliffs, where the bears came down, ran a ledge of shelving rocks on a long, gradual slant across the flats toward the edge of low water. The tide was nearing the last of the ebb; and now, the slope of the shore being very gradual, and the difference between high and low water in these turbulent channels something between forty and fifty feet, the lapsing fringes of the ebb, yellow-tawny with silt, were a good three-quarters of a mile away from the foot of the cliffs. The vast spaces between were

smooth, oily, copper-red mud, shining and treacherous in the sun, with the narrow black outcrop of the ledge drawn across on so gentle a slant that before it reached the water it was running almost on a parallel with the shoreline.

Along this rocky edge the old bear led the way, pausing to nose at a patch of seaweed here and there or to glance shrewdly into the shallow pools among the rocks. The cub obediently followed her example, though doubtless with no idea of what he might hope to find. But the upper stretches of the ledge, near high-water mark, offered nothing to reward their quest, having been dry for several hours, and long ago thoroughly gone over by earlier foragers. So the bears pushed on down toward the lower stretches, where the ledges were still wet, and the long, black-green weed-masses still dripping, and where the limpet-covered protuberances of rock still oozed and sparkled.

With her iron-hard claws the mother bear scraped off a quantity of these limpets, and crushed them between her jaws with relish, swallowing the salty juices.

Clumsily, the cub tried to imitate her, but the limpets defied his too tender claws, so he ran to his mother, thrust her great head aside, and greedily licked up a share of her scrapings. The sea flavor tickled his palate, but the rough, hard shells exasperated him. They hurt his gums, so that he merely rolled them over in his mouth, sucked at them a few moments, then spat them out indignantly. His mother thereupon forsook the unsatisfactory limpets, and went prowling on toward the water's edge in search of more satisfying fare. As they left the limpets, a gaunt figure in gray homespun, carrying a rifle, appeared on the crest of the cliffs above, caught sight of them, and hurriedly took cover behind an overhanging pine.

It was the young woodsman's first impulse to try a long shot at the hulking black shape so conspicuous out on the ledge, against the bright water. He wanted a bearskin, even if the fur was not just then in prime condition. But more particularly he wanted the cub, to tame and play with if it should prove amenable, and to sell, ultimately, for a good amount, to some traveling show. On consideration, he decided to lie in wait among the rocks till the rising tide should drive the bears back to the upland. He exchanged his steel-nosed cartridges for the more deadly mushroom-tipped, filled his pipe, and lay

back comfortably against the pine trunk, to watch, through the thin green frondage, the foraging of his intended prey.

The farther they went down the long slant of the ledge, the more interested the bears became. Here the crows and gulls had not had time to capture all the prizes. There were savory blue-shelled mussels clinging under the tips of the rocks; plump, spiral whelks between the oozy tresses of the seaweed; orange starfish and bristly sea-urchins in the shallow pools. All these dainties had shells that the cub's young teeth could easily crush, and they yielded meaty morsels that made beetles and grubs seem very meager fare. Moreover, in the salty bitter of this sea-fruit there was something marvelously stimulating to the appetite. From pool to pool the old bear wandered on, lured ever by richer prizes just ahead; and the cub, stuffed till his little stomach was like a black, furry ball, no longer frisked and tumbled, but waddled along beside her with eyes of shining expectancy. As long as he was not too full to walk, he was not too full to eat such delicacies as these. The fascinating quest led them on and on till at last they found themselves at the water's edge.

By this time they had traveled a long way from the cleft in the cliffs by which they had come down from the uplands. A good half-mile of shining mud separated them, in a direct line, from the cliff base. And the woodsman on the height, as he watched them, muttered to himself: "Ef that old b'ar don't look out, the tide's a-goin' to ketch her afore she knows what she's about! 'Most wish I'd 'a' socked it to her afore she got so fur out—Jiminy! She's seed her mistake now! The tide's turned."

While bear and cub had their noses and paws busy in a little dry pool, on a sudden a long, shallow, muddy-crested wave had come hissing up over their feet and filled the pool to the brim with its yellow flood. Lifting her head sharply, the old bear glanced at the far-off cliffs, and at the mounting tide. Instantly realizing the peril, she started back at a slow, lumbering amble up the long, long path by which they had come; and the cub started, too, at a brave gallop—not behind her, for he was too much afraid of the hissing yellow wave, but close at her side, between her sheltering form and the shore. He felt that she could in some way ward off or subdue the cold and terrifying monster.

For perhaps two minutes the cub struggled

on gamely, although, owing to the fact that at this point their path was almost parallel with the water, the fugitives made no perceptible gain, and the rising wave was on their heels every instant. Then the greedy feeding produced its effect. The little fellow's wind failed him completely. With a whimper of pain and fright he dropped back upon his haunches and waited for his mother to save him.

The old bear turned, bounced back, and cuffed him so smartly that he found breath enough to utter a loud squall and go stumbling forward for another score of yards. Then he gave out again, and sank upon his too distended stomach, whimpering piteously.

This time the mother seemed to perceive that his case was serious, and her anxious wrath subsided. She licked him assiduously for a few seconds, whining encouragement, till at last he got upon his feet again, trembling. The yellow flood was now lapping on the ledge all about them. But a rod or two farther on, the rocks bulged up a couple of feet above the surrounding slope. Thrusting the exhausted youngster ahead of her with nose and paws, the old bear gained this point of temporary vantage; and then, worried and frightened, sat down upon her haunches and stared all around her, as if trying to decide what should be done. The cub lay flat, with legs outstretched and mouth wide open, panting.

The tide, meanwhile, was mounting so swiftly that in a few moments the rise of rocks had become almost an island. The ledge was covered before them as well as behind, and the only way still open lay straight over the glistening mud. The old bear looked at it, and whined, knowing its treacheries. And the woodsman, watching with eager interest from the cliffs, muttered:

"Take to it, ye old bug-eater! Ther' ain't nawthin' else left fer ye to do!"

This was apparently the conclusion of the old bear herself; for now, after licking and nuzzling the cub for a few seconds till he stood up, she stepped boldly off the rock and started out over the coppery flats. The cub, having apparently recovered his wind, followed briskly—probably much heartened by the fact that his progress was in a direction away from the alarming waves.

There was desperate need of haste, for when they left the rocky rise the tide was already slipping around upon the flats beyond it. Nevertheless, the old bear moved

with deliberation. She could not hurry the cub; and she had to choose her path. By some instinct, or else by some peculiar keenness of observation, she seemed to detect the "honey-pots," or deep pockets of slime, that lay concealed beneath the uniformly shining surface of the mud; for here she would make an aimless detour, losing many precious seconds, and there she would side-step suddenly, for several paces, and shift her course to a new parallel. Outside the "honey-pots," the mud was soft and tenacious to a depth varying from a few inches to a couple of feet, but with a hard clay foundation beneath the slime. Through this clinging red ooze the old bear, with her huge strength, made her way without difficulty; but the cub, in a few moments, began to find himself terribly hampered. His fur collected the mud. His little paws sank easily, and at each step it grew harder to withdraw them. At last, chancing to stagger aside from his mother's spacious tracks, he sank to his belly in the rim of a "honey-pot."

Panic-stricken, he floundered vainly, his nose high in the air and his eyes shut tight, while his mother, unconscious of what had happened, plowed doggedly onward. Presently he opened his eyes. His mother was now perhaps ten or a dozen feet ahead, apparently deserting him. Right behind, lapping up to his very tail, was the crawling wave. A heart-broken howl burst from his throat.

At that cry the old bear came dashing back, red mud half-way up her flanks and plastered all over her shaggy chest. Taking in the situation at a glance, she seized the cub by the nape of the neck with her teeth, and tried to drag him free. But he squealed so lamentably that she realized that the hide would yield before the mud would. The attempt had taken time, too, and the tide was now well up in the fur of his back. Thrusting her paw down beneath his haunches she tore him clear with a mighty wrench and a loud sucking of the baffled mud. That stroke sent him head over heels some ten feet nearer safety. By the time he had picked himself up, pawing fretfully at the mud that bedaubed his face and half blinded him, his mother was close behind him, nosing him along and lifting him forward skilfully with her fore paws.

The slope of the flats was now so gradual as to be almost imperceptible; and the tide, therefore, seemed to be racing in with fiercer

haste, as if in wrath at being so long balked of its prey. Engrossed in her efforts to push the cub forward, the mother now lost some of her fine discrimination in regard to the "honey-pots." She pushed the cub straight into one; but jerked him back unceremoniously before the mud had time to get any grip upon him. Pausing for a moment to scrutinize the oozy expanse, she thrust the little animal furiously along to the left, searching for a safe passage. Before she could find one, however, the tide was upon them, their feet splashing in the thin, yellow wavelets.

A broken soap-box, tossed overboard from some ship, came washing up, and stranded just before them. With a whimper of delight, as if he thought the box a safe refuge, the cub scrambled upon it; but his mother ruthlessly tumbled him off and hustled him onward, floundering and splashing.

"Ye'll hev to swim fer it, old woman!" growled the now excited watcher behind the pine-tree on the cliff.

As the creeping flood by this time overspread the ooze for a couple of yards ahead of them, the mother could no longer discriminate as to what lay beneath it. She could do nothing now but dash ahead blindly. Catch-

ing up the cub between her jaws in a grip that made him squeal, she launched herself straight toward shore, hardly daring to let her feet rest an instant where they touched. Fortune favored her in this rush. She got ahead of the tide. She gained upon it, perhaps twice her body's length. Then she paused, to drop the cub. But the pause was fatal. She began to sink instantly. She had come upon a "honey-pot" of stiffer consistency than the rest, which had sustained her while she was in swift motion, but now, in return for that support, clutched her in a grip the more inexorable. With all her huge strength she strained to wrench herself clear. But in vain. She had no purchase. There was nothing to put forth her strength upon. In her terror and despair she squealed aloud, with her snout high in air as if appealing to the blank, blue, empty sky. The cub, terror-stricken, strove to clamber upon her back.

That harsh cry of hers, however, was but the outburst of one moment's weakness. The next moment the indomitable old beast was striving silently and systematically to release herself. She would wrench one great forearm clear, lift it high, and feel about for a solid foundation beneath the ooze. Failing



THRUSTING THE EXHAUSTED YOUNGSTER AHEAD OF HER, THE OLD BEAR GAINED THIS POINT OF VANTAGE.



SHE SAT DOWN TO REST, CLUTCHING THE YOUNGSTER CLOSELY IN ONE GREAT FOREARM.

in this, she would yield that paw to the enemy again, tear the other loose, and feel about for a foothold in another direction. At the same time she drew out her body to its full length, and lay flat, so that she might gain as much support as possible by distributing her weight. Because of this sagacity, and because the mire at this point had more substance than in most of the other "honey-pots," she made a good fight, and almost, but not quite, held her own. By the time the tide had once more overtaken her, she had sunk but a little way, and was still far from giving up the unequal struggle.

Yet, for all the great beast's strength and valor and devotion, there could have been but one end to that brave battle, and mother and cub would have disappeared, in a few minutes more, under the stealthy, whispering onrush of the flood, had not the whimsical Providence—or Hazard—of the Wild come curiously to their aid. Among the jetsam of those restless Fundy tides, almost anything that will float may appear, from a match-box to a barn. What appeared just now was a big spruce log, escaped from the boom on some river emptying into the bay. It came softly wallowing in, lipped by the little waves, and passed close by the nose of the old bear, where she struggled, with the water up to her shoulders.

Quick as thought she flashed up a heavy paw, caught the log by one end, and pulled the butt under her chest. The purchase thus gained enabled her to free the other paw—and in a few seconds more the weight of the fore part of her body was on the end of the log, forcing it down to the mud. Greedy as that mud was, it was yet incapable of engulfing a full-grown spruce timber quickly enough to defeat the bear's purpose. Stretching far forward on the submerged log, she strained her muscles to their utmost, and slowly drew her hind quarters free from the deadly grip that held them. Then, seizing in her jaws the cub,

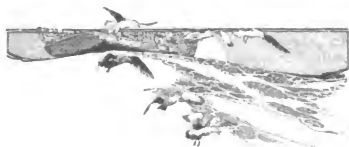
which was swimming and whimpering beside her, she carefully felt her way farther along the log, and sat down upon it to rest, clutching the youngster closely in one great forearm.

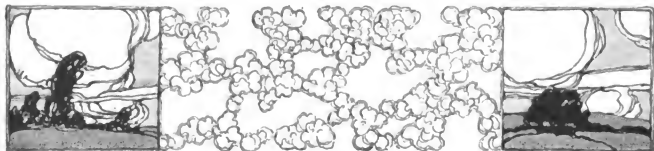
Not till the tide had risen nearly to her neck did the mother move again. She was recovering her strength. Utterly daunted by the peril of the "honey-pots," she chose rather to trust the tide itself. At last, catching the cub again by the back of the neck, she swam for the shore. The tide was now within a couple of hundred yards of the bases of the cliffs, and lapping upon solid, sun-baked clay. The strong flood helping her, she swam fast, though laboriously by reason of the burden in her teeth. Soon her hinder feet struck ground—but she was afraid to trust it, and nervously drew them up beneath her. A few moments more and she felt undeniably firm footing; whereupon she plunged forward with a rush, and never paused, even to drop the squirming cub, till she was above high-water mark.

When, at last, she set the little beast down, she was in such a hurry to get away from the shore and back into the secure green woods that she would not trust him to follow her, as usual, but drove him on ahead, as fast as he could move, toward the cleft in the cliffs. As they turned up the rugged trail, her haste relaxed, and she went more slowly, but still driving the cub ahead of her, that she might be quite sure that the "honey-pots" would not reach up and clutch at him again.

As the muddy, weary, bedraggled, pathetic-looking pair passed within tempting range of the pine-tree on the cliff-top, the woodsman instinctively threw forward his rifle. But the next moment he dropped it, with a slight flush, and gave a quick glance around him as if he feared that unseen eyes might have taken note of the gesture.

"Hell!" he muttered, "I'd 'a' been no better'n a murderer 'f I'd 'a' gone an' plugged the old girl now!"





Little Stories of Real Life

OPAL'S CHANCE

By Bessie R. Hoover

OPAL'S never had no real chanct till now," said her father, one Friday evening, "and I want her to git all the eddication she can."

His daughter Opal sat studying listlessly, for her head ached and her eyes smarted from overstrain.

"But her stayin' out so much afore wa'n't nothin' that could be helped—'pears like," declared Ma Flickinger, a thin, stooped woman with a worried face. "Opal's sisters' babies had to be took care of; but now Beulah's gettin' bigger, and Grandpaw Peebles helps with Jule's twins, and Butch is old enough to go to school, Opal has more chanct to go regular. And I want her to go right through and graduate when other girls of her age does."

"Then she'll have to hustle," stated Pa Flickinger, upon whom it had just begun to dawn that Opal was behind other children of her age at school. For now, with better pay and less work, since a recent promotion at the factory, he had a little leisure to notice his youngest child; and he found himself looking at Opal with a father's natural solicitude, and wishing to make up for the past neglect.

"And ain't she a-hustlin'," asked his wife, "when she's a-takin' two grades at onct—the one she failed in last year, and the one ahead? And I want Opal to graduate with a white dress, and flowers, and presents, and—yes, *white gloves*, too, if the other girls has 'em. Opal's never had nothin' like other girls afore."

"And she's naturally a little back'ard, havin' to stay out so much," put in her father; "but it don't make no difference if she don't graduate till she's forty."

"It does, too, make a difference," contradicted his wife sharply; "Opal ought to graduate when Fernie Bistle does—Fernie's jest Opal's age."

Other years Opal had thought it a bitter shame that she had been obliged to stay out so much; but now, when difficult lessons loomed up ahead, she caught herself longing for a day's release. It never came, though nothing ever interfered with the weary cramming of the monotonous months.

"Did you git good marks this month, Opal?" questioned her mother.

"Not very," answered the tired girl; "I get the two grades mixed up so."

"Nobody's fault but your own," snapped Ma Flickinger. "Put your mind on your lessons more."

"I do try to; but I get so tired doin' both," sighed Opal.

"Well, mebbe 'you do," conceded her mother; "but keep on studyin'. Even if your head is all muddled up at night, it'll clear in the mornin', and you'll probably remember somethin' you learned, anyway."

"But I stayed out so much other years that I never learned anything right," complained Opal.

"I should 'a' thought somethin'd 'a' stuck by you," retorted Ma.

"Opal's lookin' a little peaked'er'n usual, ain't she?" inquired her father.

"Land, no; she always looks like a dyin' ghost; she's strong enough. When was Opal ever sick?"

"She don't look stubbed, someway, to me," contended her father.

"Our class party's to-night," put in Opal timidly.

"Well, what of that? You know you can't go; you got to study."

"But to-night's Friday—" began Opal.

"You have to study every night to keep up."

"But they don't have 'em but onct a month."

"Jest onct toe often," maintained Ma. "Stop teasin'."

"I could come home early——"

"Shut up," commanded Ma angrily.

"Opal, you're gettin' spunkier'n tunket."

"But I never go nowheres," said Opal, almost in tears.

"And, Ma, it makes a kid feel as dull as a last year's bird's nest 'left bloomin' alone never to go nowheres," stated her father emphatically.

"But them parties takes the young ones' minds off'n their lessons," declared Ma.

"Opal, take a holt of that there joggerfy and go to boundin' Africy—you said that was your lesson."

Opal obediently bounded Africa, and more than one crooked black line swelled moistly into a lake-like mirage through her dismal tears. Then she took her arithmetic, and patiently tried to memorize a long, complicated rule of whose practical application she had not even the most hazy conception. When the clock struck nine, her mother sent her to bed.

The next day, when Pa Flickinger came home from work, Opal was not at the supper-table. "Where's Opal?" he carelessly inquired.

"Opal's sick abed," informed her mother; "she's been tossin' and turnin' all day, worryin' about her lessons. Where you goin'?"

"After the doctor," answered Pa, in a daze, his hand on the door.

"Set down and eat. I've had the doctor. She's got a fever."

"That young one has been studyin' too much," said Pa grimly. "You can see now what comes of your everlastin' stuffin' of books."

"It wa'n't the study at all," flared Ma; "it's somethin' she et. She wa'n't never sick afore."

But Opal, worn out by overstudy, lay with a burning fever; and her starved spirit, which had nearly always been denied the

natural pleasures of childhood, fought for life in her frail body, unconscious of all that was going on about her. The doctor said that she had probably been breaking down for some time, and that he should have been called sooner.

And the whole house lay as silent and as orderly as if death were already there. The small living-room, which had been wont to resound with high-pitched, uncouth voices, the clumping tread of heavy boots, and the clack of hard heels, was almost echoless now.

Where every-day life had found the Flickinger family wordy, clamorous, quick to take offense, and almost brutal in exposing one another's weaknesses, this unexpected affliction found them harmonious. Nor was this softened home atmosphere in any way disturbed till one day when Jule, one of Opal's married sisters, strenuous, emotional, and bold-spoken always, came in to see the sick girl. Finding her father and mother and Jed, who had been summoned from the agricultural school, sitting disconsolately about the stove, she began to reproach them.

"You act as if Opal wa'n't dyin'," she accused them, crying.

"Hush, Jule," whispered Ma; "don't disturb her."

"She's too fur gone for anything to disturb her now," retorted Jule; "but you all act so wooden about it. It always was that way, though, where Opal was concerned. I see now that none of us never had no real

affection for her. Opal always lived on the aidge of things. She never went nowheres—never even played like other children—never had no real schoolin' till this year; and now, just as she's growin' up into a young lady as fast as she can, you crowd so much book learnin' onto her that you've killed her.

"And her brothers, Bill and Jed, scarcely ever had a decent word to say to her," continued Jule; "and Pa, here, he never acted as if Opal was his little girl. And what did us sisters ever do for her? Nothin'. Onct she ast me to sew a doll's dress for her, and



"OPAL, YOU'RE GETTIN' SPUNKIER'N TUNKET."

I wouldn't, nor Elvie wouldn't, nor Mandy wouldn't; and Ma heard her a-teasin' us, and she slapped Opal, and then we all laughed at her and poked fun at her, and said she was too big to play with dolls—and she wa'n't more'n a baby. Poor little Opal!" And Jule, drawing her old golf-cape over her face, sobbed noisily.

Nobody answered her; what was the use? She had only put into words what the others felt to be true.

While the child lay hovering between life and death, her mother never once gave up hope, but said over and over again, "Opal'll have her chanct yet," though her father was stolidly resigned, and waited drearily for the end.

And, as if held by her mother's strong will from the unknown, Opal, after slipping so far away from them, began slowly to mend; gradually, day by day, she crept a little nearer to life. As her strength returned, her mother's old ambition for her flared up anew, and Ma Flickinger began planning how soon Opal could go back to school, bent more than ever on the child's having her chance.

"How is Opal a-gettin' along?" Jule asked one day.

"She's a-eatin' everything she can lay hands on, as folks generally does after a fever, she's growin' like a weed, and she's a-goin' back to school ag'in next week," informed her mother happily.

"I hope Opal ain't a-goin' to begin stuffin' too much book learnin' ag'in," remarked Jule.

"How can a feller git too much book learnin'?" demanded Ma Flickinger sharply.

"Anybody can git more than they can take care of," affirmed Jule; "and a growin' young one's brain ain't as strong as a grown-up's. Grandpaw Peebles says the brain is sorter like a jug."

"Nonsense!" retorted Ma.

"And Grandpaw says you can fill that there little jug so full and no fuller, and if you keep a-pourin' in, the rest'll run over and git spilt."

"I dunno about that," objected Ma, not taking kindly to the pedagogical principles of Grandpaw Peebles; "it's always seemed to me that you couldn't git enough book eddication."

"But two grades is too much for Opal; it give her the fever afore," reminded Jule.

"She can jest as well put away two grades while she's puttin' away one," asserted her mother stubbornly. "I want Opal to graduate on time."

"Graduatins pretty doin's; but you'll have yourself to blame if Opal gits sick and dies." And with this warning Jule went home.

But when the morning came for Opal to return to school, her mother said with unwonted kindness: "You needn't study but one grade, Opal; take your old one. I dunno but two grades is too much for a growin' girl like you; Jule says it is. I don't want you gettin' sick on us ag'in."

"But I won't graduate on time then," said Opal, though there was no regret in her voice.

"I dunno's keepin' up with Fernie Bistle's any more than keepin' your health," observed her mother. "I dunno but I've been a-drivin' you too hard; but I never had no eddication myself, and it's kinder seemed to me as if you couldn't git too much."

"How's Opal feelin' already?" inquired Sophie Flickinger, Opal's Polish sister-in-law, one evening.

"Opal's a-gainin' in weight; her dinner-pail's empty every night; and she giggles more'n's pretty for a little girl."

"There ain't nothin' I like better'n to hear a kid laugh," remarked Opal's father.



"YOU ACT AS IF OPAL WA'N'T DYIN'," ACCUSED JULE.

"If you happen to feel good-natured yourself," qualified Ma Flickinger.

"And her teacher says she's a-doin' fine," smiled Ma. "She's gettin' one hundred continual in joggerfy; and her water-colors—well, say! Pa's took one little fruit scene, consistin' of two onions and a winter radish, down to be framed."

"Tain't bad for a kid's smearin'," admitted Pa apologetically.

"Ain't there a school party to-night?" asked Jed, who was home on a short vacation.

"Yes," answered Opal quickly; "and Ma said maybe I could go."

"But I don't believe you'd better," dissented her mother. "I'm always worryin' for fear you'll git sick ag'in; no, you can't go."

Nobody knew how Opal longed to go to the school party that night. There was a very special reason. Seftie Woods, also home from school for a few days, was expected to be there; and Seftie was the Prince Charming of Opal's small world. She trembled with excitement, hoping that her mother would relent at the last minute; for Ma Flickinger had been strangely kind since her illness.

There was a timid knock on the street door, and Ma Flickinger hurried to open it. On the threshold stood a boy of about Opal's age, but considerably shorter, with a very clean, fat, freckled face showing above a very high white collar. He was trussed in his best clothes; but his long overcoat and knee-breeches made him look suspiciously like a Brownie.

"Is Miss Flickinger going to the party?" inquired the small, freckle-faced boy in a smaller, shaky voice.

"Me!" cried Ma in astonishment. "Land, no! Whatever put that into your head?"

"I mean Miss Opal Flickinger," the small boy managed to say.

"No, she ain't," snapped Ma, and slammed the door in the boy's face, remarking grimly: "That settles him."

"What kid's that?" inquired Pa.

"Willie Briggs," communicated Ma, in a

hard, rasping, disagreeable voice, as if Willie Briggs were a dangerous character.

"What'd he want?" asked Pa.

"I suppose he wanted to take Opal to the party."

"No particular harm in that," returned Pa.

"But to have a little feller as bold as brass and no bigger'n a pint jug inquire for Mis' Flickinger—it give me a turn. How long's this thing been goin' on between you and that freckle-face?" demanded Opal's mother.

"Fernie Bistle said he should come for me; I didn't have anything to do about it," protested Opal, who had a strong antipathy to Willie Briggs.

"Aw, Opal's tickled to death," teased Jed.

"Willie Briggs has been sweet on Opal ever since they were in the first grade. He gives her candy hearts, and lead-pencils, and——"

"What!" cried Ma, amazed at this awful condition of affairs. "Are you as thick as all that with Willie Briggs? Let that be your last beau."

"But Willie Briggs is a nice little boy," said Sophie.

"Sure, he's a Sunday-school lad," supplemented Pa.

"Cradle-roll?" Ma spoke sarcastically.

"I dunno how he's hooked up as to classes; but he's a pious little joss," testified Pa.

"He ain't no worse for that," admitted Ma.

"I think it would be nice if Opal could go to the party," said Sophie.

"Let 'er go, Ma," recommended Jed, whose absence from home had, unaccountably to himself, softened him toward the whole family.

"I've got most of my lessons for Monday," put in Opal.

"Well, it ain't so much the lessons, since you only take one grade; but you've been sick, and you'd better be careful. Besides, it don't look pretty for a little girl like you to have a beau."

"But you don't learn how to act stylish if you don't go into society none," claimed Sophie. "And she don't need to go with beaux. Let Jeddie take her over."

Opal looked appealingly at her mother.

"I suppose not goin' with Willie Briggs'll



J.W.A.

OPAL SCARCELY KNEW HERSELF.

spile your evenin'; but, if you've got to go, I'd rather you went with Jed. What say, Pa?"

"Well, her teacher's goin', and she's been invited with the rest," argued her father, "so I'd a leetle ruther she'd go."

"A body with an invite ought to go if it's a decent place, I suppose," relented Ma; "but remember, Opal, no beaux in this. I dunno, either; mebbe you'd better not go."

But Sophie had already hurried Opal upstairs to get ready; and with skilful dexterity she did her little sister-in-law's hair in a new way, rolling it high upon her head, and helped her into her best blue cashmere dress, which, being long enough and large enough, made Opal appear almost a young lady.

And Opal scarcely knew herself in the glass, she looked so pretty and so grown up. Her cheeks were flushed with excitement, and she wondered if Seftie Woods would choose her in any of the games.

"Be careful of your clothes," cautioned Ma Flickinger, when Opal came down-stairs. "Say 'yes'm' and 'no'm' and 'thank you, ma'am'; don't spill nothin' that's passed; and come home early."

Jed and Opal had gone scarcely a block when Willie Briggs, who must have been lurking in the neighborhood, if so disreputable a word could be applied to so correct an urchin, came bobbing around a corner and politely said:

"I'll escort Miss Opal the rest of the way to the party, Jed."

"Aw, you will, will you?" grunted Jed, glad of a chance to go back. "Then do it," and he went home.

Opal, mutely protesting against the unwelcome presence of the ubiquitous Willie, walked uncomfortably on. But this was nothing to her distress when Seftie Woods, tall, careless, towering far above Willie Briggs, passed them and sang out, "Hello, Briggs," and lifted his hat to Opal; then, recognizing her, involuntarily muttered, "Oh, gee!" but so loud that Opal overheard.

At the party, however, she resolutely detached herself from Willie. And the bright lights and the brisk games with her schoolmates had their effect on her. She was soon

having a good time, clouded only by the fear that she would have to eat supper with Willie Briggs.

But apparently some good fairy of unhappy and neglected children had been at work in Opal's behalf. For when supper-time came Seftie Woods, the most popular boy at the party, broke away from Fernie Bistle—who, gorgeous in an accordion-plaited red silk skirt and a fuzzy pompadour, had kept him an unwilling captive for some time—walked over to Opal, and asked *her* to eat supper with him. Nothing more was needed to crown Opal's happiness, and the remainder of the evening passed like a fairy tale, with Opal as the chosen princess.

"Does Briggs think he's going to take you home?" asked Seftie Woods at the close of the party.

"No!" replied Opal indignantly.

"But he brought you, you know," reminded Seftie.

"But he didn't have any business to; *I can't bear him*," said Opal with spirit.

"No harm in Briggs," commented Seftie graciously, when he and Opal were going home together.

"Willie is a *nice* little boy," agreed Opal, who could now afford to be generous.

"He's got a thousand Sunday-school cards saved in a shoe-box," contributed her escort; then they laughed.

As they reached Opal's home, Fernie Bistle passed with another girl, and called out: "I suppose Opal's having the time of her life."

"Oh, I don't know," answered Seftie serenely. And Opal, being human, enjoyed his remark.

"Who was sayin' good night to you out there?" questioned her mother suspiciously, when Opal came in.

"Seftie Woods," answered Opal obediently.

"And he happened to come along with you and the other girls, did he?" asked Ma. "The other girls wasn't with us."

Pa Flickinger and Jed, who were playing checkers, looked up and laughed.

"Now what's the matter?" demanded Ma.

"Opal's got another beau!" shouted Jed.

"A beau!" exclaimed Ma. "Do you



OPAL AS THE CHOSEN PRINCESS.

mean to say, Opal Flickinger, that that great rummox, Seftie Woods, come home with you on purpose? Pa, stop your laughin'; you ought to be worried. Here's Opal havin' two beaux in one evenin'."

"It's only a play party," returned Opal's father indulgently. "And Woods is a nice-lookin' lad."

"And he's jest as decent as he looks," declared Jed.

"I always thought Opal was goin' to be a kinder humbly, scraggy little thing," observed her father; "but she's growed up in a single night into a reg'lar young lady, prettier'n tunket."

"Pa, how you talk!" reproved his wife. "I never did believe in lettin' a young one know if they was good-lookin'. Well, if Opal's got to have a beau," she added, bowing to the inevitable, "I dunno but I'd ruther it'd be a well-favored chap like Seftie Woods; but probably it won't occur ag'in."

"Yes, it will; he's comin' home next month a-purpose to take me to the school party," burst out Opal, unable any longer to keep the wonderful fact to herself.

When Opal had gone to bed, her father said: "It does me good to see that there kid enjoyin' herself."

"Me, too," responded Ma Flickinger heartily. "And Opal's gettin' her chancet, after all, if it ain't quite the way I planned."

"Opal's chancet ain't for to make a bloomin' bookworm out'n herself," declared Pa Flickinger, "though we want her to git all the eddication she otherwise can; but it's to grow up natural, and happy, and—stubbed."

Anna had summoned him. For what? She must have been in terror—she might now be in terror, unable to cry out again. There, in the room across the hall, what was happening?

Abruptly he sat up. He must go to her, for she was a woman in need. That piteous call of "Horace!" was the call, if not of wife to husband, at least of woman to man. Besides, she was his wife, still. The ties between them might be practically broken, but they were not broken ethically. Involuntarily he remembered the hot, defiant "good night" that, in ironical civility, only a few hours before they had exchanged. But whatever the bitter things that he had said, whatever the bitter things that he had thought, nevertheless she was still his wife.

God! Suppose that she were suffering—what if some peril, actual or fancied, there in the darkness was holding her in bullying grip! His Anna—yes, *his* Anna, whom he had won, and taken, and whom he had cherished; whom he would protect now, the same as ever.

A rush of fierce, jealous rage seized him—the rage of the male animal aroused in defense of his mate. He threw back the covers, and swung his feet to the floor. Carefully he stood. In the midst of the other, keener regrets that crowded upon him,

he regretted, now, that he possessed no revolver; but Anna always had been timid about having



"HORACE!" SHE EXCLAIMED.
"WHAT IS IT?"

firearms in the house. And even while regretting this, he was sorry also that he had ever scoffed at her, and derided her timidity as a weakness. It was the feminine in her—and her femininity was her greatest charm. He hated a masculine woman. *His* wife, thank Heaven, was all feminine.

He stepped blindly, slowly, across the

THE CALL

By Edwin L. Sabin

WAKING with a start, out of his dream of her, he was certain that he had really heard Anna call him. It was as if the voice of the vision had become actual, suddenly to ring in his ears.

"Horace!" The cry was almost echoing.

He strained, listening. The blackness was as dense as India ink. He might have been enclosed in a light-tight cave, where reigned only velvety, ever-enduring night.

He fairly quivered with the intensity of his listening. Not a sound reached him, save the beating of his own heart; and yet his name was filling his ears.

chamber, feeling his way, and found the door. Should he speak to her? No, that would signal his approach and give the danger—whatever it might be—time to prepare. He wished to take the invader by surprise, assail it, throttle it, *kill* it. The desire burned within him to have whatever had frightened Anna in his hands. No monster could there be with which he would not grapple. Anna and he were to separate on the morrow, to go their independent ways; but the event should not be anticipated, and the idea that it *might* be was unbearable.

These thoughts, and a thousand others, thronged his mind as he made what seemed to him a tardy progress through the blackness of his room and the hall. Probably, in reality, not more than a minute or two had passed since he wakened. He safely reached the door of the opposite room, within which was his wife. He halted, and groped for the electric-light switch. His fingers encountered it, and closed about it. One breathless instant (what was to be revealed? what man's work was cut out for him, and waiting for him, in the chamber before?), and at his quick twist the room was flooded with light.

But to his staring, dazzled eyes was presented only Anna, his wife, half sitting against her pillow, staring back.

"Horace!" she exclaimed. "What is it?"

"Oh!" he stammered. "I thought you called me!" He stood awkwardly. "I'm sorry I wakened you."

"I was awake. I thought you called me. Didn't you?"

"Why, no. But I woke up under the impression that *you* had called." Her eyes were swollen; he knew that she had been crying. She must have cried herself to sleep, then. "I—I hope I didn't frighten you."

"Didn't you call to me, really?"

"No."

"Oh, Horry—and I thought you did! I thought you were in trouble, and I was coming to help you."

"Thank you, dear," he said, simply. "And I was coming to help *you*." He fingered the switch, irresolutely. "You won't be—afraid, any more, if I put out the light?"

"Horry!" Her lips trembled like a pleading child's—and suddenly he was kneeling by the bed. "You thought you heard me, and you came. You came, didn't you?"

"Yes, I came, sweetheart," he assured her, brokenly.

"Perhaps," she said, with strange, shy diffidence, "we called each other—in our sleep; and we each heard." She flushed. Gazing upon her hungrily, he was smitten with the girlish, tender look of her.

"Oh, Horry!" she faltered, with a sob, "supposing that some time one should call—with the heart—and the other should *not* hear! Wouldn't that be dreadful?"

"Dearest, dearest!" he murmured, his arms about her; "it must never, never be. To-night has taught us. We need each other so."

She clung to him; they had learned the pettiness of anger and jealousy and pique, in the light of that perfect love which includes mutual charity and forbearance.

Prescience

By ARTHUR STRINGER

THE sting of it all," you said, as you stooped low over your roses,
 "The worst of it is, when I think of Death,
 That Spring by Spring the Earth shall still be beautiful,
 And Summer by Summer be lovely again,
 —And I shall be gone!"

"I would not care, perhaps," you said, watching your roses,
 "If only 'twere dust and ruin and emptiness left behind!
 But the thought that Earth and April
 Year by casual year
 Shall waken around the old ways, soft and beautiful,
 Year by year when I am away,
 —This, this breaks my heart!"

STRAIGHT TALK

If at any time there are statements in *EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE* which you believe to be incorrect, or views expressed to which you take exception, or subjects discussed upon which you can throw additional light, write to us. We shall not be able to publish all the letters. Do not write at too great length. We may use excerpts from your letter and sign your initials unless otherwise instructed. For every letter which we are able to publish we will present the writer, as evidence of our appreciation and in no sense as compensation, with a year's subscription to *EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE*, to be sent to the writer of the letter, or to any one selected by the writer.—THE EDITOR.

A LUMBERMAN'S TESTIMONY

I have just finished reading Emerson Hough's article, "The Slaughter of the Trees," in the May *EVERYBODY'S*, and was very much interested, as I am an employee of a large lumber company and have witnessed many acts of ruthless waste and vandalism in connection with lumbering operations.

Two years ago the Louisiana and Arkansas Railway was opened between Sibley and Alexandria, a distance of one hundred and ten miles, traversing as fine a belt of yellow pine as there was in the South. Now there is practically no timber along this line; instead, the whole country is utterly desolate—desolate as only pine hills can be after being devastated of their trees. The growth on this land is so sparse that it is insufficient to protect the soil; consequently the land is being rapidly washed away, thus destroying both forests and the land on which they grow at the same time.

This is not the only instance, but is the rule.

I certainly hope that *EVERYBODY'S* may see fit to publish a series of articles on this subject arousing the people to such a keen realization of its importance that they will make demands of Congress that even "Uncle Joe" will not dare ignore.

A. B.

THE COST OF KILLING THE TREES

The writer comes from a family of pioneers—men who hewed their way from East to West. I can vouch personally for a great deal that Emerson Hough has told in "The Slaughter of the Trees." My own people were with Shevlin and others when these master spirits consummated their "deals," and by their "artless ways" transferred the magnificent forests of Uncle Sam to their own guardianship, transformed the trees into ducats, and the forests into howling wastes of desolation. I stood in the forests of Michigan only a few years ago, and gazed in amazement at wonderful examples of natural beauty and wealth; a few years later I saw this transformed

to worthless expanses of ruined land. I know of one acre of white pine sold a short time ago for \$6,000 that was bought less than forty years ago for \$1.25 in the same place—Du Bois, Pennsylvania. To-day, annual floods sweep down upon the town and fairly bury it for days at a time.

It is perhaps in retribution that, while my forebears were slaughterers of trees, I am a planter of them. We are finding it increasingly difficult to get forest-tree seeds for our work. Last year they were almost entirely destroyed by one of the frosts that now will rapidly increase in destructive force as our forests disappear; along with cyclones, floods, hot winds, and droughts.

Heyburn, Idaho.

G. C. T.

UNFAIR TO JOHNSON

I read with deeper interest Mr. Russell's *John-sonia* in the current issue of your magazine, because of the fact that I had interviewed the same man, sitting in the same chair, but a week or so earlier. Naturally, I was glad to see that so distinguished a writer as Mr. Russell saw Governor Johnson through so nearly the same eyes as I saw him.

However, I think it pretty tolerably unfair to make a prejudgmental (I just made that word, so don't fool with it till it gets cold) statement of doubt as to the man's honesty when the temptations attendant upon further honors should have come to him—if come to him they should. Mr. Russell injects into his article an element of doubt as to the man's integrity, when he intimates that the forces of "predatory wealth" may have found in him their tool—their ostensibly honest but unconsciously dishonest tool—for hoodwinking the people.

We are taught that it is wrong to judge our fellow man at all, so it seems to me that to judge the man in advance, even against the indications his previous record have given out, is especially flagrant in the eyes of our Common Parent and of all other lovers of fair play.

It is my personal opinion that Governor Johnson is honest, broad-minded, and capable of expansion of views under the developing influence of greater responsibilities. I say this after making due allowance for all the enthusiasm I had for the man after meeting him once, though I am a Republican, and not profoundly interested in the question of the Democratic nominee. I believe that a man who has won out through the critical stages of his career (the formative period) by being direct and sincere and level-eyed toward his neighbors, who have always been the X-ray-seeing common people of the small country village—I believe that such a man cannot, without undergoing some sort or degree of moral and physical debauchery, lend himself to dishonesty or a betrayal of the interests of those he would have to face if he went back home. And Johnson is the type of man to whom "back home" will always be a vital phrase, I believe.

However, it was not my purpose in writing this letter to obtrude my views of the man, but to file my little, good-tempered but earnest protest against prejudging unfavorably a man who has always been clean and honest, and whose record has been anti-corporation in everything he has touched that pertained to corporate combination. As to his authority for the damaging intimation, Mr. Russell might well be asked, "Where did you get it, gentleman?" I approved of the Russell-Johnson battle thoroughly, except for the imputation that seemed to me unjust and uncharitable.

Chicago, Ill.

S. W. G.

JOHNSON'S MEASURES

In the April number of *EVERYBODY'S*, in the article on Governor Johnson, I note that Mr. Russell gives the governor credit for the two-cent rate, the anti-pass laws, and reciprocal demurrage. Here are some facts that will explain a few of the things that Johnson's friends are pretending he accomplished. Admitting that he alluded favorably to some of these measures on the stump, when the legislature of 1905 met during Governor Johnson's first term: why did he not have some friend or member of his party introduce such bills? Senator F. H. Peterson, a Republican, introduced a two-cent fare and anti-pass bill in the Senate, and the writer introduced a similar bill in the House. There was a hard fight in the railroad committees, and the Democratic members remained passive. Senator Peterson's bill failed to pass the Senate; my bill passed the House but failed in the Senate. But our friends throughout the state took up the fight, and when the Republican state convention met I was on the committee on resolutions, and through a talk made by Joel P. Heatwole of Northfield before the committee, explaining the necessity of such action, the two-cent fare and anti-pass plank went into the Repub-

lican state platform for the first time. We succeeded in electing members to the legislature pledged to these measures, and the legislature of 1907 passed the laws.

It was the same as to the reciprocal demurrage bill. W. A. Nolan, a Republican, introduced the bill, and we got it through the House, but it was killed in the Senate; sentiment was worked up by the Shippers' Association and candidates pledged to support such a law, and the 1907 legislature enacted it. A number of other so-called Johnson measures were passed in the same way. Did Johnson do it? No; his whole political career has not yet demonstrated his ability to initiate; on the contrary, he is a politician who avoids taking the bull by the horns and leading the people out from the rule of railroad dictatorship.

Northfield, Minn.

A. K. W.

VANISHED WOODS

I have just finished reading Emerson Hough's magnificent article, and I want to say that it is the most important of any you have printed.

The statement is frequently made, by those who have given no study to the matter, that we have plenty of woods left. Such people point to the woods that may be seen in any direction, almost anywhere in the country, and ask, "Does that look as if the trees were all gone?" They do not take into consideration the sort of trees that make up such woods; they do not know that all of the remaining timber situated in the East and the Middle West, near centers of commerce, is absolutely worthless, commercially speaking.

Such people—the kind that would not know a hickory from a sycamore—do not know, and do not care, that all our black walnut is gone; that all our hickory is gone; that all our poplar and white oak, our chestnut and rock maple, are gone. All that remains is soft maple—oftenest second- or third-growth—and the trivial little treelets, such as sassafras, dogwood, sycamore, basswood (not much of the latter two, however), juniper, and the like, for which science has not as yet found a satisfactory and profitable use.

Washington, D. C.

F. G. H.

A NEW LIGHT

On the cover of the June number of *EVERYBODY'S* you make some rather elaborate promises, and as a reader and admirer of *EVERYBODY'S* I desire to congratulate you upon your resolution.

EVERYBODY'S has already done a great deal for the common good. The articles by Mr. Garland alone show that you are willing to "sacrifice private interest," for surely that subject has not been one that has added to a publication's popularity,

heretofore, at least—certainly never when the language was half-way as plain as Mr. Garland's.

"The Shadow World" series shows that you understand the psychology of the time and generation. Psychology, psycho-therapeutics, and psychic investigation are on the program for the next great series of discoveries, and the stand you are taking shows plainly that you do not feel afraid of this great light that is now dimly shining on time's golden shore.

Chicago, Ill.

D. S. H., M.D.

WORK IN THE SOUTH

Would it be trespassing too much on your good nature to ask you to draw the attention of the unemployed of your Northern cities to the fact that down here in the Sunny South, and more especially in the Delta region of Mississippi and Louisiana, we have thousands of acres of rich land growing up in weeds for want of laborers to till it? In this section any industrious family can make a good living from the beginning and, within a very short time, can acquire a competence.

Many of our planters will gladly assist immigrants to come here, and will either rent them land or sell it to them on easy terms; if necessary furnishing them sufficient supplies to carry them over the first season. Throughout all this section the right kind of people will be given every opportunity to improve their condition in the world.

Tallulah, La.

C. W.

WORSE THAN SLAVERY

I want to thank EVERYBODY's for that fearless article of Mr. Russell's—"A Burglar in the Making."

As a resident of Georgia, I have often seen these atrocities, which should cause this fair state of ours to bow her head in shame. I have often wondered why some magazine did not expose the awful facts, for the present convict system is *worse* than slavery. But Mr. Russell touches the subject only lightly. Let him come South and see how these convicts are sentenced to the chain gang for petty offenses, and later are marched from street to street, always on a dead run, with ball and chain to their ankles and a guard over them constantly with drawn revolver.

I have known of one negro being sentenced to three years in the "gang" for stealing three five-cent boxes of snuff. At the same court a high bank official was given only two years for embezzlement and causing the ruin of thousands of depositors.

The greatest suffering and cruelty comes from the leasing and sub-leasing of convicts, as each

new lessee must drive the harder to "get his money's worth," while the original lessee waxes rich on his ill-gotten income. "GEORGIA."

Dawson, Ga.

DANGEROUS

Wonderfully entertaining as is the narrative of Mr. Garland's "The Shadow World" in your magazine, it leads to a query as to the moral right, in the present state of knowledge on this subject, of publishers to handle this literature of so-called psychical phenomena. "The Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism," a book by Mr. Hereward Carrington, who certainly cannot be convicted of being hostile to the claims of psychical research, concedes that about ninety-eight per cent. of the alleged marvels of the spiritualists are fraudulent. The exposures that the author himself has made of tricks by which levitation and materialization are simulated take up the greater part of the space in his book, and are, to my mind, much more convincing than his rehearsal of cases that he believes to be genuine. The question constantly forces itself if the writer is not mistaken as regards those phenomena that he holds cannot be accounted for on grounds of deception. You may not be able to fool a sharp-witted man all the time, but you probably can fool him two per cent. of the time. While there are intelligent people who believe absolutely in hypnotism, trances, and all the other uncannies, most sensible people are aware that it is better as yet to suspend the right of private judgment, and to allow subjects connected with what purports to be another world to be investigated by the men of science who are most immediately concerned.

Winchester, Massachusetts.

F. W. C.

IS OWNERSHIP THE REMEDY?

The article by Lincoln Steffens in your June number is a masterpiece. It denotes a real constructive attempt. Such attempts have been notably lacking in American literature and politics, and the time is here when the people are demanding "a remedy."

It appears that La Follette's "Owning" is the only sane one, and it is the part of courage, conviction, and common sense on your part to recognize its powerful appeal.

The course of society is undoubtedly tending that way, and you must see and feel it in New York more strongly than we do out here in the Middle West. But we are ready to listen to you, and to consider carefully any means that tends to rectify the shamefully inequitable division of wealth now characteristic of our country.

South Bend, Ind.

R. D.



A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT

(Johan Barren)

ALL fiction, like all Gaul, is divided into three parts. The first dramatizes the artist's own emotions, and presents, under such aliases and disguises as offer, his own spiritual reaction to life. The second embodies, not his discovery of self, but his understanding of others, and interprets comedy and tragedy, character and action, from the view-point of the spectator—idealist, cynic, or philosopher, as the case may be. The third need not concern us. It comes under the head of interstate and foreign commerce. Unfortunately, in fiction of the first type, it is often hard to dis sever our interest in the art from our curiosity about the artist. Perhaps it is because we are all potential busybodies. Perhaps it is because our curiosity in regard to the concrete preceded and still dominates our interest in the abstract. But certainly any fiction that suggests this veiled and anagrammatic self-revelation evokes the inherent eavesdropper in us, and tempts us to read it, as it were, with one ear at a psychological keyhole. "The Quick or the Dead" belonged, or was affirmed by the common and critical opinion of twenty years ago to belong, to the first type. It was a dramatization of emotion, and voiced (rather startlingly, it was thought at the time) the longing of youth for self-fulfilment and its passionate protest against the possibility of denial. And the popular interest in *Amélie Rives* equaled and, as a matter of fact, has long survived, the interest in her once celebrated story. It follows, now that she has written another book, that it is impossible to read "The Golden Rose" (Harper) without regarding it, tentatively at least, as a sequel, not in fact, but in emotion, to "The Quick or the Dead." For the story of "The Golden Rose" (the story of a lovely woman, widowed while still young after a most unhappy marriage, who dreams and vainly

tries to realize that strange, futile, immemorial dream of love without passion, eternal because unconsummated) is the emotional complement of the former tale; a passionately morbid reaction from a morbidly passionate ideal.

Believing that preeminent achievement, in no matter what direction, deserves recognition, one would like to call attention to Dr. George M. Gould's volume, "Concerning Lafcadio Hearn" (Jacobs). It is unsafe in such matters, even for those of us who, like Abou-ben-Adhem, love our fellow men, to be too cocksure of our superlatives or to include too long a period in our generalizations; but it may certainly be said without serious fear of controversy that this book of the doctor's is the most despicable of the day. This result, it is true, has not been attained without sacrifice. In grasping the opportunity that he has so ably made the most of, the author has abandoned another that, even less ably handled, might have proved of greater worth. Dr. Gould is an oculist, a man of scientific training, and the propounder of an interesting theory as to the effect of defective vision upon character, temperament, and the esthetic sense. Lafcadio Hearn was an ideal subject of study for such an investigator: his vision was defective, almost to the point of blindness, and esthetically and temperamentally he was correspondingly abnormal. Moreover, for some months in 1880 he was a guest at Dr. Gould's home and on terms of daily and confidential friendship with him. But the visit ended, the friendship ceased, and the festering of a dead intimacy poisoned the well of science. The doctor's book is a spite book, open and un-

ashamed; a conglomerate of back-handed literary praise, scurrilous innuendo, reflections on the legitimacy of Hearn's birth, the validity of his marriage, the sincerity of his friends, and the sources of his talent. But it achieves the definitive preeminence to which we have assigned it by offering to donate the proceeds of its sale to the widow of its victim.

Root beer is a beverage that ill deserves the contempt with which it is looked down upon by the haughty. Compounded of herbs and simples—a little sarsaparilla, some sassafras, a touch of spruce, a modicum of ginger, a yeast cake, and molasses, plenty of molasses—it is wholesome, tonic, direct in its appeal to the untutored palate, and calls for a well-driven bung in the barrel. So, too, with melodrama, the root beer of literature. Brewed from the herbs and simples of human passions and human impulses—a little virtue, some villainy, a touch of cupidity, a modicum of self-sacrifice, a mistake, and love, plenty of love—it is wholesome, tonic, and (we own it with shame) apt to be looked down upon with disdain by those of us who have grown haughty with good living. In his story of the lumber camps of Maine, "King Spruce" (Harper), Mr. Holman Day, the Maine poet and melodramatist, holds out to us a full beaker of this homely brew. We confess frankly that it is a bit "rooty" for our taste. We prefer—the predilection is possibly an evidence of over-refinement or artistic snobbery—a subtler compound, less racily obtrusive of its ingredients. But there is no mistaking the authenticity of the decoction. It is made from genuine roots by a generous provider, is full-bodied in the barrel and bitey, very bitey, to the tongue.

Otto Weininger, a Viennese psychologist and philosopher, has coined a name for those hazy and troublesome ideas that, now and again, are insistently present in our consciousness, yet refuse to get themselves put into common language; intuitions that stand, as it were, on the tip of the tongue, yet elude us; meanings that correspond, one likes to think, to those in a dog's eyes when we fail to understand him. He calls them "henids." Now Mr. G. K. Chesterton's story, "The Man Who was Thursday" (Dodd, Mead), has a henid in it and the reader labors under the double, and at times highly disquieting, burden of being constantly convinced that Mr. Chesterton means something, and constantly just not able to decide what it is. Of course it is possible that Mr. Chesterton knows. But we strongly suspect that he himself was obsessed by a henid and wrote the story under the mistaken impression that he had caught, chloroformed, and classified it. The story is that of a man who penetrates in disguise into an inner council of anarchists and discovers,

through various adventures, that each member of the council is, like himself, an officer in disguise and that the head of the council is the head of the secret service. The henid, if one may do it the violence of forcing it into words, seems to refer to that puzzling contradiction which we all dimly perceive both in art and in ethics, whereby beauty and ugliness and right and wrong become interchangeable terms, and by reason of which we sometimes suspect that the moral bugaboos that we most desperately fight are the very principles by which we live. As for the story, it might make a good story were it not for the henid; just as the henid would be an interesting one were it not for the story. And there you are.

Once already, in the informal comment and discussion of this column, passing reference has been made to the so-called "stylism" of Maurice Hewlett's literary method. Naturally enough, and yet oddly enough, too, this peculiarity of his writings has given rise to a popular idea and a critical theory mutually contradictory and, we suspect, equally mistaken. It has fostered the opinion, somewhat indefinitely formulated, that Mr. Hewlett is a stylist first and a student of history and life afterward. And it has brought out an elaborately developed theory of Mr. Bliss Carman's that Mr. Hewlett is a sort of literary hermit crab who, in default of a verbal shell of his own, inhabits in succession the styles of other writers, dead or dispossessed. As a matter of fact, Mr. Hewlett's striking differences of literary accent and inflection are too radical to allow of the first explanation and too purposeful to admit of the second. He is, rather, an artist who, instead of forcing all subjects into the straight mold of his own artistic idiosyncrasy, weaves the willow of his words about the form of his theme. This opinion is, I think, upheld by one of the most charming of the new books, Mr. Hewlett's story of "The Spanish Jade" (Doubleday, Page). This narrates the adventure of an English traveler in Spain in 1860, and presents its action steeped in an intangible but unescapable atmosphere, the very breath of a race attitude and a nation's philosophy of living. And since this attitude is outwardly polished, yet inwardly dog-simple in its stoic acceptance or passionate resentment of things as they are, so Mr. Hewlett's "style" is both exquisite in cadence and, for once, unwavering in its simple directness.

One of the delightful things about art is that, in its complex simplicity, it is at once incapable of definition and susceptible of innumerable definitions. One of its primary functions, for instance, is to make a part stand to us for the whole. This is especially true of such literature

as attempts to express in the limits of fiction the spirit of a movement, or to typify, in the drama of a situation, the essence of an issue. And since we Americans are young both in art and in energy, and since youth is impatient of restriction and prone to disdain the part in its determination to get the whole, we are peculiarly weak in this aspect of art. It is easy to imagine, for instance, what kind of a novel our incontinent young literature would have made out of the recent sequestration by the French government of the religious foundations in France. And it is both extrinsically interesting and intrinsically instructive to see with what consummate simplicity and artistic continence the subject is dealt with by a representative of an older nation and of a more mature literature in "The Nun" (Scribner) of René Bazin. Like all translations, the book comes to us, like a cast in plaster, despoiled of the subtler authenticity of the original. Yet if the finish is no longer flawless, the form is still exquisite, and the homely history of these five Sisters of St. Hildegard is likely to typify to many a reader the meaning of the breaking of the Concordat.



I have caught fish in many waters, but I do not think ever to equal the excitement, triumph, and self-satisfied importance that accompanied and ensued upon the hooking and landing (while fishing for sunfish at the age of six) of a large mud turtle. I still remember how the monster, when brought to the surface after frantic struggles, was found to have swallowed the hook and was looking hungrily at the sinker, a foot above its nose. Sport, in the last analysis, is subjective. It is not, after all, the jerks at one end of a fishline, but the thrills at the other, that count. And the realistic writer upon such matters, given personal experience and a good working foundation of average veracity, needs above all else the gift of making his emotions articulate. In these respects Mr. Charles Frederick Holder is splendidly equipped. He is not only an angler of long practice and most various experience, but he can outmatch in thrills the jerks of leviathan himself; and he has, in a literary way, the tigerish trick of lashing himself into enthusiasm with his own tale. His new book, "Big Game at Sea" (Outing), contains over twenty exciting chapters, devoted for the most part to personal encounters with such queer game as may be found by the adventurous in southern waters and on the Pacific coast. Angling for tuna; bait-casting for swordfish; trolling for shark; spearing the sea-bat; harpooning the giant ray—St. George may have had as good sport with the dragon, but he never made as good copy out of it.



OTHER BOOKS

"Sheaves" (Doubleday, Page). A novel by E. F. Benson, which seems intended to prove that it is safe for a middle-aged woman of intellect to marry a young man of artistic temperament, provided she does not live too long afterward. A piece of work that is considerably better than Mr. Benson's poorest, and not quite up to his second-best.

"Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne" (Scribner). The third and concluding volume of the impressions and recollections of a bright Frenchwoman who, in the early years of the last century, was socially and diplomatically *au courant* in France, Italy, and England.

"Rose MacLeod" (Houghton, Mifflin). The story of an involuntary adventuress, by Alice Brown, who has written several good New England novels. In this case a number of excellently drawn characters enlist the reader's interest without ever bringing it to a very effective fictional focus.

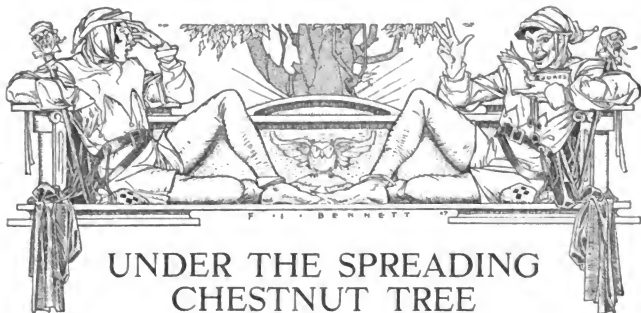
"The Salon" (Putnam). A study, by Helen Clergue, of the evolution and office of the salon in French society as exemplified in the varying careers of Mesdames du Deffand, d'Epinay, Geoffrin, and of Julie de Lespinasse.

"The Old Room" (Scribner). A translation of two weird, symbolic tales by Carl Ewald, the Danish writer whose recent death is more than a local loss. These stories, which were the first to bring him recognition, are allegorical of the breaking up of the old northern home life by the growth of social ambition and modern restlessness.

"The Magistrate's Own Case" (McClure). A German detective story by Baron Palle Rosenkrantz, somewhat naïve according to our highly educated detective habits, but perhaps the more novel on that account.

"Some Ladies in Haste" (Harper). A highly entertaining satirical spree indulged in by Robert W. Chambers—or by that side of Mr. Chambers that was responsible for "Iole." It narrates the result of a young clubman's experiments with mental science and telepathic altruism.

"Woven in the Tapestry" (Moffat, Yard). A little volume half romance, half fairy-tale, half allegory (for in fairyland three halves make a whole); very beautifully written by Emily Post, and commended to those for whom the iridescent idealism of youth is not become foolishness.



UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE:—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

ONE of our popular New England lecturers tells this amusing story.

A street boy of diminutive stature was trying to sell some very young kittens to passers-by. One day he accosted the late Reverend Phillips Brooks, asking him to purchase, and recommending them as good Episcopal kittens. Dr. Brooks laughingly refused, thinking them too small to be taken from their mother. A few days later a Presbyterian minister who had witnessed this episode was asked by the same boy to buy the same kittens. This time the lad announced that they were faithful Presbyterians.

"Didn't you tell Dr. Brooks last week that they were Episcopal kittens?" the minister asked sternly.

"Yessir," replied the boy quickly, "but they's had their eyes opened since then, sir."

Mrs. Rorer, of cook-book fame, tells of seeing a maid drop and break a beautiful platter at a dinner recently. The host did not permit a trifle like this to ruffle him in the least.

"These little accidents happen 'most every day," he said apologetically. "You see, she isn't a trained waitress. She was a dairymaid originally, but she had to abandon that occupation on account of her inability to handle the cows without breaking their horns."

Madame Kasebier, the famous New York photographer, is very fond of Indians. When

Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show was playing an engagement in the city, she gave a reception to the Indians, inviting a hundred or more of her friends to meet them.

The Indians made a gorgeous sight in their native costumes. Their feathered head-dresses were particularly large and splendid. One little white girl, who had been brought by her mother, and who had never seen an Indian before, gazed with open-mouthed astonishment at these strange feathered creatures. Finally she turned to her mother and said, "Mama, do Indians lay eggs?"

After a certain jury had been out an inordinately long time on a very simple case, they filed into the court-room, and the foreman told the judge they were unable to agree upon a verdict. The latter rebuked them, saying the case was a very clear one, and remanded them back to the jury-room for a second attempt, adding, "If you are there too long, I will have to send you in twelve suppers."

The foreman, in a rather irritated tone, spoke up and said: "May it please your honor, you might send in eleven suppers and one bundle of hay."

Sir John Millais tells this story on himself. He was down by the banks of the Tay, painting in the rushes of his famous landscape, "Chill October," which has thrilled us all with the ineffable sadness and mystery of the dying summer. He worked on so steadily that he failed

to observe a watcher, until a voice said: "Eh, mon, did ye ever try photography?"

"No," said the artist, "I never have."

"It's a deal quicker," quoth his friendly critic, eyeing the picture doubtfully.

Millais was not flattered, so he waited a minute before replying, "I dare say it is." His lack of enthusiasm displeased the Scot, who took another look, and then marched off with the Parthian shot:

"Ay, and photography's a muckle sight mair like the place, too."

"Bobby," said the teacher, "how many zones are there?"

"Two," answered Bobby, with a little questioning note in his voice. Then, seeing the puzzled look that came into the teacher's face, he rattled on without a stop: "One male and one female; the male can be temperate or intemperate, the female frigid or torrid—" and he stopped for breath.

Mrs. Hicks was telling some ladies about the burglar scare in her house the night before.

"Yes," she said, "I heard a noise and got up, and there, from under the bed, I saw a man's legs sticking out."

"Mercy!" exclaimed a woman. "The burglar's legs?"

"No, my dear; my husband's legs. He heard the noise, too."

"And the streets are paved with *real gold*, and there will be music and flowers, and everything will be beautiful!" finished the Sunday-school teacher, who was telling her small charges of heaven.

"And now tell me," she continued, "what kind of little boys and girls are going there?"

Nobody knew. Then from one corner a small brown hand shot up. "Yes, Samuel?" the teacher smiled.

"Please, teacher, dead ones!"

An individual of the Weary Willie type was given ten cents by a philanthropic lady, who said, as she handed him the money:

"I am not giving you this because you begged, but for my own pleasure."

"Oh, ma'am," replied the tramp, "make it a quarter and thoroughly enjoy yourself."

A Southern colonel had a colored valet by the name of George. George received nearly all of the colonel's cast-off clothing. He had his eyes

on a certain pair of light trousers which were not wearing out fast enough to suit him, so he thought he would hasten matters somewhat by rubbing grease on one knee. When the colonel saw the spot, he called George and asked if he had noticed it. George said, "Yes, sah, Colonel, I noticed dat spot and tried mighty hard to get it out, but I couldn't."

"Have you tried gasoline?" the colonel asked.

"Yes, sah, Colonel, but it didn't do no good."

"Have you tried brown paper and a hot iron?"

"Yes, sah, Colonel, I'se done tried 'mos' everything I knows of, but dat spot wouldn't come out."

"Well, George, have you tried ammonia?" the colonel asked as a last resort.

"No, sah, Colonel, I ain't tried 'em on yet, but I knows dey'll fit it"

A poor lady the other day hastened to the nursery and said to her little daughter:

"Minnie, what do you mean by shouting and screaming? Play quietly, like Tommy. See, he doesn't make a sound."

"Of course he doesn't," said the little girl.

"That is our game. He is papa coming home late, and I am you."

"Your husband will be all right now," said an English doctor to a woman whose husband was dangerously ill.

"What do you mean?" demanded the wife. "You told me 'e couldn't live a fortnight."

"Well, I'm going to cure him, after all," said the doctor. "Surely you are glad?"

The woman wrinkled her brows.

"Puts me in a bit of an 'ole," she said. "I've bin an' sold all 'is clothes to pay for 'is funeral."

A man addicted to walking in his sleep went to bed all right one night, but when he awoke he found himself on the street in the grasp of a policeman. "Hold on," he cried, "you musn't arrest me. I'm a somnambulist." To which the policeman replied: "I don't care what your religion is—yer can't walk the streets in yer nightshirt."

A. M. Downes, late secretary of New York's fire department, related at a dinner a fire story. "At the end of the first act of a drama," he said, "a man leaped hurriedly to his feet. 'I heard an alarm of fire,' he said. 'I must go and see where it is.' His wife, whose hearing was less acute, made way for him in silence, and he disappeared. 'It wasn't fire,' he said, on his return. 'Nor water, either,' said his wife, coldly."

Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

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RAY BROWN, *Art Director*

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Editor

WM. L. JENNINGS, *Sec'y and Treas.*
ROBERT FROTHINGHAM, *Adv. Mgr.*

31 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

You will be interested to know how we are getting on with the placing of those 1500 shares of The Ridgway Company stock. Some friends of ours were building a new home. They planned to use their old furniture in the new home, but as it neared completion, everything looked so sparry new and beautiful, it seemed a pity to clutter the new house up with old furniture and hangings, so they just went ahead, shouldered the extra load, and furnished new throughout. We were not aware of the change in their plans, so when we went to the housewarming we were completely surprised and charmed by the new furniture and decorations. "But," said we to the hostess, "we understood you were going to use the old furniture." "Yes," she answered, "that was our plan, but we just made up our minds if we could get over the dog we could get over his tail."

The application of this story to our stock sale is—you have lifted us clean over the dog, and his tail looks like a cinch.

We have received in cash to date (June 30th) \$95,100, and in definite reservations to be taken before July 15th \$50,400, so that, all told, you have already boosted us \$145,500 worth over the big black dog, and there is only a little black tail, which we could hop over very nicely without help if you were disposed to let us—which you do not seem to be, because the subscriptions and reservations continue to come in at such a rate that in a very short while the little black tail of the little black tail will surely flick into oblivion.

We promise you that our memory will be longer than the little black tail. The necessity which sent us to you was real. If you had failed us, our disappointment and chagrin would have been complete. Your splendid, generous, American understanding and sym-

pathy has turned what might otherwise have been a bitter experience into one of the most keenly enjoyable and satisfactory, in more ways than one, of our whole business life. It would not be possible to pay men in business a bigger compliment than you have paid us. Your confidence; your money; your Godspeed. As long as we live, and longer, if we live longer, the memory of your kindness will be inspiration and incentive.

And we will keep faith.

Put yourself in our place, and then imagine the joy your letters of encouragement and confidence have brought to us. We reprint a few of them addressed to the writer of this department. We are humble before them, as one must be in the presence of the power that makes the world go round.

CHARLESTON, IND.

DEAR SIR: Enclosed find check for \$500 for five shares of stock as per your personal guarantee in July EVERYBODY'S. Am a constant reader of EVERYBODY'S; work hard for my money, and cannot afford to lose it, but believe in you and your work.

Hoping you have the greatest success, and that I make no mistake in purchasing this stock, I remain,
L. E. B.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR SIR: The July issue of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE is at hand. I have not read anything yet, for that yellow insert caught my eye the first thing. However, it seems to be a uniformly excellent number, and I am glad to have just a little bit of interest in it. They know how to build a magazine in your shop, and the finished product somehow seems to spell sincerity. I would like to come in a little deeper with you if you have another share of stock lying around. I enclose check for another \$100. W. F. B.

MARSHALL, MINN.

DEAR SIR: I enclose herewith my check for two hundred dollars (\$200) for two (2) shares of stock in The Ridgway Company as per your letter in insert in June number. For some reason or other my copy of that issue did not reach me, and after patiently (?) waiting for a couple of weeks I bought one at the news-stand.

I think if a magazine is good enough so that a subscriber will say nothing when his copy fails to reach him but go and buy one from a news-dealer, the stock in that company ought to be pretty good investment, and, by the way, that two hundred looks as big to us (for there are four of us, two "grown-ups" and a pair of "best ever" little girls to look out for) as two million does to some folks. I want you to have the proxy of voting this stock.

G. L. B.

FOSTORIA, O.

DEAR SIR: I saw your offer of stock in the June number of EVERYBODY'S, and I enclose herewith a check for \$100. That is the best I can do just at present, but perhaps I shall soon be able to add to it if you do not dispose of all the stock right away. The size of the check is not a measure of my confidence in EVERYBODY'S, which is unlimited, while my cash supply unfortunately is not.

D. A. D.

KALAMAZOO, MICH.

DEAR SIR: I am enclosing you my check for \$500 for five shares of the stock of The Ridgway Company. I have been a reader of EVERYBODY'S for five years, and my sympathy with its policies and confidence in you are best expressed by this enclosure.

B. W. O.

OCONOMOWOC, WIS.

DEAR SIR: Your letter and the stock certificate received. I am glad to have had the opportunity of showing my appreciation of the work done by the staff of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. I have wished to express it, and this struck me as practical. The money sent you I had reserved for an automobile, so I call EVERYBODY'S my automobile, and I hope it will prove a racer. But \$2500 does not usually buy a racer, so a good steady gait will satisfy me.

M. M. W.

STOCKTON, MD.

DEAR SIR: Your letter of 1st inst. in reply to my inquiry received, and I trust you accepted my letter in the spirit it was sent, and that was only for information. I did not mean any reflection on your honesty or the conduct of your business, and I enclose my check for \$500 for five shares of stock, and if you can hold five more shares for me until the 15th of July I will forward my check to pay for same.

W. E. T.

HARVEY, ILL.

DEAR SIR: I enclose herewith my check for \$400, for which I would like to have four (4) shares Ridgway Company stock as per your insert in the last two numbers of EVERYBODY'S.

If your stock pays as well on the financial investment as the reading of EVERYBODY'S does on the time invested, I think the dividends will very much exceed 10 per cent.

Yours very truly,

G. H. G.

STUEBENVILLE, O.

DEAR MR. RIDGWAY: Please reserve for me three shares of stock of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE if not too late. Would have spoken sooner but was so tied up I could not see my way clear. Trust I am not too late to get a little slice. *Certainly* you can have my proxy.

I read with deep interest what you say in the July "With EVERYBODY'S Publishers" about your evidently earnest appreciation of the *people's* appreciation of your splendid work in their behalf. And, my dear friend Ridgway, let me say right here—for we don't often get such an opportunity—that it is not the *people's* fault that you and others like you who are battling for us against fearful odds do not oftener receive words of appreciation and encouragement.

Many's the time, prompted by some such feeling as used to cause our good Methodist brethren to shout "Amen!" in the midst of somebody's prayer, I've taken up my pen to say to some distinguished author or statesman: "Good! I endorse that from the bottom of my soul, and I thank you for it." And then the thought would come to me: "Why, what absurd thing is this you are doing? That man hasn't the time to read what you say, nor care for it if he did."

So my pen dropped from my fingers; and the words of praise that welled up fresh, earnest, and spontaneous from the heart were never spoken. And I dare venture the assertion that I am this moment voicing the sentiment and experience of thousands of other appreciative people throughout this country. All we want is a chance to show our appreciation, and I'm sincerely glad you gave us the opportunity.

So, with Bobby Burns, I say:

"Now, sir, if ye hae friends enow,
Tho' real friends, I b'lieve, are few,
Yet if your catalogue be fu'
I'll no insist,
But if ye want a friend that's true,
I'm on your list."

With profound appreciation of the noble work you are doing, and wishing you a Godspeed, I am,
Very sincerely, E. C. C.

Such appreciation as these letters voice is the noblest reward that human effort can command in this world.

We are deeply grateful.



Painted by N. C. Wyeth for Cream of Wheat Company.

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WHERE THE MAIL GOES, CREAM OF WHEAT GOES.

KEEP COOL WITH

COLGATE'S TALC POWDER



For Comfortable Summer Dressing

Have a box of Colgate's Talc Powder in your bathroom, on your dressing-table, and in your bath—use at the sea shore or mountains. Absorbent and soothing, it dries and cools the skin on the hottest day; comforts tired and swollen feet, and makes dressing easy.

It removes that sticky feeling after a salt plunge; also retains the cooling and refreshing effect of shower or tub. Thoroughly antiseptic, it prevents all chafing and skin discomfort, not only for babies, but for everybody, old and young.

Two other Original Packages for Colgate Comforts.

Send 2c. for trial package of our Dental Cream in the new tube—

Comes out a ribbon, lies flat on the brush.
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SEPTEMBER



From a painting by John Wickett Adams.

*And never again could I dream and drift,
And never again could I know content,
Till I sailed away on the currents swift,
And learned what the song of the ocean meant.*

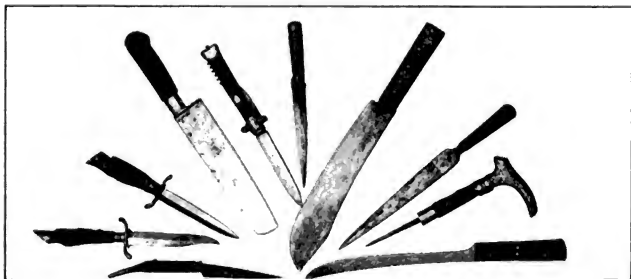
—Francesca di Maria Palmer

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THE BLACK HAND

By LINDSAY DENISON

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The Skull and Cross-bones flag of piracy is gone from the seas. But in our cities flourishes the Black Hand, a symbol every bit as significant of greed and cruelty—even more an emblem of cowardice and treachery. The scoundrels who lurk behind the terror of the Black Hand wax fat and daily grow more arrogant in their contempt for American law and order. Their wicked prestige has been fostered by the hysteria of the newspapers and the self-sufficiency and ignorance of the police, until security of property and safety of living are disappearing from the tenement and small-shop districts of our cities. The well-to-do will not long be immune. Here it is told how these graduates of Italy's penitentiaries escape to this country; what evil they have done; and how the Black Hand may be suppressed by sending its devotees back to the Italian government, which yearns for them.

A LETTER shoved through the crack under a door or dropped in a tenement letter-box, bearing the dread symbol of the Black Hand and the signature *La Mano Nera*, and containing a demand for money under threat of death or disaster. A few weeks later, if the demand in the letter is ignored, a knife-thrust in the dark, or, more commonly, the explosion of a crude bomb, which wrecks the first-floor front of the house.

That is the Black Hand: the extortion of money by the certainty that a refusal of blackmail will be followed by bodily violence and disaster—a certainty kept terribly alive by a daily succession of assaults, murders, and explosions under the very noses of the police. It is evidence that our immigration laws are not stringent enough to keep out of this country the very worst of the bad

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ITALIANS ON TRIAL FOR SENDING BLACK HAND LETTERS.

people which those laws were made to exclude. It represents the transferring to this country of the most lawless men and methods of the Camorra of Naples and the Mafia of Sicily.

The existence and growth of the Black Hand is not only a demoralizing disgrace to our system for maintaining public order. It is an affront to the hundreds of thousands of useful, honest, happy-tempered Italians who have come to this country to take up the work from which the prospering Irish immigrant turned a generation ago. It is a deterrent to their progress; the price of prosperity as a merchant or as a barber or in any decent business is a blackmailing demand from the Black Hand.

How rich is the field in which the Black Hand garners its harvest is indicated by the fact that the bank deposits of Italians in the United States in the past five years have amounted to three hundred millions of dollars—one hundred millions of dollars in New York state. And there is hardly a dollar of all that honestly earned total that is not

at the mercy of this system of blackmail.

The terror of the Black Hand now is tremendously increased by its mystery. The mystery will never be revealed, because there is nothing tangible to reveal. If you, the reader, were an Italian who had accumulated some money, and I, the writer, were an Italian criminal, associating with other criminals, and wanted your money—I should write you a Black Hand letter. It would mean to you (being an Italian) that all the stealthy

ruthlessness and cruelty and devilish persistence of an Italian criminal, or a band of Italian criminals, were to be turned loose on you if you did not submit to blackmail.

And if you were unusually brave and took the threats to the police, you would know that testimony given against me in court would mean that my family and my criminal friends would follow you and yours with the *vendetta*. In fact, even though Italian detectives had surrounded you and had persuaded you that this wasn't Italy, and that the bearing of evidence in court was not an act of shameless and reprehensi-



ONE OF THE FIRST BLACK HAND MEN ARRESTED.

ble indecency, one or more of my friends would certainly be in court to remind you of another opinion. The form of the reminder would probably be the drawing of the forefinger across the throat. And it would come over you that for your own immediate personal prospects this *was* Italy—and you would refuse to testify, and I would go free. Whereupon the newspapers would boil over with indignation against “the wonderful criminal

intricacy of the Black Hand organization.” Which would be nonsense. For the force that really operated would have been the Italian, and especially the south Italian, temperament. The law and the police have not been battling with a great, complicated, and secretly united murdering graft-machine, but with individual products of the opportunities for criminal education afforded by southern Italy for hundreds of years.

It is all very true, as well as very amusing, that this murderous system was presented with its name by a reporter of a New York newspaper.

There was a historical foundation for the name. Back in Inquisition days in Spain there was *La Mano Negra*, a secret society which fought the government and the church. It passed, and the secret societies of southern Italy were its heirs. Twenty years or more ago a false report was raised in Spain that *La Mano Negra* had been revived. The story lingered in the brain of a *Herald* reporter, and one fine day he attempted to rejuvenate waning interest in a puzzling Italian murder case by speculating as to the coming to life of the Black Hand among Latin immigrants in America. The other newspapers seized on the idea eagerly, and kept it going.

Nor did the police withhold their good offices in aiding the sinister exploitation of the name. The policemen who have been entrusted with the regulation of Black Hand crime are mostly of north Italian parentage. They do not understand the south



ELIZABETH STREET, NEW YORK, WHICH IS THE HEART OF THE ITALIAN DISTRICT.



DEPOSITORS SURROUNDING THE PATI BANK—SCENE OF A BLACK HAND BATTLE.

Italian criminal, but they fear him. And they were only too willing to foster the invention of a Black Hand of marvelously intricate and compact organization; no reporter has ever suggested any detail too mysterious for instant police verification.

Now, your transplanted Italian is no more a born fool than your transplanted Irishman. The free advertising which the non-existent Black Hand was receiving was almost too good to be true. If you happen to be a breakfast-food manufacturer, just sit down and figure out in cold cash what you would have been willing to pay for that exploitation which the name Black Hand got for something less than nothing.

There were in New York then, and had been for many years, a great many Italian

criminals—not two per cent. of our Italian population did they form, perhaps, but nevertheless there were more of them than would be allowed at large in Italy. There were blackmailers, swindlers, counterfeiters, kidnappers, robbers, and murderers among them. Coming from the same ports in southern Italy, most of them, they had a general intercommunication, the same lounging places. Why should it not be so, when they spoke the same dialects and had the same neighborhood gossip from home to talk about—and lived by the same crimes? As at home, there were chiefs among



THIS YOUNG MAN IS SERVING A 15-YEAR SENTENCE.

them—men known for desperation, cruelty, and records of murder. But they had no fixed hours of meeting; and no lodge rooms. They had no gang names; they had even no prestige as a body.

And along came the benevolent and intelligent New York newspapers and gave them a name and then exploited it. And did the inchoate Italian criminal gangs grab the chance and keep it going? For an answer glance over the head-lines of any New York newspaper any day.

It must be remembered that such crimes as are there chronicled are but the exponents of a hundred or a thousand efforts at blackmail. Refusals of the demands are few and scattering. Therefore it is impossible to compute the extent of Black Hand crime—except that there is hardly an Italian, from contractor to fruit-stand keeper, who has not been coerced into paying blackmail.

There are already indications that the loot hunger of the Black Handers will make him

bold enough to look for victims outside of the Italian-born population. In the first stages of his hunting, his victims have always been those who have learned to fear him and his vengeance in Italy. But as the number of his unpunished outrages increases, the terror of his pirate name is becoming potent to frighten any timid American reader of the newspapers. Sooner or later, if the Black Hand is not checked, it will be a menace not only to Italian-born Americans, but to all of us; it is bound to grow with what it feeds on. Within the past few weeks an alleged Black Hand assault was perpetrated among the summer dwellers in the Berkshires, in Massachusetts. A large plot is reported as in operation against a number of wealthy

families in Mexico. Time and patient investigation will determine whether these are machinations of Black Hand gangs or the schemes of other desperadoes who have adopted the Black Hand symbol.



AN ITALIAN LABORER CONVICTED AS
A BLACK HAND CRIMINAL.



THE RUINS OF A FRUIT STORE DESTROYED BY BLACK HAND DYNAMITERS.



TWO ITALIANS ACCUSED OF SENDING BLACK HAND LETTERS, AND THEIR INTERPRETER
(THE MAN IN CENTER).

For of course not all of the crimes bearing this emblem have anything to do with the real Black Hand gangs. A jealous girl may use the symbol to frighten her lover. It is but a few weeks since two Russian Jews in New York used it to scare money out of a real-estate dealer of their own race, and since then two Greeks were caught trying to blackmail another Greek with a letter signed Μωρὸς Νεῖρ. But the more the symbol is used by outsiders, the greater its value to the Italian Black Hand. This is the one secret society on earth—if one may call it a society—which can afford to encourage the pretensions of spurious members.

It is very hard indeed for the native-born American to puzzle out the psychology of the great body of respectable, law-abiding, hard-working, thriving Italians

who submit as tamely as they do to the Black Hand imposition. One must go to Italy for the explanation.

The secret society of Sicily, for instance, is the Mafia. Take the word of an Ameri-



AN ITALIAN BARBER NOW A BLACK
HAND RESIDENT OF SING SING.

canized Sicilian for it, and it is just about as much of a dyed-in-the-wool criminal machine as is our own dear old Tammany Hall—no more and no less. The nobility belong to it, and men of high standing throughout the community—just as the William C. Whitneys and Bourke Cockrans and Francis Burton Harrisons and James W. Gerards and Robert B. Roosevelts belong to Tammany Hall; likewise there are in the Mafia persons like Yackie-Yack Brady and Paul Kelly and Monk Eastman—leaders of gangs of bad men who call them chief. But it is by the acts of the gang leaders that the

Mafia is known on this side of the ocean. The gentle and nobly born members of the Mafia, according to this version of the tradition, endeavor to restrain their bad brethren—and have so far succeeded that the worst and wickedest of the “Low Mafia” are now in and about New York and Chicago, St. Louis and Denver.

The Camorra of Naples is very much the same sort of an organization. The native spirit of intrigue of the man of south Italy works out in pretty much the same way, whatever the town. The Mafia man will tell you that there is a difference between the Mafia and the Camorra; that it is the tradition of the Mafia that a man shall meet his enemy and fight him in the open, face to face, after a warning; whereas the Camorra countenances sneakings-up in the dark, and stabbings in the back, and the poisoned cup proffered in ostensible friendship. But the Camorra man will bite the back of his fingers when this is repeated to him, and say that the Mafia man is many kinds of a liar.

However that may be, hereafter in this article the names Mafia and Camorra will be used as though they referred only to the criminals of those organizations.

The recruits of the societies are men who have committed small crimes of violence and dishonesty. They sell their souls to the chiefs of the bands for protection from the police. If in spite of this aid the criminal is arrested and brought to trial, the Mafia supplies a crowd of willing perjurers to support his innocence; the state's witnesses are scared nearly out of their senses by threats, which will be only too grimly fulfilled if the accused is convicted; and five times out of six he goes free.

It is but justice to the Italian government to acknowledge here, parenthetically, that in the past ten years it has been getting the better of the societies; the proportion of those who are saved from the penalties of their crimes is waning—and, of course, the power of the gang chiefs is waning, too. For this very reason, as will be shown later, the menace to America has increased.

But to return to the criminal recruit: after pledging himself to the chief, he is a bad Mafia or Camorra man. He must take orders from the chief. He is tested lightly at first—he is merely sent as a witness to a forthcoming affray, or into court as a perjurer. Later he is commanded to join with a crew who are to beat up a man

who has disobeyed the chief's orders. Moreover, if he has occasion to commit small crimes on his own hook from time to time, he has that semi-immunity which Mafia brings. He proves himself deft, trustworthy, desperate. Murders are entrusted to him. If he commits enough of them, if the whole community begins to fear him, if the time comes when peaceable citizens regard his slightest intimations as orders to be obeyed implicitly—he is himself a gang chief, than whom there is no more reckless, ruthless, arrogant scoundrel in the world.

It is men trained in such societies who are terrorizing the Italian settlements in America by the use of the Black Hand. It is the long habit of submission to such tyranny which makes Italians here submissive to this similar, though comparatively unorganized, system of blackmail. Now it is time to look into the reasons why these bloodthirsty Italian scoundrels come here, and into the means of their coming, despite the laws of both Italy and the United States.

Let us suppose that at some time in his bloody career the Black Hand assassin is caught or convicted. There is no death penalty for murder in Italy. And even if his society has not been able to save him, it has almost certainly been able to effect a modification of the degree of his conviction so that the murderer has to serve but from two to ten years. Until he gets out again, the society forgets him. There are practically never any escapes from the Italian prison to which Mafia and Camorra convicts go. A rocky island, well out in the sunny bay of Naples, surrounded day and night by an armed patrol, with searchlights playing out over the water and a torpedo-boat lurking in the shadows—no, the secret organizations do not try to rescue their brethren who fall by the wayside.

And even after the sentence is complete, the societies can be of comfort to the convict in only one way. They can help him get out of Italy. This becomes his one desire, for no desperado ex-convict can be even bearably near comfort in Italy. Here are some of the restrictions laid upon him when he is discharged from his prison sentence, under *sorveglianza speciale* (special surveillance):

He must tell the police where he is going to live. He must not venture out of his dwelling-place between eight at night and eight in the morning—for if he is caught out

during the prohibited hours he is sent back to prison. He cannot obtain employment without the permission and approval of the chief of police—and even then the employer must give a bond that the ex-convict will abide strictly by the police restrictions. He cannot change employers except under the same conditions. He must report at police headquarters at frequent stated intervals, and there have his call recorded and the record countersigned in a book which he must have always on his person, subject to the inspection of any policeman who may demand a look at it. He must not carry any deadly weapon; the discovery of even a pen-knife in his pockets (and he is always subject to search) renders him liable to an especially long term in prison. He must not frequent drinking-places; the first sign that he is intoxicated is as bad as the possession of a weapon. If he is involved in a street broil the law assumes that he is the aggressor and that he is in the wrong, no matter how innocent he may actually be.

It is enough to drive a criminal of any spirit quite mad. He must get out of Italy. But the law says he may not leave Italy. He may not pass the frontier nor take passage on a foreign-bound ship without a passport. The Italian government is more enlightened than the governments of our own states and municipalities, whose ideal method of dealing with undesirable citizens is that of Mr. Dogberry:

"The most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is and steal out of your company."

Though it is not a penal offense for the ex-convict to attempt to leave Italy, it is a misdemeanor, punishable with sufficient severity to make him beware of being caught at it.

Accordingly, on every vessel sailing from Palermo or Naples are a dozen or more members of the Camorra or the Mafia, employed as sailors, coal-heavers, and stewards. It is their fraternal duty to aid their brethren to evade the passport law. If there are six or more members of a ship's company earnestly desirous of concealing a stowaway, the thing can always be done. There are recorded instances where a stowaway has been hunted for three hours by twenty men, after all the officers and crew have been sent ashore, and has remained undiscovered—because he was sewed up in a mattress in a bunk. When the steamship has tied up at her berth in an

American port, the fugitive puts on the uniform or overalls of one of his confederates and easily makes his way off the pier. And thus, a seasoned and hardened criminal, his blood-stained hands against all the world as the world's hands are against him, he is turned loose in the land of the free and the home of the brave. Every steamship man concerned in the Mediterranean trade knows something of the system; one of them has admitted these facts. It is the theory of the professional policeman of America that the Italian criminal comes to us through France and Canada. That is nonsense; he has neither the intelligence nor the means.

The ex-convict has the New York address of one or more former members of his society in Italy. He makes his way to this address as quickly as he may. He is without work and in a strange country. It may be that happy chance will find honest work for him at once. But usually it is not so. He becomes, more likely, a willing and useful tool of the Black Hand, a dependent on the generosity of more thoroughly acclimated criminals. The stealthy delivery of blackmailing letters, the stabbings, the bomb plantings, and even the murders of the Black Hand type are done by men who are so ignorant and so helpless that they face starvation if they do not carry out the orders of the Black Hand thugs who house and feed them after their surreptitious entry into the United States.

Ordinary police methods are of no avail in tracing such a criminal. The very men whose tool he has been and whose behest he has obeyed probably do not know his name—with the exception of the gang leader who has given the order. The honest and peaceable Italians, even if they dared reveal him, do not know his face nor his habits nor even of his arrival in this country. The very law here is a protection to him. In Italy the giving of a false name to a policeman is a crime. The burden of proof of identity is on the suspect; if he cannot prove his right to his name, he goes to jail. In America he may change his name every day, without penalty or even the necessity of an explanation.

Not always is the Black Hand recruit an ex-convict. As the pressure of the Italian police has borne down more and more heavily on the Mafia and the Camorra, unconvicted criminals have been fleeing before the wrath to come and making their way to the United States in the full comforts of the steerage while there is yet time. But the

Questa è la seconda, avvisi
 che ti fo: domenica, alle
~~ore~~ ore, 10 di mattina,
 alle 2 strade, al cantone,
 a la 3^a Av. — ti porterò,
 200. \$. senza, mena,
 altrimenti, ti fusserò
 mo, la cervella, e fusserò
 buono con una bomba
 rifletteteci, bene, questo
 è l'ultimo avviso.
 Il primo la buona.
 Vera



FACSIMILE OF A TYPICAL BLACK HAND LETTER, WHICH, TRANSLATED, READS:

This is the second time that I have warned you. Sunday at ten o'clock in the morning, at the corner of Second Street and Third Avenue, bring three hundred dollars without fail. Otherwise we will set fire to you and blow you up with a bomb. Consider this matter well, for this is the last warning I will give you.
 I sign the Black Hand.

proportion of these is small as compared to the number of stowaways who slip down the gang-planks of every Mediterranean steamer.

And so it is that the Italian criminal does get out of Italy and into the United States despite both governments. And in the fulness of time it has come to pass that there are more Italian ex-convicts at large in the United States than there are in Italy—that all the daring, reckless, unreformable desperadoes of Italy are in this country, taking not only the purses but the good names of their former compatriots by means of the Black Hand.

It is not possible to speak certainly of the way in which the spoils of their plots are divided. It seems most likely that the "divvy"

is governed by the generosity of the head "bad man" and the risks taken by the members of the gang in accumulating the loot—and as well by the prevailing prosperity or poverty of the gang as a whole. The worst and greediest scoundrel in the plot takes all he dares. Most of the rest goes to the men who have made the threats. Half of what the chief takes goes "higher up." There are at least two or three old graduates of south Italian crime who never sully their hands with the commission of actual crimes nor trouble their brains to plan them, though occasionally the big chief or one of his nearest lieutenants may drop in on an Italian banker and ask for a thousand dollars or so. He gets it, quick. He doesn't have to make any threats; the

mere appearance of his face in the place is a threat. There is no talk of notes or security. The transaction is almost as simple as when one of the Bosses of High Finance drops in on a bank outside the New York clearing-house and asks for a few extraordinary favors. The very names of the Black Hand's big chiefs are names of terror. They know the little chiefs. They know the gossip in Italian blackmailing circles. And the little chiefs give up a moiety to them meekly and with dispatch.

So loosely formed are the component parts of the Black Hand that sometimes they work at cross purposes. Not very long ago in New York one Pati, who had a little Italian bank, was singled out as a victim by a Black Hand crew for the most part made up of former Mafia men. He had associations which made him feel that he ought to be immune from Black Hand interference. Some of his own friends shared his indignation. Representations were made to the Mafia band that, really, old Italian enmities ought to be forgotten in this country. There was a plenty of Italian bankers to be preyed upon who were not dearly beloved brethren of the Camorra. But the Mafia crew was hungry. Pati was rich; Pati had been warned to give up; discipline must be upheld, let the bombs fall where they might. All right, said Pati's Camorra friends, go ahead! The Mafia sent their collector around to the Pati bank. He had hardly entered the door when he was shot dead in a fusillade of bullets which were fired not only by Pati and his son, but by half a dozen friends of Mr. Pati, who significantly happened to be present and armed.

The admirable character of the banker is perhaps best shown by the fact that after being patted on the back by the police of New York as a brave man and the first of his race to face the Black Hand issue squarely, he went away secretly, and at this writing some scores of depositors mournfully regard the closed doors of his bank and wag their heads in sour satisfaction as they contemplate the certainty that the Mafia will find him somewhere some day, and exact its grimly sentimental dividend from his person in full.

This falling out on lines of cleavage drawn by the old Italian society bonds is most unusual. For the most part, traditional transatlantic enmities are forgotten and reappear only when word comes from over sea that the Mafia or the Camorra has decreed the death here of

one who has fled from Italy to escape feud vengeance. The closest students of Italian crime believe that the famous "barrel murder" was the outcome of a Sicilian love affair. The old Jew peddler whose body was packed in a trunk and humorously set out under the windows of a New York police station, not many years ago, paid the price of unfair dealing, either by himself or by a relative, in conducting fence negotiations with a robber in Italy.

Such crimes, however repugnant and sensational they may be, are of small importance when one contemplates the growing power of the great blackmailing mill which adopted the American suggestion of naming itself the Black Hand.

As I have set down before, there are no fixed meeting-places, no oath-bound pacts, no elected or appointed officers. What need? A Black Hand "bad man" walks into an Italian saloon; he may greet the bartender; he may ignore him. But a sign is given; it may be the scratching of an ear; it may be the rearrangement of a necktie; it may be the picking of a thread out of a sleeve. It is enough. Notice has been given that certain persons are to meet the chief to-night at a certain place. Perhaps it is to be in that same saloon, perhaps in another saloon miles away. That doesn't matter. At the rendezvous at the appointed hour the summoned men are present. Some one proposes a game of *zecchinetta*, which is not unlike the American game of faro. Inasmuch as the police of America have prejudices against gambling, will the proprietor kindly furnish a private room with a secure inside lock? He does. The plot is outlined, the assignments are made, the dole from the last effort at blackmail is distributed or the bomb is produced which is to punish its failure.

The *zecchinetta* game thus having been properly concluded, the members of the gang separate—perhaps without knowing one another's names. And the next night the same chief may call a similar conclave made up of altogether different men, or in part of the same men, and line out another crime. There is little fear of treachery in the heart of a man whose minions know that he has a score of others just as ready to revenge treachery at his bidding as are they themselves.

It is little wonder that the American police have not been able to make much headway against so indefinite an organization. But it is the disgrace of our police authorities that, ex-

cept by Commissioner Bingham of New York (who has been disgracefully hampered by a trivial and stupid board of aldermen), no intelligent warfare has been made on Black Hand crime. If the thing is to be done, it must be done by the same methods which the Italian government has found effective against the same sort of people at home. First of all, there must be developed a uniformed corps of police, made up of men—south Italians—as brave and as reckless and as honest as were Wild Bill Hickok and Seth Bullock and Colonel Sanders and Bat Masterson and the others who terrorized the road-agents and the cattle-thieves of our own wild West forty years ago. There are plenty of such men in Italy and here.

But, in addition, they must know the secret language of the Italian secret societies—the most complicated thieves' jargon in the world. The mongrel dialects of the Mediterranean ports are puzzling enough, anyway, made up as they are of bits of all the Latin languages, Greek, Arabic, and their variations. But the banded plunderers of the Camorra and the Mafia superimpose on this tangle a code of their own which can be learned by only the most patient, intelligent, and daring detective study.

The members of this police corps must be no respecters of tradition or of persons in authority. In the great Camorra trial which seemed to be the end of the Camorra in Naples, the thieves and thugs of the society were found to use priests and the nobility as cogs in their mill; and even now the value of the whole proceeding is shaded by the suspicion that the Camorra was represented in the prosecution, and had shielded some of those on whom the greatest real guilt rested.

There must be also an Italian detective bureau, working in secret concert with the uniformed Italian police; its members, too, must needs be south Italians, who have the instincts inherited from generations of the darkest intriguers of Europe. For instance, if a well-trained Mafia or Camorra member be on his way to Elizabeth Street, in New York, from his home in Harlem, to buy his week's groceries, he would as soon cut off his right hand as go direct to his destination. He rides about on different lines of surface cars, transferring with economical carefulness, until he gets into the dry-goods district. He

passes through one or more department stores, using the elevators freely. He takes to the elevated railroad or the subway. He doubles back on his tracks as often as he may without paying an extra fare. He mixes with the seething crowd at the Brooklyn Bridge entrance. He loiters on the upper floor of an office building, and walks down twenty weary flights of stairs, and emerges from an entrance on another street than that from which he entered. When he has reached Elizabeth Street and his favorite grocery-store, he has spent four hours on a journey which he might have accomplished in half an hour. He is always in practice. No national board of strategy was ever so ingenious in the devising of war games. Such a man cannot be kept in sight by the keenest American shadower alive, nor even by a north Italian. But a south Italian detective, whose mind works just as does that of the prey he is pursuing, has a chance.

Cooperation between this government and the government of Italy has done some good and will do more. Italy is very willing to take back to her own tender mercies the ex-convicts who have come to America. It is the official Italian theory that crime will be discouraged in Italy once it is understood that even America is not a safe refuge. Italy has complete records and descriptions of all her missing convicts. A wise appropriation of money on this side of the water for the hunting out of Italy's missing criminals would clear our Italian settlements of a shameful scandal and terror.

The Black Hand must go. The use of the symbol must become a guarantee of imprisonment or deportation as certain as is now its promise of plunder and bloodshed. The development of the Black Hand system of contempt for law is demoralizing to all the better ideals of our foreign born population. Soon it will be, if not suppressed, a menace to the native born as well. Moreover, the elimination of the Black Hand we owe to Italy nearly as much as to ourselves. It will be an inestimable favor to a nation to which we are indebted for the uplifting of our ideals of art, for the labor which has helped develop our national resources, and for the infusion into our blood of the sturdy, thrifty strain which becomes strikingly apparent as soon as the normal, industrious, simple-souled Italian immigrant begins to make himself at home.



"SEE HERE," THEY SAYS, 'YOU'VE BEEN WRONGED. . . . TELL US ALL YOUR STORY.'"

THE MAYOR'S HONEYMOON

By LEROY SCOTT

Author of "The Walking Delegate," "To Him That Hath," etc.

Illustrations by Will Crawford

THE Mayor of Avenue A was a figure to rejoice the eye as he entered his café and swayed down between the tables, throwing smiles and hearty "good evenings" to the midnight customers who sat sipping his coffee, beer, and wine, and getting back hands. His luminous silk hat, his lustrous shoes, his great area of shirt bosom, whose brilliance came to twin foci in two diamond studs, proclaimed him the wedding-guest he was. His full and ruddy face was ashine with satisfaction over the recent event that he, as best man, had dominated. He was an imposing figure, which he knew, and he bore himself through his guests in a manner worthy of his radiant bulk.

I, dwarfed to unimportance, followed in his train to the rear of the café, where he opened the door of a little private dining-room and pressed me in before him. We hung up our hats and sat down, the Mayor with great effort and the extremity of care, for 'twas no easy business to adjust to sitting posture his two hundred and thirty pounds

and at the same time to preserve his raiment's unwrinkled demeanor. This feat achieved, the Mayor prompted his white tie into place with a touch or two, and drew a smoothing diamonded hand over the score of hairs that etched his crown.

"Well, friend, that was exactly the forty-ninth weddin' I've been to this year. Over here on Avenue A they think a weddin' ain't legal unless I'm there. Nice affair to-night, wasn't it?—and nice couple. Well, I hope they'll get through their honeymoon all right. But there's no tellin'"—he shook his head—"no sir, there's never no tellin' about a honeymoon!"

A reminiscent smile pressed the corners of his mouth into his cheeks, and he bent upon me an odd, thoughtful, hesitant look. Then the smile pressed deeper. He leaned forward upon his substantial elbows.

"My honeymoon was a tremendous success—ain't that what I told you?"

I admitted I had been so informed.

"Hum!" said the Mayor. "That's the way me and Carrie bragged about it to ev-

erybody. Well, friend, I reckon you've believed that fairy tale about long enough. Me and Carrie don't feel as tender about it as we did a year ago. I don't mind your knowin' the truth, and I'm sure Carrie won't mind, either.

"You remember our weddin'. It was certainly swell, wasn't it? You never saw Liberty Hall fixed up finer than it was that night, nor saw a genteeler crowd in this part o' town—and Carrie she certainly looked fresh and bloomin' for a forty-year-older! And I guess I wasn't such a slouch myself. Why, in comparison, this weddin'-to-night wasn't gettin' married at all! And Professor Bachmann's orchestra never turned out such dance music; it was such music that you didn't want to leave off dancin' to eat, and the feed was such a feed that you didn't want to leave off eatin' to dance. Yes, sir—that was a weddin'!

"It was so grand I hated to break away from it. Then, inside o' me I was sorter scared o' realizin' it was all settled. Lord! Carrie and me're happy enough now—but you remember how I didn't want to marry nobody, and how I was clean out o' my head when I proposed to her, and how when my weddin'-day rolled around I was so paralyzed that they almost had to load me in an ambulance to get me to the weddin'. But finally we did get away, and went runnin' down the Hall stairs—a fine-lookin' pair we made in our weddin'-clothes, some folks have said—with rice rain-in' on us and dribblin' down inside my collar. You remember it all. We jumped into our carriage, drove to her brother's, where we got into travelin' clothes, jumped back again into the carriage—and our honeymoon was on.

"I tell you what, it does give you an awful feeling—to know it's all settled. While the weddin's goin' on, the music, and the dancin', and you bein' the center o' the crowd, these things keep your nerve up and make you forget. But when you start on your honeymoon, all alone, the music's over with and you're up ag'in cold, bare facts. You're married, and there she sits beside you—and she'll always be sittin' beside you. You don't know what she's really like; she acted white while you courted her, sure—but all women act white then. You wonder what's really wrapped up in your package; you wonder if you're goin' to like her—if you'll get on together—or if it's goin' to be cross words and flat-irons and alimony. All these things got to shiverin' through my head and up and down my spinal column. My nerves went all to pieces. I

sat there beside Carrie like a lump o' jelly, and I simply sweat ice-water.

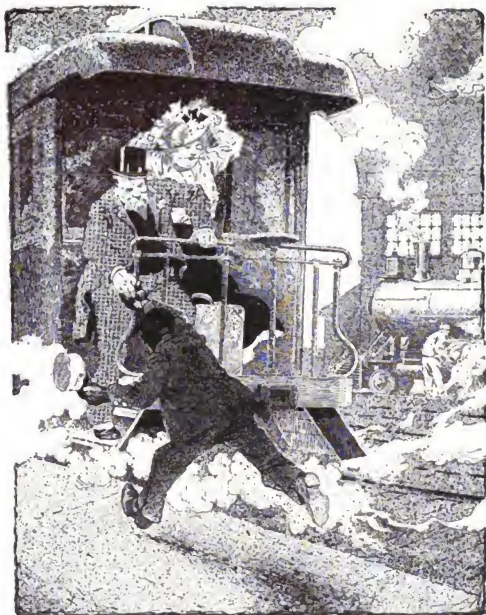
"At the depot I gave our dress-suit case to a black porter and rushed to the baggage-room to check Carrie's trunk, which held my clothes, too, that I had sent over to Carrie's brother's to be packed in it. The baggage-man threw me a round brass check, which I slipped into my pocket, and I started to the waitin'-room for Carrie. By this time the rice that had gone inside my collar had slipped down into my stockin's. Ever try to walk in a pair o' new, iron-tight, patent-leather shoes, with rice ag'in your bare soles? Well, if you want to get right intimately acquainted with the bad place, just try it. How the corners o' that blamed rice did dig into me! Say, did I make any inner remarks about them kind friends that had thrown that rice? Did I?

"When I got back to Carrie, tryin' not to limp, tryin' not to groan, there beside her was a blamed bore of a friend congratulatin' her and best-wishin' her; and he kept on congratulatin' us, the rice diggin' deeper into my feet all the while, till the porter broke it up by sayin' that the train for Atlantic City left in one second. We rushed out o' the waitin'-room into the train shed to see the last car of our train movin' away. 'You'll have to run!' yells the porter. That's what we did, the porter settin' the pace with the suit case, Carrie and me hand in hand sprintin' along behind him. And that rice! Every time one o' my feet come down I wanted to yelp!

"But we made it. The porter threw the bag up on the platform; and then runnin' along beside the train him and me boosted Carrie up on the steps; then, the porter pushin', up went I. I jerked a coin out o' my pocket and, without lookin' at it, pushed it down into the runnin' darky's cash register, which closed right up on it. The size o' the coin told the darky it was half a dollar, and he showed me his whole outfit o' teeth.

"We stumbled into the coach and collapsed in the first seat. I ain't exactly built on racin' lines, nor is Carrie, and the pair of us sat there heavin' for air. But havin' no breath was nothin' to my feet. I wanted to take off my shoes, but I had just sense enough to know that to take off your shoes and socks in a train ain't the proper etiquette for a honeymoon. So I just let 'em burn.

"There was some women aboard goin' down to some sort of a female convention for



"I JERKED A COIN OUT O' MY POCKET AND PUSHED IT DOWN INTO THE
DARKY'S CASH REGISTER."

reformin' criminals, and in the seat ahead of us was a couple o' men. We didn't have any breath to talk with, so I couldn't help hearin' the men. They were railroad detectives, I soon made out, and one was green to the business they were just then on.

"Never seen him," the other was explainin', "but accordin' to description he's big and goes in heavy for dress. You know plenty o' people, for one reason or another, leave their baggage at the station for a day or two. That's the kind Big Bill takes to. He's got a lot o' maids in swell hotels workin' for him; when they pack a rich trunk that's goin' to lay awhile in some depot, they tip it off to Bill, givin' him a description o' the trunk and what's in it, an' mebbe givin' him a key or a wax impression of it. Then Bill, who

puts up a great front, calls at the baggage-room where the trunk is, and says he's lost his check but can identify his baggage and would like it at once. He identifies it all right, has it carted away—and is richer by a trunkful o' clothes and jewels."

"The detectives got up and went ahead into the smoker. By this time Carrie had got back her wind and was leanin' close and whisperin' soft things in my ear—and pretty soon I begun to think it mightn't be so bad to be married. Carrie ain't no girl, but her looks are her own, and she's solid, and she's built to wear, and I reckon these are what a man wants in a wife when he expects to keep her. Well, she kept lookin' up at me—she's got eyes, Carrie has!—and I kept lookin' down at her and gettin' more an' more confident,

till when we marched away from the train at Atlantic City with her hand tucked tight under my arm, I felt like I could fly, and my chest it must 'a' stuck out a foot. I was that happy I almost forgot my feet. I tell you, a man's feelin's on his honeymoon, how they come and how they go, they're sure a curious thing.

"I don't want to leave you to bother about no trunk; I can order it sent from the hotel," I whispered soft to Carrie as we got into a carriage; and I called up to the cabby the name o' the swellest hotel in the town. When we got located, the clerk asked me to please come down and register, and leavin' Carrie pullin' the pins out o' her hat I followed after him through a hall as long as a street. On the way I put a hand in my pocket for my trunk check to give him. It wasn't in that pocket. I stood still and begun to go through 'em all. It wasn't in any.

"I stopped breathin', and blinked my eyes. Where was that trunk check? I thought, and thought, and then it come over me like a chill; and when I tell you, you'll understand my proposition that on their honeymoon ain't no time for a man and a woman to be trusted out alone. Friend, I had give the trunk check to the darky porter in New York for a tip!

"Well, I finally come to. I decided not to worry Carrie about the trunk, for mebbe I could get it without the check. Anyhow it would be easy to try, for the station was only three or four blocks away. So I went down, passed the clerk, and told him offhand and easy that I'd be back in a minute and register then, and started for the depot, walkin' mostly on my heels and the outside edge o' my soles. I would 'a' set down on the sidewalk and got that rice out, but a cop was just ahead, and I knew in a little town a cop sizes himself up as a prominent citizen, and there was no tellin' what he'd think was his duty if he saw

a man in a silk hat sittin' on the curb takin' off his shoes and stockin's.

"But I hopped along to the depot and into the baggage-room. I called to the baggage-man, whose head I could see through the window of a little box of an office talkin' to a couple o' derby hats. I told him I wanted my baggage, and puttin' on all my dignity I told him I had lost my check but could identify the trunk. He hesitated, said somethin' about it not bein' just reg'lar; whereupon I, without any particular difficulty worth remarkin' on, managed to get a dollar bill into his hand. He looked me over, saw that I was somebody, and let me in behind the railin'. I pointed out the trunk straight off, standin' beside the office.

"Got a key?" he asked.

It happened Carrie had give me the key, so I handed it out to him. He pulled the trunk around into the light that streamed from the door o' the office and unlocked it. 'Now,' says he, with a dollar's worth o' politeness, 'you'll have to identify its contents. What's in the trunk?'

"The answer was easy, for I had been thinkin' about it as I crippled over there. 'Mostly my wife's clothes,' says I, tryin' to say 'wife' like I'd been born married. 'And a suit o' mine.'

"Describe some o' your wife's clothes," says he.

"He had me there, but I didn't show it. 'They're mostly some new ones she's been gettin', and I ain't ever seen 'em,' says I, calm enough. 'Identify the trunk by a new gray-and-brown checked suit, with the label on it of the Artistic Tailor Company.' And I named some other things.

"He opened the trunk and begun to dig. And Lord, how I begun to blush!—so that I was ashamed to turn to look at the two men who come out o' the office and stood behind me lookin' on. What didn't that baggage-man dig up! White things with knotted blue and pink ribbons meanderin' through



"'NO GENT'S CLOTHES IN THIS TRUNK,' SAYS HE."

'em—fluffy things—lacy things: all kinds o' strange and curious things that no mortal man ever learns to call by their first names. I was never so embarrassed in my life. I kept growin' redder and redder, till I begun to notice the baggageman wasn't diggin' up no checked suit, which made me worry some. But it come to me Carrie had put my clothes in the bottom so's not to crush her things, and I quit worryin'. But when the baggageman struck bottom he looked slowly around.

"No gent's clothes in this trunk," says he.

"Afterward I learned that Carrie, barely havin' room in the trunk for her own things, had packed mine in the suit case. But just then I didn't even have time to think what had become of 'em, for all at once I was grabbed, and the next second I was standin' there with a pair o' handcuffs on.

"I whirled around. There was the two detectives I'd seen on the train. I pulled the cuss-word valve and let 'em rip. 'See here,' I yells, 'what the h—'s this mean?'

"And them fellows answered, just like the hero-sleuth in 'Tracked Round the World' over to the Third Avenue Theatre: 'It means that all's up with you, Bill Johnson!'

"'B-i-l-l J-o-h-n-s-o-n?' says I, flabbergasted.

"Yes, Bill Johnson," says they in their triumphant, curtain-drop voice. 'At your old game again!'

"I begun to understand. I stood there blinkin' and gaspin'—and then the way I spit profanity was certainly a caution. 'Johnson—nothin'!' I yells. 'Hoffman's my name!' And I told them the kind o' idiots they was, which it ain't necessary here to relate.

"You can tell your name at your trial,"

they says. Lord, they was stuck up, them detectives, with thinkin' they'd landed a king crook!

"I was on the point o' tellin' them further who I was, and tellin' 'em good and hot, but some thoughts shot into my head and closed me up. I remembered I was wearin' the suit I had on for the first time, and there wasn't a scrap o' anything about it to prove who I was. And besides, did I want to tell 'em who I was? In the first place they wouldn't believe me; and later the story'd be sure to get to New York. Did I want Avenue A to know I was so rattled on my honeymoon I had tipped a porter with a trunk check, and then got run in on the charge o' stealin' my own trunk? The Avenue would laugh at it for years—I'd never live it down. I stood there sniverin' cold shivers at the idea.

"I was so up in the air I didn't know at first what to do. If what I done was a fool thing, just remember I was on my honeymoon. I decided to go with them detectives; that would give me time to think. Besides, what else could I do? So off the bridal procession started, me between those two, on my heels and the edges o' my feet. When we got to the police station, I wrote a line to Carrie—formal, because I didn't want these police guys to know I was on my honeymoon—just sayin', 'I have been arrested; come to see me at once.' I was afraid to address it to Mrs.

Carl Hoffman; to write the 'Carl' might be dangerous; so I addressed it 'Mrs. Hoffman,' which wouldn't give me away, since there are thousands o' Hoffmans. The desk sergeant had it carried to the hotel, six blocks away, and charged me only three dollars.

"After that they chucked me down into



"WHAT I DONE WAS TO RIP OFF MY SHOES AND SHAKE OUT THE RICE."

a cell, with a cement carpet and a broad, greasy board for a bed. If I was tellin' you this the way such things is wrote in books, I'd say the first thing I done was to drop down on that board, let my head fall into my hands, and weep the hard-comin' tears o' manhood over bein' tore away from my beautiful bride on my weddin' day. What I done was to rip off my shoes and shake out the rice.

"I nursed my feet awhile, then stretched out on the board. I saw poor Carrie sittin' in the hotel, wonderin' what had become o' me—then I saw her as my note was give her and saw how shocked she was—and then, as time went on, I wondered why she didn't come. More time passed, and I begun to get mad; a nice thing, I thought, to desert your husband the very first day he was your husband! I kept growin' madder and madder—but no Carrie; and finally I went to sleep.

"That night I dreamt I was a Mormon, and had just married fourteen new wives, and was off on fourteen separate honeymoons all at the same time. The next mornin' nothin' had still been heard from Carrie, and I tell you I was hot. But along about ten o'clock, when they was takin' me up to the court-room, word was brought that she had come. They pushed me in a room and said they'd bring her there. I took my stand at a window and looked out, and when I heard the door open and her come in, I stood mighty stiff and didn't even look around. Carrie had to do the makin' up, and mighty humble—you bet! So I just waited.

"Well, my dear sir, what do you want from me?" The voice was thin and sharp.

"I whirled about. There stood a dried-up, gray little woman, in a black dress and black bonnet and carryin' a black silk bag. Mebbe she wasn't really much more'n sixty, but she looked like a mummy out on a leave o' absence from a museum.

"My lower jaw dropped so hard it almost broke off, and I just stared. Then I got hold o' myself. 'Excuse me,' I says, very dignified like, 'but you must 'a' made a mistake. I sent for Mrs. Hoffman.'

"No mistake at all,' she speaks up. 'I am Mrs. Hoffman. See—'

"No, you ain't!' I cries out quick and powerful.

"See, there's your note,' she goes right on. 'I was a little surprised at our names bein' the same, but there's plenty that have it.'

"I stared at the note and my mind floundered about. 'It's very kind o' you, but—'

"No kindness,' she interrupted, in an even, business-like tone. 'As you must know, since

you wrote me, I am often called upon to help those whose instincts have led 'em far from their mother's knees into the broad and glitterin' path o' sin. So I have come to you gladly, as a duty. If I can be of aid in savin' a wanderin' lamb, it's a happiness on earth and a star in my heavenly diadem. I can see from your looks that you've lived a hard life, but since you've sent for me I judge that you must 'a' repented. Let me say to you that it ain't never too late. Let me say to you that there's more joy in heaven over one sinner that—'

"I had to break that up. 'Hold on!' I called out. 'I'm much obliged, but it's another Mrs. Hoffman I sent for.'

"She stiffened. 'I don't understand this,'



"CARRIE HAD TO DO THE MAKIN' UP, AND MIGHTY HUMBLE—YOU BET."

she says. 'The clerk sent the letter to me, sayin' I was the only Mrs. Hoffman in the hotel.'

"I just stood there gapin'. I begun slowly to understand. I remembered now I hadn't registered, and I guessed that as it was late the clerk had kindly decided not to bother us; and so they hadn't even known Carrie's name. And the things I had been sayin' about her!

"The little black lady was halted only for a minute. She fixed her steady, missionary eye on me. 'But even if I ain't the woman you expected,' says she, 'mebbe I can be of service. Perhaps you are sorry for what you've done.'

"I am," I says.

"And you intend not to do it again?"

"Never!" I says.

"Then," says she, very satisfied, 'nothin' more is needed. Repentance for the past, good resolution for the future—that's all. Shall we pray?"

"I balked at bein' yanked backward into heaven like that. I don't remember how I got rid o' that little woman, but I did. She was mad, and I heard her describin' my disposition to the police. But I didn't mind; I was thinkin' o' poor Carrie, and what a night she must 'a' had, not knowin' where I'd disappeared to. I called for more paper and scribbled a note to her explainin' things; and, so's there wouldn't be another mistake, I enclosed this note in a letter to the hotel clerk, askin' him to see that it got to the woman in room number so-and-so.

"After that I was pulled into the court-room. Think o' me, Carl Hoffman, bein' up in a police court—me that gets people out o' police-court trouble every day o' the year! Them two detectives pushed me up before the desk, behind which sat a judge with the regulation look o' police-court judges—a cold, bored, far-away look, like a statue off duty. And the trial begun.

"Them two detectives puffed out their chests till they had to stand away back from the desk, and they told who I was and how they'd caught me the night before in the depot tryin' my reg'lar game. The way they told the tale, it certainly did look black for Carl Hoffman. The baggageman had his say, and then one o' the cops told what that she-reformer had said about me (it seemed she was some kind of an honorary sub-vice-president o' that Women's Prisoner Reform Association); accordin' to her I was plainly a hard and hopeless cuss.

"The judge fixed his weary eyes on me. 'Well, what've you got to say for yourself, Johnson?' says he.

"Now, what could I say? I was neck-full o' profanity; I wanted to explain to all them idiots just what they was. But I had sense enough to know that cuss-words wouldn't help none, so I kept 'em down. On the other hand, I wasn't quite ready to give Avenue A the laugh on me forever by tellin' who I was and offerin' to send to New York for proof—and I was all the less ready to tell because hangin' around the desk was a couple o' reporters, come to write up Bill Johnson. I decided to keep shut for a while, hopin' that Carrie would be able to

help me somehow when she turned up in a few minutes. So all I told the judge was that a mistake had been made, that I was not Bill Johnson, and as much of the rest o' the facts as I safely could.

"Held for trial in \$5,000 bail," says the judge.

"They pushed me away to make room for a drunk, and set

me over in a corner to wait while some kind o' papers was bein' made out. All the while I kept my eyes on the court-room door, watchin' for Carrie. Pretty soon a letter was handed me; it was from the hotel clerk, and it said, 'The woman you wrote about has left the hotel, leavin' no word.'



"MY TRUNK CHECK!" SAYS I."

"I sat there like a jellyfish, lookin' at that piece o' paper. Here was I married only a dozen or fifteen hours, and in that time I'd tipped a porter with a trunk check, had got myself arrested, and lost my wife. Now, I

somethin' must be wrong wid you, boss, yes suh," he said. "So I thought I bettah fetch de check down heah and see." And he began to brush my clothes with his hands.

"I s'pose your heart is warmin' to that



"HELLO! HELLO! BACK FROM YOUR HONEYMOON ALREADY?"

leave it to you, friend—wasn't that a dooce of a honeymoon?

"Yes, sir, I sat there just like a jellyfish. For a time there wasn't an idea in me; then I begun slowly to come to, and I saw what an awful fix I was in. If I told who I was and got clear, I'd be an eternal joke on Avenue A; if I didn't tell and get clear, what'd become o' Carrie?

"I decided to let the Avenue laugh, and was just on the point o' askin' to send a wire to New York friends, when suddenly there come a break in the clouds. It was a darky walkin' in through the court-room door—the darky that'd carried my bag the day before in New York. I never saw such a good-lookin' darky before. I jumped up so quick that the detectives missed my coat-tail by yards, and was on him.

"My trunk check!" says I.

"Yes, suh," says he, and the next second it was in my hand—number 437.

"Before the detectives pulled me away I managed to whisper to him to say he'd seen me drop it and hadn't had time to give it to me. He told me that the arrest o' Big Bill Johnson for tryin' to claim trunk 437 had been telegraphed to the New York baggage office, and he had heard it. 'I reckoned

darky because o' his high, self-sacrificin' Christianity? Well, mebbe you'd call it Christianity, but I'd say that darky was a wise coon. I'd say he had a good, reliable, long-distance nose for tips, and he smelt a big one so strong he was willin' to risk a bit on it.

"Funny, ain't it, how luck'll roll you around in the dirt awhile, then all at once'll pick you up, dust you off, and stand you on your feet? The next minute things cleared up for me like the last minute o' one o' them musical comedies. I was still talkin' to the darky when in come an ordinary patrolman, stupid, cross-eyed, flop-eared, lookin' like he'd been picked up in a second-hand store; and he was towin' along a big, flashy chap who'd had too much to drink by a lot. Not to harrow your feelin's with suspense, I'll say right off that the big chap was Bill Johnson himself. The second-hand cop had picked up the great trunk thief over on the board-walk, where he'd tried to steal out o' one o' them rollin'-chairs an imitation-leather bag holdin' an old lady's knittin'.

"Well, with me havin' my trunk check and them havin' the real Bill Johnson, there was nothin' to do but let me go, askin' no questions, which was done. You never seen

such sunken-chested fellows as them two railroad detectives lookin' over at that dollar'n-a-quarter-a-day cop holdin' on to Bill Johnson. I got my roll from the desk sergeant, give the darky a handful, and was rushin' out to begin to hunt up Carrie, when those reporters grabbed me. 'See here,' they says, 'you've been wronged. We want to vindicate you. Tell us all your story.'

"You know, friend, about how much approval I give that proposition. I informed that pair o' innocents that nothin' was doin', and walked away. What did they do but follow me. And everywhere I went them Mary's-little-lambs come taggin' after. They made me sore. So I turned round politely, said I'd reconsidered, and told 'em my story—makin' it up as I went along, and endin' by sayin' I was now goin' back to my home in Boston. Gee, but it was a story! And they took it all in, and printed it, too, for afterward I saw it.

"At the hotel they couldn't tell me anything about Carrie. She didn't know anybody in Atlantic City, so I decided she must 'a' gone back to New York. If she had, then the story was out, and I might as well go home and face the music. So I started, keepin' a hand over the pocket that had the new trunk check—and I tell you that was a long and wearin' trip.

"But when I got to New York, there in the train shed, standin' beside a big dress-suit case, was a white, scared-lookin' woman scannin' our crowd. The next second I had her, and she was sobbin' on the place that was made for women to sob on. I led her into the women's waitin'-room, where there wasn't such a big audience, and we had an experience meetin'. After I'd finished, she told me how she'd sat in the hotel waitin'

and waitin'; how she'd then thought o' notifyin' the police that I was missin', but was afraid, too, for fear it might get to Avenue A; and then how she'd come to New York to ask the advice o' her brother, but after gettin' there she'd waited around the station to see if I didn't come on another train.

"By the time she was through, I was feelin' cheery again, for we'd found each other and nothin' was comin' out. 'Well, that wasn't much of a honeymoon, Carrie,' I says. 'What d'you say—let's have another.'

"'All right,' says Carrie.

"There was a train back to Atlantic City in fifteen minutes. I bought two round-trip tickets and had just come up to Carrie again, when somebody suddenly swooped down out o' the atmosphere and begun to shake our hands. It was Herman Schweitzer, who was one o' the ushers at our weddin'.

"'Hello! Hello!' he shouts out, shinin' with joy. 'Back from your honeymoon already?'

"I caught my breath and swallowed hard, and I looked at Carrie. 'Yes,' I says.

"'Had a good time, o' course?'

"'Great!' I says.

"'See here,' says he, 'I'm only goin' to Newark and'll be right back. I'll fetch a crowd over to-night to welcome you. Good-by; got to run for my train.'

"I watched him streakin' down the platform; then I turned to Carrie.

"'Carrie,' says I slowly, 'I reckon we'd better go home.'

"'I reckon we had,' says she.

"And we did. And that's all. Only I want to say to you again, friend, that there's nothin' so dangerous as a honeymoon. I wouldn't go through another, not for anything. No, sir! Unless it was the only way I could get Carrie."

THE TROUBLE

By ARTHUR STRINGER

OCH, why should I think av that shlip av a gurl,
Av that soft little whisp av a thing?
Och, why should she trouble a bullock like me,
Who's thraveled and taken me fling?

Aroo, and a pea is a mite av a thing,
Tho' shut in your shoe and 'twill shmart!
*But a mite av a gurl will trouble ye more
When she's tight on the tip av your heart!*



NEWPORT THE MALIGNED

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

Author of "The Pagan's Progress," "Ellen and Mr. Man," etc.

Photographs by Clarence H. White



THE ISLAND OF RHODE ISLAND



YOU might go to Newport off and on for twenty years without knowing the shape and size of the island upon which it is situated or the name of that island. Many people have done just this thing. And if society does not know where it spends its summers, it cannot be very interesting for anybody else to know.

Still, an article in a magazine with a large circulation is a serious enterprise, and has its responsibilities; and it occurred to me, after twenty days of three weeks had passed, that if I rushed into print about an island whose name I did not know, I should be playing the editors of EVERYBODY'S false, and their public. Old residents were ambuscaded and asked, shopkeepers were faced with the piercing question, a policeman was tried and found wanting; likewise a retired admiral. And either these did not really know, or they were ashamed to say. But at the last moment a government map confessed everything; and I learned that Newport was situated upon the island of Rhode Island.

This island has a north-and-south length of about fourteen miles, and a main breadth of three and a half to four. It has an iron-bound coast, broken here and there by little crescent-shaped beaches of fine white sand, is lapped along its whole western side by safe harbor waters, and pounded on the east and south by the sea. So no wonder it is ashamed of its name, sitting through eternity between a Narragansett and an Atlantic, like a Jones between a Washington and a Napoleon.

But Newport city is no more ashamed of its name than is Providence; for the latter was the first free city in the world, and the

former was the second. In these two cities, years before it was allowed anywhere else, a man could say what he pleased and worship his own God in his own way. Roger Williams, a storm-beaten Puritan, out of his sweet temper and common sense, discovered this new seed of life and, carrying it forth from witch-ridden Massachusetts through the wild winter, planted it at the head of Narragansett Bay, to grow into a great tree, so great that it now shadows the whole civilized world.

Speaking of this true freedom, under which different races and different religions live side by side without prejudice, you cannot be long in Newport without noticing the large number of prosperous, well-dressed negroes, descendants of slave days when most of Newport's summer residents were from the South; and you cannot fail to hear mentioned and see printed the name Truro. Perry, the fighting comrade, and Truro, the philanthropic Jew, have more often, perhaps, than any two others written their names upon Newport. That in some other city a Jew has deserved honor is without question, but what other city has been free enough to bestow it? Truly upon Newport the shade of Roger Williams's tree is still very deep and very refreshing.

It is refreshing and deep in more ways than one. Everybody and everything has a fair chance. If the richest man can be comfortable in Newport, so can the poorest. For there can be gotten the most for the most money, and the most for the least. You can rent a fine house and grounds on Bellevue Avenue or the cliffs for ten or twenty thousand dollars, or, if you don't like the situation, you can rent in old Newport a big, old-fashioned, square house, with two acres of ground and good plumbing and big trees, for five hundred dollars.

It's entirely a question of how you want to live and what you have to spend. The neces-

sities of summer life, tennis, golf, swimming, and food and a roof, are as cheaply had there as anywhere, and of rather better quality; the luxuries, as elsewhere, cost more than they are worth.

If I had to live somewhere year in and year out, all the year round, on very little money, I should choose Newport and get the most for that money. And as for the so-called "swim," those who are in it, and who ought to know, will tell you that not riches alone can get you, too, in, any more than mere poverty can keep you out.

There is a great deal of bitter talk about the exclusiveness of Newport society; of certain matrons without whose sanction it may not be entered at all; who stamp with approval or not. I know that these ideas are current wherever people discuss other people, and I believe that they are believed. But can you picture these famous matrons who, if they are bent on anything, are bent on having a good time, sitting about like the fates, snipping the threads of hopeful social careers, turning their thumbs up or down, as the case may be, or stamping with approval? And if you can picture them thus, can you possibly, by a further stretch of your wild imagination, picture anybody paying the slightest attention to them?

You will see it solemnly and decorously stated that in social matters a certain lady's word is law. Well, it may be; but it's a very poor kind of law, which nobody except the lady's hired servants will keep either in letter or in spirit.

The society of Newport is no more exclusive than any other society. It isn't a club that meets to elect or blackball. It is a number of more or less agreeable people who are quite ready to be friendly with any number of other more or less agreeable people, once they have found them out, and liked them. And their judgment of others is broad, on the whole, rather than narrow.

To be clean and neatly dressed, to be polite and agreeable, and reasonably honest, and reasonably likable, are the kindly and simple qualities that admit to this exclusive society. But one would not, naturally, armed with only these qualities, land upon the long wharf and be immediately invited to dine on Bellevue Avenue; any more than would King Edward, traveling incognito and landing at the railroad station of Oshkosh, be invited to dine by the humblest citizen (so exclusive is Oshkosh), unless the humblest citizen happened to be

a bunco-steerer with an eye to England's watch and chain or India's scarf-pin.

II

THE READING-ROOM

NEWPORT from the harbor, as you arrive, looks like any of half a dozen New England seaports: like New Bedford or Portland—a little hillside city of weather-gray and snow-white buildings, with great elms standing among them and rising above them, and many graceful white steeples with gilt weather-vanes. There are the usual far-off hints of fortifications, old and new, and here and there you see the flag; not the Fourth-of-July flag printed on cambric that you leave out all night in the rain, but the real flag that rises and sets with the sun and the thunder of cannon, and that, whenever and wherever you see it, speaks to your heart with the voice of trumpets.

So in a general way New Bedford looks, and Portland; but two notes of impression are peculiar to Newport at arrival: the number of gleaming yachts anchored among the usual weather-beaten shipping, many with world-famous names gilded across their sterns; and on the broken-down wharf the number of gleaming automobiles among the dingy public conveyances. There is a rush of people to one side of the steamer to look at the fastest schooner in the world, or to the other wheresome one is pointing out the most expensive automobile that has ever been imported.

These two interesting machines, together with an old, tumble-down hack, driven by a smiling negro, are to give you, perhaps, a first impression of Newport democracy; for, having landed, three of your fellow passengers are rowed out to the fastest schooner in a tiny dinghy bearing her name; two are haled into the most expensive automobile and whirl away with joking and laughter; and another, a gentleman worth forty or fifty millions, whose name you know just as well as I do, drives a hard-and-fast bargain with the driver of the tumble-down hack. This gentleman has several automobiles of his own, but he likes to take a hack; it goes quite fast enough, its clutch doesn't get out of order, he is on a comfortable footing with the driver. And, besides, no one in Newport is going to despise him for doing what he pleases.

A short drive through crooked, sharply upgraded streets, lined with homes of an



AN IRON-BOUND COAST, LAPPED ALONG ITS WESTERN SIDE BY SAFE HARBOR WATERS
AND POUNDED ON THE EAST AND SOUTH BY THE SEA.



A PROOF THAT THE HUMAN MIND CAN STILL TURN
UPWARD FROM THE COUNTING-HOUSE TO
DREAM IN MARBLES AND FLOWERS.

old, generous, and shapely pattern, with sidewalks not wide enough for two to go abreast, past well-kept little garden-plots, bright flowers that nod over very dingy or very well groomed fences, past doors of charming colonial suggestion, with brass knobs and knockers—brings you to the very center of Newport, the Reading-Room.

This is a large, old-fashioned white house, of no period, shaded by tall trees and the roofs of broad verandas. It is the great point of assemblage and departure; a very old-fashioned club, very simply and comfortably furnished, very quietly and ably managed. Its customs never change; nor is it touched by the newest thing in fashion, or the newest make for luxury.

And this, in a place where the boredom of great wealth is supposed to make of life a race for the newest possible sensation, is the more surprising when you consider the membership list of the Reading-Room and realize that, in the face of its aggregated fortunes, a million dollars would look like a penny in a blind man's cup. The men who have made Newport a garden spot, who have assembled upon one small island the best of Italy, France, England, and America, who never suffer an automobile or a yacht or a system of plumbing to grow old in their service, cling with a kind of religious fervor to their simple, old-fashioned Reading-Room—its plain old easy chairs and its plain old ways.

In particular, the older gentlemen are fond of the Reading-Room: its quiet card-tables, its piles of periodicals, and its pleasant little bar. The younger generations affect the Casino bar, where the drinks are served in larger glasses. An hour before lunch or dinner the older gentlemen, for the most part so very well groomed and smartly dressed, begin to arrive at the Reading-Room. Some come behind horses, some in high-powered automobiles, some on foot; but most of them come singly in little electric runabouts, hired by the month, which they drive themselves at the rate of about six miles an hour. These little vehicles are left in a kind of courtyard at the back of the Reading-Room, protected from the elements by an old shed. And as they wait for their masters they have about them a look of pleasant idleness



A LITTLE HILLSIDE CITY OF WEATHER GRAY AND SNOW WHITE BUILDINGS AND MANY WHITE STEEPLES WITH GILT WEATHER VANES.



EVEN THAT MOUNTAIN OF BRICK HAS TO THE EYE THE SPLENDOR OF TRANSCENDENT
SIZE AND YOU ADMIRE THE MIGHTY MASS OF IT UPON ITS
FOUNDATION OF UNDULATING ROCK.



THE READING-ROOM—A VERY OLD-FASHIONED CLUB. ITS CUSTOMS NEVER CHANGE; NOR IS IT TOUCHED BY THE NEWEST THING IN FASHION OR THE NEWEST LUXURY.



A BIG HOUSE ON A SMALL LOT IS A RIDICULOUS SIGHT IN MANY PARTS OF THIS IMMATURE UNION; BUT NOT IN NEWPORT.

and good manners. Though modern and up-to-date machines, they seem to belong to the old school of things, slow-moving and noiseless. While they wait they face a border of mint, from which now and then a bar-keeper makes careful selections with a pair of bright scissors.

The older gentlemen are a pleasant and balancing element in Newport life. They have found their level, and know just where they stand: one on the heights of wealth, the next in the valleys. They know just what is expected of them, and just what to expect from others. And whether their lives have been wise or worthless, they have about them, for the most part, a dignified and pleasant way, a great readiness to be kind and to be amused. You will see among them an assortment of picturesque old beaux, dressed with overwhelming smartness in the fashions of fifteen years ago; and a few of these are as apt as not to begin an anecdote in pure English

and finish it in pure French. You cannot help feeling that you have fallen among distinguished people; the neatness of the individual, his well-bred voice, well-chosen terms, and general politeness are enough to make you feel so; but these things backed by names that, for better or worse, you have heard spoken all your life, tend, I suppose, to round out the feeling and make it complete.

There is, too, a something finely positive about the older gentlemen in their Reading-Room. They have passed the leading age, and are fixed in their habits. They are closed to persuasion. A few of them drink pretty hard, a few of them play pretty high; and these will not change, any more than those who do not drink at all will change, or those who like a quiet rubber, carefully and slowly played for penny points. One habit they have in common, those who have been models of propriety and those who haven't—a piping of the eye and a mischievously knowing ex-

pression when the conversation hits upon women for its topic. But this is so among older gentlemen the world over, and always was. Did not Homer's old gentlemen nudge one another in the ribs when Helen of Troy passed by?

III

THE CASINO

THE Casino, celebrated for so many years as the scene of the National Lawn Tennis championships and other brilliant spectacles, is another great point of meeting and departure. It is only a short walk from the Reading-Room, past Truro Park, which contains the famous stone tower where the skeleton in armor is supposed to have lived before he went into the forest drear and fell upon his spear, and found death exceedingly gratifying. In life he was a Norseman bold, and of a very inventive turn, it seems, for he supplied his pretty tower with a fireplace of a kind that nobody else used till several hundred years later; and I'm afraid he was a Norseman of English descent, with a name that belonged subsequently to a notable traitor, and that he built his little tower to grind meal in. Anyway, it's one of the best-looking and oldest antiques in America, and it's shaded by wonderful old trees that aren't half so old as it is.

The entrance to the Casino is a big arch-

way that opens between shops, and leads you abruptly from an ordinary American street scene to an oval of green turf, bounded on three sides by the vine-covered walls of the Casino Club, and on the fourth, that which is opposite as you enter, by a long crescent pergola, covered with vines and raised a few steps from the general level. Another archway at one end of this pergola brings you to a great level space of lovely green turf; it is so big that the dozen tennis-courts marked upon it in white look very small, and it is so level that it doesn't matter in what part of it the courts are laid. Indeed, as the turf becomes worse, their positions are radically changed from time to time, new turf taking the wear and tear, and the poundings and the slippings and the heavy falls, while the worn turf is given a needed rest and all the first aid to the injured: seedings, manurings, and rollings. This stretch of turf has been a good part of the life-work of a man whose hair is now turning from gray to white, but who still, armed only with an empty soda-bottle, can play a better game of lawn tennis than you and I can, using regulation bats. Yes, even if we practised for six weeks, and drank amonia during the match.

On these courts the national championship is (I was going to say contested, but I won't) decided every August. The same old umpire sits in the same old step-ladder chair and calls the score 15-40 when it is 40-15. There is



THE HOUSES OF BELLEVUE AVENUE AND VICINITY ARE ALLURINGLY HIDDEN AWAY



THAT GREEN AND FLOWERY PLACE. HINTING AT EDEN AND THE PARADISIAL.

the same number of promising players who have developed one strong point and no more (and never will develop any more); there is the same unsportsmanlike dropping out at the last moment of really good players; the same old disappointments; the man of champion caliber who turns petulant, and is put out by the man of no caliber at all, etc., etc. No, it's not quite the same; it used to be better. Mr. Larned, who won last year, will tell you so if you ask him; and he ought to know, because he's played a higher average of lawn tennis for a greater number of years than any man in the world. And this year he is playing better and more reliably than he ever played before.

The other great annual event, with the Casino and the whole of society for a background, is the horse show. This lasts three days, and so does the equinoctial storm during which it takes place. It is a sorry business. In the first place, a lovely oval of green turf is beaten into whipped mud before your eyes. Thus the lover of nature is slapped in the face; and then, as at all horse shows, the lover of horses. The blue ribbon goes to a silly fool of a horse that steps too high for his own good, and the red ribbon goes to a horse that is worth two of him, but does not make quite such a fool of himself; but the yellow ribbon is bestowed with justice: it is awarded to the only other horse in the contest. A glance at the program now informs you that the three horses that have just taken ribbons, and are the only three entries in this particular class, all belong to the same rich man. Next event, three very expensive horses, all belonging to another very rich man. And among them the ribbons are distributed amid clapping of hands. Next event, four horses, two belonging to each of the aforementioned rich men. First R. M. receives blue ribbon, second R. M. receives red and yellow. In the next event the entries are from the stables of the same gentlemen, two from each; but the decisions are reversed, the blue ribbon going this time to the second R. M., and the red and yellow to the first. At the end of the equinoctial storm, it is found that the most of the ribbons have been impartially divided between the two R. M. Both are delighted, naturally, with the good showing made by their stables, and subscribe heavily toward the next show. There is more truth than fiction in this.

However, Newport recovers from this annual nightmare; the rain holds up; out pops

the sun; Mr. Petit's myrmidons begin to re-soled the trampled ring for next year's tennis; and society comes to its senses. And gentlemen who have been rained on cruel, and have caught colds, stand five deep before the bar of the Casino Club and take something for it. But some have had the good sense to remain in the card-rooms during the entire function, applying the leads, finesses, and inferences of Messrs. Elwell and Foster. Not that one holds card play to be altogether sensible, but that one holds horse shows to be altogether the opposite.

IV

RETICENT HOUSES

CYNICS declare that the most interesting pages of magazines are those containing the advertisements. Editors agree with these cynics; but authors don't. There is, however, one exception, namely, the *Country Life* that is published in England. Of this the many, many pages of houses, castles, and hunting-lodges, with pictures, for rent or sale, at prices to make us high-priced Americans water at the mouth, are simply fascinating. Residential Newport is like a number of these pages come to life—especially newer Newport. Like the advertisements in *Country Life*, for one house in bad taste, there are ten with which no one but a quibbler could find fault.

There is a good place for everybody in this world, including the variously afflicted: the deaf can have seats at the opera and talk to their heart's content; the blind can attend the ballet and listen to the music. But the man with sound eyes should inhabit Newport. If there is no pleasure for him in the great spaces, changes, and coloring of the sky and the ocean, he should find joy in looking his fill upon this great house or that; if not, let him deny, if he can, that the planting of hydrangeas in great masses is a scheme borrowed directly from the Garden of Eden.

The hydrangea, so usually seen in miserable, scrawny, and treasured isolation, is the keynote of Newport gardening. The place and the plant seem to be madly in love with each other. To one great head of bluish blossoms that it bears elsewhere, the shrub here nobly flourishes a dozen; it clothes itself with them from head to foot; now and then you will see it in such splendid, ordered mass and riot that it does not seem small and insignifi-

cant even against the ocean itself that rolls in bluer splendor beyond.

Of necessity, the grounds about the Newport houses are small—a few acres at the most. And people are prone to sneer and say how ridiculous to build a million-dollar palace on a two-acre lot. Now you will see just this sort of thing in the towns inhabited by the people who make the remark, but you will see precious little of it in Newport. A big house on a small lot gives an impression of cheap publicity and a desire to show off, and is a well-known and ridiculous sight in many parts of this immature Union; but not in Newport.

I can name but one example of it there: that is a brick structure with battlements and towers, about as big as Windsor Castle. It covers every inch of its own grounds, has no vegetation about it or on it, and is a perfectly dreadful perpetration—but even that mountain of brick, suffering from neglect and mumps, has to recommend it to the eye the splendor of transcendent size; indeed, in a half-light, when the whitish smears on the brick, and the cold, curtainless windows are not too much in evidence, and while you are still laboring under the delusion that it is a state asylum for the criminally insane, and not a house, you admire the mighty mass of it upon its foundation of undulating rock against its noble background of sea and sky. But this shameless, naked, and monstrous house seems to have frightened all the other houses into secret retreats. Some of the little two-acre places are so artfully planted and arranged, with hedges and leafy perspectives, that they have about them an effect of great English parks; and of the house that you have been told to regard as ostentatiously and brazenly exposed, there is, perhaps, no more than a glimpse of chimneys, a flashing detail of porticoes, or among the greenest of trees a smear of red roof.

The well-bred American who is also rich is a retiring animal by nature; irritatingly so, if he has employed a high order of talent to design his house. I was very eager to see more of some of the houses whose owners' names, even, I did not know; and often I crept in at side gates like a poacher, and zigzagged among trees and shrubs, and across little emerald bowls of lawn, fearing exposure and expulsion, if not actual arrest, so that I could look my fill. Usually I wanted to steal everything I saw, from the house to the trees and shrubs, and the sun-dial in the family garden. But I held my immoral tendencies in a strong

grip, and came away the richer only by so many lovely visions that were not meant for me. Sometimes, with thumping heart, I encountered a forbidding-looking gardener, upon whose mercies I threw myself, and who, when I told him that I had never seen such good planting, so many lovely trees, clean of the least dead twig, always beamed and took me in tow deeper into the umbrageous and sundappled secrets of the two acres. And sometimes actually refused money.

It is, for the most part, the houses of Bellevue Avenue and its vicinity that are so alluringly hidden away. Hedges, or stone walls or brick, velvety green with ampelopsis and English ivy, bound the little properties, and above them the heavy tops of elms and oaks and beeches—trees that have not just been stuck into holes and left to shift for themselves, but have received the care of delicate plants in gardens: protection against winter storms, scientific pruning of dead wood and water-sprouts, spraying against insects and disease, and at least one good, honest, square meal a year. And all the newer houses that begin where Bellevue Avenue ends, and follow for miles the bold curves of the ocean drive, are rapidly going into the same kind of exquisite retirement. In a few years the casual visitor to Newport will see nothing of its palaces, save a hint here and there, far away among trees.

Even those houses that have between them and the ocean a walk always open to the public are fighting the winter winds and the barren soil. These, too, are inching out of sight behind the new leaves of successive springs. Certain owners, not content to wait upon mulching, manure, and the seasons, have, to be the sooner private, counter-sunk the shore path, where it crosses their land, so that even from their upper windows they cannot see those who go strolling along in it, nor be seen by them. This is a fair arrangement. The shore path, or cliff walk, or whatever it is called, represents the vested right of the humblest citizen of Newport in the Atlantic Ocean, but was not intended to carry with it the privilege of viewing Mrs. Adam Smith at her hair-curling, nor the first chaste salute to pass between Miss Euphorina Smith and Count Nippunwormski in the billiard-room. And, on the other hand, the Smiths, who bought the property not because of the cliff walk, but in spite of it, do not lose one bucketful of the ocean view that alone inspired them to buy.

If the great houses keep their secrets in the broad and pleasant light of day, by moonlight or starlight they exist only as ghosts and phantoms. I have tucked away, for constant and delightful reference, the memory of gliding about Newport by moonlight, slowly, in a car that moved without noise. Newport had dined, and was talking and sipping liquors, and playing the last rubber of bridge, before going to a certain dance. The streets were deserted; there was no sound; and, although there was a rare salt freshness from the ocean, no breeze was stirring. There had been rain in the morning; and whatever grew sweet in the gardens mingled its sweetness with the delicious ocean air. We passed the house where the dance was to be—a path of red velvet from the street and up the front steps and in through the open door; a hint of a great hall beyond brightly lighted; and upon the steps of the house and just within, many footmen in livery, motionless and silent. All this we caught upon the instant and between the trees.

I remember, too, how we came suddenly upon a thirty-foot gate of wrought iron, and far away at the end of a long vista a shadowy and vast Tudor gable, having in its midst a great, intricate rose-window of carved stone, palely lighted; and again, as suddenly come and as suddenly gone, a path that ran silver between clipped box and evergreens, and was continued onward across the whole ocean by the silver path of the moon. And now we glided into a spot whose every atom of air smelled heavily and deliciously of honeysuckle, and out of that into a breath of roses. And again, just when I was sure that the whole thing was a phantom, and that there was nothing real in the world but ghosts and illusions and heavenly odors, a live Greek god looked me suddenly in the face from among beech leaves, and I heard a sparrow twitter in the ivy upon a wall.

V

BAILEY'S BEACH

BAILEY'S BEACH, where society swims, dives, palavers, and rides the surf in canoes, is crescent-shaped and white, too white for the eyes' comfort, and too crescent-shaped for the seaweed that drifts into it to drift out. For fifty or sixty feet the water is a kind of thick gruel: seaweed, floating sand, and seawater; but beyond it is clear, lively, and swimmable. Long, low bath-houses, not so

unsightly as is usual, shut off from the public any near-by view of the bathers, and upon the doors of many of the dressing-rooms are printed names of at least newspaper fame.

I had expected to find the bathing-suit a great leveler. But fashion is artful. The smart women managed to look smart still, and the dowdy—dowdy. And certain men of newspaper fame, whom one had always supposed to be limp, useless stuffs, turned out to be cleanly built, powerful specimens, who swam like dolphins. A foreigner or two gave the conventional comic touch to the picture; but one's own countrymen, especially of the younger generation, it is pleasant to see, are better muscled than Greek statues, if not so gracefully, and have serviceable and expressive, if not vividly handsome, faces.

If the sand were not so white and glary, I can think of nothing pleasanter than to put on a borrowed bathing-suit and sit in the sun (the water is too cold for anybody but the hardy rich), and observe the bathers and the bathing at Bailey's Beach. One could stand the cold water long enough to get wet, and then one could sit and dry salily and drowse, and dig idly with liberated toes. Many truths come home to one thus engaged: the baleful influence of the shoe upon the male foot; the fact that the colors of expensive socks are not always fast; the resemblance between the distinguished foreigner, as he runs and skips and festively sports, and the sandpiper turned loose on a good feeding-ground; that the girl whom you saw at tennis in filmy, floating white things, and thought as slender and graceful as Canova's Psyche, has legs like the columns of Hercules (and doesn't care); that the walk which was dignified in the Reading-Room is a waddle on the beach; and that every man over thirty years of age, no matter how thin of arm and leg and chest and neck, looks as if he had swallowed one melon—whole.

Bailey's Beach is the nearest that society will ever get to trial marriage. It does not, of course, furnish complete proofs of compatibility; but it gives considerable to go on. The possibility of hitching one's star to a cork leg or a cloven hoof is done away with. The man who continuously leaps into the air and enters the water stomach first is pretty sure to be good-natured; the woman who doesn't mind getting her hair wet will put up with greater trials; and those who literally bask in that frigid water, hour after hour, can of course stand anything. Think well, too,

of that woman who is the quickest to change from land to sea clothes, and vice versa. She will occasionally be on time.

There are women who go every day to Bailey's Beach to sit on kitchen chairs and look on and palaver; and there are men who do likewise. It is among these, perhaps, that matrimonial candidates should look for cloven hoofs—at the least this audience has against it the fact that for the time and place it is overdressed. Pearls at Bailey's Beach should be rolling in the undertow, and not strung about sophisticated necks; and clothes that look as if, in case of dire necessity, they could be gotten out of, should be worn.

Oh, these simple morning gowns! these twelve, noon, hats and baubles, gathered at Bailey's Beach, and displayed upon kitchen chairs! Absurd? Yes. And out of time and out of place—and I suppose ostentatious and vulgar. But of this I am not sure. If it is vulgar to have money upon the back, why is it not vulgar to have it in the pocket? Why not in the bank? If I were a woman, I would rather wear pearls at breakfast than never wear them at all. It is so easy for sheep to cry "wolf." And we who are sheep, and rather fancy ourselves (it being our own fault or that of our ancestors), haven't the slightest idea how we would behave if we were suddenly changed into wolves. I should like to try. I would put up with no end of shocking bad taste (on my own part) to be a wolf. And how much more must the possibilities of wolf-hood appeal to the average woman!

In this connection it is good to forget such words as bad taste and vulgar; and to remember only that lovely colors, and lovely fabrics, and lovely jewels are lovely things, and that merely to have a sight of them at any time, and in any place, is always and forever a privilege.

And here and there among these laces and gems imagine clear, bright eyes, and rosy cheeks, and lovely faces. . . . Not many, but enough to make the joys of seeing worth the pains.

VI

PERSONALITIES

THE society columns of newspapers and special articles by persons who either have not the eyes to see the truth or the desire to tell it, are responsible for the bitterly envious contempt in which the Newport set is held by the

majority of its fellow countrymen. We are given the impression of a number of people upon whose hands time hangs so heavily that they are ready to snatch at any straw of amusement, ridiculous or depraved, that will free them for one moment from boredom. We are given to understand that our rich leisure class is entirely composed of fools, imbeciles, and cocktail-drinkers of both sexes, in whom is no virtue and no breeding. Why is this? And what are the facts?

The facts, of course, are that the rich leisure class contains, perhaps, as large a percentage of honest fathers, good mothers, and well-brought-up, dutiful children as the poor working class, or the poor leisure class; that it has, as have all societies, its sprinkling of bad characters: its foolish wives, and its unfaithful husbands. Why, then, is it so constantly and maliciously misrepresented? Probably because as a class it is so well-bred and decent that it wishes to mind its own business.

Now, if there is one thing that the American people can not and will not (if they can help it) stand, it is the person who endeavors to live his own life in his own way, and mind his own business. This, perhaps, is the last dying ember (or the last bit of ice to melt) of the old New England Puritan spirit—to which, thank God, we have owed other and better things. The American considers those who differ from him in life, means, and point of view not merely inferior, but immoral, characters.

It would be the part of envy and uncharitableness to fling stones at the greater Newport set, from whose ranks issue many young men who make a success of business, or become prominent in games, and many pretty girls, with charming, unspoiled, simple manners, and level heads, who after a time fall head over ears in love, and become splendid wives and mothers. But there is, to be honest, a little inner set, or rather an outer set, that has managed to poison the report and repute of the whole. If this set were *Newport*, there would be very few agreeable things to say about the place. A band of monkeys were more amusing, and less pathetic, perhaps.

But, happily, they are no more Newport than the painted, bedizened inhabitants of the Tenderloin are New York. Let us forget them, for in these days of scale and disease few apples go to market that do not contain somewhere dots where the worms have tried

to enter. And in forgetting them let us remember these others, against whom no charge may be brought more serious than that they are pretty much like the rest of us: a little richer, as a whole, a little better dressed, a little more careless of the morrow; but just as eager to be kind, and just as able; just as eager to be let alone, but not quite so able.

And when you are working very hard in your little drug-store, or very hard in your little dressmaking establishment, and making heavy weather of it, and your mind begins to harp bitterly on the rich young man who works only at games, or on the rich young woman—remember that to be skilful at games is almost as hard work, mentally and physically, as to become skilful in business (sometimes harder).

It has yet to be demonstrated that the possession of wealth is a good thing, or a bad thing. But it is incontrovertible that extravagance and the flinging about of large sums of money for an idea, sane or whimsical, are—if, being poor, one can keep one's temper—highly picturesque and diverting to contemplate. But I was not able to bring away many impressions of great expenditure from Newport. Last summer, indeed, the very rich, many of them, were feeling very poor. The Powers had fallen upon the many, and punished them for the misdeeds of the few. And there were retrenchments, almost in evidence, all along the line. Even a lopsided prince with immense, flapping ears failed to loose purse-strings, and received but casual and neighborly entertainment. And but one lowly female, whose name I do not know, was provided for and cared for on the scale of an Arabian Nights tale. Her station in life was that of a wet-nurse, with differences, for she was not a plain, every-day woman, but a plain, every-day cow. And her business in life was to supply wholesome milk for a little baby boy, who differs from other baby boys in this: that he has a quantity of relatives, all of whom are rich, and most of whom are dead.

Like many other fortunate cows, she enjoys to herself an acre or so of rich pasture with fine shade-trees about it; and her manners and behavior, like theirs, are of the most engaging simplicity and gentleness. To look at her, even to stroke her nose and ears across the fence, you would not guess that she knows what a privileged cow she is. Does she know

that her shady pasture is one of the few remaining building sites on Bellevue Avenue? Does she know that her sweet and toothsome pleasure-ground could be sold for seventy-five thousand dollars, and that the wholesome milk which she gives so thoughtlessly and freely is worth about thirty dollars a quart? No, she is as ignorant of her exalted station as is the baby whom she feeds of his; and she makes friends across the fence with the most humble persons, and minds her own business; just as the wealthy baby coos and gurgles, and laughs and cries, and praises and scolds, and minds his.

For many years now the newspapers have taught us to think evil of Newport, its people, its ways, habits, and tastes. I do not speak of those decent journals that take but a passing interest in gossip, and that have the whimsical and eccentric habit of telling the truth; but of those dailies that, conducted by greed, make their appeal, like blatant demagogues, not to the minds of men, but to their passions, and disseminate hysteria.

As well, I suppose, at this time attempt to extinguish a conflagration with one drop of water as to foist upon the inflamed masses an opinion that the rich, too, are worthy of kind consideration—and are a decent, well-behaved, generous class of people. The poison has been at work too long. The lying scandal is listened to and believed, while agreeable truths are not even listened to. The old days of spread-eagleism were better; then we praised all our ways, classes, and institutions, with as little logic as now we shout them down. But praise, however undeserved, is a food, too sweet, perhaps, but still palatable and nourishing; whereas undeserved, indiscriminate blame is a rank poison.

To many it would seem a kind of millennium if so American, so ably managed, so beautifully inspired and cared for, so thoroughly beneficent, orderly, and well-bred a colony as Newport should go out like a blown candle, and that green and flowery place, hinting at Eden and the paradisaical, should become once more a barren rock, washed by salt waves and beat upon by ocean winds.

But some hope that it will go on forever, increasing in loveliness: a proof that the spirit of Greece still flickers in the human breast, and that the human mind can still turn upward from the counting-house to dream in terms of marble and flowers.



"AN' ALL THE TIME THE KING WAS WATCHIN' US AS A CAT WATCHES A MOUSE"



“FAAUMA”

By GILBERT WATSON

Illustrations by W. Herbert Dunton

THE little tramp steamer slipped through the oily seas. It was close on midnight.

The Pacific—a dark and deep-blue mystery—shone dimly in the light of myriad stars, and the reflection of stars. The air, warm as a caress, was insufficient to stir the captain's washing—which festooned the rigging—into more than a partial animation. No sound came to the ears save the muffled throb of the engine, and the leisurely thrash of the propeller as it churned the phosphorus into milky waves that left a track behind us, bright as the tail of a comet.

“See yon?” exclaimed my companion, the mate, in a hoarse undertone.

By the light of the binnacle lantern I made out his horny hand pointing over the star-board bow.

“Yon's one o' the Society group. If the coal holds out, we'll be in Papeete the morn.

“Marquesas, Samoa, the Marshalls, the Societies, the Gilberts—I ken them all as weel as ‘Logie's Lane,’ the close I was born in. Although”—he wagged his head mournfully—“I've no' set eyes on the wee Kingdom o' Fife for a matter o' five years.”

“They'll think you're lost if you never go home,” I suggested.

“Lost! Me lost!” he chuckled. “No fear. Ma wife has an insurance on ma life. I send her money home every month, too. I hear that ma Jack's a stone-mason, and the wee girlies have gone out to service—God bless them!”

He turned away and spat with some emotion into the sea.

“It's queer, you sayin' that,” he said abruptly after a pause.

“What?”

“That about bein' lost.”

He peered into my face in the darkness. Then, laying a heavy hand on my shoulder—

“Laddie, ye put me in mind o' a queer thing that happened in yon very island three year back.”

He jerked his disengaged thumb toward the dark line of blue that showed dimly above the benighted sea.

“Let's have it,” I suggested, scenting a yarn.

“Weel”—he scratched his grizzled beard—“I dinna mind if I do.

“I was captain o' a schooner in those days. A better job than bein' the mate o' a tramp steamer, I'm tellin' ye. The Saucy Jean, she was, a matter o' two hundred tons by Lloyd's measurement—as smart a wee boatie as ye'll find oot of the Clyde. I was tradin' for copra, just sailin' here and there, ye understand, among the islands.”

He squared his shoulders, stuck a quid into the back of his jaw, and continued: “Weel, we got intil a squall sou'west o' the Marquesas, that drove us toward the Paumotu group. A bonnie upstandin' lot o' islands they are, wi' their coral reefs, an' wavin' palm-trees, an' braw waterfalls tumblin' doon the hillsides; but, for all that, too dangerous to be pleasant

for a bit schooner wi' a squall astern, an' a surf under her bows that's roarin' fit to deave ye wi' its clamor.

"We'd an excitin' time, I'm tellin' ye, gettin' to a safe berth, for the fairway was no bigger than maybe double the vessel's beam, an' the horses' heads—as we call the humps o' coral—were stickin' out o' the water all round us, each one fit to send every mither's son of us to the Seat o' Judgment. We got in at the last, an' doon went the anchor in as bonnie a lagoon as ever I set eyes on. It was amazin' sheltered. Ye could hear the squall blusterin' overhead, an' the surge roarin' like thunder on the reef; but, where we were, it was quieter nor a lochside in auld Scotland. There were hills all round covered thick wi' forest—green, ye understand, wi' just a sprinkle o' silver wherever there was palms. There was a keen smell o' the sea; aye, an' more nor that, every wee while a whiff came off the land, very pleasant, o' wild lime and vanilla, and ither growin' things.

"I canna say I hold wi' the folk o' the Societies much; they're bonnie, there's no denyin' it, but, och! ye'll find no more morality among the whole ging-bang than ye'll find among a flock o' sheep. Yet I must admit that when I saw the black heads o' near a dozen wee misguided bairns, as they came swimmin' oot to meet us, ma heart warmed to them. The lassies on shore were sonsie, too, some in tapa o' wonderful bright colors, some wi' no more on than a titi o' leaves, an' red flowers stuck into their black hair. They were dancin' an' carryin' on, up and down the sands, thinkin' no more shame o' themselves than if they had been sittin' full dressed in black, listenin' to the meenister—which was what they ought to have been doin', the day bein' the Sabbath.

"When we had made all shipshape, and had had a sup o' breakfast, I called the crew aft and gave them a sermon. We had eleven hands—a mixed lot; a Scotch mate, two Danes, a German, four Kanakas, a couple o' beach-combers—shipped, for want o' better, at Samoa—and a Chinaman. But, heathen and Christian, we were all brethren in the sight o' the Lord—especially on the Sabbath.

"I mind I had got to the 'thirdly,' or thereabouts, when a black head cocked itself unexpectedly above the taffrail, and said in the native dialect that the king wanted to speak to me. 'I'll come when I've finished, an' no sooner,' says I; so the cannibal came on board an' joined the congregation.

"We had a hymn, I beatin' time, all joinin' in; the bairns that had swum out sang the loudest, but the tune was queer, owin' to the Chinaman skirlin' like the pipes wi' too little wind in them; and to tell the truth, I was glad when it came to an end. Then I went on shore.

"His majesty was sittin' on a fine mat in a straw wigwam, as God made him, savin' for a grass fringe about his middle and a flower garland on his head. Oh, aye, an' I mind a thing that I thought queer like at the time—he had a neckerchief o' Stewart tartan, no less, twisted about his bull neck. He was a big, powerful man, but too fat; there were layers o' fat above the grass girdle, and the skin o' him was coarse in grain as the hide o' an elephant. He'd big ears an' a broad nose, and wee eyes that glared at ye wi' more cruelty than I can mind to have seen in any eyes before. When he spoke, he fair astonished me; for he had a voice shrill as a sea-bird's. It was uncanny to listen to that wild, thin voice comin' oot o' that bloated body.

"Weel, we had a palaver; for some reason or another he was mighty ceevil. 'Sit down,' says he in English, 'sit down. You come schoona. I velly glad you come. I 'peak my people take you wata', suckin' pig, yam, plenty good eat, all go you cheep. To-night you come back, see dance, drink kava, see me pamily, me daughter Faauma—he good girl, you like too much.'

"Ye ken the queer way they talk—just like a lot o' bairns. But what puzzled me was to hear the auld deevil so pleasant like, for his talk didna go wi' his face. Yet he was as good as his word, for by noon all the stores were sent on board, aye, and paid for, too, in good cloth an' beads, an' what not. The rest o' the day I wandered about the place. There was a tin kirk, a store, and a mission house, but no signs o' a white man. 'Maké' (dead), say they, when I asked them for a trader who used to live there; and more than that they wouldna tell.

"I didna let the crew come on shore—not that I trusted them much, but I trusted the natives less, and I wasn't going to leave ma Saucy Jean to the chance of a raid. I went for a walk by mase' along the beach. It was fine scenery—it near came up to Scotland; though queer, you understand, bein' in the trop'ics. The lagoon lay idle as a loch, wi' the wee waves flappin' the shore. It was sparklin' in the sun, bright blue in the shal-

lows, and dark green in under the wooded hills. Every now an' then there was a flicker o' white where the fish were jumpin'. Man! it made me sorry I'd no' brought me rod, for it was a grand place for the fish. The cocoa-palms and bananas grew down to the water's edge, an' in under them there was a tangle o' what they call mummy-apples. The butterflies were amazin', both for color an' size; I could have caught the beasties wi' both hands. The place was quiet; nothin' movin'; but all the time the noise o' the surf shook the air, an' when I turned ma eyes seaward, I could see the foam on the reef leapin' madly high in the sunlight.

"Comin' round a bend o' the coast, I stopped on the shred o' yellow sand among a lot o' painted shells. The hills rose on the landward side like a big wall, green to the summit; yet not quite, for there was one naked hill that towered above all the others. The clouds, driven by the wind, climbed up the hillside, clung there a wee while, nestling in among the trees, then were blown to white rags in the back o' the sky. There was a waterfall, too, glintin' in the sun. I could see it away up, like a streak o' silver, then I lost and found it among the woods near a dozen times, till at the last it came leapin' by in a wee burn at ma feet.

"It was all so bonnie that I felt uplifted; and somehow, wi'oot intendin' it, I started singin'. 'All people wha on earth do dwell,' sings I, an' it seemed to me that the echoes in the hills and the surf on the reef sang, too.

"I was still at the grand auld psalm, when I spied the remains of a fire by the water's edge, under a big palm. It had blackened the stem near to six feet from the ground. I walked up to it. As I did so, ma foot kicked against somethin' lyin' half buried in the ground. It was a human skull. I picked it up: it was bleached white, and on the top o' the head there was a ragged hole where the bone had been knocked in. There was nothin' in the sight o' a skull to wonder at—I've seen hundreds o' them in some o' the island 'speak-houses,' set all round the interior at the end o' the roof-beams—but this one made me gasp, for there was a scrap o' hair on it, not black like native hair, but reddish-brown like a white man's. Steppin' softly, I poked about among the ashes. Aye, it was what I thought. There were a lot o' human bones scattered about the place. I came upon a brass button wi' an anchor on it, lyin' in the grass near by.

"That took all the singin' oot o' me. I keeked about, but there was nobody to be seen—only the empty strip o' sand quiverin' in the heat, an' the lonely woods climbin' up the hillsides. I sat down on a stone an' looked at the button in ma hand, and the skull lyin' at ma feet. Thinks I, 'Puir deevil, you were walkin' about here no' so lang syne—just like me—an' now the very maggots have deserted ye.' I called to mind the empty tin kirk, an' the lonely mission house, an' the Stewart tartan neckerchief twisted about the neck o' the king, an' ma heart misgave me. 'The sooner,' says I to maself aloud, 'the sooner I get oot o' this island, the better.'

"Ye can imagine I got back to the Saucy Jean double quick; I believe I ran most o' the way, till I caught sight o' her. I'd have liked fine to put to sea at once, but I had promised to go back an' see Faauma, and I kenned weel it wouldna do to break ma word.

"The sun had set when I went on shore again. The beach, the lagoon, and the woods were all gray like; you could see nothin' clear. But away above ma head, the one big peak was pink against a yellow sky.

"When the boat left me on the beach, I told Rob, the mate, to have everything ready to put to sea the very minute I came back.

"'Tug her oot wi' the dingey,' says I, 'an' then ye coom back in it an' bide for me at the end o' the pass,' for ye see, there was no wind in the lagoon to speak of, except a catspaw now and then on the water.

"'Make yer mind easy,' says he; 'I ken fine what to do.'

"'When will ye get back?' says I.

"He peered at his watch.

"'By eleven,' says he. 'It wants five minutes of nine the now. It'll be high tide in half an hour. We'll wait for ye in this wee creek here. Give way, lads.' An' they pulled away.

"It was a hot night; just sweatin'. The bush was all black; but through the blackness ye could see a lot o' fireflies, an' the shiny marks the Kanakas call witches' feet. It was quiet, savin' for the sound o' the surf on the reef. An eerie thing it was to give ear to the burstin' o' the big seas, an' the roarin', oot there in the darkness o' the night.

II

"WHEN I got to the king's house, I found him still sittin' there on the mat, just the same as if he'd never stirred. But I noticed the

flowers on his head were different. There was a lot o' folk in the clearin' outside—men and women an' lassies; aye, an' bairns too, all dressed in their best. I could see them fine, for many o' them carried torches. The flickerin' yellow light shone on a great banyan tree wi' branchin' roots, an' in an' oot o' the blackness under the leaves came flyin' foxes and big fruit-eatin' bats. The beasts were scared by the light and didna ken what they were doin'. One o' them slapped me on the face as I stooped to enter the door.

"The inside o' the wigwam was stiflin' and on the crawl wi' flies. There was a lot o' mats in one corner, an' a litter o' dirty pans and dishes, an' weapons hangin' up on the walls, but no furniture to speak of. Several women and one lassie were standin' behind the king.

"Me wives and daughter," says he, wi' a wave o' his hand.

"The women giggled and didna budge, but the lassie came forward and took me by the hand. She was about as tall as ma shoulder, young an' plump and round. Her hair was frizzed out wi' flowers and a red ribbon in it. Round her neck she wore a chain o' bonnie shells. Her dress was naethin' but grasses an' flowers and bits o' silk—awfu' scandalous. I was fair ashamed to look at her. I canna deny that she was bonnie, for she had big black eyes wi' a dancin' glint in them, a straight, wee nose, and a mouth wi' full red lips that smiled so that you could see her teeth. She carried a fan made o' cane plaited in circles, an' painted wi' bright colors. She stood holdin' ma hand and lookin' up at me an' smilin'—an' all the time the king was watchin' us as a cat watches a mouse.

"What you name?" says she, half shy, half bold, bitin' the edge o' the fan wi' her strong white teeth.

"Jock Simpson," says I, 'captain o' the Saucy Jean.'

"She had a try at repeatin' it, but ma own mither wouldna have kenned it the way she said it.

"Me Faauma," says she; then wi' a squeeze o' ma hand, 'Me like sailormans.'

"Oh, ye do, do ye?" says I. 'Weel, Faauma, when you're quite finished wi' ma hand, I'll be obliged to ye.'

"She took the hint, but was in no way abashed, for when we all went oot to see the dancin', she sat beside me on the same square o' tapa cloth, familiar-like, as if she had kenned me for twenty year. The auld king

sat on ma ither side, and when the lassie wasna speakin', he would lean over and whisper:

"You like me daughter; he good girl, make plenty nice wife, belong you all-e-same pig. You stop here, I make you big chief—you give me schoona.'

"Havers!" growls I, for I was gettin' bothered, 'I would have ye ken that I'm a married man wi' a family.'

"He chuckled—the auld sinner; says he:

"Ho! ho! no matter. You family too far off; no good. I like you too much. Plenty better you stop here.'

"He'd no time for mair o' this silly talk, for the dancin' began. Ye ken the godless, senseless flingin' and jumpin' an' carryin' on to the beatin' o' a tom-tom. It was a big dance. A lot o' chiefs an' natives had come over for it from the ither islands, and competition was keen. There was one nigger that I couldna help noticin', for whenever I seed him, he was lookin' hard at me. He was a big chap, a chief, by his get-up; but he didna ken the dance, for he was always makin' mistakes. It was his eyes that bothered me. They had a scared look in them, as though somebody had put the fear o' death on him. Heathen though he was, I felt sorry for him.

"Who's yon, king?" says I, pointin' him oot wi' ma finger.

"The auld reprobate seemed embarrassed, for he laughed in a silly sort o' way.

"He big chief," says he, in his queer, thin voice. 'He big chief; he come other island, make dance.'

"What's he frightened of?"

"He no frightened. He drink too much.'

"But I kenned better. It wasna the drink that put that look in his black face. Drink! Ma word! Fancy his tryin' to teach me, a Scotchman, the effects o' drink! The conceit o' the man!

"It was a queer scene. The bush was all about us, matted and wild, but wi' wee paths runnin' here and there into the darkness. The night was fine, and when I looked up I could see the stars keekin' down from between the big leaves o' the banyan. In under the trees on the ither side o' the clearing were rows upon rows o' natives all sittin' wi' their legs doubled up under them. In the middle were the dancers, twirlin', and gruntin', and reekin', and brandishin' their spears—they put me in mind o' deevils I'd seen once in a pantomime in Dundee. The torches sent



"THINKS I, 'PUIR DEEVIL, YOU WERE WALKIN' ABOUT HERE NO' SO LANG SYNE—
JUST LIKE ME."

their yellow light on the black, shiny bodies, near naked exceptin' for grass girdles; and what wi' the quick, feverish beat o' the tom-toms, and the thick cries o' hundreds o' spectators, it was like a witches' Sabbath or a nightmare.

"Fauma was as excited as the rest. She clapped her wee brown hands and screamed to them at the top o' her voice; and as for the king, he rolled to and fro in his fat, till his wreath fell off and he forgot to think o' me as a son-in-law.

"Make kava!' shouts he in native, when the dance was over. At that a lot o' lassies came runnin' oot o' the crowd. Fauma up and joined them, an' they all started chewin' the kava-root an' spittin' it into bowls o' water. Dod! it near turned me sick, for I kenned fine I would be expected to drink it.

"The king was busy talkin' to a woman, so I crept away into the bush at his back. Thinks I—'I'll bide here a wee, and maybe they'll drink it up wi'out me.' By this time the moon was sailin' above the palm-trees, so it wasna very dark; though the shadows were black. It shone on a bed o' sensitive-plant, as high as yer knees. I mind I was thinkin' how bonnie it looked, for the wee, feathery leaves were all frosted wi' silver light, when all at once it moved. The bush is an eerie place, as ye doubtless ken, full o' all sorts o' unaccountable noises, and things ye can't explain away, so I wasna what ye may call surprised. 'It'll be a wildcat,' thinks I, and at that I gripped the shaft o' a thick stick I was carryin'. But I was wrong that time, for, in a minute, it was no cat that I saw, but a man's head risin' oot o' the leaves, an' starin' at me like as if it couldn't see me enough.

"What are ye doin' there?" says I in native. "Come oot o' that."

"He crawled oot on all fours, an' I saw he was the chief wi' the frightened eyes. He was no less frightened then, for he was shakin' all over, an' stoppin' to listen an' peer through the trees that grew between us an' the clearin'. Wi' mony a precaution he crawled up to me and looked me long in the face.

"Are you Jock Simpson?" says he.

"He spoke in gude Scots; not the clipped talk o' the native, but straight and firm like a white man.

"Yes," says I, dazed like.

"He gave a queer gasp—a sort o' dry sob, an' held oot a hand.

"Who in Providence are you?" whispered

I, rubbin' ma fingers, for his grip was like a vise.

"I'm Duff," says he. "Ye'll mind Tam Duff?"

"Duff o' Boarhills?" says I, incredulous.

"Just that," says he, and choked.

"I sat dumb an' stared at him. His lips were tremblin' in the moonlight—he was as near greetin' as I've often seen a mon.

"The tom-toms were still beatin', an' from the clearin' came the sound o' singin' and laughin'. As for me, I was clean dumfounded. To see this black heathen, covered all over wi' tattoo marks, cowerin' in the grass beside me, an' claimin' to be Tam Duff, made me feel silly. He was gazin' at me wi' anxious eyes; but I pursed ma lips.

"Na, na," says I; 'ye talk the Scotch right enough; I've never heard a Kanaka talk it like ye before—I canna think how ye do it. But, all the same, you're not Duff. Duff had a red beard. I mind him weel enough. He was a fair man, while you—you're black.'

"He laid his dirty fist on ma arm; I could feel him shakin' wi' earnestness.

"As sure as death, I'm Duff," he whispered hoarsely. 'Jock, ye *must* believe me. Man, they've shaved me, an' painted me, an' dressed me up like this—*this!*' he cried in disgust, clutchin' at his grass girdle. 'Here,' he went on, losin' some o' his terror, 'I'll make you believe me—d'ye mind the last time we met in the wee bar o' the Far an' Sure? I stood ye a drink; an' you borrowed a saxpence of me.'

"I canna say I mind the saxpence," says I, for I saw it was Duff, right enough, 'but I s'pose you're Tam. Ye've been lost a matter o' five year,' I went on, lowerin' ma voice, 'and there's some talk o' your widdy marryin' McPhee.'

"The plumber?" cries he, sittin' up wi' a jerk.

"The same," says I. 'I hear he's enlarged his premises; it's time he took a wife.'

"But not mine!" says he, wi' feelin'.

"Weel, Tam, ye've got yersel' to blame—ye ought to have come back. Besides, what are ye doin' here at all—undressed like that! It's unworthy o' ye, it is, indeed.'

"Then he told me his story. Dod! it fair took the breath oot o' me. It appeared he'd shipped at Sydney before the mast in a brig, meanin' to work his passage home. He fell overboard one dark night, got picked up by a canoe, taken to shore, and brought before the king.

"He was very kind to me at the first," says he, "he couldna do enough for me; he was aye wantin' me to be his son-in-law."

"*Son-in-law*, Tam!" gasps I, wi' a sudden chill at ma heart.

"Aye, Jock; to marry his daughter, ye ken."

"Faauma?"

"Na, na, his ither daughter—Kokua, they call her. Of course it was oot o' the question, an' I told him so, me bein' a married man. He pretended to agree with me, but he had me watched. The lassie an' me were very friendly. She was an affectionate wee thing, an' bonnie."

"Aye, aye," says I sympathetically, thinkin' o' Faauma.

"All went well. Jock, till one night in the bush she axed me to kiss her; it—it was a temptation."

"But no' to a married man," says I, wi' severity.

"He coughed."

"Weel, Jock, I did it, anyhow; an' the auld king was keekin' at us all the time, an' I had to marry the lassie the next day."

"Bigamy!" I gasps.

"Tam nodded his black head till the flowers shook."

"That's the color o' it," says he, awful depressed. 'It's on ma conscience. He made me chief o' an island, an' I come over here for the dancin'—ye saw me at it the night—but, oh, man, Jock! I hanker after Boarhills somethin' terrible!'

"He meant it. The moon shone on his painted face; I could see the tears in his eyes."

"Now," says I, "they're busy; they'll never heed us. Come on. Let's run for the boat."

"At that the fear came back on him."

"No, no," says he, pleadin' like, "I daren't. I tried to escape once, wi' a sailor lad who was shipwrecked in these parts. They—they caught us."

"Weel?" says I, for he paused and shook.

"God!" he burst out, "they tied me to a tree an' I had to look on while they killed and ate him. He screamed awful. The horror o' it—oh, the horror o' it!"

"He hid his face in his hands. He was clean unnerved; no more use than a rag wi' all the starch oot o' it. I could only look at him, an' pity."

"We sat still after that for a wee while. There were queer noises all round us, just as if something was movin' in the bush, though what it was I couldna tell—just a wheeze,

an' a crack, an' a rustle, an' once the cry o' some cat-like beastie deep in the forest."

"All at once, Tam held up his hand."

"Listen!" says he, tremblin'.

"There were shouts from the clearin'. I could hear ma name repeated many times—Faauma's voice shrill above the rest."

"They're cryin' on ye," whispered Tam in ma ear. "You an' me mustn't be seen together. I'll help ye if I can; be sure o' that. Good-by, Jock. Beware o' the lassie; and if ye get back, never let on ye've seen me. It's better so. Mary had better marry McPhee; he'll make a home for her an' the bairns. I'm as dead here as if I was in ma grave. Good-by."

"He wrung me hard by the hand, an' glided away into the bushes."

III

"WHEN I got back to the group most o' the natives had disappeared, singin' an' laughin', along the paths that led to the village. But the auld king an' about half a dozen o' the chiefs stopped for a palaver. I kenned fine they were talkin' about me, for I saw them lookin' every now and then, an' sometimes one would point in ma direction, an' sometimes anither."

"No' very polite to a guest," thinks I. "Maybe I'd better be goin'."

"I looked at ma watch. The moon was at the full, as clear as day, so I saw the time easy. It wanted five minutes o' eleven. Rob, the mate, came into ma mind, an' I thought o' him waitin' for me wi' the boat, an' the Saucy Jean ridin' at her anchor where the lagoon opened to the sea. I was just goin' to say good-by, when the lassie, who had been talkin' wi' her faither, comes up to me an' takes me by the hand."

"Come, sailormans," said she, pullin' me gently toward the bush.

"Here! where are you pullin' me to?" growls I, an' I tried to take ma hand from her; but she held tight.

"You come little walk," says she coaxin' like.

"I'm goin' to ma ship," says I. "I've no time for silliness, nor inclination, neether—so that's tellin' ye."

"But she wouldna be denied. I couldna get ma fingers free, that is wi'oot usin' force; an' her bein' a lassie, I couldna do that. So we kept walkin' on—me hangin' back, she pullin' forward."

"There were deep shadows, an' bits o' lights all round us, like wee pools left by the tide. A smell o' trees an' flowers was in the air, an' now and then a whiff o' breadfruit cookin' came wanderin' up the path that led to the village. It was quiet, but we could hear the chiefs talkin' behind us, an' away in the distance the roll o' the seas on the reef.

"We were oot o' sight o' the ithers by this

shoulders were glintin' oot, her wee feet were naked, an' her skin was shinin' in warm brown lights, wi' a sort o' polish on it. When she looked back at me, her eyes were like stars, an' her teeth two rows o' seed pearls between her smilin' lips. She put me in mind o' the Song o' Solomon. Ye'll agree it was a queer posetion for a married man.

"We were in the shadow o' a wild cocoa—



"SHOVE HER OOT," ROARS I, RACIN' TOWARD HIM."

time, in a sort o' glade, lonesome like, but not dark; for the moon was keekin' over the tops o' the palm-trees, an' turnin' all the leaves and stems to silver.

"As we walked, I felt angry at masel' for bein' so weak; but I couldna feel angry at the lassie—she was that bonnie. She was a pictur'! The red flowers on her hair an'

I kenne'd it by its berries—when doon she sits, and drags me after her wi' a laugh.

"'Me you flend,' says she, cuddlin' close an' squeezin' ma hand.

"'Hoots! I wouldna go so far as to say that,' says I, edgin' away. But she followed me up.

"'I like you too much,' cooes she in ma ear.

"'So it would appear,' says I

"That puzzled her. I could see fine she didna ken how to take me.

"Me no common Kanaka," says she wi' a pretty pride, touchin' her young breast, 'me princess. I think you marry me—I like too much.'

"It made me fair ashamed to hear her talk like that. She was gazin' up at me, an' I could see her eyes shinin' in the dim light. A scent came from her, very pleasant, but distractin'. I couldna tell if it was the flowers in her hair, or somethin' sweet-smellin' she had put on her skin.

"You love me?" whispers she breathless like; an' at that she lays her nosegay head on ma shoulder.

"Sit up," says I, uneasy. "That's no way to behave."

"For answer she flung her bare arms round ma neck.

"I confess to ye, I was troubled. No' so much at the wickedness o' it—though that bothered me, too—but at the danger. I kept thinkin' o' Tam, an' the warmin' he gave me. I glowered at all the trees, an' it seemed to me that I could see the auld king keekin' from behind every one of them. The lassie puzzled me, too. She was that bonnie that I didna like to think she would lend hersel' to a put-up job. I'm no' exactly what ye would call an ill-lookin' man, an' it came upon me as just possible that she had taken a fancy to me.

"Faauma," says I, puttin' her from me as gentle as I could, 'Faauma, you're young and silly. See here, dearie, ye mustna think o' me like that. I'm auld—forty next month—an' no fit mate for a bonnie young princess like you. Besides, I'm married already. I've a good wife an' three bairns in a land far away over the sea. I've but the one wish, dear, an' that is to get back to them.'

"She listened to me in silence, though I could tell by her breathin' that she was moved. We sat there side by side wi'oot talkin', then all at once she put her hand in mine again.

"You good man," says she.

"There was no talk o' love-makin' after that, though I still held the lassie's hand. For a while we sat, each thinkin' our own thoughts. The noise from the clearin' had died away. It was quieter than ever. The bush all about us was sleepin'; bright an' dark, wi' moonlight and shadow.

"All at once there was a queer creakin' in the undergrowth right behind us. Faauma started. I felt her wee hand clutchin' mine.

"It's nothin'," says I, to soothe her.

"It is," says she, all excited. 'You no savvy. Oh, me much too bad girl!'

"She was shakin' all over, an' starin' round wi' eyes like saucers. Then in a whisper, an' quick, she told me we were bein' watched, that the king had set her on to trap me, an' that if I wouldna marry her, I was to be killed. Dod, it fair took ma breath away! Aye, an' more than that, it set ma back up. A fine way to behave, that! an' a dirty trick to set an innocent lassie to.

"By gosh!" says I, 'let me get at him—I'll learn him,' an' I made as if to get up, but she gripped me tight.

"No, no," cries she, 'they bad men; they kill you. I too much 'shamed; belong all ma fault. Oh, what can do? What can do?' an' she wrung her hands in an agony o' remorse.

"You go back," says I, 'an' leave me to—'

"But at that she clapped her hand to ma mouth.

"S-h-h!" says she, 'you listen,' an' she told me what she was thinkin'. Dod! she was a rare one, was Faauma; it was easy seen she was a princess.

"Followin' her advice, we got up an' walked slow away, like as if we were keepin' company, me wi' ma arm around her waist. The path turned at right angles in the direction o' the sea about forty yards from where we were sittin'. When we came to the turnin', we dropped the play-actin' an' took to our heels. Ma word! she could run—that wee lassie. I was hard put to it to keep up wi' her. We'd made near half-way, when there was a shout behind us.

"Stop," pants I. 'You bide here. I'll manage fine now.'

"She was for refusin', but I gripped her by the shoulders, an' she gave in.

"Faauma," says I, quick an' breathless, 'I'll no' forget what you have done for me the night. Good-by, dear. God bless ye.'

"I stooped an' kissed her, an' thought no shame o' it.

"She clung to me a moment, an' I felt her tears wet on ma face. As we stood there, there came a nearin' shout, an' a patter o' racin' feet in the darkness. Wi' one shove I shot her safe into the bush—then I bolted.

IV

"I was forty then, as I said before, an' somewhat inclined to be stout, as you can

see, an' runnin' didna suit me, but I ran that night as I hadna run since I was a laddie at the school. The path was narrow, just a cuttin' through the trees, an' a tangle o' lianas drippin' an' tufted wi' orchids, tree ferns, great arums, an' hundreds o' bananas. It smelt like a big hothouse. I couldna see the things very weel, it bein' dark, an' me tearin' along at the top o' ma speed, but when it was over, it all came back to me, and whiles even now I have fearsome dreams o' bein' hunted through all the reekin' forests o' the tropics.

"At the first it went ill wi' me. I was stung as high as the elbow wi' the stingin'-plant; a rope o' liana caught me on the neck an' sent me flyin', an' when I scrambled to ma feet, doon I went again over a rotten trunk. At any ither time I'd have felt ma way through that bush, slow and gropin' wi' ma two hands stretched out to guard ma face, but wi' sudden death at ma heels I took it at the run. Ma word! it was black in parts; an' the worst o' it was that I couldna tell if the blackness before me was firm ground or a pit to break ma neck.

"I suppose it was because I was terrible oot o' condition, but I hadna gone very far before I was gaspin' for breath, an' ma heart goin' till I thought it would throttle me. As I ran I kept an ear for the deevils behind me; but I couldna hear them. They were close enough when I parted from the lassie, but for some reason or anither there was a stoppage. If it hadna been for that, there is no doubt they'd have caught me up.

"I thought I would never come to the end o' that path, but at the last the blackness in front cleared, there came a breath o' wind fresh and salt in ma face, an' the sea sang loud in ma ears. The sea an' the wind are bonnie things, but they were bonnier to me at that moment than they've ever been before or since. Staggerin' wi' exhaustion, I left the bush behind me an' panted doon to the creek. Ma eyes swept it from end to end. Ma God! it lay empty, wi' the sea silverin' in the moonlight. I tell ye, I've had one or two cruel shocks in ma time, but never anythin' to beat the black despair o' that moment. I stood there gaspin', a deserted man in terrible danger, wi' no human soul to help. To ma shame be it said, I cursed Rob aloud in words ill suited to a Christian, ay, an' even shook ma fist at the laughin' wee waves that rippled to ma feet.

"Then, all at once, a sudden thought set

me starin' wi' ma mouth open. There was somethin' about the place that struck me as odd. It had a clump o' palms at one end that I couldna mind to have seen before. I stared an' stared; an' then—"Eediot!" thinks I, 'ye've come to the wrong creek.' It was a fact. There was no time to lose. The cannibals might be on me at any moment. Faster than it takes to tell ye, I was back in the wood, lyin' at full length under a bush.

"I was just in time. Oot they came—the whole ging-bang o' them—savin' the auld fat king, who waddled up later, pantin' worse than me wi' the exertion. They all started runnin' about, shakin' their spears an' jabberin' like a lot o' monkeys. I could see Tam among them, for he was bigger nor they were. They were fair nonplused. Some were for goin' this way, an' some for goin' that. The moon shone on their naked bodies, an' from where I lay I could see their black faces half daft wi' excitement. They were all jabberin', but the queer, shrill voice o' the king piped loud above the ither. Still pantin', I watched them through the leaves; when they sheered off, I breathed free, an' when they came near, I crouched doon wi' ma heart in ma mouth.

"Sudden there was a cry. One o' the deevils had seen ma footsteps in the sand; the ither all came crowdin' around him. Step by step they tracked me doon to the sea, then back toward the bush. 'It's all up wi' me now,' thinks I, an' at that I gripped ma stick and waited wi' clenched teeth.

"They came nearer, an' I heard them beatin' about the bush. One o' them stumbled past ma hidin'-place, that near that if I had stretched oot ma hand I could have touched his black hide. They were a blur o' taisty figures disappearin' into the shadows, and comin' into sight again in the bits o' moonlight. You may take your oath I lay as still as a log, never darin' to breathe; flat on ma back, starin' up to where the roof o' foliage was pierced by wee shafts o' light. I could hear them pantin' an' swearin', an' jabbin' into likely places wi' their spears; an' every now an' then came a yell or a howl o' pain, when one o' their naked feet chanced upon a thorn.

"Right beside me a voice made a joke about the taste o' human flesh, at which a laugh went cacklin' through the bush.

"At last they drew off. I took a long breath, an', raisin' mase' on ma elbow, keeked oot to see where they had gone. That

movement was near bein' the death o' me, for a branch that screened me was whipped on one side an' I found masel' starin' straight into the black face o' a savage. It was too dark for me to see him clear, but I could tell from his start that he had heard me move.

"I'll kill this one at all events," thinks I, an' I shortened the grip on ma stick.

"Is that you, Jock?" whispers he.

"Ma word! the Scotch accent was like music in ma ears.

"It is," says I. 'For God's sake, Tam, take them away.'

"I'll do ma best," says he. 'You bide here; an', if ye value yer life, dinna budge.'

"He disappeared, an' I heard him talkin' loud to the ithers. Then I heard no more.

"I lay still for about half a century, then I couldna stand the uncertainty any longer; so oot I crawls on all fours. The place was quiet as a kirkyard. I peered over a clump o' mummy-apple, an' saw them all stringin' off along the moonlit sands. They appeared to be shapin' their course for the palms that tufted the end o' the bay.

"Look away, ye black swine," chuckles I. 'If ye'd any sense, ye'd have gone the ither road.' For, as I judged, the ither direction was the one that would lead me to the right creek. Without more ado I set off at a run. One o' them must have looked back, for I hadna gone above ten yards when there was a skirl. Just one at the first, but ithers joined in, an' I knew fine they were after me again.

"Much I cared! I had the long start o' them, the sand was firm, an' ma breath had come back. Roundin' the bay, I saw the creek I was in search o', an' the boat half pulled up on the beach. Rob was sittin' near by, smokin' his pipe.

"Shove her oot," roars I, racin' toward him. He jumped to his feet, stared a moment like one dumfounded, then I heard him cursin' the crew for not bein' quick enough. Before I got there, the dingey was floatin'

some three yards from the shore. The savages at ma back saw that, too, an' set up a yell o' rage. Plungin' waist-deep into the water, I gripped the stern wi' both hands. It was jerked forward as the wee boat sprang to the oars. I was pulled after her like a cork at the end o' a string.

"I canna exactly tell what happened next. I was sore exhausted, an' dazed wi' all I'd gone through. I mind Rob pullin' me aboard, then I think I must have missed ma footin', for I found masel' lyin' gaspin' at the feet o' the men. When I sat up, Rob pointed oot half a dozen black heads in the water astern, where some o' them had started to swim after us. On the beach was a crowd, misty in the moonlight, wi' a long line o' palms glistenin' at their backs. That was the last I saw o' them.

"There's little more to tell ye. We reached the Saucy Jean wi'oot any interference; an', you bet, I got under way at once. I mind leanin' over the stern, watchin' the last o' the place, for in half an hour the palms dipped behind the sea. The whirling snow of our wake eddyin' oot into the blue blackness was awful bonnie. Fine, too, it was to see the leanin' spars as steady as a flag-post, an' to hear the ripple o' water, an' the warm wind buzzin' among our canvas. Ma soul swelled, I'm tellin' ye; an' I thanked the Lord wi' a humble an' a grateful heart.

"It was deeficult to believe it all true. Me, Jock Simpson, was real enough; but the king, Tam Duff, and Faauma? No! I've an ambition to be thought a truthful man, an' between you an' me, I was glad that Tam had made me promise to keep it dark when I got back. The one thing that bothered me was Tam's wife. She bothers me still. What will ma conscience be sayin' if I find she's gone an' committed bigamy?"

The mate scratched his head, sighed deeply, then, remarking that "a matter o' forty winks" would suit his complaint, disappeared down the hatchway.





LA GUAYRA, THE PORT OF CARACAS.

CASTRO: TYRANT OR LIBERATOR?

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Our diplomatic relations with Venezuela have been terminated. Senator Cullom of the Committee on Foreign Affairs says that "President Castro needs a spanking." Rumor declares that the next job of our navy will be to administer this discipline.

Who and what is Castro? A monster, a greedy tyrant, as his opponents assert? Or, as his supporters contend, the liberator of a people? Before the world he is our protégé. But for the Monroe doctrine he must long since have faced the guns of Great Britain, Germany, France, Italy. Citizens of those countries, and of our own, too, allege that Castro has deprived them of treaty rights, repudiated contracts, confiscated property, imperiled their lives and liberty, and turned the Venezuelan courts into a farce wherein is no justice.

On the other hand, Castro calls the foreigners thieves and liars. He says that they have tried to swindle Venezuela out of her best natural resources, refused to obey the laws or recognize the courts, and not only aided and abetted

revolution, but actually organized rebellion.

There are, then, two definite sides to the story; both are set forth here. George W. Crichfield, who, by friend and foe alike, is pronounced honest and sincere, and who, during fifteen years' residence in Venezuela, endured many injuries at Castro's hands, presents the argument for the prosecution; while Colvin B. Brown brings to his defense of the president not only the authority of long residence in the country, but also a close and careful study of its affairs.

Castro the Tyrant

By George W. Crichfield

SOON after the termination of the English-German-Italian blockade of Venezuela in 1903, I witnessed an incident at Fort San Carlos, at the entrance to

Lake Maracaybo, that made a deep impression on my mind. Our ship was lying near the fort, awaiting permission to pass, when it was approached by a small boat containing a number of men. In the center, lying in a heap, was an old man, a prisoner who had just been released. As he was carried to the deck, it became evident that he was a man of respectability. His sons were waiting to receive him. Fine, stalwart young men they were, but at sight of him they burst into tears. And well they might. The old man had been in the dungeon of San Carlos for only four months, but disease and terrorism had placed upon him the mark of certain death. A mere breathing skeleton, he was trembling like an aspen, his countenance ashen, his eyes lustreless. Marks of instruments of torture were on his limbs; great ulcers covered his body.

I personally know hundreds of Venezuelans; scores of them would trust me with their most sacred confidences, with secrets that, if known, would cause their instant imprisonment or assassination by the dictator.

"What had this man done?" I asked some of these friends. "How did he incur the enmity of Castro?" Of course I knew the main facts—that there had been no court trial, no judicial proceedings, no opportunity for defense, because in Venezuela they don't do things that way. And to a certainty the man had been seized without warning, probably in the dead of night, by armed and lawless

ruffians, under the order of Castro's generals—because this was Venezuela. But why? Had he opposed Castro politically?

My informant answered no, that the man had kept clear of politics, and had said nothing either for or against the ruling despot. But the man had a daughter, a beautiful, virtuous girl, and one of Castro's generals wanted her. That explained it. (Bear in mind that this was not a case of proposed marriage, but a desire to gratify lust under the odious system of *La Querida*). A trumped-up charge of revolutionary sympathies was made against the old man, and the result was before me.

"But how did he get out?" I asked.

"*Quién sabe*—who knows?" was my informant's only reply.

Thousands of the very best citizens of Venezuela have been imprisoned, tortured, and terrorized by the present Venezuelan despot. The motives are various. Frequently Castro, or some one of his coterie, wants a man's property. Often the victim has failed to join the band of maudlin man-worshippers who fawn upon the vain-glorious dictator with extravagant and disgusting sycophancy, and this is construed into hostility. Or, the victim may have spoken in reprobation of some of the unnumbered outrages committed by the military adherents of Castro. But hundreds of the best citizens of Venezuela have been imprisoned for no known cause at all; at



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

NATIVE SOLDIERS ON DRILL IN CARACAS, VENEZUELA.

one time it was stated that more than fifteen hundred of these unfortunates were incarcerated in various dungeons throughout the country.

I have no intention of shocking and horrifying my readers by trying to describe Venezuelan prisons. But you should hear something about them. The filth is utterly horrible, without sewage or the commonest sanitary provisions. The walls are a slimy paste of bacteria, damp and dark. I do not give you hearsay testimony on this point, because I have inspected more than one of these places and have talked with reputable men who have been inmates of others. Prisoners are crowded into cells worse than any department of a slaughter-house. *Grillos*, invented by Satan and manufactured by the Spaniards, are used for shackling together the inmates. Rivets of iron, and chains, are pressed upon their flesh. Starvation, thirst, and infectious diseases, including leprosy, are among their daily horrors.

The man in whose name and by whose authority are committed these outrages upon his fellow citizens, is at this moment the most conspicuous protégé of the United States before the world, under the Monroe doctrine. He is held up by our government as the president of a sister republic. About how he became president, however, little is said. Our state department talks of elections, and the bulletins of the bureau of American republics read as if the Latin-American ruler were selected by the voters, as our presidents are. Let us have the whole story of how Castro was elected president of Venezuela.

He was elected by the machete. Now, a machete is a knife about two feet long, kept sharp and trusty, and in Venezuela this instrument takes the place of the Australian ballot-box. Every Venezuelan knows how to use a machete, women as well as men. I have seen a peon cut down a small tree at one or two strokes. So you see it is small wonder that there are many heads and limbs lost in an election in Venezuela.

Cipriano Castro was a cattleman in the Tachira district (known as the eternal slaughter-house of Venezuela), and he was a specialist in his occupation. His business consisted in getting up revolutions in some section on the border line between Venezuela and Colombia, and then running other people's cattle from that section into the adjoining country, where he would sell them.

Having succeeded mightily in these deal-

ings, and surrounded himself with a cruel and mercenary set of adventurers, with whom in the olden days, it is stated, he divided pretty fairly, the redoubtable Castro became ambitious to conquer new worlds. Andrés Mata, who is wholly devoted to the dictator, writes:

"Year 1886. Location—a city of the Occident at the foot of the Mother Cordilleras. The afternoon fell over the mountain city, and an animated group of political personages conversed familiarly in the office of the *comandante* of arms. One of them, the *comandante's* son, of Caracas, accentuated the interest of the dialogue in terms which piqued the Andean pride. 'I observe,' said he, 'that the principal regions of the country have invaded Caracas martially and impressed upon the federal capitol the most distinguished of their chieftains. All the principal regions can record one or more eruptions toward the capitol except the Andean provinces.'

"'I will be the one that will invade it,' answered arrogantly a youth of lustrous and pallid countenance.'" This was Castro, this the beginning and the cause of his revolution. He now "crossed the San Antonio as Caesar the Rubicon," and from peak to peak and from combat to combat, "opened with the edge of his sword the doors of Caracas, and ascended with pomp the grand stairway of the federal capitol, surrounded by a group of heroes."

As a matter of fact, his "heroes" were a body of bushwhackers, blacklegs, and renegades, including a large number of females who likewise wielded the machete and who had marched from Tachira to Caracas with the "army."

Andrade, the constitutional president, was a gentleman. Therefore the constitutional army looked upon him with disdain and rushed to the "army" of Castro. A few battles and quite a number of skirmishes were fought, the peaceful inhabitants were looted, "forced loans" were levied upon foreigners and business men who had funds, and after anarchy had ruled for a time throughout Venezuela, President Andrade found himself deserted by his army, and was glad to make good his escape to La Guayra, and thence into exile.

Ever since the moment when the usurper, at the head of his licentious "army," overthrew the constituted authority and seized the reins of power, a saturnalia of graft and



CIPRIANO CASTRO.

diabolism has prevailed throughout Venezuela. One may judge of its horrors from the fact that the regular "army" is still a savage aggregation made up of unlettered peons, a mixed breed, in which Indian and negro blood predominate. When a man assassinates another in Venezuela he is not hanged nor imprisoned, but is given a Mauser and a machete and put into the army, where he becomes a pillar to support the ruling power.

Let us leave aside for the moment the atrocities committed upon respectable Venezuelans. The outrages on foreigners, who

constitute an unimportant element numerically, were sufficient by the year 1903 to arouse the indignation of the combined civilized powers. I have before me a record of hundreds of such cases, involving all nationalities, and will mention a few for illustrative purposes.

Two Germans near Carupano were "assaulted, robbed, bound to a post, threatened with death, and thrown into a house infected with smallpox in order to extort money from them." These were the acts of a body of soldiers claiming to be revolutionary. But as these troops operate intermittently on either

side, as suits their convenience, and as all liability for acts of revolutionists is denied by the government, the probabilities are that the outrage was committed by government troops.

A prominent Dutch gentleman was stripped stark naked by the police of La Guayra, who held their commissions by Castro's authority, and was exposed to public view on one of the principal streets of the town.

Government officials under Castro made a requisition for merchandise on M. Maninat, a French citizen, and he requested that the requisition be made in writing, so that he could present evidence of the value of the goods. For having made this request, he was assaulted, taken to headquarters, and "his face was laid open from forehead to ear" with a saber.

In April, 1901, the English sloop *Maria Theresa* was burned and plundered by a Venezuelan gunboat, and her crew was shamefully maltreated. At about the same time the British vessel *Sea Horse* was assaulted and its crew maltreated by a Venezuelan *guardacostas*. The British vessel *In Time* was destroyed in April or May, 1902, at Federnales, by the Venezuelan gunboat General Crespo. Outrages of the most revolting character were also perpetrated upon British subjects at the same place.

This was the sort of thing that caused the blockade of 1903. It was not, as has been generally supposed in the United States, inaugurated for the purpose of collecting debts, most of which resulted from freedom of contract and many of which were of doubtful validity.

When the atrocities became unendurable, when prayers, entreaties, and protests had proved of no avail, an array of foreign battle-ships reared their grim turrets in the blue waters off La Guayra, Puerto Cabello, and

the Gulf of Maracaybo. A blockade was declared.

Then Cipriano Castro did a thing that showed the caliber of the man. He issued a decree to his generals to arrest and imprison every Englishman, German, and Italian in Venezuela, to seize and confiscate their property, and, in the event of any mortality resulting from the blockade, to assassinate every one of these prisoners. Scenes of the wildest disorder ensued. Seizures were made of all the resident citizens of the three nations mentioned, and under escort of a lawless soldiery, surrounded by jeering, frenzied

mobs, respectable business men of the highest standing were thrown like common felons into the hideous dungeons.

The State Department at Washington should receive due credit for having acted once in its history decisively and with promptness. John Hay, Secretary of State, gave the American minister and consuls in Venezuela peremptory orders by cable to take under their protection the citizens of the three powers named, to raise Old Glory over their stores, warehouses, and residences, and in stern and positive terms to inform Castro, his generals, governors, and local officials that any murder of English, German, or Italian

citizens would call for condign punishment at the hands of the United States. Thunders of artillery from the war-ships in the harbors also had a salutary effect on the military rabble. When a German war-ship stood at sea beyond the range of vision and, after a few preliminary shots, knocked Fort San Carlos into smithereens, the awestruck Venezuelans cried "*Caramba!*" and fled.

As illustrative of the character of our ally and protégé at this period, an incident narrated by Stephen Bonsal will bear repe-



THE COURT OF CASTRO'S RESIDENCE
IN CARACAS.



A NATIVE
VENEZUELAN'S
HOME.



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THE CAPITOL BUILDING IN CARACAS.

tion. "After years of patient diplomacy," says Mr. Bonsal, "finding all their efforts to obtain justice and reparation for the injuries done their nations of no avail, when I reached Venezuela stern measures of coercion had been adopted by three of the leading world powers. The coast was blockaded, and in the port towns fifty per cent. of the improvident population was already face to face with starvation. In Caracas, generally so opulent, there was also suffering. Not only was the capital cut off from the outside world by the foreign squadrons, but the rich back country, whence provisions are drawn in ordinary times, was

champagne was flowing like water, where the extravagant saturnalia continued day and night, though only a short distance away lay the unburied bodies of the stolid, ignorant Andinos who had died but a short time before to keep the dictator on his throne."

How the United States aided to keep him there is a well-known matter of history. At the time of the blockade, the revolution of Matos was practically triumphant. It controlled vast sections of Venezuela and had the sympathy of every decent man. Had the blockade continued for a short period, the success of the revolution and the



CASTRO'S PALACE BODYGUARD.

in the hands of the revolutionaries. "Where is Castro?" I asked.

"Well, he was away on a picnic, I learned, at La Victoria. I followed the trail of the dictator down to the orange groves on the border of the Tierra Calienta. There I found him, guarded by his soldiers, surrounded by the 'Yellow House' gang, composed of debauched and dishonored men and outcast women, his only willing associates. It was a sharp transition. I had come from where thousands were starving, to a camp where

reasonable prospect of good government would have been assured. But through the mediation of the United States, the power that Castro had insulted and now defies, the European nations were induced to withdraw their fleets, and Castro once more became firmly seated in power.

Another way in which the United States was used to further Castro's ends appears in an incident reported, about the time of the blockade, from Ciudad Bolivar on the Orinoco River. General Matos had held this city

and adjacent territory and had governed it for about a year. Castro had attacked Matos several times and each time had been severely defeated. The wily dictator now decided to use "diplomacy." One fine morning a war-ship, under Castro's orders, steamed up the Orinoco flying the Stars and Stripes. The band was playing American national airs. The populace, not only men, but women and children also, streamed out along the water's edge to greet *el tío* Samuel. Without a moment's warning, Castro's ship hauled down the American flag and opened a broadside of artillery and small arms into the crowd on shore. Hundreds of innocent spectators were murdered. A general engagement followed, and it is said that about fifteen hundred persons lost their lives.

What did the United States do about this insult to the flag?

Nothing.

And the reign of plunder and cruelty went on unchecked.

Among Castro's first acts as dictator was the abolishment of the constitution. A few months afterward, he promulgated a new one, but that did not suit him, so he abolished it, and has since devised two or three others.

One of his next acts was to show the judiciary that abject, blind obedience to the slightest whim of the usurper was the price of its personal safety. For instance: The chief justice of the high federal court, having read Castro's decree that constitutional government had been ushered in, visited the prisons and found a shocking condition of affairs, hundreds of notorious criminals having been turned loose by executive order, and other hundreds of innocent men having been incarcerated without judicial process. When, in view of these facts, he called public attention to the requirements of the constitution, he was seized by General Castro's personal orders, and immured in the dungeon of which he had complained.

As early as February 22, 1901, our minister at that time, Mr. Francis B. Loomis, in a confidential report to the state department at Washington, said:

"Since my residence here I have seen a majority of the members of the Supreme Court arrested, imprisoned, and finally removed from office for intimating that they would not decide a case in the manner desired by the chief executive."

As a free press is not consistent with a reign of graft and tyranny, the military

usurper seized the luckless editor who had printed the brief and reserved report of the chief justice referred to, threw him into the same dungeon, and suppressed his publication. More than one Venezuelan editor has since met a similar fate.

It became clear that the terrors of Russian despotism, increased many fold, were to deaden the hearts and stifle the aspirations of all decent men and hold visions of horror before the eyes of all respectable women in this sister "republic" of ours; this land in whose behalf on more than one occasion we have been on the verge of war with all Christendom. *Hundreds of thousands of men and women of high character now lie as helpless under the heel of the dictator as were the reconcentrados in Cuba in the days of "Bloody Weyler."* The streets of Caracas and of every other town within the domains of the "republic" are filled with thousands of pathetic outcasts of humanity, trembling with starvation and disease, bowed down with the weight of injustice; many of them, young as well as old, apparently only living skeletons.

No phase of life is free from surveillance. All telegrams and cablegrams are censored, with a representative of the dictator in charge of every line of communication. All letters are liable to be opened by government officials. A thoughtless word in a private epistle may be carried to Castro with exaggerated importance, and another victim thereby be added to those that have gone before. Even the diplomatic correspondence of the representatives of foreign governments is tampered with by Castro's representatives in the post-office, and every foreign minister in Caracas knows that he must send his communications to his government in his own mail-pouch, carried by his own private messenger to a mail-ship, or they will be placed before the dictator for his perusal.

To enter Venezuela one needs a passport, sealed, with certifications and stamps; to move from one place to another more passports, more consultations with military *jefes*; to board a ship, permission from the local *resguardo*, from the *jefe civil*, and perhaps other functionaries. Everywhere one goes, one is held up by policemen and soldiers and compelled to give an account of oneself. On a dozen different occasions, when I have been walking the streets of Caracas, Valencia, Puerto Cabello, or Maracaybo, my thoughts concentrated on some subject far from the bedevilment of Venezuela, I have been

brought to my senses by the shout of "*¡Quién vive!*" and had a Mauser leveled at me. Boston professors, the anti-imperialists, and Mr. J. W. Foster may like this sort of thing, and I may be unduly sensitive, but I must confess that these conditions of uneasiness and this shouting of "*¡Quién vive!*" finally got on my nerves like the whirr of a rattlesnake.

Having thus taken a bird's-eye view of the present conditions in Venezuela and their historical perspective, it will be of interest for us to ascertain to what extent the United States is represented there. A judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, in conversation recently with a friend of the writer, stated in a casual way that he supposed there must be at least 25,000 Americans in Venezuela. The truth is that there are not more than twenty-five. To-day there is scarcely a vestige of American interests in the whole country. And in any part except the capital and one or two coast towns an American would be regarded as a curiosity, especially if he were out of jail. The few Americans who now reside there are merely custodians of the remains of destroyed property. It is impossible within the limits of a magazine article adequately to indicate the methods by which this deplorable result has been brought about. As to American investments, Secretary of State Root, in his report to the President published on page 559 of senate document 413, says:

"Notwithstanding the long and unbroken friendship manifested by the United States for Venezuela; notwithstanding the repeated occasions upon which the United States has intervened as a friend in need, to relieve Venezuela from disagreeable and dangerous complications with other foreign powers, . . . the government of Venezuela has within the past few years practically confiscated or destroyed all the substantial property interests of Americans in that country. This has been done sometimes in accordance with the forms of the law and contrary to the spirit of the law; sometimes without even form of law, by one device or another, with the action of the government always hostile to American interests, until of the many millions of dollars invested by American citizens in that country, practically nothing remains."

To-day Castro is a millionaire—the only millionaire in Venezuela.

As a fair illustration of his methods with foreign corporations, the case of the

United States & Venezuela Company may be cited. This American concern invested six hundred thousand dollars, gold, in a railroad and other works, on the faith of a contract, every word and syllable of which had been carefully examined by Castro several times and signed by his minister of public works, on his orders, after full and free discussion in his cabinet. When this company's money had given employment to thousands of Venezuelans, made a great river navigable, and opened up a vast and trackless wilderness to settlement, Castro declared invalid the contract that he himself had made, on the ground that it had not the approval of his alleged congress. *Every member of this congress had been appointed by himself, every member of it would have faced imprisonment upon refusal to obey his slightest wish.*

The United States government then called Castro's attention to the following facts: that he was supreme military dictator at the time the contract was signed; that he had been recognized by the United States as the government of Venezuela in virtue of his position at the head of a successful revolution; that for the period during which he was styled "*Jeje Supremo*," or provisional president, the so-called congress appointed by him had passed a general act of amnesty, or resolution, approving all his actions as such provisional president; and that this general approval included the contract of the United States & Venezuela Company.

To this the dictator replied by claiming that the said contract was unconstitutional. *Yet the constitution had been dictated by himself subsequent to the date of the contract in question.* He then invited the company to test the constitutional question before one of his own tribunals, *every judge of which has been appointed by himself and is under the merciless control of his military.*

As to the record of this company in Venezuela, Mr. W. J. Calhoun, President Roosevelt's special commissioner, reported:

"In Venezuela I heard this company spoken of in the highest terms. There is no scandal and no charge of bad faith in its record. It is an instance where a concession was accepted in good faith and its obligations were fully performed. The contract required that the work contemplated should be commenced within six months and completed within a year. The undertaking was one of such magnitude that no time could be lost; the work was promptly entered upon and com-

pleted. The company relied upon the fact that the power of the national executive extended over and dominated every department of government, including both legislative and judicial, and it confidently expected the protection of such executive in the maintenance of its contract rights.

"The story told of the construction of this road is a thrilling one. It was built through forests, swamps, and almost impenetrable jungles. The company's representatives spent months in these jungles fighting against malarial fevers, snakes, wild Indians, and overcoming almost insuperable difficulties of one kind and another. It is a story of American courage, indomitable will, and triumphant success. I was also informed upon the most reliable authority that the enterprise proved to be a great help to the section of the country in which it was located. The company employed hundreds of poor people, paid them good wages, established schools, and otherwise contributed to the development and progress of the country. The management kept clear of politics, and although revolutionary forces often invaded the property, the management refused to pay tribute, furnish supplies, or otherwise contribute thereto."

To-day the railroad of this company and its other property, seized on pretexts that Secretary Root in an official report declares to be absurd and flimsy, lie in utter ruin and abandonment. This spoliation is paralleled by the complete destruction of the French railroad extending from the south end of Maracaybo Lake into the coffee district, a distance of more than sixty kilometers. It, too, lies in utter ruin, the property having been seized by Castro for military purposes, the manager shot, the corporation bankrupted, and all reparation denied.

I have in my possession definite data concerning the spoliation of hundreds of foreign citizens and companies by Castro and his creatures, the amount of such confiscations and seizures running into tens of millions of dollars. For this vast and almost unbelievable destruction of foreign property by Castro or the revolutionary chiefs immediately preceding or succeeding him, there has been little or nothing in the way of restitution.

Before the several international commissions that met after the blockade there were presented claims for such restitution in substantially the following number:—American 55, British 76, Belgian 4, French 261,

German 73, Italian 377, the Netherlands 30, Spanish 183, besides a considerable number from other foreign countries. Only a fraction of the claims were awarded, and the Venezuelan dictator learned that no risk attached to the seizure or destruction of foreign property or its conversion to his own use. The United States stands between him and punishment.

To look at Castro, one would regard him as the last man in the world to occupy the center of the international stage. In stature he is short. In personal appearance there is little or nothing to suggest the type of man he really is. He left the Andean province that was his home with scarcely the rudiments of an education. He has never been outside of the limits of Venezuela, except on one trip to Curaçao, a little Dutch island off the Venezuelan coast. To him, Caracas was a wonderful revelation, and the change from his mountain hut to the seat of power in the "Yellow House" was one well calculated to make him dizzy. The hordes of camp followers, flatterers, and sycophants that greet every upstart military chief whose star seems to be in the ascendent, soon turned his head.

As he had absolutely no knowledge of the world, his diplomatic dealings with foreign governments assumed much the same tone that he would use with his mule-drivers. He believed, and still believes, that his band of *macheteros* could whip the United States and all civilization. His wife, an estimable person, highly respected by the better class of people in Venezuela, has never attempted to exercise any control over him nor in any wise to concern herself with his doings. In Venezuela, a wife is not supposed to interfere in the affairs of her husband. It was reported, however, *sub rosa*, that Castro's wife on one occasion resented his attentions to other women to such an extent that she shot at him, the ball taking effect in his arm.

At Miraflores, where Castro resides, the visitor will find soldiers everywhere, troops on guard, troops lining the streets leading to the executive mansion, troops in the parlors, the reception rooms, in the patio, and at the dictator's side. As to whether Castro is personally a coward, as were Lopez and Francia, of Paraguay, there are differences of opinion. When there was an earthquake in Caracas, he was so frightened that he ran and jumped from a veranda on the second story, breaking his arm in the fall. He forgot all about his wife and the other members of the household, leaving them to take care of themselves.

Those who do not belong to the Castro worshippers cite this as an example of personal cowardice, and they also call attention to the fact that he obviously fears assassination, for no one can get into his presence without securing every kind of guarantee from those immediately in his confidence, and running the gauntlet of a long line of soldiery. It may be said for him, however, that in battle he has successfully led his soldiers, so that even though a moral, he probably is not a physical, coward.

Why does not the great mass of the Venezuelan people rise and throw off the yoke? This is a question easy to ask and hard to answer. The same thing might have been asked with reference to Nero, Caligula, Lopez, Rosas of Argentina, and to every tyrant of history. To begin with, local conditions must be understood. For the purpose of analyzing this situation, we may regard Venezuela as being composed of two groups, one comprising the army, together with Castro's political adherents in civil life; and the second composed of the greater part of the population, who at the present time are passive under the despotism.

This second group contains many thousands of excellent families of a high type, native Venezuelans, most of them of pure,

or nearly pure, Spanish blood; together with the great mass comprised in the classification of peons. The former division of this group dreads revolutions. It has witnessed scenes of brigandage, it fears the atrocities to be committed on wives and daughters, and it particularly fears to incur the enmity of the reigning dictator and his generals, well knowing the dire consequences and its own utter helplessness.

Those in the second division of this group, the non-criminal portion of the peon class, comprising fishermen, small farmers, and the like, dread military service as they would a pestilence. They never go to war except when seized by the regular soldiers and impressed into service by what are known as the *reclutas*. While the military of Venezuela is well armed and well equipped, the non-military portion is utterly without arms, without organization, devoid of public spirit, and averse to anything in the nature of a revolution. To organize such elements into an effective fighting force, sufficiently strong to overcome the troops of Castro, would be a task difficult, if not impossible.

The foreigners and the respectable citizens of Venezuela can't save themselves; we won't save them; and we warn the rest of the world to keep hands off. *¿Quién viva?*

Castro the Liberator

By Colvin B. Brown

IT is no easy task that the president of Venezuela is called upon to perform. The rules laid down by governments in other countries cannot be altogether applied here. To understand this one must know something of the country and the people.

Topographically, this South American republic consists of a land area of about 600,000 square miles, drained by more than a thousand rivers. It is an unusually productive and fertile land—a land of the pineapple, banana, coconut, and sugar-cane, of coffee and cacao, and the cereals known to the north and south temperate zones. Here are millions of acres of ungrazed pasture-land and other millions of acres of unexplored forest containing

the most valuable hard woods, and mines of precious metals awaiting development.

The people who possess this land are endowed with none of the adventurous spirit of the pioneer. They are content with the living that comes with little effort. In the settlements they are, for the most part, of mixed Spanish, Indian, and negro blood. Mulattos, mestizos, and whites mix freely at all social functions, except in the most exclusive society. Simon Bolivar, in his most famous message to the people, said: "There must be no caste on this continent. There is no blood less noble than other blood. All is the same in the sight of God."

It is not to be wondered at that a country so

rich, possessed by a people so unenterprising, as we Americans understand the term, should offer a constant temptation to the adventurous of other lands. Let us take one or two instances.

Close to the northern coast line of Venezuela are two islands, Trinidad and Curaçao, the one a possession of Great Britain, the other of Holland. Port of Spain, in Trinidad, and Willemstad, in Curaçao, are practically free ports. Every week more cargoes are unloaded at these ports than would be consumed by the inhabitants of the two islands in a year. What becomes of it all? What means this great import of goods so vastly in excess of any possible local demand? Every one there knows the answer. The busy little fleets one sees loading goods at these ports are smugglers. Venezuela has had no money to build and maintain a fleet of sufficient size to patrol her two thousand miles of coast line. As a result, she loses fully one half of her duties on imports.

Some years ago German capitalists obtained a concession to build a railroad from Caracas to Valencia. Venezuela very much wanted this road built, and guaranteed six per cent. on the cost. The construction cost of the road was so great that it is doubtful if it would pay even if built through the heart of Pennsylvania. The Germans declare that a bargain is a bargain, and demand of the Venezuelans that they live up to their contract and pay interest as agreed, no matter how great the hardship. The Venezuelans claim that the cost of the road was enormously in excess of what it should have been, and that this cost was purposely increased in order to get the six per cent., which the German considers a very good rental for his money.

As a result of this sort of thing, the Venezuelan's idea of a foreigner is that he is a spoilsman; that he comes with the single purpose of getting the last centavo out of any enterprise in which he may engage; that he has no respect for the laws or customs of the country, and that he will stop at nothing to gain his ends, even at fomenting and aiding revolution.

And it must be borne in mind that revolutions have checked progress in Venezuela even more than the lassitude of the people, smuggling fleets, monopolistic concessions, or grafting presidents. In seventy years there have been seventy-six revolutions. For sixty of these years two armies were almost continuously in the field, contending for the su-

premacy of ambitious leaders and the control, through them, of the government. The death rate has been enormous—at times far in excess of the birth rate. For this reason Venezuela shows a decrease in population during the past fifty years. It must be evident, therefore, that Venezuela can never prosper until the permanency of peace is assured, and that her one great need has been a ruler who could give her this assurance. The ethics, culture, ancestry of the man are of little moment.

With this essential in mind, let us consider the president now governing Venezuela.

Cipriano Castro is the first mountaineer president the Venezuelans have ever had, and it is natural that he would be misunderstood at Caracas. His father was an Indian, and the father's physical characteristics have been impressed upon the son, most noticeably in the straight black hair and the swarthy skin. All his years he has lived in the open. He rides a horse like a Western cowboy. He is forceful, aggressive, stubborn, quick to anger, and of unquestioned courage. In 1897, while serving as a member of the Venezuelan legislature, Castro was of great assistance to Andrade in securing the presidency, and for this expected to be rewarded with some high office. Instead, he was completely ignored. Whereupon he declared that he would return to Caracas at the head of an army and be made president. Two years later, in the fall of 1899, he fulfilled his promise.

The president of Venezuela has always been supreme ruler, and Castro is no exception. He realizes that the prosperity of his country depends on peace as the very first and most important requisite, and when the Matos rebellion broke out he threw himself into the fight like a demon, destroying the rebellion root and branch. Since then there have been no revolutions, for political agitators and would-be presidents have learned to fear the man.

Castro's firmness of character is indicated in a recent incident. When he was lying sick almost unto death, word was brought to him that General Paredo had landed with the intention of starting a revolution. Castro gave orders to General Zapato to proceed at once to the capture of the rebel and his followers. A few days later, Doctor Ravenga, secretary general, walked into Castro's bedchamber and reported that Paredo and sixteen officers, two of whom were Americans, had been apprehended. Without turning his head upon the pillow, the sick

man gave the order to have the prisoners shot.

Dr. Ravenga feared to carry out this order, but he also feared Castro, notwithstanding they were close friends. In this quandary he went to Castro's wife, Doña Zuila. Castro's official family always go to her when they want a deviation from the president's orders. They never try to bend the iron will of the man by a request, nor even a suggestion, conveyed personally. Ravenga explained to Doña Zuila that there were two Americans in the group of officers her husband had ordered shot, and that the American minister had entered a protest; that as Castro was lying dangerously ill, it would be almost suicidal to perform an act that might give his enemies an opening. Doña Zuila carried the message, and the president dictated the following reply: "Tell Ravenga to wire immediately as instructed and to bring me a reply telegram from Zapato stating that my orders have been carried out. We will explain afterward." The orders were carried out.

These men who were shot had been caught with arms in their hands. They had been seeking to foment a revolution with a view to overthrowing the government, and Castro wanted to make an example that would be a warning to all like offenders. The people of Venezuela are masters at intrigue and diplomacy, and Castro realizes that there are hundreds of men within the country and other hundreds on the islands of Curaçao and Trinidad who are constantly plotting for his overthrow. He also understands that only punishment by death will serve as a warning for such as these.

But there is a softer side to Castro's character. Not long since, during a presidential reception, one of the president's aides consented to introduce the daughters of a man who was in prison for plotting against the government. The two young women came along in line, and were about to be passed on with the others when the aide whispered their names to the president, and said that they would like a few words with him. Castro at once asked what they wished, and in reply they said that their mother was ill and their father in jail, and begged that he might be liberated. The father was known to Castro to be one of the most dangerous men in the republic, but without hesitation he seized a sheet of paper and wrote and signed an order of release.

Castro's model is President Diaz of Mexico.

He often refers to what the American newspapers had to say against Diaz when he rose to power in Mexico, twenty-five years ago, and quotes his own as a parallel case. He considers his problem harder than that which Diaz had to solve, for the reason that his people are more apt at intrigue than the Mexicans, more skilled in politics and diplomacy, and fonder of power.

Many of those who believe themselves familiar with the details of what are known as the Venezuelan claims express surprise that this country ever gave them serious consideration. Take, for instance, the claim of the New York and Bermudez Asphalt Company. This company owned very rich asphalt deposits at Carupano, in the state of Bermudez. They had built a railroad from the pitch lake to the sea and were shipping as high as twenty-five hundred tons of asphalt monthly. After Castro had suppressed the Matos rebellion he turned his attention to those who had aided and abetted it. He charged the asphalt company with being one of these. He asked for and obtained the appointment of a commission to sit in the United States and take testimony. The commission met in New York, and during the course of the investigation General Green, president of the company, admitted on the witness stand that he had outfitted the steamer Ben Rye with munitions of war and dispatched it to Fort de France, Martinique, where the cannon were taken out of the hold, and mounted on deck. When the English crew found that the ship was a privateer they deserted, and a battle crew of two hundred Martinique negroes was engaged and sent into Venezuelan waters to help the revolutionists. It is believed by many that had the English crew remained with the ship, the Matos revolution might have been a success.

Upon the information received in the taking of testimony in the American Court of Commission, Castro brought suit in the courts of Venezuela, and obtained judgment for damages in the sum of \$5,000,000. Castro does not consider this fine excessive in view of the fact that this company was convicted of financing a revolution that cost many lives and large sums of money, and was directed against a government from which the company was enjoying valuable special privileges. The fine has not been paid, but when it is the asphalt company can enter into and take possession of its property. In the meantime the Venezuelan government is working the mines, and the price of asphalt has come down one half.

What the asphalt company hopes for is that the United States will interfere and make the government of Venezuela restore the property and pay damages for its seizure. In this connection it may be well to state that, as far as Venezuela is concerned, the asphalt case is closed unless the fine is paid. Any interference on the part of this country would mean war; and war with Venezuela might not result in such a quick and easy victory as almost every one here seems to think. Castro is the strongest man in South America to-day. His defiance of foreign powers has made his name a household word throughout the southern continent. War with the United States would probably mean a coalition with Venezuela of several of her sister republics; for there is a general feeling that the United States has designs—though more or less uncertain and undefined—upon these republics. A blow struck at Venezuela might kindle the flame of war throughout more than half the continent.

Another case: A man named Jaurett, who claims to be an American citizen but who is said by the Venezuelans to be a Frenchman, was expelled from the country by Castro, with an insufficient allowance of time in which to arrange his affairs. For this he wants damages. When Jaurett was arrested, papers were found in his possession indicating very pointedly that he was acting as agent in the fomenting of a revolution. It was also found that Mr. Jaurett was editor and proprietor of an English newspaper in Caracas and that he had acted as Caracas correspondent for several New York and London newspapers, regardless of a Venezuelan law which says that "Resident and transient foreigners who edit newspapers or write about the exterior or interior politics of the country in any newspaper shall be immediately expelled from the territory of the republic." Had Jaurett been caught with arms he would have been shot; but he was found to be merely an intriguer, and so he was told to get out of the country "immediately," in accordance with the wording of the law in the case, and to stay out. He wants the government of the United States to help him collect damages.

Lack of ready money has greatly hampered Castro in carrying out the many internal

improvements he has planned; but notwithstanding this his term of office has been far from barren of results. Peace has been established; roads have been built in many parts of the republic; lepers have been concentrated in an asylum in La Guayra. A national theatre has been erected at the capital. There has been an entire reorganization of the civil service, into which Castro has injected his energetic personality. Telegraph lines have been built throughout the republic, and every day at noon Castro receives a telegram from the governor of every state. A military academy that would be a credit to any state in the United States has been built at Caracas; Venezuelan youths are also being sent to West Point; forts at La Guayra have been equipped with modern guns. For the first time the men of the army and the navy are well armed and clothed; a coast patrol has been established that bids fair to do away with smuggling and thereby restore to Venezuela her customs revenues; all transshipping must now be done at Puerto Cabello or Pampatar on the Venezuelan coast, and no schooners are allowed to land from Willemstad or Port of Spain. (This applies even to the Red D line of American steamers, which has so long carried on trade between the United States and Venezuela.) Finally, Caracas is said to have become one of the best-policed cities in the world.

Cipriano Castro has been a much-maligned man. It is his ambition to rule his country well, according to his lights, to keep it free from internal turmoil, to open it up to foreign investors when it is thoroughly pacified, and to pass it on to a strong successor when the time comes. In this work he has been sorely hampered by the powerful enemies he has made at home and abroad by reason of his iron rule, a rule that the circumstances have fully warranted. It is the opinion of the writer that the greatest harm that could come to Venezuela would be a revolution that would overthrow Castro before his work is finished. This opinion is shared by leading citizens of Venezuela, who believe that this half-breed Indian cares more for the welfare of his country than he does for worldly pelf, and that if he is allowed to carry out his ideas Venezuela will become the first power in Spanish America, with a chance of rivaling the Argentine.





THE THIEF

By CONSTANCE SMEDLEY

Author of "An April Princess," "For Heart o' Gold," etc.

Illustrations by Franklin Booth

THE afternoon sunlight filtered between the tops of the opposite houses, and sent one or two wandering beams into a fourth-story room in a dispirited attempt to brighten it. It was a typical London office; a drab-colored wall-paper on which sprawled pink flowers of an unknown genus was the only attempt at decoration. The mantel-piece supported a row of ledgers. Black tin boxes lined the recesses. Tables and desk were piled with files of papers, from which the desk-telephone rose like a miniature lighthouse.

Its occupant was as unattractive as the room. He had been sitting at the desk for some time, occupied and heavy. In spite of his achievements, Joshua Chubb was not an imposing person. His indeterminate mustache and scanty hair gave him a mild, inoffensive look that was completed by his washed-out coloring and the bowed shoulders, evidence of a sedentary life. The casual observer might miss the dogged force that showed in brow and jaw. One does not rise from retailing hardware goods to the proud position of a merchant prince, commanding factories, without that quality.

There was a compression of the pasty lips now that bespoke determination, as Joshua Chubb sat and brooded. He had the habit

of achieving his ambitions, however impossibly remote they seemed. Yet there are some things that may be beyond the most determined man's power of capture; one of these is a girl's fancy.

Joshua Chubb had had no time for romance in his industrious youth. Perhaps that was why his surrender was so sudden and preposterous in middle age. A girl's face had come between him and his account books, and for its possession he had deliberately set on one side the duties of his provincial citizenship, had struck his tent, and carried his ardent self to London to begin at the bottom of the climbers' ladder. It was a long ladder that led from Councillor Joshua Chubb to the Honorable Phyllis Chisholm, as long as the distance between the Birmingham Council-House and the Covent Garden Opera foyer, where the pure child-face, surmounted by its coronal of golden hair, had first drifted across his bewildered vision. He discovered who she was before he left the opera-house; the discovery did not deter him from pursuit. Other men, as awkward and unversed in the ways of society as himself, had pushed into the rarefied air where Miss Phyllis Chisholm and her kind disported. With infinite resolution Joshua started to push, too.

A year's incessant toiling had brought him gradually nearer to the goal of his desire. After haunting Miss Chisholm's presence with a pertinacity that was unconscious of rebuff, he had tracked her down at the most expensive charity fête of the season, and by dint of spending prodigally had won favor at the flower-stall at which Miss Chisholm was the prettiest feature. The smiles that the afternoon had gained for him emboldened him to approach her that night when they met at another equally imposing function. Infinite ingenuity had contrived a tête-à-tête with her. He had utilized it promptly by proposing. Miss Chisholm's emphatic refusal had been permeated with a contempt that even now set his sluggish blood tingling.

And yet Joshua Chubb was not deterred one iota from his purpose. Miss Chisholm was poor, as society counts "poor"; she was as yet the property of no other man. Wherefore Joshua Chubb sat before his desk, and spun vain imaginings. He had not done a stroke of work since lunch.

That he held his dreams important was shown by the start of irritation he gave when the door opened. He had turned, indeed, with sharp reproof upon his lips, reproof that died voiceless as he sat staring at the card that the clerk had placed upon his desk.

For he had neared his goal by another step—rather, a bewildering, mighty leap, the unexpectedness and magnitude of which almost overpowered him. Miss Chisholm's name looked up at him.

"I told her you saw people only by appointment, sir, but she said you would see her."

"Show her in."

The clerk withdrew. Chubb was left to collect his dizzied faculties. Miss Chisholm would be with him in a moment. Not only would they be alone together—a fact of sufficient significance in itself—but she had sought him out. She had left the flower-filled parks and squares and had adventured into the sordid City with its never-ending roar and traffic. She had sought him, Joshua Chubb; she, the intangible will-o'-the-wisp whom he had pursued so hopelessly this weary year. He had controlled himself by the time the door reopened, and rose to meet her with a matter-of-fact stolidity. She came forward with a somewhat embarrassed air in spite of her natural self-possession.

"I hope you aren't very busy, Mr. Chubb, I won't keep you long. It—it was urgently important that I should see you."

Chubb returned to the desk, watching her with ever-fresh amazement at her subtle elegance. Every movement was a revelation: the poise of her well-tournured head, the slope of her hat, the indescribable froth of filmy frills that showed when she crossed one silk-clad foot over the other and held her parasol across her knee in an assumption of business-like composure.

And her face! Exquisite as a wild-rose petal, it tilted toward him with its proud curve from ear to chin, its fine small nose, and softly molded mouth.

There were many girls as pretty as Phyllis Chisholm, many prettier than she; thousands as carefully attired; but to Joshua Chubb the mere attributes of her clan were a distinguishing hall-mark, setting her apart from other women.

Though Miss Chisholm's business was so important, she did not seem in a hurry to state it. Her hands played uneasily with the parasol; her gaze wandered round the room as if in search of an object of distraction.

"How busy this room looks! You are sure you aren't too rushed to spare a little time?"

"The whole afternoon's at your disposal if you wish it."

"Oh, no, I shall have to go at once, almost at once." The words came feverishly; the girl's face was flushed. Her bosom rose and fell in patent agitation. A noise was humming through her ears, a dull, monotonous murmur that was in some way connected with the difficulty she experienced in breathing. She forced herself to look at the man fronting her. His unspeakably commonplace appearance made her task at once more easy—and more hateful. If she looked at him much longer, she could not do it.

She had conquered her pride and prejudices sufficiently to come to his office. Now she was here, it was absurd to hesitate. There came a hardening of the delicate features. When one is deliberately committing suicide, it is best to take the plunge with the loss of as little time as possible. She forced the words from her parched lips:

"You asked me to marry you, last week."

The words reverberated through the silence. She could not look at his dull face. Her eyes were nearly closed. Now that her intention stood revealed in all its glaring nakedness, her spirit failed her. Oh, lamentably it failed her. If only an earthquake would have sent a friendly shock and engulfed

her, or a fire burst out and consumed her, there, that moment, before the dreaded provincial burr could answer!

Nature, however, is sparing with her cataclysms. Nothing happened. The answer for which she waited came.

If it were slow in coming, it must be remembered that great joy is as paralyzing as great horror. Now that Miss Chisholm was within his reach she seemed more unattainable than even on that first night when she had sat a thousand miles away from him—though only a few yards separated his seat in the balcony from her box. But there she was part of a social structure that might be surmounted. Here she was herself, of transcendental fairness, immeasurably aloof from earth's sordidity.

But the fact that she was here could mean only the one stupendous fact. She needed him in some way, needed him so desperately that she could not wait to summon him to her presence. She had come to offer—herself!

Was there ever such a perversion of all that was fit and natural!

"Yes, Miss Chisholm. The offer still stands."

Fortunately for himself, his voice gave no evidence of his emotion. Its composed accents helped the girl. He treated her errand as a matter of business. She must view it in the same light.

"I will accept it."

Miss Chisholm had not such a training in repression for her aid. In spite of herself her accents faltered, somewhat faintly. But she had spoken the words.

There was a terrible little silence. A gleam of fire had leaped into the man's eyes; an unbecoming flush suffused his face. He was an imaginative man for all his grayness, and he was realizing what her words meant. His

instinct, however, was very sensitive; he knew he must not frighten her. He spoke with intuition:

"That's very good of you. You know how grateful I shall be."

The girl was standing. Her gown floated diaphanously about her. A plummy hat of feathery lightness shaded the spun-gold hair and rose-leaf face, now pale and tense. She threw her head back with a sudden jerk and blurted out what she had come for:

"If I were in trouble—you—you would help me, wouldn't you?"

A rush of pity struck at the man's heart. She was in sore need. It was written in her intensity. And she had come to him!

"Of course."

"I knew you would. I want one hundred pounds—now—this moment."

He had guessed she wanted money; but he could give it her. There lay his glory and his triumph. She had come to him in her despair; she would come to him again and again, certain always of his generosity. No other man should give as he would give.

Never in his life had Joshua Chubb felt such pride in his millions. They could purchase him his heart's desire. Spent recklessly, extravagantly, goldenly, they should in time win

her gratitude and her absolute dependence on him. . . . Who knows! her love might come.

He drew his check-book toward him as a wizard might draw his talisman. She had come for money! That was the one thing he could give her—and in what abundance! A hundred! It was nothing. There was the pity of it. It was so small a sum.

"Made payable to yourself?"

"No! Not a check! There isn't time."

Her tone caught his ear; he held his pen



HE STRUCK HIS TENT AND CARRIED HIS ARDENT SELF TO LONDON.

arrested in mid-air. She felt the change of atmosphere. She spoke with feverish haste:

"The banks close at four. It's ten minutes to, now. I can't possibly get down in time to change it. I must have it in cash. Gold—silver—lots of silver—and some coppers—not many, but a few. And one or two five-pound notes. I think there were three."

She had put her hand to her forehead, pressing it in desperate pursuit of memory, so did not see suspicion creeping like a cold gray snake into the eyes of the man who watched her. This was a strange debt she wished to pay!

"Why do you want it in cash?"

She was losing her self-control.

"That doesn't matter."

The caution that had helped in the winning of his millions showed itself; also the obstinacy his opponents had encountered.

"Excuse me. It matters so much that I don't send to the bank without knowing the reason!"

"It will be too late!" The girl's eyes were fixed upon the clock. Its ticking mocked her. Every tick meant a second nearer to—discovery!

The man's phlegm increased proportionately to the girl's agitation. He sat still in his chair, his gray eyes fixed on her, his pale face heavy and judicial in expression. Something was wrong, very badly wrong. There was fear in Miss Chisholm's countenance.

"I have told you I will give it you if you will tell me your reason."

When it is a question of a bitter draft or immediate dissolution, one does not hesitate. Miss Chisholm was very white, but her enunciation was singularly distinct:

"The bazaar committee meets at five. I have to pay it back to them."

The receiver of the telephone was off, Mr. Chubb was giving directions. Miss Chisholm heard them as in a dream. She was conscious of a sense of infinite relief, which was yet overpressed with an insufferable horror. She had bought relief with a double price.

"It will be here in ten minutes."

She woke to the perception that Chubb was addressing her. It was necessary to say something: thanks, explanation.

Her voice had lost its confidence. "I don't know how I can thank you. I only knew to-day that it was to come up at committee. No one's told me a word. It shows up one's friends, doesn't it? I overheard at my club, quite by accident; of course it's a woman

who's doing it all. I don't know how I could have been so stupid! I simply can't think."

She clasped her hands together with an anguished little gesture. She looked more childish than ever, as she sat there in her fragile, expensive prettiness. She had to justify herself for the sake of her own pride; she could not bear to think of the common creature opposite judging her. Besides, it was a relief to speak. It stopped thought.

"I had lost a lot to her at bridge. I'm sure she cheats. No one could have the luck that she has! I could have paid, if she would have been decent enough to wait; but she's a perfect fiend. She's always been jealous of me because of Re—my cousin. She thought she could show me up before him. Oh, she is *low*. And she's on the bazaar committee. I've paid her, and she couldn't attack me any more about the bridge debt; so this is her revenge. Oh, how could I have done it; how could I! I must have been mad!"

"You took a hundred?"

The girl winced.

"N—no, at least—every one's awfully careless at bazaars. I didn't mean to take it. I'd stuffed a heap into that little bag I carried; it hung to my belt, and when I paid in I never thought of it. I found it when I got home. I suppose I ought to have sent it up to Mrs. Capper—I know I ought—but there was another letter waiting from that woman and the money was staring from the table; and I'd paid in—no one had said anything—why couldn't Mrs. Capper have said it was too little at the time? But she thanked me; no one would have suspected if I hadn't paid my debt straight off. Oh, I was a *fool*!"

"You say the bazaar committee meets to-day? To consider the matter?"

"No. It's a meeting to receive the accounts, but this woman was going to bring the question up. Now I shall spike her guns; I'll send down the bag to Mrs. Capper, and say my maid's just found it. Thank God! Oh, I'm so grateful. If you hadn't given it——"

She closed her eyes, and swayed slightly, shuddering. "But you have! You have! No one will ever know. Oh, I am grateful, I am grateful! I will keep my word. I'll tell people I'm engaged to you. You can send it to the papers. I'll live with you—in Birmingham. You won't find—that I sha'n't keep my word."

And yet the horror of the prospect was so apparent that the most insensitive man could



WHERE THE PURE CHILD-FACE HAD FIRST DRIFTED ACROSS HIS BEWILDERED VISION.

not have heard her promises with satisfaction. Chubb was keenly sensitive.

Feeling seldom penetrated the outside crust of clumsiness with which nature had surrounded a strong and honorable soul. Even now, in his surpassing bitterness, his voice was blunt and flectionless:

"There's one thing I can't understand. You show pretty plainly what you think of me—or rather what you feel toward me. I've nothing to do with you. I know you've heaps of friends—moneyed friends—to whom a hundred would be a mere fleabite. There's the aunt you live with——"

"She'd—talk!"

Again Miss Chisholm's face had blanched with terror at the thought. Her words came with difficulty:

"I couldn't trust her."

Suspicion reared its head, ugly. There was some reason lurking behind her appeal to him. The more he looked upon her loveliness, the more bitterly he realized that there must be a hundred men of her own class—her friends and intimates—who would have been only too glad to lend her the paltry sum required. Why had she chosen so to immolate herself—to come and beg from him, a man whom she despised and shuddered from? The

glory of the triumph was departing. Somehow he did not feel it was a triumph now. Only an ugly mystery that he must unravel.

"But there are others—other men."

"They all know Rex."

Miss Chisholm was only twenty, and was not yet versed in the arts of concealment. The shame of her downfall swept over her in waves, submerging prudence. There was only one thought dominating her whole heart: Rex must not know! For that reason she had come for help to this queer stray from a far-off world. He would carry her away and bury her in the morass of his dull provincial city, away from all the gleam and radiance of life, away from all the warmth and love and joy in which for two short seasons she had radiantly disported. But better that than——

Anger seized her at the man's stupidity that could not realize how inevitable her step had been. Did he not understand his remoteness from her world? The sureness of burial—burial of her and all her sins—with him? We have said that Miss Chisholm was not practised in diplomacy. She was young; and youth seldom realizes that other people can feel, too. Its own emotions are so poignant; its egotism is so all-embracing.

The girl was eaten up with shame; the whole world held nothing but her tragedy. And this man who must play a part in it sat still in stupid incomprehension of the inevitableness of the climax.

"Oh, *can't* you understand!" She thumped a small, clenched hand upon the desk-top, unconscious in her misery. "You're not in our world. You don't know us; you come from *Birmingham*! Of course I've friends who'd lend it me, but they all know the woman; they'd guess at once. And if I confessed and made them promise—well, they wouldn't mean to tell, but temptation would surround them. Things like that get out so easily. I couldn't be *sure*."

"But you say people are talking?"

"Yes. But it's only gossip now. Rex wouldn't believe gossip. He loves me—loves me—loves me! He'll be furious with the scandalmongers. He'll be furious with the woman. And oh, he'll still believe me. That's all I care about. He would have lent it me—why, we were to have been married in the autumn—but he would have known. I couldn't bear that. I'd rather lose him than his belief. Oh, it's worth marrying—even you!"

"Was there no one else?"

The cynicism in the man's voice did not strike her. She was too tragically in earnest.

"No. There was no other way. I'd thought of making an end to myself. But it would have made the scandal so much worse; more definite. I think Rex would have minded that much more than this. It's quite respectable to marry you. He'll just think me faithless. Heaps of women are that. He'll be angry, but it won't hurt him—you don't think it will hurt him as much? I can't think. My brain's tired. I've cried so."

Her pride had vanished, swept away in the desolation that consumed her. The pasty-faced man who sat and stared at her was only a puppet, something that belonged to the *mise en scène* around her. Tears were streaming down her cheeks; she wept with utter abandon, oblivious of everything but her grief.

She had to renounce all she loved; to immolate herself; to step from paradise into ugliness and horror; to give herself to Joshua Chubb.

Pasty-faced nonentities have feelings, too, however; feelings that ravage their dull bodies fiercely. A fire of jealousy rushed over

Chubb, lit by his pride and his love alike. For all his insignificant appearance he was a man, and a man of force and power. The poorest weakling cannot help but wince at the scorn of the woman he has set his puny heart upon; when a man of Joshua Chubb's caliber is made light of, woe be to the woman who shows she holds him of so small account.

His manhood rose up in revolt. It was stronger than his passion. How could such worship as his had been satisfy itself with the mere gratification of desire? He had built a temple of his every ideal, to shelter and do honor to the object of his passion; and behold, his idol had proved false, and the ideals had collapsed and crumbled in her presence. Yet from their ruin she still dared to mock at him and scorn his worship, she who had proved false!

The brute instinct that lies in all men who are men leaped up within the heart of Joshua Chubb, the instinct that cried to him to prove his might and turn and rend the prey that flouted him.

Something rose up in his throat, making his accents husky. His hand was trembling on the desk.

"One moment. You're doing all the talking. I've something to say. It may be worth your while to marry—even me; but what about me? Suppose I've a prejudice in favor of an honest woman for my wife? Suppose I jib—as any of your fine friends would—as your cousin would—at a thief?"

"A thief!"

The girl was staring at him. He had forced himself upon her plane of vision. She stared at him as at some monstrous object that had suddenly obtruded itself to the obscuring of all else.

"A thief! A woman who takes the thanks of the public and its charity, and pinches her friends' money to pay her gambling debts. My five-pound note wasn't too dirty for your dainty fingers. And you come and offer yourself to me as if you still conferred an honor! Oh, it's all right, I'll pay the money; but I pay it as the price of my escape."

Hard words; but they were dealing with hard facts. There are certain bare, elemental situations in which society's refinements slip away and polished cruelty meets its match in the coarse outburst of an anguished brute.

"You won't—take—me?"

"Take you! You——"

The door had opened. The word stopped

—fortunately stopped—on the man's lips. There are certain things no woman could forget. Joshua Chubb was spared the bitterness of remembrance that might have been his portion had his clerk not entered at that moment.

He bore the money sent up from the bank and laid it on Chubb's desk; then withdrew, closing the door behind him.

The moment's interval gave the man a chance to recover his self-control. He picked up the bag of money and half threw it across the table toward the girl.

"There you are. Take it and go."

"I can't—now——!"

The girl stood motionless, still staring at him wide-eyed, white-lipped, helpless.

"What d'yer mean?"

He spoke with savage roughness. The sight of her struck to his heart.

"Why, just that. That I can't take it. You say you don't want me. So I've nothing—to give you—in exchange!"

"But the scandal?"

"I must face it."

Phyllis Chisholm's father had died in action. She looked oddly like him as she fumbled rather falteringly for her parasol. The childish eyes were wide with a sick fear, and yet unalterable resignation lit them. She must face the fire.

"Wait. Wait. Your cousin will know!"

"Yes."

"There's the money. I promised it to you."

"Yes; when you thought me fit to be your wife. What do you call it? False pretenses. I've stolen once, but I'm not a thief. I should be stealing your promise if I did not give it back to you. It was only that I didn't think—I didn't understand."

With a little sob she turned toward the door, groping for the handle.

Suddenly her way was barred. Joshua Chubb stood against the door.

"Steady on!"

His voice was husky still, but he was not ridiculous. Thank God, there are moments when humanity breaks forth alive and palpitating, and man-made conventions shrivel up and show themselves for the poor ashes that they are. In those moments, God gives all men dignity.

"You'll take that money. You owe it me to take it. You owe it me."

"I can't."

"Yes, you can. Look here. You and your set think of me as an aspiring bounder, if you ever think at all. I am not that. I'm only a man—in love. I fell in love with you on sight. I saw you at the opera, the first time I ever went there. I'd come up to London on a business trip and I thought I'd see what it was like; and I saw you. There's nothing to say except that I fell in love—as any young fool might have done—as



"SUPPOSE I JIB—AS ANY OF YOUR FINE FRIENDS WOULD—AT A THIEF?"

lots have, I make no doubt! Only I'm used to going for what I want, and getting it. There I was, a rich man, a counselor, a governor of the General Hospital, one of Birmingham's leading men; and as far removed from you and your world as if I'd been a crossing-sweeper. But I'd money. Money had helped other people to get near such as you. It helped me. I worked hard. Charities—politics—grease for titled palms—there

"Me? Why, you're *pit*ying me! That's something to go back with. I didn't tell you for that. I didn't hope for that. I only wanted to make it possible for you to let me help you. I thought you'd despise me more. Now . . . you're pitying me. Go, while I can remember that look in your eyes. Don't stop—to realize again how far I am from you."

The man went a step forward, past her, as if he would remove his ungainly body from



"I'LL BE GRATEFUL TO YOU ALL MY LIFE."

was nothing I didn't stoop to. But I got in! Within speaking distance of you. Taking it all in all, I reckon the last year's cost me something like fifty thousand pounds—oh, more than that—a good deal more; and what have I got for it? I've climbed from your indifference to your contempt. That's all. Now—in return for all I've spent to get near you—in return for all I've given up—you take this paltry hundred pounds, and let me feel I've been of service to you. I don't want anything else——"

"I will marry you, if you want me."

"Oh, Lord, Lord! If I want you? Want you! But I want you to be happy first. Take it. Stop their chattering tongues. Don't stop to argue!"

"Yes, but what of you?"

Youth had realized at last; the woman in her realized. With a little anguished cry, she turned to him, clasping her hands in pity of his love.

her sight. He was recalled by the touch of a hot little hand, clasping his.

"I will take it. I'll be grateful to you all my life. How can you forgive me for being so small and blind? Oh, please let me say thank you."

Chubb took up the bag and placed it in her hands. His emotion was under control, but his new dignity was still around him.

"Take it, my dear," said he, "or you'll be late! And be happy!"

"A thief—happy?"

"You aren't a thief. You're only a child who was driven into a corner and stretched a hand out blindly in self-defense—as you said—not realizing. When you realized, you acted straight enough. You came to buy the money with yourself. I was a brute to you. I can't forgive myself——"

He broke off suddenly. The tear-washed little face would have softened a harder heart than Joshua Chubb's.

"I was a brute," he repeated hoarsely. "But when one's underneath the lash one strikes out, not knowing, nor caring . . . There . . . You came to bury yourself. Bury your mistake. Leave it with me. You can trust it to me, can't you? Leave it and go free, back to your world and the cousin who loves you—loves you—loves you. Don't tell him yet; he's only a boy. Wait till you've lived together and he knows you. Promise me that to show that you've forgiven me!"

"I have nothing to forgive. I deserved everything you said. Only you do under-

stand I didn't *mean* to steal?" she asked.

Joshua Chubb nodded. He could not trust himself to speak.

Soon—very soon—the door had closed and she was gone.

He stood for a little space in the room from which the sunlight had long since departed; then he returned to his old seat and drew his neglected letters to him.

It was difficult to bring his thoughts to bear on them. His desire had been within his grasp. Yet sometimes one gains more in losing than in keeping.



From the Housetop

By ELIZABETH NEWPORT HEPBURN

THE sullen city smoulders like a torch,
White-hot the listless streets while man and brute
Plod wearily their destined round of toil.
The lips of "Jocund Day" are dry and mute.
But ah, the Night! At set of burning sun
The cool stars steal forth softly, one by one.

Across the housetops from the cool gray seas
A wind of comfort thrills the tired town.
Pale mothers, with their babies on their knees,
Lean on the rusty roof-tops, looking down
On little faces, fragile, pinched, and white,
Yet kissed to slumber by the lips of Night.

Sordid and ugly, dull, prosaic, drear,
The summer days drag heavily and slow
In city places: where the brook runs clear
In magic woodlands, where lone rivers flow,
There lurks the heart of Beauty and Delight!
But still we city-dwellers have our Night!

Not even yellow sands, where flings the tide,
Nor stately, velvet-mantled mountain crest
May wear the robe of Beauty with more pride
Than does Manhattan in her hours of rest.
Beneath her stars, her bridges lined in light,
Sovereign of Seas, she's throned and crowned by Night!



The Law of the Killed and Wounded*

By WILLIAM HARD

EDITOR'S NOTE.—On broadly human lines this article should interest every citizen. On economic lines it should interest every employer of labor. It is not intended to arraign a class, nor to array one set of our people against another. It is rather to demonstrate where a great, heartbreaking waste can be minimized to the physical and financial benefit of all. Congress and the President have failed, so far, in their efforts to safeguard the man who works, and the companies for whom men work, and, above all, the women and children who are dependent. But earnest men will continue to fight, with the certainty that when the evil and the remedy both are known, all classes will rally in support of the remedy. Mr. Hard points the way, clearly, and without prejudice.

FOR the agony of the crushed arm, for the torment of the scorched body, for the delirium of terror in the fall through endless hollow squares of steel beams down to the death-delaying construction planks of the rising skyscraper, for the thirst in the night in the hospital, for the sinking qualms of the march to the operating-table, for the perpetual ghostly consciousness of the missing limb—for these things and for the whole hideous host of things like them, following upon the half million accidents that happen to American workmen every year, there can be no compensation.

Nor can there be compensation for what follows the telling of the tale by some fellow-workman at the door of his stricken comrade's home. There can be no compensation for the stretching out of a woman's hand, in search of support, against the door's swinging edge. That gesture cannot be paid for. And payment is beyond human power for the emptiness of a father's chair while the girl that was a baby is growing up to be a young woman among young men.

When we speak of "workmen's compensation for accidents," when we say that it has become one of the most important of all public questions in every civilized country in the world, we are confining ourselves to just one department of the subject.

For practical purposes we are obliged so to confine ourselves. We cannot translate into dollars and cents the infinite torture, physical and mental, of America's 500,000 annual industrial accidents. We cannot capitalize the anguished leap of the workman's nerves under boiling metal. We cannot set a price upon the horror in the widow's heart when she carries to burial an oblong block of cold iron.

All that is left to us, all that remains to be the object of our frustrated sense of justice, is the bare commercial value of a son to his mother, of a husband to his wife, of a father to his children. The utmost possibility still open to the captain of industry or to the statesman is to concern himself with the small financial fraction of the big flesh-and-blood, pain-racked total through which American industry is, year by year, driven onward.

Accidents must happen. In the European countries which have the best laws for the safeguarding of machinery and for the preventing of carelessness among employees, there still are accidents, hundreds of thousands of them, every year.

Society never has advanced, and, so far as we can now see, it never will advance, without blood. When our ancestors made war their principal business, there was blood.

* This article concerns itself only with accidents happening to employees while serving their employers. It does not concern itself with accidents happening to "third persons," that is, to the public. For instance, a locomotive engineer, killed in a railway accident while performing the duties of his employment, would come within the scope of this article, while a passenger killed in the same accident would not. The law of the killed passenger is different from the law of the killed engineer, and is not here discussed.

And when we, their descendants, make industry our principal business, when we devote ourselves to manufacture and commerce, when we invent and operate complicated, gigantic machinery, there still is blood. We may diminish the volume of that red torrent, but we cannot stop its flow. The accident is an inevitable incident of business.

Shall the workman who bears it in his body bear it also in his purse, or shall not at least the financial fraction of this burden be borne by the society to which his work is necessary?

INDUSTRY'S INEVITABLE ACCIDENTS

The laborer is worthy of his hire. If in the course of his labor he loses an arm, shall not the value of that arm be included in the cost of his hire? Shall he really donate that arm to us, or shall not we, refusing to live on lost arms, return to him, through the person either of his employer or of the state, the mere, but exact, commercial value of the loss he has sustained?

It is the most we can do. Do we do it?

Let us take a typical accident.

On the 18th of February, 1901, John Zolnowski, in company with a fellow workman named Behrens, was relining a big open-hearth furnace in the plant of the Illinois Steel Company in South Chicago. The vast interior of the furnace was dark, and the men were guided to their gloomy task by the indistinct flare of a torch. Suddenly, without warning, without conscious fault on the part of the men, without conscious fault on the part of the company, a column of inflammable gas, released by some hand never yet discovered and for some purpose never yet understood, was shot into the steep-sided cavity in which the men were wielding their crowbars and hammers. Escape was impossible. The column of gas rushed at the torch and exploded into flame. In an instant a long, thick finger of fire was playing on the bodies of the men. Behrens was at once burned to death. Zolnowski, more—or less—fortunate, was hideously disfigured and permanently disabled.

What does the law say to Zolnowski? It says to him that he is an admirable example of the Doctrine of Assumed Risk. It says to him that though he was not in any way to blame for the accident, still neither was his employer in any way to blame for it. It says to him that the accident was unforeseen,

practically unpreventable, practically inevitable. And it says to him that therefore he must bear the whole burden of it. He assumed the risk of such accidents when, because he needed food and clothing, he took a job in the steel industry in South Chicago. He has nothing coming to him.*

Most accidents are like Zolnowski's. They just happen. They are not due, legally speaking, to the carelessness of the employer. They are not due, legally speaking, to the carelessness of the employee. They just happen. And if an accident just happens, the Doctrine of Assumed Risk, which is the cardinal doctrine of the American Law of Accidents, places the whole financial burden of it on the shoulders of the employee.

It does not place that burden, the burden of inevitable agony, of inevitable sorrow, of inevitable financial loss, on the industry which cannot be operated without such happenings. The steel industry pays for its inevitable iron ore. It pays for its inevitable coke. It pays for its inevitable limestone. But it does not pay for its inevitable accidents. Under the Doctrine of Assumed Risk the burden of inevitable accidents is thrown upon the employee.

And the Doctrine of Assumed Risk, a marvelously comprehensive doctrine, does not stop even at this point.

RISKS ASSUMED BY WORKMEN

About ten years ago the Boston & Maine Railroad was sued by an employee named Victor Leazott. Victor Leazott had been injured in an accident due entirely to a defective brake-rod. Victor Leazott was not at all to blame. The whole blame lay on the brake-rod. The company had not inspected that brake-rod. It had not performed the obvious duties necessary in order to prevent the accident. Its negligence in that respect was admitted.

But the brake-rod was affixed to a car which did not belong to the Boston & Maine. It belonged to another company. It was a "foreign" car. And the Boston & Maine was in the habit of *never* inspecting the brake-rods on "foreign" cars. Its negligence was clear, but it was *habitual*. Leazott had overlooked that point.

When Leazott's case got to the law term of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire,

* Illinois Appellate Court, vol. cxix, p. 209, February 10, 1905.

his error was made clear. The Supreme Court of New Hampshire held that he had no claim against the Boston & Maine.

"An employee," said the court, "assumes the risk arising from all the ordinary dangers of his employment, and this includes the risk arising from the negligent performance of the employer's duties, *if the employee knows of this danger.*"*

In other words, if the employer is habitually careless and if this fact is known to the employee, the burden of the accidents resulting from that carelessness must be borne by the employee. This is the Doctrine of Assumed Risk.

What remedy is open to the employee? It is one of the ideals of the law that there is no wrong without a remedy. "*Nulla in-juria sine remedio.*" And what, in a case like Victor Leazott's, is the remedy of the employee? It is this: *He can insist upon a change in the accustomed method of conducting the business in which he is employed.*

This remedy was clearly outlined in a recent decision of the Supreme Judicial Court of Maine. A man named Gillin, a brakeman, had been injured because the space between a certain rail and a certain guard-rail on the railway on which he worked had not been properly "blocked" or filled up. There was a cavity left between the two rails, and because of this cavity Gillin had been injured.

The negligence of the railway was admitted. The cavity between the rail and the guard-rail was dangerous. It was a pit of death for the feet of all employees. This point was not disputed.

THE EMPLOYEE'S SOLE REMEDY

"But," said the court, "if a brakeman, under such circumstances, continues to work without requiring the frogs and guard-rails to be filled or blocked, he must be held to have waived the right and to have assumed the risk of injury from stepping into them."†

Gillin ought to have gone to the president of the railway and told him to block and fill those frogs and guard-rails. He ought to have required it. He ought to have insisted on it. And if the president consigned him to the world to come and meanwhile struck his name from the pay-roll, what matter? Gillin was at liberty to go out and start a bank or

float a trust. If he continued to be a brakeman, he assumed all the risks arising from his employer's known and habitual carelessness. And if he was injured he had no claim to compensation.

CHOICE BETWEEN INJURY AND LOSS OF JOB

The Doctrine of Assumed Risk gives the employee his choice between getting injured and losing his job.

This agreeable dilemma was clearly and bluntly offered to the employee in the case of Dougherty versus the West Superior Iron and Steel Company in Wisconsin.

Dougherty was ordered by his foreman to leave a machine driven by hand-power and to begin working at a machine driven by steam. Dougherty was afraid. He objected. But he was threatened with discharge. In consequence of this threat, he withdrew his objection and started to work. Within two hours after changing from the machine driven by hand-power to the machine driven by steam, Dougherty saw his forearm caught in a rapidly revolving spindle and he felt the bones of his forearm crack.

The Supreme Court of Wisconsin, an absolutely incorruptible court, and one of the most learned courts in America, considering this case, said:

"If an employee, of full age and ordinary intelligence, upon being required by his employer to perform duties more dangerous or complicated than those of his original hiring, undertakes the same, knowing their dangerous character, although unwillingly, from fear of losing his employment, and is injured by reason of his ignorance and inexperience, he cannot maintain an action therefor against his employer."*

I am not attacking the courts. I am not attacking their interpretation of the law of accidents. I am going farther. I am attacking that law itself.

A young woman named Sarah Knisley once sued a manufacturer named Pascal P. Pratt, in the state of New York. Mr. Pratt was operating a hardware factory. Sarah Knisley was operating a punching machine in Mr. Pratt's factory.

There was a law in the state of New York requiring Mr. Pratt as a manufacturer to safeguard all cog-wheels in his factory. He had not safeguarded them. He was guilty

* *Atlantic Reporter*, vol. xlv, p. 1084, July 28, 1890.

† *Atlantic Reporter*, vol. xlv, p. 361, June 2, 1890.

* Supreme Court of Wisconsin, vol. lxxxviii, p. 341, October 2, 1894.

of constant, daily violation of the law. Sarah Knisley got her hand caught in a set of unguarded cog-wheels connecting two shafts, and her whole left arm had to be amputated. She sued Mr. Pratt for damages.

When the case reached the highest court of the state of New York, the judges admitted that Miss Knisley's accident was due to Mr. Pratt's violation of the law, but they pointed out to Miss Knisley that when she entered Mr. Pratt's employ she thereby assumed all the consequences of this violation. Miss Knisley did not know this at the time, but the court explained it to her. Listen to the court: *

A MIRAGE OF LIBERTY

"In order to give judgment in favor of the plaintiff (Miss Knisley) it would be necessary to hold that where the statutes impose a duty on the employer it is not possible for the employee to waive the protection of the statutes under the Common Law Doctrine of Obvious Risks. . . . There is no rule of public policy which prevents an employee from deciding, in view of the difficulties of securing other employment, that it may not be wise to accept employment subject to the Rule of Obvious Risks."

Therefore, Miss Knisley, a poor, powerless young working-woman, unable to get another job, and unwilling to starve, decided to work in danger rather than starve in safety. And, with that end in view, she absolved Mr. Pratt from his obligation to obey the laws of New York so far as any consequences to herself were concerned!

"The statute does indeed protect a certain class of employees, but it does not deprive them of their right to manage their own affairs."

In other words, Miss Knisley, driven, as the court intimates, by lack of other employment into Mr. Pratt's factory and there obliged, by fear of discharge, to operate cog-wheels unlawfully left unguarded, was exercising her inalienable right to manage her own affairs and was still a free woman, and a mangled cripple, in spite of the statutes!

It is surprising how little gratitude people like Miss Knisley show toward the courts for such splendid vindications of their personal liberty. Miss Knisley wanted the right to work in safety. The courts gave her the

right to work in danger. She wanted an oasis of practical security. The courts gave her a mirage of theoretical liberty. She was *not* grateful for the exchange.

If any employer wants to know why his employees show such scanty respect for the law, he can find a considerable part of the explanation in what the law has said, and is saying, about compensation for accidents.

Roscoe Pound, of the University of Nebraska Law School, is not a workman. He is not a trade-union leader. He is not an agitator. But he is a professor of law, an editor of a law review, and a scholar. He has studied the subject. In a recent article in the *Columbia Law Review* he painted the situation in words that deserve the consideration of every man who hopes for the perpetuation of the reign of law in this country.

This is what he said:

"When Henry the Second put bounds to the jurisdiction of the church, when the barons with drawn swords declared '*nolumus leges Anglia mutare*,' when Coke for the judges of England told James the First that he ruled *sub Deo et Lege*, the common law side was the national and the popular side. But to-day, the popular side is not that of the individual but of society. *To-day, for the first time, the common law finds itself arrayed against the people; for the first time, instead of securing for them what they most prize, they know it chiefly as something that continually stands between them and what they desire.*" *

These are the words of a cautious, conscientious man, of a man who loves the common law, of a man who wishes to see the common law revived to the needs and restored to the affections of the common people. In that same spirit this article is written.

THE DOCTRINE OF FELLOW SERVANT

The Doctrine of Assumed Risk has a kind of cousin-in-law called the Doctrine of Fellow Servant.

When a cinder-snapper enters the employ of the United States Steel Corporation, he not only assumes—under the Doctrine of Assumed Risk—all the consequences of all the gigantic, incalculable caprices of the blast furnace near which he labors, but he likewise assumes—under the Doctrine of Fellow Servant—all the consequences of all the acts of careless-

* New York Court of Appeals, vol. cxlviii, p. 374, February 13, 1906.

* *Columbia Law Review*, vol. v, p. 344.

ness and stupidity of which his fellow workmen may be capable.

When these two doctrines combine their forces, the workman is successfully saddled on the one side with all the inevitable imperfections of average machinery and on the other side with all the inevitable imperfections of average human beings.

There was once a man named Coffey who worked for the United States Steel Corporation in South Chicago. And there was also a man named Swick who worked for that same corporation in that same place.

Swick worked only during the day. Coffey worked only during the night. When Coffey came on, Swick went home.

THE DOCTRINE APPLIED

One day Swick plugged up an open-heart furnace carelessly and imperfectly. Coffey did not know about this. He could not prevent it. He was asleep. Swick did his careless, imperfect work and went home.

That same night, December 29, 1899, in consequence of what Swick had done, there was an outburst of several tons of white-hot metal. Coffey was terribly burned, and his hearing was permanently impaired.

Now Swick was just eighteen years old. He had held his job for just one week. He and Coffey had spoken to each other just once. When, after four years, Coffey's case reached the Illinois Supreme Court, the judges decided that Coffey and Swick were fellow servants and that therefore Coffey had no legal claim for compensation for his accident.

"These men," said the court, "the safety of each of whom depended so much upon the care and diligence of the other, had ample opportunity to exercise upon each other an influence promotive of care and prudence in the matter of the performing of their work." *

Coffey ought to have foreseen that Swick was going to plug up a furnace carelessly and he ought to have told him not to.

But now, forget for a moment the case of Coffey and look at the case of Chauncey A. Dixon.

Chauncey A. Dixon was a fireman for the Northern Pacific. On Christmas Eve, 1899, he was stoking the engine of extra freight train No. 162. On that same road, on that same night, there was another extra freight

train, No. 159, traveling in the opposite direction. And finally, on that same road, on that same night, there was a telegraph operator who was fast asleep at his key.

Dixon's train boomed through the yards, and the telegraph operator, in his little office, of which Dixon may possibly have seen the outside walls, was fast asleep. Dixon, throwing coal into the grate of his engine, was not thinking of telegraph operators and was not meditating on the Doctrine of Fellow Servant. Otherwise he would have left his cab at each station and waked up every Northern Pacific employee who happened to be asleep.

Dixon did not do this. He shoveled coal. And the telegraph operator at Bonita, Montana, continued to be asleep.

Because of his being asleep, extra freight train 162 and extra freight train 159 met, head-on. Dixon had nothing at all to do with the accident. Except in one respect. He was killed.

Four and a half years later, on May 16, 1904, Dixon's case reached the United States Supreme Court. The judges of that court decided that he had no legally valid claim against the Northern Pacific. He and the telegraph operator at Bonita were fellow servants. Dixon was killed by reason of a fault committed by a fellow servant, and therefore Dixon's family had forfeited their right to compensation.

RISKS FROM HUMAN CARELESSNESS

This case corrects any misapprehension created by the Coffey case. Under the Coffey case it might have been supposed that an employee was merely responsible for all fellow employees in immediate proximity to him. Under the Coffey case an employee could easily evade the Doctrine of Fellow Servant. All he had to do was to be careful in selecting the workmen who worked side by side with him. If any of these workmen looked as if he would some day drop a crowbar on his feet, all he had to do was to tell the boss to discharge him.

But the Dixon case, which is typical of a large number of cases, puts a new face on the matter. A fireman cannot inspect and estimate the capacity for somnolence of every telegraph operator on his railroad. It is not possible for him to interview every telegraph operator on his railroad and ask him not to kill him.

* Illinois Supreme Court, vol. ccv. p. 206, October 26, 1903.

The Dixon case is the real case. The Doctrine of Fellow Servant is not based originally on the idea that an employee can select his fellow employees, which is an absurd idea. It is based really on the idea that the average carelessness of fellow employees is part of the average risk of the trade. When a workman gets a job he assumes the average carelessness of human beings just as he assumes the average imperfections of machinery.

"CONTRIBUTORY NEGLIGENCE"

One more doctrine remains to be considered. It is the Doctrine of Contributory Negligence.

This doctrine is dramatized, once for all, in the case of Smith of Seligman.

Smith, an engineer for the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé, started out from Seligman, Arizona, one afternoon in the year 1903, about four o'clock. He had a long run and did not pull into Winslow, Arizona, till a quarter-past seven the next morning.

Having then been on duty for more than fifteen hours, he started off to get some sleep. He was called back by the master mechanic. There was a train of oranges that had to be hauled to Pinto. Smith objected. He said he felt unable to manage an engine. The master mechanic insisted. It was an urgent case. Smith climbed back on his engine.

Smith reached Pinto at three o'clock that afternoon. At half past eight in the evening he was on his way back to Winslow. It was then that he committed his act of contributory negligence. He got into a collision. He had been on duty thirty hours and thirty minutes. He fell into a doze. He forgot just where he was. He ought to have run his train at that point off the main track on to a side track. He didn't. He forgot about it. And in the midst of his contributory negligence another train ran into him.

Smith's right hand was badly crushed, and its subsequent use for the purposes of his trade was rendered impossible. He had made the mistake of dropping off to sleep after more than thirty hours of continuous work.

The Court of Appeals of Texas did not condone Smith's offense. The court admitted that in Arizona, where the accident happened, there was a law forbidding railway companies to work their employees more than sixteen hours at a stretch. Under that law, when a man had worked sixteen hours, he was entitled to enjoy nine hours' rest.

The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé had kept Smith at work for almost twice the legal length of time. The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé was a lawbreaker.

But Smith was a contributorily negligent and hopelessly careless person. His real character was exposed by the court.

"The allegation," said the court,* "that the laws of Arizona prohibit railway companies from working their employees for more than sixteen consecutive hours does not excuse the contributory negligence of the appellant (Smith) which arose from his working such a length of time that he was unfitted for business. *He knew his physical condition far better than the railroad company could have known it, and he cannot excuse his carelessness in falling asleep on his engine.* The petition presents a clear case of appellant (Smith) having been hurt *through his own negligence* in stopping his engine on the main line instead of taking a siding as he should have done."

By this time the reader may have concluded that most accidents have to be borne financially, as well as physically, by the workman. And such a conclusion would be completely justified by the facts.

Professor Charles R. Henderson, of the University of Chicago, who is a lifelong student of the subject, and who is regarded as an authority on all matters relating to accidents, says, in his unpublished book on "Industrial Insurance in America," that out of every one hundred American industrial accidents there are only from ten to fifteen that entitle the victim to compensation in the courts.

NO DAMAGES FOR NINETY PER CENT. OF ACCIDENTS

Professor Henderson's scholarly conclusion is corroborated by the practical conclusion of Mr. Harrison F. Jones, attorney for the Chicago & Eastern Illinois. Mr. Jones has handled accident cases for the Chicago & Eastern Illinois for many years. He is a man of experience. In addressing the City Club of Chicago last year he said:

"In perhaps eighty or ninety per cent. of the accidents resulting in personal injury neither the employer nor the employee is at fault. The law says there is no remedy for that class of accidents.

"In about eighty per cent. of accidents resulting in personal injury, therefore, no lia-

* *Southwestern Reporter*, vol. lxxvii, p. 1052, May 17, 1905.

bility is thrown upon the employer. In another ten per cent., while the employer may be to blame, the employee cannot make his case good in court. Perhaps in the remaining ten per cent. of accidents there is a recovery of damages."

But if the injured employee cannot recover damages except in ten cases out of a hundred, why all these claim departments? Why all these damage suits clogging the progress of the courts and impeding the execution of justice? Why all these employer's liability companies? Why all these expensive lawyers hired to defend the employer against the personal injury claims of his employees?

I will give part of the answer in a story.

There was once a man named Olste, who, like Zolnowski, worked for the Illinois Steel Company. The accident that happened to Zolnowski while relining a furnace has already been told.

Olste was more fortunate than Zolnowski. He got his arm crushed in a slide of ore from the top of a little ore mountain in the company's plant. The company, that is, the company's workmen, had allowed the top of the mountain to overhang.

The cause of the accident which happened to Olste was therefore more obvious than the cause of the accident which happened to Zolnowski, and the Illinois Supreme Court decided that it was "negligence" for an employer to allow his employees to allow a mountain of ore to overhang. And so Olste got \$7,000.*

Olste probably had to give his lawyer at least \$3,000 of his \$7,000. But he got \$7,000 from the Illinois Steel Company.

THE LEGAL LOTTERY

Now neither Zolnowski nor Olste was guilty of any fault. And in each case the Illinois Steel Company was guilty of no conscious negligence. It treated both men alike. Yet in one case it paid nothing and in the other case it paid \$7,000.

Here is the first reason, and the big reason, why, although few workmen recover damages in the courts, thousands of workmen begin suits in the courts. The ultimate event is doubtful.

The betting is ten to one in favor of the employer, but there are so many technicalities, there are so many quirks in the common

law, there are so many catches in the constitutions of the states and of the United States, there are so many different kinds of judges and of jurors, that the lawyer for the injured workman is constantly tempted to believe that after all, with good luck, he may possibly draw a prize number in the lottery. And so he goes ahead and takes a chance and begins suit.

INEQUALITIES IN THE LAW OF ACCIDENTS

The common law is an ancient thing, but when cases like Olste's are contrasted with cases like Zolnowski's, the common law seems to be deprived of all claim to any more ancient date than that at which Mr. W. S. Gilbert wrote down the lines of "The Mikado":

"See how the fates their gifts allot.
'A' is happy, 'B' is not.
Yet 'B' is worthy, I dare say,
Of more prosperity than 'A.'"

Mr. Gilbert, it may be incidentally noted, was a lawyer.

Under the Law of Accidents Olste is happy. Zolnowski is not. Equal in their real merits, they are worlds asunder in their technical claims.

And the Law of Accidents, year by year, encourages thousands of workmen who were injured in accidents like Zolnowski's to sue their employers in the one-to-ten hope that, after all, their accidents may possibly be decreed to have been like Olste's. They themselves cannot tell the difference, and quite frequently neither can the judges till they have read a hundred previous decisions and have taken a fortnight to think it over.

A workman is wise if, like Olste, he gets himself injured in an accident the cause of which is intelligible to judge and jurors. He is also wise if he gets himself injured in a commonwealth which happens to have local laws favorable to his particular kind of case.

A man named Dean, working for the Missouri, Kansas & Texas, was injured by the act of a foreman who dropped a toolbox on his feet. Under the laws of Texas the foreman was a superior servant. He was *not* a fellow servant. The Fellow Servant Doctrine did not apply. Dean got \$3,000.*

But a man named Molkoff, working for the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, who was

* Illinois Supreme Court, vol. ccxiv. p. 181, February 21, 1905

* Texas Court of Civil Appeals, October 11, 1905.

likewise injured by the act of a foreman, had a different experience. Under the laws of Oklahoma, the foreman was *not* a superior servant. He hired Molkoff and he had the right to discharge him, but he was not a superior servant. He was a fellow servant. The Doctrine of Fellow Servant *did* apply. Molkoff got nothing.*

Dean was happy. Molkoff was not.

Ten articles could be filled with examples of local legal variations of this kind. And ten other articles could be crowded to the brim with technical points inconsistently decided, or else left totally undecided, by almost any given court in almost any given jurisdiction in the United States.

Uncertainty is bad for honest people. It is good for dishonest people. The uncertainty of the American Law of Accidents raises up a pestilential brood of unscrupulous litigants to plague American employers.

FIGHTING FRAUDULENT CLAIMS

About ten years ago the Illinois Steel Company was presented with a claim on behalf of one Nick Halic, a Croatian laborer.

Halic was alleged to have been injured by the breaking of a defective plank in the mills operated by the Illinois Steel Company in South Chicago. He wanted \$25,000. And he looked as if ten times that amount would be insufficient to compensate him for what he had suffered. Bodily, he had been transformed into a monster; and, mentally, he had been cast into the first stages of idiotic helplessness.

The company, calloused by previous experiences, was not touched in any sensitive spot by the spectacle of Nick Halic. It put its whole secret service machinery immediately into motion, and the foreign settlements of Pittsburg were searched, while the post-office boxes of Anaconda, Montana, were being shadowed. No Croatian colony in the whole United States was left unexplored.

Finally, through a detective who remembered the maxim, "*Cherchez la femme*," an attractive Croatian woman who kept a boarding-house in South Chicago was induced to separate herself from a hint. Following this hint, William P. Sidley, a Chicago lawyer, crossed the Atlantic and adventured himself into the fastnesses of the Carnic Alps in the southwestern section of

Austria-Hungary. There he found the real Nick Halic.

The real Nick Halic had truly been injured in the plant of the Illinois Steel Company during a temporary sojourn in America. But he had recovered. He was doing very well, thank you. In fact, he was doing *so* well that his place had been taken by an imitation Nick Halic, a congenital cripple and idiot, exported at vast expense from Austria to Illinois for the express purpose of impersonating the real Nick Halic and of defrauding the Illinois Steel Company.

The Illinois Steel Company did not give the imitation Nick Halic \$25,000. It defeated his claim. But it had to spend a considerable fraction of \$25,000 in order to defeat it. And every large company has experiences similar, if not equal, to the Nick Halic case every year.

But eliminate fraud. The bona-fide cases in themselves are enough to terrify almost any employer whose resources are merely finite. Few accidents ever reach the jury. They may poke their way up into the courts, but they get nipped off before time for a verdict. They get settled or they get discouraged. But when they do reach the jury, the verdict is usually of such proportions as to strengthen the employer in his determination to fight every accident claim ever thereafter presented to him.

Jurors seem to believe that the one successful litigant in every ten accident cases is entitled to have all the money that ought to have been divided among all the ten victims. Zolnowski got nothing. Olste got \$7,000.

If every man with a crushed arm got \$7,000, the country would be bankrupt. There is a limit to the amount of new wealth which can be produced in the United States in any one year. And therefore there is a limit to the amount of compensation which can be granted in any one year to injured workmen.

EMPLOYERS' NEEDLESS EXPENSES

Jurors, naturally, do not grasp this fact. They simply know that most injured workmen are legally entitled to nothing, and so when they find an injured workman who is legally entitled to something, they give him all they can.

Under our present laws every damage suit brought by an injured workman is a gamble. Nine cases get nothing. The tenth gets all the money.

*Pacific Reporter, vol. lxxxii, p. 731, September 6, 1905.

Now look at this from the employer's side. If he should allow every case to go to the jury, he would be in the hands of a receiver at the end of twelve months. So he fights and equivocates and procrastinates over practically every case as it comes along. And he often spends more money in *fighting* accident claims than he does in *settling* them.

Professor Charles R. Henderson, writing in the *Chronicle*, says:

"It remains to make clear to our business men that they are squandering millions of dollars annually to protect themselves against artificial risks created by an antiquated liability law, millions sufficient to protect their employees if wisely administered under sensible legislation. Here and there an employer has taken time to discover that most of the money he now spends goes to burden the courts, to embitter his employees against him, and to turn the wounded and bereaved over to humiliating and degrading charity."

LEGAL RIGHTS AND STARVATION

It cannot be too much, nor too often, emphasized that the *deep-down vice of our present system of awarding compensation for accidents is that it depends on litigation*, on the employment of lawyers, on an appeal to the courts, on the prosecution of a lawsuit.

What a gigantic mockery it all is!

When a cinder-snapper, employed by the United States Steel Corporation, loses his arm, we do not say to him: "You lost your arm in an accident. You did not try to lose your arm. The United States Steel Corporation did not try to deprive you of your arm. You just lost it. It was an accident. Your arm is part of the cost of producing steel this year. You shall be paid for it just as you are paid for all the rest of your labor."

We do not say this. We do not admit that the accident which happened to the cinder-snapper was an inevitable feature of the manufacture of steel. We assume that, in case it has any legal bearing at all, it was a "wrong" committed by the United States Steel Corporation against the cinder-snapper.

And so we go to the bedside of the injured cinder-snapper and, with his wife asking how about to-morrow's dinner, we say to him:

"You have been injured. Your remedy is simple. Go ahead and sue the United States Steel Corporation. The courts are open to you, just as they are open to the United States

Steel Corporation. You are at perfect liberty to employ lawyers competent to meet the lawyers of the United States Steel Corporation. You are at perfect liberty to stay in the courts as long as the United States Steel Corporation stays in the courts. You may appeal from court to court till you reach the highest court just as the United States Steel Corporation will so appeal. You are at liberty to try to starve out the United States Steel Corporation just as the United States Steel Corporation is at liberty to try to starve you out, before the two or three or four years elapse which must, in all probability, precede the final decision of the judges of the court of final resort. In every respect you are on terms of perfect legal equality with the United States Steel Corporation. Just go ahead and begin suit."

This may sound reasonable, to a lawyer. It does not sound reasonable to a cinder-snapper who wants to feed his wife.

Litigation is expensive. It is uncertain. And, above all, it is tedious.

In Illinois, which is an average state, in Chicago, which is an average city, a suit takes one or two years to get through the Circuit or Superior Court, six months to get through the Appellate Court, and six months more to get through the Supreme Court. This is the most optimistic calculation possible.

What chance has a cinder-snapper in a game of this kind? He and his wife are hungry, and the law says to him that in two and a half years he may possibly find out whether anything is coming to him or not. Litigation is a rich man's game, like automobiling or yachting.

THE LAW'S DELAYS

And hundreds of cases go far beyond the optimistic time allowance I have made.

Peter Myreen, for instance, was injured in Chicago, while helping to erect a high office building, in the year 1902. Late in 1903 he got to the lowest court. Result: "New trial."

In consequence of this decision, Peter Myreen went to the foot of the docket and did not again reach the lowest court till two years later, in 1905. The result, this time, was an appeal to the Appellate Court and another decision saying: "New trial."

In consequence of this second decision Peter Myreen reached the lowest court once

more in the year 1907. Result: a disagreement of the jury. Result of that result: "New trial."

In 1909, for the fourth time, Peter Myreen, injured but uncompensated, will reach the lowest Chicago court and in 1909 will once more plead his cause.

And, after that, there will yet remain the Appellate Court and the Supreme Court of the state. There will be at least nine years between the time when Peter Myreen was injured and the time when the courts will tell him how much he was injured.

What relation exists between this kind of system and that splendid promise of our law, which, passing through many variations of phraseology, appears, among other places, in the Constitution of Illinois?

"Every person," says the Constitution of Illinois, "ought to find a certain remedy in the law for all injuries and wrongs which he may receive in his person, property, or reputation. He ought to obtain, by law, right and justice. And he ought to obtain it freely and without being obliged to purchase it, completely and without denial, promptly and without delay."

We are not exactly living up to this ideal.

DEGRADING SETTLEMENTS

I would not have it supposed, however, from anything I have said, that to-day the only injured workmen who receive compensation are those who are strictly legally entitled to it. Human nature is not so base.

In thousands of cases the employer says to the injured workman: "I don't owe you a cent. The law says I don't. But I know you weren't trying to commit suicide. You got hurt in my service. I'm sorry for you. Here's \$5 or \$50 or \$100. Take this from me. It doesn't belong to you. But I give it to you."

In all such cases the injured workman becomes an object of charity.

In thousands of other cases the injured workman, although he knows he has no legal claim, knows also that if he begins suit it will cost the employer something to defend himself against it. He knows that the employer will have to spend \$200 fighting him in the courts. So he threatens to sue. And then the employer says: "You have no legal claim. You know it and I know it. But you can make me two hundred dollars' worth of trouble in the courts. Here's \$50. Take it and

sign a release." The money is paid over, and the release is signed.

In all such cases the injured employee plays the rôle of a hold-up man.

Now, whether the employee cajoles his employer or intimidates him, whether he gets money from him by arousing him to a sense of sympathy or by threatening him with the expense of unscrupulous litigation, whether he becomes the recipient of charity or of swag, it is clear that he is equally humiliated and equally degraded. In either case he equally loses his self-respect.

THE IDEAL FOR COMPENSATION

There ought to be, and there can be, a system under which the injured employee will know exactly how much he deserves because of his accident, and will know also that he will receive exactly that amount promptly, automatically, in the ordinary course of business administration, without an appeal to the courts, without an appeal to the employer, without becoming a pirate and without becoming a beggar.

Mr. Francis H. McLean has recently presented to the New York Conference of Charities and Correction a report on 241 accident cases coming consecutively under the observation of himself and his friends. It was an official report, laboriously compiled.

In 47 cases out of the 241 there was a certain amount of compensation, paid by the employer to the injured workman. In the other 194 cases out of the 241 there was no compensation. But what I wish to draw attention to, is not so much the absence of compensation in the 194 cases as the relative unevenness, unfairness, incongruity, and absurdity of the compensation granted in the 47 cases.

Just look at a few of the contrasts:

Spine injured.....	\$20.00
Fingers amputated.....	150.00
Death.....	50.00
Fingers amputated.....	50.00
Crushed foot.....	50.00
Death.....	500.00
Death.....	300.00
Death.....	100.00
Death.....	Funeral expenses
Leg amputated.....	100.00
Brain affected.....	60.00
Leg amputated.....	157.00
Three ribs broken.....	20.00
Paralysis.....	12.00

It would be difficult to add anything to this list of impeachments of common sense, of

profanities against the name of human nature.

Our present law of employer's liability deprives the employee of justice without relieving the employer of expense. It is hideously cruel from one standpoint and frightfully expensive from the other. It cannot endure. Every other important country in the world has put it away in its museum of antiquities.

Every other important country in the world has made compensation for accidents an adjunct of business in place of a department of law. In every other important country in the world the burden of the accident, whether due to the fault of the employer, the fault of the employee, or the fault of nobody, is placed on the shoulders of the industry in which it happened.

To repeat: the accident is an incident. Imperfection of machinery is inevitable. Carelessness of employer and of employee is inevitable. Both these things, both imperfection of machinery and carelessness of human beings, may be diminished by wise laws, but they cannot be eradicated. Accidents must happen. And therefore the compensation for the accident ought to be inevitable and automatic, like the accident itself.

This is the ideal President Roosevelt had in mind, when, in a recent speech, he said:

"Workmen should receive a certain definite and limited compensation for all accidents in industry, irrespective of negligence. When the employer, the agent of the public, on his own responsibility and for his own profit, in the business of serving the public, starts in motion agencies which create risks for others, he should take all the ordinary and extraordinary risks involved, and, though the burden will at the moment be his, it will ultimately be assumed, as it ought to be, by the general public. Only in this way can the shock of the accident be diffused, for it will be transferred from employer to consumer, for whose benefit all industries are carried on. From every standpoint the change would be a benefit. The community at large should share the burden as well as the benefits of industry. Employers would thereby gain a desirable certainty of obligation and get rid of litigation to determine it. The workman and the workman's family would be relieved from a crushing load."

The employer, as an employer, and the employee, as an employee, are not the only persons concerned in this matter. The whole public is concerned, deeply, financially, morally.

Every year the stream of industrial accidents flows on, and every year it sweeps hundreds and thousands of families away from their little perilous stations of self-respecting independence down the irresistible current first to poverty and then to charity.

Accidents are no more closely related to the surgery of the doctor than they are to that social surgery which is performed by charity societies and which, though it lets no blood, leaves forever a scar on the mind.

The Chicago Relief and Aid Society made last year a special study of one thousand families consecutively abandoning their family integrity, consecutively breaking through those barriers which should be imperishable and appealing to the outside world for help.

In one hundred and nine of these one thousand cases the destitution of the family was found to have arisen, in whole or in part, from some kind of industrial accident.

There is too much assumption of risk here. The workman assumes the risk of death, the widow assumes the risk of pauperism, the charity worker assumes the risk of paying the rent.

There ought to be a little resumption of risk by the people who use the workman's labor instead of so much assumption of it by others.

Why shouldn't every industry carry the burden of its own killed and wounded? Why shouldn't compensation for disability be just as much a part of the cost of business as it is of the cost of war? Why shouldn't the workman who goes into his daily fight with modern machinery be assured that his injury will be regarded as an honorable wound, entitling him to decent consideration? Why shouldn't the industrial soldier, meeting his death in forms as terrible as those of any battle-field, die knowing that he will leave, if not glory, at least a few years' food to his family?

Why shouldn't society, having invented machines which make business one long war, treat the enlisted men at least like enlisted men and, if they are incapacitated, assign them temporarily, or permanently, to the rank and pay of pensioners of peace?

In the October number Mr. Hard will discuss the improvements on the present Law of Accidents made by foreign countries and by individual employers in the United States.



IN THE WILDERNESS A CEDAR

BY ZONA GALE

PICTURES BY BLANCHE GREER

IN answer to my summons the shabby little Friendship sempstress appeared before me one morning and outspread a Vienna book of colored fashion-plates.

"Dressmakin' 'd be a real drudgery for me," she said, "if it wasn't for havin' the color-plates an' makin' what I can to look like 'em. Sometimes I get a collar or a cuff that seems almost like the picture. There's always somethin' in the way of a cedar," she added blithely.

"A cedar?" I repeated, puzzled.

She nodded, her wrinkled face lighting. She must have been long past sixty, but she was nimble of limb and quick of speech.

"That's what Calliope use' to call 'em," she explained; "I will plant in the wilderness the cedar," you know—in the Bible. Don't you know about Calliope Marsh that was in business with me?" she demanded.

No one had told me. It was very lately that I had taken Oldmoxon House, in the outskirts of Friendship Village.

"Most of it happened right here in Oldmoxon House," the sempstress said. "I been thinkin' about it all the way up. Then you ain't heard about the last tenant, either?"

She went about her task, wielding her shears, as she talked, like withered Atropos.

"The folks that lived here last year," she said, "come so quiet nobody knew it until they was here—an' that ain't easy to do in Friendship. First we knew they was in an' house-keepin'. Their accounts was in the name of a Mis' Morgan. We see her now an' then on the street—trim an' elderly, an' no airs excep' she wouldn't open up a conversation an' she wouldn't return her calls. 'Most everybody called on her inside the two weeks, but the woman was never home an' she never paid any attention. She didn't seem to have no men folks, an' she settled her bills with checks, like she didn't have any ready money. Little by little we all dropped her, which she ought to of expected. Even when it got around that there was sickness in the house, nobody went near, we feelin' as if we knew as good as the best what dignity calls for.

"But Calliope didn't feel the same about it. Calliope hardly ever felt the same about anything. That is, if it meant feelin' mean. She was a dressmaker like me, but yet she was wonderful differ'nt. We had our shop together in the house where we lived with the boy—I'll come to him in a

minute or two. Besides sewin', Calliope had a piano an' taught in the fittin'-room—that was the same as the dinin'-room. Six scholars took. Calliope was very musical. Her father before her had been musical an' had christened her Calliope because a circus with one come into Friendship the day she was born. Sometimes I think it was her knowin' music that made her differ'nt.

"We two was settin' on our porch one night in the first dark. I know a full moon was up back o' the hollyhocks an' makin' its odd little shadows up an' down the yard, an' we could smell the savory bed. 'Every time I breathe in, somethin' pleasant seems goin' on inside my head,' I rec'lect Calliope's sayin'. But most o' the time we was still an' set watchin' the house on the corner where the New People lived. They had a hard French name an' so we kep' on callin' 'em just the 'New People.' He was youngish an' she was younger an'—she wasn't goin' out anywheres that summer. . . . She was settin' on the porch that night waitin' for him to come home. Before it got dark we'd noticed she had on a pretty white dress an' a flower or two. It seemed sort o' nice—that bein' so, an' her waitin' there dressed so pretty. An' we sort o' set there waitin' for him, too—like you will, you know.

"The boy was in the bed. He wa'n't no relation of Calliope's if you're as strict as some, but accordin' to my idea he was closer than that—closer than kin. He was the grandchild of the man Calliope had been goin' to marry forty-some years before, when she was twenty-odd. Calvert Oldmoxon he was—born an' bred up in this very house. He was quite well off, an'—barrin' he was always heathen-selfish—it was a splendid match for Calliope, but I never see a girl care so next to nothin' about that. She was sheer crazy about him, an' he seemed just as much so about her. An' then when everything was ready—Calliope's dress done an' layin' on their best-room bed, the minister stayin' home from conference to perform the ceremony, even the white cake made—off goes Calvert Oldmoxon with Martha Boughton—a little high-fly that had just moved to town. A new girl can marry anything she wants in Friendship, if she does it quick.

"It was near forty years before we see either of 'em again. Then, just last year it was, a strange woman come here to town one night with a little boy; an' she goes to the hotel, sick, an' sends for Calliope. An' when

Calliope gets to the hotel the woman was about breathin' her last. An' it was Mis' Oldmoxon—Martha Boughton, if you please, an' dyin' on the trip she'd made to ask Calliope to forgive her for what she done.

"An' Calliope forgave her, but I don't imagine Calliope was thinkin' much about her at the time. Hangin' round the bed was a little boy—the livin', breathin' image of Calvert Oldmoxon himself. Calliope was mad-daft over children anyway, though she was always kind o' shy o' showin' it—like a good many women are that ain't married. I've seen her pick one up an' gentle it close to her, but let anybody besides me come in the room an' see her, an' she'd turn a regular guilt-red. Calliope never was one to let on. But I s'pose seccin' that little boy there at the hotel look so much like *him* was kind o' unbalancin'. So what does she do when Mis' Oldmoxon was cryin' about forgiveness but up an' ask her what was goin' to be done with the boy after she was dead. Calliope would be one to bring the word 'dead' right out, too, an' let the room ring with it—though that ain't the custom in Friendship. Here they lie everybody clean into the grave, givin' 'em to understand that their recovery is certain, till there must be a lot o' dumfounded dead shot into the next world—you might say unbeknownst.

"But Calliope wasn't mincin' matters. An' when it come out that the dyin' woman hadn't seen Calvert Oldmoxon for thirty years an' didn't know where he was, an' that the child was an orphan an' would go to collateral kin or some such folks, Calliope plumps out to her to give her the child. The forgiveness Calliope sort o' took for granted—like you will as you get older. An' Mis' Oldmoxon seemed real willin' she should have him. So when Calliope come home from the funeral—she rode alone with the little boy for mourners—she just went to work an' lived for that child.

"'In the wilderness the cedar,' Delia,' she says to me. 'More than one of 'em. I've had 'em right along: my music scholars an' my dressmakin' customers an' all. An', Delia,' she says to me sort o' shy, 'ain't you noticed,' she says, 'how many neighbors we've had move in an' out that's had children? So many o' the little things right around us! Seems like they'd almost been born to me when they come across the street, so. An' I've always thought o' that—"In the wilderness the cedar,"' she says, 'an'

they's always somethin' to be a cedar for me, seems though.'

"Well," says I, sort o' skeptical, 'mebbe that's because you always plant 'em,' I says. 'I think it means that, too,' I told her. An' I knew well enough Calliope was one to plant her cedars herself. Cedars o' comfort, you know.

"I've seen a good many kinds o' mother-love—you do when you go round to houses like I do. But I never see anything like Calliope. Seems though she breathed that child for air. She always was one to pretend to herself, an' I knew well enough she'd figured it out as if this was *their* child that might 'a' been, long ago. She sort o' played mother—like you will; an' she lived her play. He was a real sweet little fellow, too. He was one o' them big-eyed kind that don't laugh easy, an' he was well-spoken, an' wonderful self-settled for a child o' seven. He was always findin' time for you when you thought he was doin' somethin' else—slidin' up to you an' puttin' up his hand in yours when you thought he was playin' or asleep. An' that was what he done that night when we set on the porch—comes slippin' out of his little bed an' sets down between us on the top step, in his little night-things.

"Calvert, honey," Calliope says, 'you must run back an' play dreams. Mother wants you to.'

"She'd taught him to call her mother—she'd had him about six months then—an' some thought that was queer to do, seein' Calliope was her age an' all. But I thought it was wonderful right.

"I did play," he says to her—he had a nice little way o' pressin' down hard with his voice on one word an' lettin' the next run off his tongue—"I did play dreams," I rec'lect he says; 'I dreamed 'bout robbers. Ain't robbers *distinct*?' he says.

"I didn't know what he meant till Calliope laughs an' says: 'Oh, distinctly extinct!' I remembered it by the way the words kind o' cracked.

"By then he was lookin' up to the stars—his little mind always lit here an' there, like a grasshopper.

"How can heaven begin," he says, 'till everybody gets there?'

"Yes, he was a dear little chap. I like to think about him. An' I know when he says that, Calliope just put her arms around him, an' her head down, an' set sort o' rockin' back an' forth. An' she says:

"Oh, but I think it begins when we don't know.'

"After a while she took him back to bed, little round face lookin' over her shoulder an' big, wide-apart, lonesome eyes an' little sort o' crooked frown, for all the world like the other Calvert Oldmoxon. Just as she come out an' set down again, we heard the click o' the gate across at the corner house where the New People lived, an' it was the New Husband got home. We see his wife's white dress get up to meet him, an' they went in the house together, an' we see 'em standin' by the lamp, lookin' at things. Seems though the whole night was sort o'—gentle.

"All of a sudden Calliope unties her apron.

"Let's dress up," she says.

"Dress up! I says, laughin' some. 'Why, it must be goin' on half past eight,' I told her.

"I don't care if it is," she says; 'I'm goin' to dress up. It seems as though I must.'

"She went inside, an' I followed her. Calliope an' I hadn't no men folks to dress for, but, bein' dressmakers so, we had good things to wear. She put on the best thin dress she had—a gray book-muslin; an' I took down a black lawn o' mine. It was such a beautiful night that I 'most knew what she meant. Sometimes you can't do much but fit yourself in the scenery, seems though. But I always thought Calliope fit in no matter what she had on. She was so little an' rosy, an' she always kep' her head up like she was singin'.

"Now what?" I says. For when you dress up, you can't set home.

"An' then she says slow—an' you could 'a' knocked me over while I listened:

"I've been thinkin', she says, 'that we ought to go up to Oldmoxon House an' see that sick person.'

"Calliope! I says, 'for the land! You don't want to be refused in.'

"I don't know as I do an' I don't know but I do," she answers me. 'I feel like I wanted to be doin' somethin'.'

"With that she out in the kitchen an' begins to fill a basket. Calliope's music didn't prevent her cookin' good, as it does some. She put in I don't know what all good, an' she had me pick some hollyhocks to take along. An' before I knew it, I was out in the road in the moonlight, headin' for Oldmoxon House that no foot in Friendship had stepped or set inside of in 'most six months.

"They won't let us in," I says, pos'tive.



She sort o' played mother-like you will; an' she lived her play

"Well," Calliope says, 'seems though I'd like to walk up there a night like this, anyway.'

"An' I wasn't the one to stop her, bein' I sort o' guessed that what started her off was the New People. Those two livin' so near by—lookin' forward to what they was lookin' forward to—so soon after the boy had come to Calliope, an' all, had took hold of her terrible. She'd spent hours handmakin' the little baby-bonnet she was goin' to give 'em. An' then mebbe it was the night some, too, that made her want to come up around this house—because you could 'most 'a' cut the moonlight with a knife.

"They wa'n't any light showin' in the big hall when we rung the bell, but they lit up an' let us in. Yes, they actually let us in. Mis' Morgan come to the door herself.

"Come right in," she says, cordial. "Come right up-stairs."

"Calliope says somethin' about our bein' glad they could see us.

"Oh," says Mis' Morgan, "I had orders quite a while ago to let in whoever asked. An' you're the first," she says. "You're the first."

"An' then it come to us that this Mis' Morgan we'd all been tryin' to call on was only what you might name the housekeeper. An' so it turned out she was.

"The whole upper hall was dark, like puttin' a black skirt on over your head. But the room we went in was cheerful, with a fire burnin' up. Only it was awful littered up—old newspapers layin' round, used glasses settin' here an' there, water-pitcher empty, an' the lamp-chimney was smoked up, even. The woman said somethin' about us an' went

out an' left us with somebody settin' in a big chair by the fire, sick an' wrapped up. An' when we looked over there, Calliope an' I stopped still. It was a man.

"If it'd been me, I'd 'a' turned round an' got out. But Calliope was as brave as two, an' she spoke up.

"This must be the invalid," she says, cheerful. "We hope we see you at the best."

"The man stirs some an' looks over at us kind o' eager—he was oldish, an' the firelight bein' in his eyes, he couldn't see us.

"It isn't anybody to see me, is it?" he asks.

"At that Calliope steps forward—I remember how she looked in her pretty gray dress with some light thing over her head, an' her starched white skirts was rustlin' along under, soundin' so genteel she seemed to me like strangers do. When he see her, the man made to get up, but he was too weak for it.

"Why, yes," she answers him, "if you're well enough to see anybody."

"An' at that the man put his hands on his knees an' leaned sort o' hunchin' forward.

"Calliope!" he says.

"It was him, sure enough—Calvert Oldmoxon. Same big, wide-apart, lonesome eyes an' kind o' crooked frown. His hair was gray an' so was his pointed beard, an' he was crool thin. But I'd 'a' known him anywheres.

"Calliope, she just stood still. But when he reached out his hand, with his lips parted some like a child's an' his eyes lookin' up at her, she went an' stood near him, by the table, an' she set her basket there an' leaned down on the handles, like her strength was gone.

"I never knew it was you here," she says. "Nobody knows," she told him.

"No," he says, "I've done my best they shouldn't know. Up till I got sick. Since then—I—wanted folks," he says.

"I kep' back by the door, an' I couldn't take my eyes off of him. He was older than Calliope, but he had a young—air. Like you don't have when you stay in Friendship. An' he seemed to know how to be easy, sick as he was. An' that ain't like Friendship, either. He an' Calliope had growed opposite ways, seems though.

"I'll go now," says Calliope, not lookin' at him. "I brought up some things I baked. I didn't know but they'd taste good to whoever was sick here."

"With that he covers one hand over his eyes.

"No," he says, "no, no, Calliope—don't go yet. It's you I come here to Friendship to see," he told her.

"What could you have to say to me?" asks Calliope—dry as a bone in her voice, but I see her eyes wasn't so dry. Leastwise, it may not have been her eyes, but it was her look.

"Then he straightens up some—he was still good-lookin'. When you was with him it use' to be that you sort o' wanted to stay—an' it seemed the same way now. He was that kind.

"Don't you think," he says to her—an' it was like he was humble, but it was like he was proud, too—"don't you think," he says, "that I ever dreamed you could forgive me. I knew better than that," he told her. "It's what you must think o' me that's kep' me from sayin' to you what I come here to say. But I'll tell you now," he says, "I'm sick an' alone an' done for. An' what I come to see you about—is the boy."

"The boy," Calliope says over—not understandin'; 'the boy!'

"My God, yes," says he. "He's all I've got left in the world. Calliope—I need the boy. I need him!"

"I rec'lect Calliope puttin' back that light thing from her head like it smothered her. He laid back in his chair for a minute, white an' still. An' then he says—only of course his words didn't sound the way mine do:

"I robbed your life, Cally, an' I robbed my own. As soon as I knew it an' couldn't bear it any longer, I went away alone—an' I've lived alone all exceptin' since the little boy come. His mother, my son's wife, died; an' I all but brought him up. I loved him as I never loved anybody—but you," he says, simple. "But when his father died, she took him with her. An' when I knew she'd left him here—I couldn't have kep' away," he says, "I couldn't. He's all I've got left in the world. I all but brought him up. I must have him, Cally—don't you see I must have him?" he says.

"Calliope looks down at him, wonderful calm an' still.

"You've had your own child," she told him slow; "you've had a real life. I'm just gettin' to mine—since I had the boy."

"But, good God," he says, starin' up at her, "you're a woman. An' one child is the same as another to you so be that it ain't your own."

"Calliope looked almost as if he had struck at her, though he'd only spoke a kind o' general male idea, an' he couldn't help *bein'* .. male. An' she says back at him:

"But you're a man. An' *bein'* alive is one thing to you an' another thing to me. Never let any man forget that," she says, like I never heard her speak before.

"Then I see the tears shinin' on his face. He was terrible weak. He slips down in his chair an' sets starin' at the fire, his hands hangin' limp over the arms like there wasn't none of him left. His face looked tired to death, an' yet there was that somethin' about him like you didn't want to leave him, seems though. I see Calliope lookin' at him—an' all of a sudden it come to me that if I'd 'a' loved him as she use' to, I'd 'a' walked over there an' then, an' sort o' gentled his hair, no matter what.

"But Calliope, she turned sharp away from him an' begun lookin' around the room, like she see it for the first time—smoky lamp-chimney, old newspapers layin' round, used-up glasses, an' such like. The room was one o' the kind when they ain't no women or children. An' then pretty soon she looked back at him, layin' sick in his chair, alone an' done for, like he said. An' I see her take her arms in her hands an' kind o' rock.

"Ain't the little fellow a care to you, Cally?" he says then, wistful.

"She went over toward him—an' I see her pick up his pillow an' smooth it some an' make to fix it better.

"Yes," she says then, 'you're right. He is a care. An' he's your grandchild. You must take him with you just as soon as you're well enough,' she says.

"He broke clear down then, an' he caught her hands an' laid his face on 'em. She stood wonderful calm, lookin' down at him—an' lookin'. An' I laid the hollyhocks down on the rug or anywheres an' somehow I got out o' the room an' down the stairs. An' I set there in the lower hall an' waited.

"She come herself in a minute. The big outside door was standin' open, an' when I heard her step on the stairs I went on ahead out to the porch, feelin' kind o' strange—like you will. But when Calliope come up to me she was just the same as she always was—an' I might 'a' known she would be. She wasn't easy to understand—she was differ'nt—but when you once get to expectin' folks to be differ'nt you can depend on 'em some that way, too.

"The moon was noon-high by then an' filterin' down through the leaves wonderful soft, an' things was still—I remember thinkin' it was like the hushin'-up before a bride comes in. But there wasn't any bride.

"When we come to our house—just as we begun to smell the savory bed clear out there on the walk—we heard something . . . a little bit of a noise that I couldn't put a name to, first. But, bless you, Calliope could. She stopped short by the gate an' stood lookin' across the road to the corner house where the New People lived. It was late for Friendship, but up-stairs in that house a lamp was burnin'. An' that room was where the little noise come from—a little new cry.

"Oh, Delia," Calliope says—her head up like she was singin'—'oh, Delia—the New People have got their little child.'

"An' I see, though of course she didn't anywheres near realize it then, that she was plantin' herself another cedar."





AMUSING THE MILLION

By FREDERIC THOMPSON

Drawings by Horace Taylor

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In the winter of 1900 a student in the Art Students' League in New York, living in a room in which he cooked his own meals, got up in the night because he was so hungry he could not sleep—he had no money to buy food. He took his drawing-board and worked out a show that became known as "A Trip to the Moon." The student was Frederic Thompson, who already had had experience as a showman, and as a designer of exposition buildings. Three years later Thompson and his partner, the late Elmer S. Dundy, started an amusement park that revolutionized outdoor amusements and reformed what had been one of the wickedest resorts in the world. When they began this venture, Luna Park, their joint capital was about \$60,000. Thompson was the showman; the whole carefully thought out scheme was his. Dundy was the financial man, and in his way as great a genius as Thompson, for he managed to borrow a million dollars, largely from the biggest bank in the United States, on "Fred Thompson's Coney Island side show," which showmen declared must fail. When Luna Park was opened in 1903 the credit of the pair was so exhausted that they couldn't even get clothes in which to make a respectable appearance, and it took Dundy all night to scrape together \$22 for change for the ticket-sellers. Luna Park opened in May. By the end of August it had paid off every dollar it owed. Frederic Thompson, then thirty years old, proved himself a master showman. He hadn't guessed. He knew. He worked out in advance just what really happened; he was able not only to plan but to execute. He is the first showman to grasp fully the philosophy of the business. He proved it anew when he de-

signed the wonderful New York Hippodrome. This article, breezy, colloquial, and at first thought exceedingly personal, is a valuable contribution to a complex subject that gravely concerns able scientific gentlemen—"The Psychology of the Crowd." Mr. Thompson's deductions have a wide and varied application and significance.

THE difference between the theatre and the big amusement park is the difference between the Sunday-school and the Sunday-school picnic. The people are the same; the spirit and the environment are wholly different. It is harder to make the picnic successful than successfully to conduct a session of the school; and it is harder to make a success of a big amusement park than of a theatre. There isn't any irreverence in this comparison with the Sunday-school, for if the amusement park doesn't attract people who are interested in the Sunday-school, it isn't going to succeed.

For I want to say at the beginning that ninety-five per cent. of the American public is pure and good, and it is this public that it pays to serve. This isn't just a general statement. I always believed it. I have proved it by studying the twenty-five million people that have visited Luna Park in the past five years. I haven't any use for the bad five per cent. As a showman I don't want them to come near my enterprises.

In the theatre and in the Sunday-school conventional standards of behavior are accepted as a matter of course. The picnic and the open-air park are designed to give the natural, bubbling animal spirits of the human being full play, to give people something fresh



Photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

FREDERIC THOMPSON.

and new and unusual, to afford them respite from the dull routine of their daily lives.

The one thing that makes a picnic or an amusement park a success—it doesn't make any difference whether the picnic is made up of ten people or ten thousand, whether the park is a little one or a great international exposition—the one thing absolutely necessary is the carnival spirit. Without that no show in the open, nothing that has to do with people in the mass, can hope to succeed. Whenever any enterprise that is intended to appeal to the million fails, the failure can always be traced to the lack of carnival enthusiasm.

This spirit of gaiety, the carnival spirit, is not spontaneous, except on extraordinary occasions, and usually its cause can be easily traced. Almost always it is manufactured. Take a big politi-

cal meeting, for instance. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred the steps that culminate in a great outburst are carefully planned. There are men who make it a business to insure the success of great mass meetings. When you get right down to it, the fundamentals are the same, whether the application is to a church picnic, a political meeting, a circus, or a big exposition. The first step, as far as the public is concerned, is to create an impression that there will be things doing, to get emotional excitement into the very air. In the Sunday-school they talk about the picnic for weeks in advance, telling the children and the grown-ups what a fine time they are going to have. The circus does the same thing with its flaming bill-boards and its parade. The political managers talk about the famous speakers who will address the meetings, about the band. You see, it's all the same, fundamentally.





A POPULAR AMUSEMENT PARK FEATURE: "KING," THE DIVING HORSE.



THE LASKY QUINTETTE.



Photograph by Hill, New York.

**JEANNETTE ST. LEON, WHO AT EIGHTEEN IS AN EQUESTRIENNE ACROBAT AND A
TIGHT-WIRE PERFORMER.**

In big amusement enterprises that appeal to the masses the spirit of gaiety is manufactured just as scenery, lights, buildings, and the shows generally are manufactured. That's the business of the showman—to create the spirit of gaiety, frolic, carnival; and the capacity to do this is the measure of his mastery of the craft. Nearly all the big national expositions fail financially because, while in essence they are really nothing but shows, almost never is one run by a showman. When people go to a park or an exposition and admire the buildings, the exhibits, and the lights without having laughed about half the time until their sides ached, you

can be absolutely sure that the enterprise will fail.

I have been giving generalities. The only way I know of driving home these points is to tell some of my own experiences.

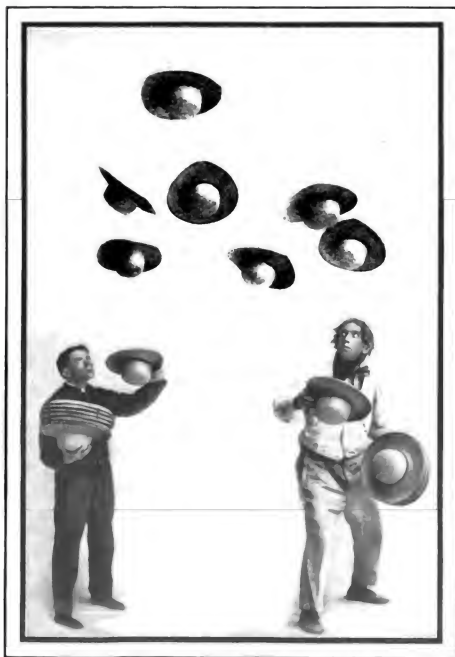
In the year 1901 I had a show called "A Trip to the Moon" on the Midway at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo. Architecturally and from an educational standpoint this exposition was one of the most remarkable in all the history of world's fairs. It was beautiful; it was tremendous; but it wasn't paying. After several months I went to the executive committee and to the president and told them why their outlay of millions of

dollars was attracting only thirty thousand people a day. I told them they were failing miserably because there wasn't a regular showman in the lot. I told them about the carnival spirit, and they came back by telling me about the educational value of the exposition.

"But what's the use of a college if there are not students?" I asked. "Before we talk of educational benefits let's get in the crowd to educate."

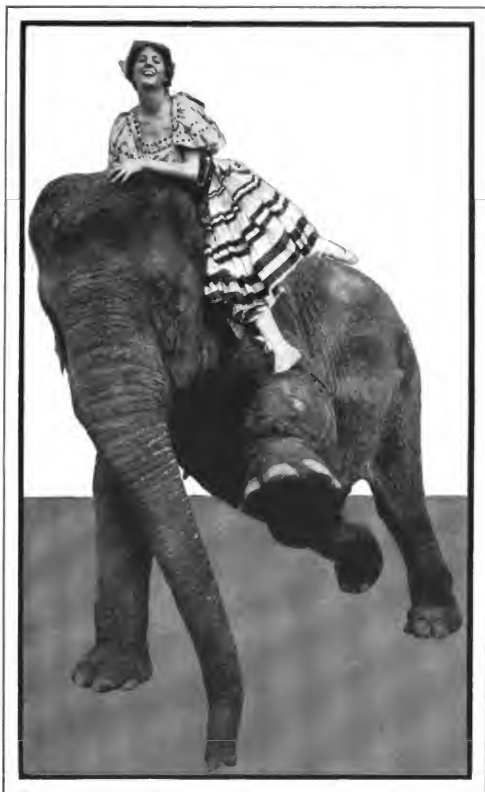
They didn't take kindly to my notions at first. Then I suggested that they turn over the show to me for one day, which would be sufficient to test what the executive gentlemen were pleased to call my theories. President Milburn was with me, and I finally won the point. The exposition was to be mine for August 3, and I told them that it would be known as "Midway Day."

Within six hours after the final interview I had four printing-houses at work getting



Photograph by White, New York.

THE BARRETTs—A TEAM OF COMEDY HAT JUGGLERS.



Photograph by Habi, New York

MRS. FREDERIC THOMPSON, NÉE MABEL TALLAFERRO, WHO DOES HER SHARE IN AMUSING THE MILLION.

out the paper with which I was going to plaster the country. I and my side-show associates sent ten advance men on the road to herald the coming of the big day, and within a week a large part of the eastern half of the United States was screaming: "August third! Mid-

beauty of the State Building, or the interesting exhibits of Trade and Industry; and by

way Day at the Pan-American! Don't miss it!"

They didn't. On the night of August 2 a crowd of would-be excursionists was left on every railway station within twenty-four hours' ride of Buffalo, and when the gates of the exposition were thrown open, the police reserves had to be summoned to stop a panic. They arrived too late to prevent ten thousand people from forcing their way in without paying. There were more than enough left to make the gate receipts satisfactory. Up to August 3, the average daily admissions were about thirty thousand. On Midway Day 142,000 paid to get into the grounds, and from that time on the attendance was tremendous.

How was it done? By paying no attention to Machinery Hall, the architectural





THE CAKE-WALKING PONY.

smearing the sign-boards of forty-five states with the carnival spirit. Instead of advertising an organ concert in Music Hall we yelled ourselves hoarse about high diving, greased poles, parades, and every other crazy thing we could think of. I instructed all bands to play marching and to go to the band-stands only when they wished to rest. To the Stadium, which had never held a quarter of its capacity, I drew 23,000 people to see a race contested by an ostrich, a camel, an elephant, a man on a bicycle, another on a horse, an automobile, and a zebra. I had a man sliding by his teeth from the top of the sky-scraping electric tower to the esplanade below. True, he had never before traveled more than thirty

feet in that fashion, but we tied him on, so there was no danger. The illusion was great, and the stunt made a sensation.

In every part of the grounds something extraordinary was going on all the time. There were speed, light, gaiety, color, excitement. The crowd entered into it. They didn't sit on the benches and admire the sculptural work with the aid of official guides—not a bit of it. They joined in the spirit of the occasion—they caught the carnival spirit—and the Pan-American was "made," as far as any exposition could be made at such a late day.

To create a carnival spirit a showman may use other means than ballyhoos—which means the sample shows on the outside, with the

patter of the barkers—bands, freak shows, and free circuses. I use architecture. It's all right to copy the capitol at Washington in making a state building at an exposition, and there is no objection to constructing Machinery Hall and the House of Manufactures with an outward indication of the staid and serious exhibits within—if the heads of the exposition are philanthropists. But if they are trying to have their enterprise make both ends meet it is suicidal. The scenery of a comic opera suggests the spirit and the environment of the piece, and the scenery of an exposition or an amusement park must do the same if the place is to score what in theatrical parlance is known as a "hit." Straight lines are necessarily severe and dead. They have no right in the place of honor of a great outdoor show. The very architecture must be in keeping with the spirit of carnival. It must be active, mobile, free, graceful, and attractive. It must be arranged so that visitors will say, "What is this?" and "Why is that?"

When I was studying architecture I paid a great deal of attention to the vignola and to the other classically conventional standards of construction. I was like every other architect. But when I started to build I realized that I, like every one else, was obtaining absolutely conventional results. So one day I threw all my books and plans on to the ash-heap and decided to start after something new. I began designing, not after classical models, but with a sense of their proportions. I stuck to no style. I adopted what I thought was best in Free Renaissance, but reserved the right to use all the license in the world and to inject into everything I did the graceful, romantic curves of the Oriental.

One result is Luna Park, the sky-line of which is utterly unlike anything else of its kind in the two Americas. The architecture of Luna Park helps rather than hinders the spirit of carnival. Luna Park has been, and is, tremendously successful. There are other amusement parks in its vicinity that are chastely beautiful from an artistic standpoint, but that so far as dollars and cents are concerned are utter failures.

Visitors admire the buildings—and don't go near the shows. I have built their sort of buildings, too, but not for a Luna Park. They don't pay. An exposition is a form of festivity, and serious architecture should not enter into it if it will interfere with the carnival spirit.

In amusing the million there are other essential elements besides gaiety. One is decency—the absolutely necessary quality in every line of the world's business. There is nothing that pays so well. When Coney Island used to have a pretty bad reputation, there were good shows there, and clean shows, but the influence of evil dives was dominant. The police couldn't, or at least didn't, check them. The hooligan was everywhere. It's different now. The clean, decent shows have driven the dives out of business. They can't pay the rents the good places easily afford.

The ground that Luna Park occupies is one-third of a tract that was offered to us for less than \$600,000. We didn't buy it because we couldn't. I remember that just about that time I had occasion to go to New York on important business. I had to meet

men high in the financial world. My best pair of trousers had holes worn through the patches. I went to Dundy and told him I wanted some money.

"How much?" he asked.

"Five or six dollars."

"What for?"

"I must have a new pair of trousers," I explained, and showed him the convincing proofs.

"Five dollars?" said Dundy, in a tone that made me feel like a criminal. "Five dollars for pants! Do you know how many nails that would buy?"

I didn't, and I didn't have the courage to ask. I didn't get the trousers. The money went for the nails. So you see there were reasons why we didn't buy the land at that time. The other day the property on which Luna Park stands sold for a million dollars, so that the value of the whole tract would be about three millions. Making Coney Island a decent, respectable place has increased the value of the property about five times in as many years.

The problem of handling the roughs prom-



ised to be serious at first, but it was solved very quickly and easily. The first rowdy I caught in Luna Park was soundly thrashed, and before he was thrown out of the grounds I told him the place was not run for him, but for his mother and sister. I think that did him more good than the punishment. For several seasons I advertised the park as "the place for your mother, your sister, and your sweetheart." If I hadn't believed it was that I wouldn't have spent upward of a hundred thousand dollars in impressing the fact upon the public.

Courtesy on the part of the employee is as necessary as decency on the part of the visitor. If I hear of one of my employees resenting an insult offered by a visitor, I dismiss him. I tell him that so long as he wears my uniform he is representing me, and that I am the only person who can be insulted inside the gates.

An amusement park is a condensed Broadway, if that is understood to represent metropolitan theatreland. In a park the best things of a theatrical nature must be presented in capsule form. The shows must be diversified because the appeal must be universal. The whole gamut of the theatre must be run, and no show can last more than twenty minutes. If you have a two-hour show, it should be boiled down to a quarter of an hour. It is foolish to make people serious or to point a moral, for you are dealing with a moral people. Nor is it worth while to try to educate the amusement-seeking public. It is better to take it for granted that they are educated, and if you start out to amuse them, to stick to that.

People are just boys and girls grown tall. Elaborated child's play is what they want on a holiday. Sliding down cellar doors and the make-believes of youngsters are the most effective amusements for grown-ups. An appreciation of that fact made "The Trip to the Moon" possible, and "The Trip to the Moon" made for me and my partner, Dundy, half a million dollars. "The Tickler," "Bump the Bumps," and "The Virginia Reel" are nothing more than improved cellar doors. "The Trip to the Moon," "Night and Morning," "The Witching Waves," and "The Lost Girl" are only elaborations of the doll-house stunts of childhood, and they are successful largely for that reason. But they must be short and decisive. I would rather have a good show that lasts three minutes than a better one that runs an hour. And I prefer one that is over in a minute but enables the spectator to become

a part of it to one that runs three minutes and never permits him to become more than an onlooker.

Speed is almost as important a factor in amusing the millions as is the carnival spirit, decency, or a correct recollection of school days. Speed has become an inborn American trait. We as a nation are always moving, we are always in a hurry, we are never without momentum. "Helter Skelters," "Scenic Railways," "Shoot the Chutes," "The Dragon's Gorge," the thousand and one varieties of roller-coasters are popular for the same reason that we like best the fastest trains, the speediest horses, the highest powered motor-cars, and the swiftest sprinters.

Not only must some rides be speedy and all shows be short, but the employees must work fast visibly, thereby promoting by suggestion speed in the mind, heart, and steps of the most laggard visitors. Throughout Luna Park and all exposition grounds there are benches for the weary. I want the benches there, but I don't want people to sit on them. Whenever, on my frequent tours of the grounds, I find men and women seated watching the lights or the crowds or the free shows, I order out a band, make the musicians march about playing the liveliest tunes, and inject into the very atmosphere such excitement, gaiety, and speed that the resters get up and again take an interest in things. I have never seen this ruse fail.

To keep up the carnival spirit everybody and everything must be on the "go." There can be no carnival without speed. The moment a crowd of folk who are slowly meandering around catch this spirit they walk faster, they laugh, they spend money, they have a good time. I instruct my "talkers" to be always on the alert and to interest people while they are approaching. "Mills won't grind with water that's past" is an old motto, but a good one. It applies to the business of amusing the millions perhaps more than to any other kind of human activity.

Bad weather kills the carnival spirit, and on rainy days the showman must fight hardest to maintain a pretense of gaiety. I have made it a rule to keep my attractions running just the same in a rain-storm as in the sunshine, and as an evidence of the curious and timely reward the allegiance to this principle has frequently brought me I need tell only one story.

I reached the gates of Luna at half past

nine one night two years ago when rain was falling in torrents. Just as I entered the park all the lights went out and I met a crowd of employees on their way home. I told them to stop, ordered them back to their posts, sent for the manager, told him to turn on the lights, and sent word to the five bands to get back into their uniforms and start playing. I had made it a rule to keep faith with my public, and, although it costs eight hundred dollars a night to light Luna, I thought the chance that the next train might bring to Coney Island half a dozen people who would expect to find my place open and ablaze with electricity was worth taking. Within five minutes, as if by miracle, the weather changed, the rain ceased, the stars came out, and people began to stream in. Within the next hour nearly eleven thousand people paid admissions to Luna. If I had not insisted on a pretense at gaiety they would have gone somewhere else.

There was another time when it didn't work so well. It rained hard, with no prospect of letting up. I insisted upon the bands' playing—the big band of sixty pieces and the smaller ones as well—we have six in all. After a while the big band started to play:

"Ain't it a shame, a measly shame,
To keep me standing out in the rain."

The other bands took it up and for an hour they played nothing else. I gave in.

Here is another incident that illustrates my practice of never disappointing people: While "The Trip to the Moon" was running I insisted that a performance be given every fifteen minutes, despite the frequently expressed opinion that some day there would

be an audience of only one person. And it finally happened. The fifteen minutes were up, and the lecturer, upon making his entrance, found a little wizened old man the sole occupant of the auditorium. He was a bit of a joker—this lecturer—and taking a seat alongside the audience, he started to deliver his talk in a conversational tone.

"The principles of aerial navigation have never been properly understood," said he.

"You don't say," replied the audience. "Why haven't they?"

The rest of the lecture was made in the same question and answer style, and both gentlemen enjoyed the affair immensely.

It costs a lot of money to build and operate an amusement park on a large scale.

I suppose that more than twenty-five million dollars are invested in these parks in this country. Dreamland on Coney Island cost about \$2,500,000; Riverview Park and the White City in Chicago cost about a million each.

Luna Park cost \$2,400,000. The total annual expenses, including the cost of rebuilding, of putting in new shows, and the operating expenses, average about a million dollars, and the season lasts four months. I spent \$240,000 on one show alone, of which \$68,000 was for animals, mostly elephants and camels—it was the representation of the Indian Durbar—and I lost \$100,000 on it. I charged the loss up to education, and it was worth it. It costs \$5,600 a week to light Luna Park, and \$4,500 for the music. The salaries of the free performers this season are \$2,300 a week. And all of these expenditures, as well as a good many others, go simply to manufacture the carnival spirit.



THE SHADOW WORLD

A Realistic Account of Occult Phenomena

By HAMLIN GARLAND

Author of "The Tyranny of the Dark"

Conclusion

The Problem of "Spirit" Identity

THE reader will have observed that up to the present moment I have not emphasized in any way the question of the identity of the "intelligences" which have manifested themselves. The reason for this lies in the fact that throughout the experiments so far recorded I was still seeking evidence concerning the facts and processes of mediumship. However, having been convinced (by reason of these experiments, supported by those of Lombroso, Morselli, and Bottazzi) that the facts of mediumship exist, I was ready to take up definitely the question of "spirit" identity. It is the results of experimentation in this field that I am now to record. It is the final and most elusive part of the problem—it may turn out to be the insoluble part of the problem.

If you ask why it should be insoluble, I reply, because it concerns the mystery of death, and it may be that it is not well for us to penetrate the ultimate shadow. At any rate, among all the men of the highest rank who admit the reality of apparitions and voices, there are but few as yet who are willing to assert that the dead manifest themselves. By this I mean that though some of them, like Crookes, for example, believe in "the intervention of discarnate intelligences," even they are not ready to grant that these intelligences are their grandfathers returning to the scene of their earthly labors.

I said something like this to Miller and Fowler, when we met at the club one afternoon not long after the last meeting of Cameron's amateur psychological society, and I added: "I must confess that most of the 'spirits' I have met seem to me merely parasitic or secondary personalities (to use Maxwell's term), drawn from the psychic or from myself. Nearly every one of the mediums I have studied has had at least one 'guide' whose voice and habit

of thought were perilously similar to his own. This, in some cases, has been laughable, as when 'Rolling Thunder,' a Sioux chief (Indians are all chiefs in the spirit world), appears and says, 'Goot efening, friends; id iss a nice night alretty.' And yet I have seen a whole roomful of people receive communications from a 'spirit' of this kind with solemn awe. I burn with shame for the sitters and the psychic when this kind of thing is going on."

"You visit the wrong mediums," said Fowler. "Such psychics are on a low plane. I never go to those who associate with Indians."

"But mediums are all alike in this respect. I don't suppose Mrs. Smiley realizes that 'Maudie' would be called by a doubter a falsetto disguise of her own voice, and 'Wilbur' a shrewd and humorous personification of her subconscious self; or, if she does, she probably ascribes it, in accordance with the spiritualistic belief, to the process of materialization which takes force from the medium. Never but once have I had the impression of being in the presence of a real 'spirit' personality, and that happened to me only a few days ago."

"It must have been an extraordinary experience to have made so deep an impression upon you," said Fowler.

"Yes, it was extraordinary. It had the personal element in it to a much greater degree than any case I have hitherto studied, and seemed a direct attempt at identification on the part of a powerful and original individuality but recently 'passed out.' It came about in this way:

"I met, not long ago, at the home of a friend in a Western city, a woman who was said to be able to produce whispers independently of her own organs of speech. I was assured by those

in whom I had confidence that these voices could be heard in the broad light of day, in the open air, anywhere the psychic happened to be, and that her 'work' was of an exceptionally high character. I was keenly interested, as you may imagine, and asked for a sitting. Mrs. Hartley, as we will call her, fixed a day and hour in her own house for the trial, and I went to the sitting a few days later with high expectations of her 'phase.' I found her living in a small frame house on a pleasant street, with nothing to indicate that it was a meeting-place of mortals and their 'spirit guides.'

"Mrs. Hartley was quite evidently a woman of power and native intelligence. After a few minutes of general conversation she took me up to her study on the second floor, a sunny little den on the east side of the house, which was not in the least suggestive of hocus-pocus. A broad mission table, two bookcases, a few flowers, and a curious battered old black-walnut table completed the furnishing of the room, which indicated something rather studious and thoughtful in the owner.

"Mrs. Hartley asked me to be seated, and added, 'Please write on a sheet of paper the names of such friends as you would like to communicate with.' She then left the room on some household errand, and while she was gone I wrote the name of her 'guide,' 'Dr. Cooke' (out of compliment), and added that of a musical friend whom I will call 'Ernest Alexander.' I also wrote the names 'Jessie' and 'David,' folded the sheet once, and retained it under my hand. Upon her return the psychic seated herself at the battered oval table, and taking up a pair of hinged school slates, began to clean them with a cloth. I am not going to detail my precautions. You must take my detective work for granted. In this case I was awaiting the voices; the slate-writing was gratuitous. She took the slates (between which I had dropped my slip of paper) and, putting them beneath the table, asked me to hold one corner."

"SPIRITS" AS COMPANIONS

"I wish they wouldn't do that," protested Fowler. "It isn't necessary."

"As we sat thus, she told me that she had never been in a trance, and that she never permitted the dark. 'I force my guides to work in the light,' she said. She declared that the whispers which I was presently to hear, came to

her under all conditions, and that her 'spirit' friends talked to her familiarly as she went about her household duties. She assured me that 'they' were a great help and comfort to her. 'Dr. Cooke' was her ever-present guide and counselor, and her father and brother were always near.

"Evidently she did not stand in awe of them, for after half an hour's wait she grew impatient and called out in an imperious tone, 'Come, dear, I want you. Come, anybody.' Two or three times she spoke loudly clearly, as if calling to some one through a thick wall. This interested me exceedingly. Generally psychics are very humble and patient with their 'guides.' A few moments later the slates began to slam about so violently beneath the table that her arm was bruised, and she protested sharply, 'Don't do that. You will break the slates and the table both!' Thereupon the forces quieted down till only a peculiar quiver remained in the slates. I could hear writing going on steadily.

MESSAGES FROM A FRIEND

"At last a tap came to announce that the messages were written. The psychic withdrew the slates and handed them across the table to me. I opened them and took out my paper. On one slate was a message from 'Dr. Cooke,' the 'guide'; on the other were these words, written in slate pencil: '*I would that you could see me as I am now, still occupied, and happy to be busy.*' This was followed by four lines and three little marks, evidently intended to symbolize a bar of music, and the whole was signed, '*E. Alexander.*' The writing was firm and manly, but I did not recognize it as that of my friend.

"The second trial resulted in this vague communication: '*My dear friend, don't overdo. Earth is but one life. Many I recall. I tried to give expression to my one talent.*' This was signed, '*Ernest Alexander.*' Both these replies, as you see, were very general in phraseology, but the third message came closer to the individual: '*I was so tired and not myself. I am well and in the world of progress. Ernest Alexander.*' The bar of music again appeared, this time much more 'developed.'"

Miller stopped me here. "All this is quite simple. Mrs. Hartley opened and read your note and, following up the clue, simply did some neat trick-writing beneath the table."

"It is not so simple as all that," I answered.

"She was interrupted about this time by the door-bell, and while she was gone I wrote on another piece of paper: 'Ernest, give me a test of your identity. Write a bar from'— and I mentioned a sonata of his. This note I folded closely and put in an inside pocket.

"In answer to this request, when the medium returned I got these pertinent words: '*I was not a disappointment to myself, but I was at a point where nerve force failed me.*' This was signed '*Ernest*,' and was accompanied by another sketchy bar of music. It all looked like a real attempt to give me what I had asked for, and yet it was the kind of reply which might have been made by the medium, had she known the history of my musical friend, or had she been able to take it out of my mind."

"Even that latter possibility is a violent assumption to me," remarked Miller.

ORIGINAL MUSIC PRODUCED

"So it is to me," I answered. "I can't really believe in thought transmission, and yet— I then asked for the signature of the staff, and a small '*c*' was written in the bar above, and another bar was added. Now on the slates there came (with every evidence of eager haste) intimate questions concerning Alexander's family: 'Is my wife cared for?' and the like. To these I replied orally. I must tell you that all along Alexander's wife was referred to as 'Mary,' which was wrong, although it was close to the actual name. Also, when after a time I began to speak of Alexander as 'E. A.,' the messages were signed in that manner, all of which would seem to argue a little confusion in the psychic's mind.

Presently, *while I held the slate myself*, the mysterious force wrote: '*I thank you for what you have done. I have been told my mind is clear,*' which was particularly full of meaning to me, for the reason that my friend's mind was clouded toward the close of his life."

"All of which proves nothing," insisted Miller. "Your friend, if I conjecture rightly, was a well-known man, and the psychic could have read, and probably did read, all about his illness in the public press."

"It may be so. About this time I began to hear a faint whisper, which *seemed* to come from a point a little to the right of, and a foot or two above, the psychic's lips. This, she informed me, was the voice of 'Dr. Cooke,' her 'guide.' I could catch only a few

of the whispered words, and Mrs. Hartley was forced to repeat them. 'Dr. Cooke,' thus interpreted, said, '*Your friend Alexander is present, and overjoyed to talk with you.*' The conversation went on with both 'Dr. Cooke' and the psychic between the alleged spirit and myself; but even then I must admit that 'Alexander's' queries and answers were to the point.

"Under what seemed like test conditions I got two more bars of music, both much more definite in form than the others; and these, the whisper declared, were from the third movement of the sonata I had asked for. This message was accompanied by a curious little device like the letter *C* with a line drawn through it, and I said to myself: 'If this should prove to be a mark which Ernest used in signing his manuscript, something like Whistler's butterfly, I shall have a fine test of thought transmission.'

"I now secured under excellent conditions the writing of a singular word, which was plainly spelled but meant nothing to me. It looked like '*Isinghere*.' In answer to oral questioning the whisper said that these bars of music were part of an unpublished manuscript, a fragment, which the composer had meant to call '*Isinghere*.'"

"What about the process?" asked Miller. "Did the writing appear to be supernormal?"

A MUSICIAN JOINS THE CIRCLE

"Yes, and so did the whispering. I could detect no connection between the lips of the psychic and the voice. In one way or another I varied the conditions, so that I was at last quite convinced of the psychic's supernormal power; but that was not my quest. I was seeking proof of the identity of the whisper with my friend Alexander.

"Seeing that the chief means of identification might be in the music, I persuaded my friend Blake, who is a fairly competent musician, to sit with me and decipher the score which 'E. A.' persisted in setting down. I was now eager to secure a complete phrase of the music. I saw myself establishing, at the least, the most beautiful case of mind-tapping on record. 'If we can secure the score of an unpublished manuscript of Alexander's composition we shall have worked a miracle,' I said to Blake.

"Our first sitting, which took place in the home of a common friend, was indefinite as to results; but the second, held in Mrs.

Hartley's study one bright morning, was very fruitful. The powers started in at once as if to convince us both. Blake received a message written on a slate under his foot, and I got the name '*Jessie*,' with the word '*sister*' written beneath it. And the whispers which we had been hearing suddenly changed in character. The words became swift, impetuous, imperious. '*Line off all the leaves of a slate*,' the voice commanded. I understood at once, for in the previous sitting 'E. A.' had seemingly found it difficult to draw a long line.

"E. A." DIRECTS PLAYING OF MUSIC

"We had brought some silicon slates of the book variety, and Blake now proceeded to rule one of them with the lines of a musical staff, and on these slates, held as before beneath the table, we began to get bars of music of a character quite outside the knowledge of the psychic and myself; and, more remarkable still, the whispers, so the psychic informed us, were no longer from 'Dr. Cooke'; 'E. A.,' she declared, was there in person and directing the work.

"Furthermore, the requests that we now received were entirely different in character from 'Cooke's' impersonal remarks. The whispers were quick and masterful, wonderfully suggestive of 'Alexander' in content. 'He' was humorous; 'he' acknowledged mistakes in the score, calling them 'slips of the pen.' 'He' became highly technical in his conversation with Blake, talking of musical matters that were Greek to me and, I venture to say, Coptic to the psychic. 'He' corrected the notation himself, sometimes when Blake held the slate, sometimes when I held it. Part of the time 'he' indicated the corrections orally. 'He' asked Blake to sing the air.

"At last 'he' broke off and imperiously said, '*Take the table to the piano*.' This seemed to surprise the psychic, but she acquiesced, and we moved the small stand and our slates down to the little parlor; and there, with Blake now holding the slate beneath the table and now playing the notes upon the piano, the score grew into a weird little melody with bass accompaniment, which seemed to me at the moment exactly like a message from my friend Alexander. The first bar went through me like the sound of his voice."

"Now you are getting into the upper air of spiritualism," exulted Fowler. "You were

then receiving a message that had dignity and meaning."

"So it seemed at the moment, both to Blake and to myself. The music was manifestly not the kind of thing that Mrs. Hartley could conceive. It was absolutely *not* commonplace. It was touched with technical subtlety, although simple in appearance. At last a complete phrase was written out and partly harmonized. This, 'E. A.' said, was the beginning of a little piece that he had intended to call '*Unghere*' or '*Hungarie*.' Nothing in all my long experience with psychics ever moved me like the first phrase of that sweet, sad melody. It seemed like the touch of identification I had been seeking."

"But your friend Blake was a musician," interrupted Miller. "And how about your own subconscious self? You are musical, and your mind is filled with your friend Alexander's music."

"That is true, and I had that reservation all along. 'E. A.' may have been made up of our combined subconscious selves—I admit all that; but no matter. It was still very marvelous, even on its material side, for some of this music was written in while the slates were in Blake's entire control. He not merely put them under the table himself but withdrew them—the psychic only clutched one corner of them. Furthermore, throughout all this composition 'Ernest' was master of the situation. 'Dr. Cooke' was superseded. There was neither feebleness nor hesitation in the voice. I could now distinguish most of the words, and the dialogue went forward exactly as if a master musician were dictating to an intelligent amanuensis a new and subtle sketch."

"Did the medium look at the music?" asked Miller.

SEEMS TO REMEMBER CORRECTLY

"Yes, now and then. However, most of the corrections were put in upside down, as regards her position, and during the last sitting she appeared to be no more than a mere onlooker. Once, as we sat holding the slate, 'Ernest' whispered to me: '*Blake is a fine fellow. I met him twice*.'"

"Can you tell me where?" asked Blake.

"'*It was in New York City*,' was the reply; then, after a moment's hesitation, '*It was at dinner—both times*!' 'You are right,' said Blake, much impressed. 'Can you tell me the places?' '*One was on Fifth Avenue*."

The other was—I can't tell the location exactly; but it was where we went down a short flight of steps. 'That is correct also,' said Blake. 'How many persons were there?' 'Five.' 'Quite right. Can you tell me who they were?' 'Well, Mary was there, and you, of course; but I can't be sure of the others.'

"Blake looked at me in astonishment, and our minds flashed along the same line. Suppose the whisper were only a bit of clever ventriloquism, how did the psychic secure the information conveyed in this dialogue? It was given as I write it, with only a bit of hesitation once or twice; and yet, it may have been merely thought transference."

WAS IT MIND-READING?

"*Merely thought transference!*" exclaimed Miller. "I consider thought transference quite as absurd as slate-writing."

Fowler interposed. "I consider this a simple case of spirit communication. You should be grateful for such a beautiful response."

"This significant fact is not to be overlooked," I resumed: "the psychic secured almost nothing else that concerned either Blake's affairs or my own. Mainly the whippers had to do with 'E. A.,' which, of course, bears out Miller's notion that the medium could deal only with what was public property. But this little colloquy about the dinners in New York is very convincing as far as mind-reading goes."

"At the third sitting, Blake again being present, 'E. A.' took control as before from the start, and carried forward the recording of the musical fragment. '*I want you to fill in the treble, Blake,*' he said. '*It's nothing but the bare melody now.*' Blake protested—'I'm not up to this'; and the whisper came swiftly, '*You're too modest, Blake*'; and a moment later it said, '*I hope you're not bored, Garland.*' If all this was a little play of the psychic's devising it was very cleverly carried out, for after a few minutes of close attention to Blake 'E. A.' asked, with anxious haste, '*Where's Garland?*' 'I am here,' I answered. '*Don't go away,*' he entreated. It was as if for the moment 'he' had lost sight of me by reason of fixing his attention upon Blake."

"That is singular!" exclaimed Fowler. "Their field of vision is evidently much more restricted than we thought."

"It must be very small indeed, for Blake

and I sat touching elbows. Two or three times the whispering voice called, '*Is Garland here?*' and once it asked, '*What is Garland doing? I see his hand moving.*' I explained that I was making notes. '*Don't do it!*' was the agitated request."

"A very neat little touch," remarked Miller.

"We worked for a long time over this music, directed by the voice, both in the notation and in the execution of it. The lines were drawn for both bass and treble lengthwise of the slate, and Blake found the little piece difficult to play, partly because the staves were on different leaves of the slate and partly because the notes, especially some of those put in at the beginning by the composer, were becoming blurred. It was marvelous to see how exactly these dim notes were touched up by the mysterious pencil beneath the table. But our progress was slow. 'E. A.' was very patient, though now and then he plumpily opposed his will to Blake's. Once, especially, Blake exclaimed, 'That can't be right!'

"*Yes, it is right!*" insisted 'E. A.'

"But it is very unusual to construct a measure in that way, for there is a seeming confusion of 3-4 time with 6-8 time."

"*It is a liberty I permit myself,*" was the swift reply.

LIMITED VISION OF "SPIRITS"

"In the last bar, which did not appear to be filled satisfactorily, the composer directed the insertion of a figure 2. This meant, as became clear through a subsequent reference to Alexander's printed scores, the playing of two quarter notes in the time of three eighth notes, but was not understood at the moment by Blake."

"*Never mind,*" said 'E. A.' graciously. '*I will write it differently.*' The figure 2 was canceled, and the measure was completed by a rest. This is only one of many astonishing passages in the dialogue."

"In all this work 'E. A.' carried himself like the creative master. He held to a plane apparently far above the psychic's musical knowledge, and often above that of his amanuensis. He was highly technical throughout in both the composition and the playing, and Blake followed his will for the most part as if the whispers came from Alexander himself—and yet, I repeat, the music and all may have come from a union of Blake's mind

with that of the psychic, with now and then a mixture of my own subconscious self."

"What was the psychic doing all this time?" asked Miller.

"She was listening to the voice and repeating the words which Blake could not hear. She seemed merely the somewhat bored interpreter of words which she did not fully understand. It was precisely as if she were catching by wireless telephone the whispered instructions of my friend 'E. A.' I can't believe she consciously deceived us, but it is possible that these were ventriloquistic voices which had become a subconscious habit.

"One other very curious event I must note. Once when Blake was asking for a correction the whisper exclaimed, '*I can't see it, Blake!*'

"'*Cover it with your hand,*' interjected the 'control.' Blake did so, and 'E. A.' spoke gratefully, '*I see it now.*'"

"Seeing cannot mean the same with them that it does with us," exclaimed Fowler. "You remember Crookes put his finger on the print of a newspaper behind his back, and the spirit spoke the word that was under his finger-tip. They apprehend by means of some form of etheric vibration not known to us."

I resumed: "Let me stop here for a moment to emphasize a very curious contradiction. Between my first séance with Mrs. Hartley and this our third attempt to secure the music, I had held two sittings in the home of a friend. Mrs. Hartley had come to the house about ten o'clock in the morning, bringing nothing with her except a few tips of soft slate-pencil. During the sitting I had secured in the middle of a manila pad (a pad which the psychic had never seen and which I had taken from my friend's desk) these words: '*Have Schumann. E. A.*'

A MESSAGE MISUNDERSTOOD

"This writing I had taken to mean that 'Ernest' wanted to hear some of Schumann's music, and in that understanding I had called Blake in to play. This had seemed at the moment perfectly conclusive and entirely satisfactory; yet now, in this final sitting, 'E. A.' suddenly reverted to this message, and whispered: '*Garland, there is a certain étude which I took to Schumann. I want you to regain it and take it to Smart. Mary will know about it. I mean to take it away, but did I? I was so badly off mentally that I don't know whether I did or not.*' Where-

upon Blake said, 'Do you mean Schumann the publisher?' 'Yes,' 'E. A.' replied; and I said, 'And you want the manuscript recalled from Schumann and given to Smart?' 'Yes,' was his very definite answer.

"Very well, I will attend to it," I answered. 'What do you want done with this fragment?' I pursued. 'Shall I publish that?' '*That is what it is for,*' he answered curtly.

"How many bars are in it?" asked Blake. 'Forty?' 'More,' returned the whisper.

"Blake made the mistake of again suggesting an answer. 'As many as sixty?'"

CANNOT BE VERIFIED

"Yes, sixty or seventy," was the answer, echo-like. Here Blake's thought apparently governed, but it was evident that the psychic had no clear conception of what this reference to Schumann meant at first, for 'E. A.' was unable to complete his sentence, which should have read, '*Have Schumann return a certain étude which I took to him. E. A.*' Further, the psychic evidently believed in the truth of the message or she would not have gone into it with such particularity—she would have been lacking in caution to have given me such definite and detailed information, if she had thought that it was all false.

"So far as my own mind is concerned, I had no knowledge of such a music publisher as Schumann. Smart I had met. Blake, however, knew of both firms. But, in spite of the possibility of mind-reading, the entire message and the method of its communication completed what seemed like a highly intellectual test of identity, and we both left the house of the psychic with a feeling of having been very near to our dead friend.

"Imagine my disappointment when I found that no such manuscript was in Schumann's hands, and that no fragment called 'Isinghere,' 'Unghere,' or 'Hungarie' could be found."

Fowler shared my regret. "What about the other messages? Were they all disappointing?"

"No; some of them were not. The most intimate were true; and a signature which came on the slate under test conditions, and which I valued very little at the moment, turned out to be almost the exact duplicate of Alexander's signature as he used to write it when a youth twenty years ago. As a matter of fact, it closely resembled the signature appended to a framed letter which used

to hang upon the wall of his study. But, even so, its reproduction under these conditions is sufficiently puzzling."

"What was Blake's conclusion?"

"I think he was quite as deeply impressed as I. He said the music seemed like Alexander's music somehow distorted by the medium through which it came. 'It was like seeing Alexander through a pane of crinkly glass,' he said. And he added, 'I had the sense of being in long-distance contact with the composer himself.' He had no doubt of the supernormal means through which the writing came, yet he remains doubtful of the value of the music as evidence of Ernest's return from the world of shadows."

"Have you tried to secure more of the music?" Fowler asked.

"No, not specifically, but I've had one further sitting with Mrs. Hartley since the last one at which Blake was present. (At that third sitting, by the way, we had to stop with the eighth bar of music. 'E. A.' said he felt confused.) Almost immediately 'Ernest' whispered a greeting and said: '*I want to go on with that music, Garland. I want to put B and D and A-flat into the first bar—it's only a bare sketch as it stands.*'"

"To this I replied: 'I can't do it, Ernest. It's beyond me. Wait till I can get Blake again.'"

"This ended his attempt, although he was 'terribly anxious,' the psychic said. I am going to try for the completion of the score through another psychic. If I can get that eighth bar taken up and carried on by 'Ernest' through another medium, the case will become—complicated.

"I have gone into detail in my account of this experiment for the reason that it illustrates very aptly the inextricable tangle of truth and error which most 'spirit communications' present. It typifies in little the elusive problem of 'spirit' identification."

FOWLER BELIEVES "E. A." A RETURNED "SPIRIT"

"I don't think the failure to find the musical fragment invalidates this beautiful communication," declared Fowler. "You admit that many of the messages were to the point, and that some of them were very intimate and personal."

"Yes, speaking generally, I would say that 'E. A.' might have uttered all the words and dictated all the messages except those that

related to the publishing matter—but there is the final test. Schumann declares that no such manuscript has ever been in his hands."

"He may be mistaken, or 'E. A.' may have misspoken himself—for, as William James infers, the spirits find themselves tremendously hampered in their attempts to manifest themselves. Furthermore, you say you could not hear all that 'E. A.' spoke—you or the psychic may have misunderstood him. In any case, it all seems to me a fine attempt at identification."

"I wish I could put the same value on it now that I did when Blake played the first bar of that thrilling little melody; but I can't. With time it loses its power over me."

GARLAND ACCEPTS THEORY OF FLUIDIC ARM

"Suppose you had been able to find that musical fragment—would it have converted you?" This was Miller's challenge.

"No, for even then some living person might have known of it—must have known of it—and if a knowledge of it lay in some other mind, no matter where and no matter how deeply buried in the subconscious, that knowledge, according to Myers and Hudson, would have been accessible to the supernormal perception of the psychic."

Fowler then interrogated me: "But suppose a phantom form resembling 'E. A.' had spoken these things to you face to face—what then?"

"I would not have believed even then."

"Why?"

"Well, for one reason, belief is not a matter of the will; it is not even dependent upon evidence."

Miller interrupted me. "I am interested in the writing. How do you account for it?"

"Blake and I are forced to a practical acceptance of the theory of the fluidic arm. We must suppose that the psychic was able to read our minds and write down our mingled and confused conceptions in some supernormal fashion. It happens that I have seen these etheric hands in action, which makes it easier for me to conceive of that process in this case. I have seen them dart forth precisely as described by Scarpa. I have seen them lift a glass of water, and I have had them touch my knees beneath a table while slate-writing was going on—so that, given the power to read my mind, there is nothing impossible in the idea of the etheric hand's reproducing the signature of 'E. A.'"

In fact, at a recent sitting in a private house with a young male psychic we had this precise feat performed. Said the psychic to our host, Dr. Towne, "Think hard of a signature that is very familiar to you," and Dr. Towne fixed his mind upon the signature of his brother, and immediately, while the young man's material hands were controlled, the etheric hand seized a pencil in the middle of the table and reproduced the signature."

"Could you see this hand?" Miller asked.

"No, the room was dark; but at a sitting which followed this I did see the supernumerary arm and hand dart forth and seize a pencil. I saw it very plainly cross my knee and grasp me by the forearm. All of this has its bearing upon this very curious phenomenon of the reproduction of 'E. A.'s' youthful signature."

"But did you not say that 'E. A.' at times represented an opposing will," questioned Fowler; "that he disputed certain passages with Blake, and that he finally carried his point?"

"Yes, that happened several times and was all very convincing then. Once, indeed, 'E. A.' carried his point in opposition to all of us. And yet, this opposition may have been more apparent than real. Our subconscious selves may have been in accord."

Fowler was a bit irritated. "If you are disposed to make the subconscious will all-powerful and omniscient, nothing can be proved. It seems to me an evasion. However, let me ask how you would explain away a spirit form with the voice and the features of 'E. A.'?"

"Well, there is the teleplastic theory of Albert de Rochas. He claims to have been able not merely to cause a hypnotized subject to exteriorize her astral self, but to mold this vapory substance as a sculptor models wax. So I can imagine that an apparition might be created in the image of my sister or 'David' or 'E. A.'"

"To my thinking, that is more complicated and incredible than the spirit hypothesis," objected Fowler.

A NEW PSYCHIC

"Nothing can be more incredible to me than the spirit hypothesis," I replied. "But then, everything is incredible in the last analysis. I am the more disposed to believe in the teleplastic theory for the reason that I have recently had an opportunity to witness a par-

ticularly incredible thing—the materialization of a complete human form beside the psychic—a phenomenon which has a special bearing upon the matter of identity which we are discussing. The sitting took place in a small private house here in the city. The psychic in the case was a young business man who is careful not to advertise his power. For four years he has been holding secret developing circles to which a few of his friends only are invited. I was present recently and shared in the marvels. The place of the séance was the parlor of his apartment, and his young wife and little daughter were present. There was in addition an elderly lady, mother-in-law of the psychic, and a Polish student whom I will call Jacob.

"I am quite sure that no one else entered or left the room during the evening. Mrs. Pratt, the mother-in-law, occupied a seat between Jacob and me. The little girl sat at the window, and was under my eye all the time. The wife spent most of the evening at the piano on my right. The room was fairly dark, though the light of a far-away street lamp shone in at the window.

PHANTOM SINGS WITH POLISH SITTER

"The psychic retired into a little alcove bedroom, which served as a cabinet, and the curtain had hardly fallen between him and our group when the 'spirit' voices began. The first one to speak was 'Evan, the guide,' and I remarked that his voice was precisely like a falsetto disguise of the psychic's own.

"Soon 'Evan' and other spirits appeared at the opening of the curtain. The wife called them each by name, but I could see only certain curious fluctuating, cloudlike forms, like puffs of fire-lit steam. The effect was that of illuminated vapor. At length came a form that spoke in a deep voice, using a foreign language. Jacob, the young Pole, sprang up in joyous excitement, saying that he had sat many times in this little circle, but that this was the first time a spirit had spoken to him in his own tongue. As they conversed together, I detected a close similarity of accent and of tone in their speech. It certainly sounded like the Polish language, but I could not rid myself of the impression that the Pole was talking to himself."

"What do you mean by that?" Miller asked.

"I mean that the accent, inflexion, and quality of the ghost's voice were identical with

those of the living man's; and this became still more striking when, a little later, Jacob returned to his seat, and 'the Count,' his visitor, called for the Polish national hymn. Jacob then sang, and the phantom sang with him. Now this seemed like a clear case of identification, and was perfectly satisfactory to Jacob, but I had observed this fact: the Pole was an indifferent singer—having hard work to keep the key—and 'the Count' was troubled in the same way. His deep, almost toneless singing struck me as a dead, flat, wooden echo of Jacob's voice. In short, it was as if the psychic had built up a personality partly out of himself, but mainly out of his Polish sitter, and as if this etheric duplication were singing in unison with its progenitor."

COMPLETE ASTRAL BODY PROJECTED

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Fowler.

"Did he manufacture a double out of you?" queried Miller.

"No one spoke to me from the shadow, except the 'guide,' although I was hoping for some new word from 'Ernest,' and kept him uppermost in my mind. A form came out into the center of the room, which the wife said was 'Evan,' and requested me to shake his hand. This I did. The hand felt as if it were covered with some gauzy veiling. My belief is that it was the psychic himself who stood before me, probably in a trance. I could see nothing, however. I do not remember that I could distinguish any shadow even, but the hand was real and the voice and the manner of speech were precisely those of the psychic himself."

"I repeat that this does not necessarily imply fraud, for the mind and the vocal organs of the psychic are often used in that way," Fowler argued.

"I grant that. Up to this point I had been able to see nothing but dim outlines. But toward the end of the evening the psychic advanced from the cabinet, and in a dazed way ordered the lamp to be lit. This was done. He then asked that the light be turned low. This also was done. Thereupon, directing his gaze toward the curtain, he called twice in a tone of command, 'Come out!'

"I could distinguish every one in the room at the moment. I could see the psychic plainly. I could discern the color of his coat and the expression of his face. He stood at least six feet from the opening in the curtain. At his second cry, which held a note of entreaty, I

saw a form, taller than himself, suddenly appear before the curtain, and stand bowing in silence. I could perceive neither face, eyes, nor feet, but I could make out the arms under the luminous robe, the shape of the head and the shoulders, and as he bowed I could see the bending of his neck. It certainly was not a mechanical device. And the covering was not so much a robe as a swathing.

"However, my eyes were mainly busy with the psychic, whose actions impressed me deeply. He had the air of an anxious man undergoing a dangerous ordeal. His right hand was stretched stiffly toward the phantom, his left was held near his heart; his knees seemed to tremble, and his body appeared to be irresistibly drawn toward the cabinet. Slowly, watchfully, fearfully, he approached the phantom. The figure turned toward him, and a moment later they met—they clung together, they appeared to coalesce; and the psychic fell through the curtain to the floor of the cabinet."

"What do you wish to imply?" asked Miller. "Do you mean that they were united in some way?"

"Precisely so. The 'spirit' seemed drawn by some magnetic force toward the psychic, and the psychic seemed under an immense strain to keep the apparition exterior to himself. When they met, the psychic's fall seemed inevitable, a collapse from utter exhaustion. I was at the moment convinced that I had seen a vaporous entity born of the medium. It seemed a clear case of projection of the astral body. In the pause which followed the psychic's fall the young wife turned to me and said, 'Sometimes, if my husband does not reach the spirit form in time, he falls *outside* the curtain.' She did not seem especially alarmed.

STRAIN ON MATERIALIZING MEDIUM

"The young psychic himself, however, told me afterward that he was undergoing a tremendous strain as he stood there commanding the 'spirit' to appear. 'I had a fierce pain in the center of my forehead,' he said. 'I couldn't get my breath. I felt as if all my substance, my strength, was being drawn out of me. My legs seemed about to give way. It is always hard to produce a form so far away from me when I am on the outside of the cabinet in the light. The greater the distance, the greater the strain.' I asked him what happened when he and the form rushed to-

gether, and he answered, 'As soon as I touched it, it reentered my body.'"

"I wonder why the 'spirits' are always clothed in that luminous gauze?" queried Miller.

"They are not," replied Fowler. "More often they come in the clothing which was their habitual wear."

"I asked this young psychic if drapery were used out of respect to us mortals, and he replied, 'No; the forms are swathed not from a sense of propriety so much as to protect the body, which is often incomplete at the extremities.'"

A HERCULEAN "SPIRIT" FORM

"The wife and Jacob told me that at one of their meetings a 'spirit' Hercules suddenly appeared before the curtain. The Pole declared: 'He was of giant size and strength. I felt of his muscles—he was clothed only in a loin-cloth—and I closely studied his tremendous arms and shoulders. The medium, as you know, is a small, thin man. We called this figure 'the man from Mars.' He was at least six feet high and strong as a lion. He rushed back into the cabinet and came out holding the medium above his head on his upraised palms. It was very wonderful.'"

"You didn't see anything like that, did you?" asked Miller.

"No," I replied, "but I did see the development of a figure apparently from the floor between me and the curtain of the cabinet. My attention was called to something wavering, shimmering, and fluctuating about a foot above the carpet. It was neither steam nor flame. It seemed compounded of both luminous vapor and puffing clouds of drapery. It rose and fell in quivering impulses, expanding and contracting, but continuing to grow until at last it towered to the height of a tall man, and I could dimly discern, through dark draperies edged with light, a man's figure."

"This," the young wife said, "is Judge White [that's not the real name, of course], the grandfather of the psychic; and she conversed with him, but only for a few moments. He soon dwindled and faded and melted away in the same fashion as he had come, recalling to my mind Richet's description of the birth and disappearance of 'B. B.' in Algiers. I know this sounds like the veriest dreaming, but you must remember that materializations much more wonder-

ful have been seen and analyzed in the clinical laboratories of Turin and Naples. Morselli, Bottazzi, Lombroso, Porro, and Foà have been confronted by similar apparitions. They have seen 'sinister' faces, and been repelled by 'Satanic hands agile and prompt,' in cabinets of their own construction, surrounded by their own registering machinery, and Richet has photographed just such figures as this I have described.

"The question with me is not: Do these forms exist? but: What produces them? I am describing this sitting to explain what I mean by the ideoplastic or teleplastic theory. If, for example, this psychic had known me well enough to have had a very definite picture of 'E. A.,' he might have been able to model from the mind-stuff that he or the circle had thrown off, a luminous image of my friend, and, aided by my subconscious self, might have united the presence and the musical thought of Ernest Alexander."

"It won't do," exclaimed Miller. "It's all too destructive, too preposterous."

"I insist that the spirit hypothesis is simpler," repeated Fowler.

"It isn't a question of simplicity," I retorted. "It's a question of fact. If the observations of scientific experimentalists are of any value, the teleplastic theory is on the point of winning acceptance."

"I will not admit that," rejoined Fowler. "For, even if you throw out all the enormous mass of evidence accumulated by spiritistic investigators, you still have the conversion of Wallace, Lodge, and Lombroso, not to speak of De Vesme, Venzano, and other lesser men of science, to account for. Crookes admits that nothing but some form of spirit hypothesis is capable of explaining *all* the phenomena; and in a recent issue of the *Annals of Psychological Science* Lombroso writes a paper making several very strong points against the biologic theory. One of these is the simultaneous occurrence of phenomena. 'Can the subconscious self act in several places at once?' he asks."

THE PROBLEM OF THE OPPOSING WILL

"A second objection lies in the fact that movements occur in opposition to the will of the psychic, as, for example, on an occasion when Paladini was transported in her chair. 'Can a man lift himself by his boot-straps?' Lombroso inquires. 'The center of gravity of a body cannot be altered in space unless

acted upon by an external force. Therefore the phenomena of levitation cannot be considered to be produced by energy emanating from the medium."

"I don't think that follows," I argued. "Force may be exerted unconsciously and invisibly. Because the psychic does not *consciously* will to do a certain thing is no proof that the action does not originate in the depths of her personality. We know very little of this obscure region of our minds."

Fowler was ready with his answer: "But let us take the case that Lombroso cites of the beautiful woman spirit whose hand twice dashed the photographic plates from the grasp of those who wished to secure her picture. Here was plainly an opposing will, for the psychic was lending herself to the experiment, and the spectators were eager for its success. Notwithstanding which cooperation, this phantom bitterly opposed the wishes of every one present, and it was *afterward* learned that there was a special reason why she did not wish to leave positive proofs of her identity. 'It is evident, therefore,' concludes Lombroso, 'that a third will can intervene in spiritistic phenomena.'

"Furthermore, Dr. Venzano and De Vesme have taken up the same body of facts upon which Foà and Morselli base their theory, and arrive at a totally different conclusion. They call attention to a dozen events which can be explained only on the theory of discarnate intelligences. Venzano observed that spirit forms occurred in several places at once, that they appeared in many shapes and many guises. Some were like children, some had curly hair, some had beards. In one case identification was made by introducing the finger of one of the sitters within the phantom mouth to prove the loss of a molar tooth. Sometimes the hair of these heads was plaited. Some of the hands were large and black, others fair and pink like a child's. In short, he argues that the medium could not have determined the size, shape, or color of the phantoms."

THE POWERS OF THE ETHERIC DOUBLE

"All that does not really militate against the ideoplastic theory," I retorted. "If it is a case of the modeling of the etheric vapor by the mind of the psychic, these differences would be produced naturally enough. It is as easy to produce a phantom with hair plaited as it is to produce one with hair in

curls. The forcible handling of the medium by the invisible ones is a much more difficult thing for me to explain, for to imagine the psychic emitting a form of force which afterward proceeds to raise the psychic herself against her will—as Mrs. Smiley testifies happened again and again in her youth—is to do violence to all that we know of natural law. And yet it may be that the etheric double can take on part of the forces resident in the circle of sitters, and so become immensely more potent than the psychic, as in the case of the 'man from Mars'—the Hercules I have just been telling you about. Then, as to the content of these messages: they may be impulses, hints, fragments of sentences caught from the air as one wireless operator intercepts communications meant for other stations than his own. Considering all the possibilities, I am not as near a belief in the return of the dead, as the true explanation, as I was when I began this last series of experiments."

"Your idea is, then," said Miller, "that these apparitions are emanations of the medium's physical substance, molded by his will and colored by the mind of his sitters?"

"That is the up-to-date explanation, and nothing I have experienced or read of can stand against it."

IMMORTALITY AND SCIENCE

Fowler hastened to weaken the force of this statement. "Spiritists all admit that the forms of spirits are made up—partly, at least—of the psychic's material self, but that does not prove that the mind of the ghost is not a separate entity from that of the psychic. I grant that the only difference between the psycho-dynamic theory and the spiritualistic theory lies in the question of the origin of the intelligences that direct the manifestation. Foà would say they spring from the subconscious self of the psychic. We spiritualists say they come from the spirit world, and there we stand. You scientists are feeding millions of people stones," he added emphatically. "They ask for bread, and you give them slices of granite."

"Better granite than slime," said Miller. "I am with the biologists in this campaign. Let us have the truth, no matter how unpalatable it may be. If these phenomena exist, they are in the domain of natural law and can be weighed and measured. If they are imaginary, they should be swept away,

like other dreams of superstition and ignorance."

Fowler was not to be silenced. "I predict that you and your like will yet be forced, like Lombroso, to take your place with Aksakof, Lodge, Wallace, Du Prel, and Crookes, who have come to admit the intervention of disembodied intelligences. Lombroso says: 'We find, as I already foresaw some years ago, that these materialized bodies belong to the radiant state of matter, which has now a sure foothold in science. This is the only hypothesis that can reconcile the ancient and universal belief in the persistence of life after death with the results of science.'"

DOES THE "ASTRAL" INDICATE LIFE AFTER DEATH?

"Well," said I, "of this I am certain. We cannot afford to ignore such experiments as those of Morselli and Bottazzi. I am aware that many investigators discountenance such experiments, but I believe with Venzano that the physical phenomena of mediumship cannot be, and ought not to be, considered trivial. It was the spasmodic movement of a decapitated frog that resulted in the discovery of the Voltaic pile. And as for me, I intend to try every other conceivable hypothesis before accepting that of the spiritists."

"What is your reason for that?" asked Fowler.

"Because I am a scientist in my sympathies. I believe in the methods of the chemist and the electrician. I prefer the experimenter to the theorist. I like the calm, clear, concise statements of these European savants, who approach the subject, not as bereaved persons, but as scientists. I am ready to go wherever science leads, and I should be very glad to *know* that our life here is but a link in the chain of existence. But at present the weight of evidence seems to me to be on the side of the theory that mediumship is a question of unexplored human biology."

"I don't see it that way," rejoined Fowler calmly. "Suppose your biologists prove that

the psychic can put forth a supernumerary arm, or maintain, for a short time, a complete double of herself. Would that necessarily make the spiritist theory untenable? Is it not fair to conclude that if the soul or 'astral' or 'etheric double' can act outside the living body, it can live and think and manifest after the dissolution of its material shell? Does not the experimental work of Bottazzi, Morselli, and De Rochas all make for a spiritual, rather than a materialistic, interpretation of life? They are bringing the wonder of the world back to the positivist. Let them go on. They will yet demonstrate in spite of themselves the immortality of the soul."

"I hope they will," I replied. "It would be glorious at this time, when tradition fails to satisfy, to have a demonstration of immortality come through the methods of experimental science."

Miller put in a last word of warning. "The fact that a phenomenon has not been explained, and no one knows how to explain it, is no reason for supposing there is anything extra-physical about it. No one has explained the first cause of the development of an embryo. No one knows what goes on in an active nerve, nor why atoms are selective in their associations. But if one must have a theory, let it be one having some obvious continuity with our best physical knowledge."

And at that point our argument rested.

CONCLUDING WORD

In conclusion, I wish to say that I am neither physicist nor psychologist. I was drawn into this study almost by accident, and I do not intend to identify myself further with the psychical movements in this country. On the contrary, at the close of this series of articles I shall return to the open air, to the Rocky Mountains, and to my fiction. I have tried to report without bias the many interesting things I have seen, and I shall be content if my articles have added something sane and wholesome to the discussion of *The Shadow World*.

THE END

Mr. G. G. Hall, one of our editors, accompanied by Dr. Moody, of the College of the City of New York, recently held a séance with Eusapia Paladino in Professor Bottazzi's laboratory in Naples, Italy. Under strict test conditions, Mr. Garland's reports were definitely confirmed. Mr. Hall's experience will be published in the November number. In this number also will be printed the winning contributions to our "Shadow World" competition, as passed upon by Mr. Garland. Selected from thousands of manuscripts submitted, they form a thrilling, convincing symposium.—THE EDITORS.

THE PETTICOAT CRUISE

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Author of "Cap'n Eri," "Mr. Pratt," etc.

Illustrations by H. G. Williamson

ACCORDING to the prearranged plan, Mr. Samuel Briar was to have begun the discussion. He was casually to bring forward the subject of marriage, and then refer slightly to the sermon preached by the Reverend Mr. Bowles, the young and rather callow minister of the South Trumet Baptist Church. Mr. Bowles, who was engaged to a patiently waiting young lady in a Boston suburb, had, on the previous Sunday, discoursed eloquently concerning the blessings of happy wedlock: "It is not good that the man should be alone."

"You see," whispered Sam to his fellow conspirators as they walked, in the damp of the October evening, down deserted Main Street to the regular gathering place, the combined office, lobby, and billiard-room of the "South Trumet Inn"—"you see," said Sam, "I'll lead off by sayin' that marryin' ain't no good. Then I'll lay out Bowles's sermon. You fellers must all side in with me hard. That'll fetch 'em out of their shells. Pretty quick they'll be so red-hot they'll forget everything and swear that the man who ain't married is a fool. Then we'll have 'em! It'll be a joke on the Know-It-Alls that'll last all winter."

Fate was on the side of Mr. Briar and his friends that evening, although at first they did not realize the fact. When, instead of two dignified, not to say pompous, personages enthroned in state beside the hotel stove, they found but one, they were disappointed. Cap'n Heman had gone to Wellmouth to visit a cousin who was ill, and Cap'n Bishy was left to fight the ship alone. And Cap'n Bishy, deprived of the steady backing of his fellow oracle, was inclined to wax hot-headed and rash.

Every country village, however small, has its oracle. South Trumet, perhaps because it

was so very small, had two oracles. They were Captain Abishai Thanks and Captain Heman Tinkham. "Cap'n Bishy" was fifty-eight, a bachelor, and the retired skipper of a crack Gloucester fishing schooner. "Cap'n Heman" was fifty-five, also a bachelor and a retired fisherman. In the old days their schooners led the fleet. One or the other was certain to be first on the Banks, and first to wet her salt and start for home with a full hold. One voyage Cap'n Bishy's seamanship and "fish knowledge" would win, and on the next trip the glory would be all Cap'n Heman's. It was always a nip-and-tuck race, with honors fluctuating between the pair. They were bitter rivals until a third skipper dared to challenge their supremacy; then they combined to "wipe up the chart" with the presumptuous one.

It was a curious rivalry, where no trick was left unturned and yet no unfair advantage taken. Once, when both schooners left the Banks together for a race home, Cap'n Bishy's, owing to the recklessness of a mate, carried away her foretopmast and got herself into a bad snarl generally. Along came Cap'n Heman, hove to, sent a dory alongside, supplied his competitor with spare canvas and running rigging, and stood by till all was taut and shipshape once more. Then the two skippers exchanged personalities and taunts through their speaking trumpets, and the race was on again. On another occasion, as we shall see, it was Cap'n Bishy's turn to help, and he went out of his way to do it.

Cap'n Bishy had a nephew who was a broker in Boston. This nephew gave the captain an "inside tip" on a certain stock. It was characteristic of Cap'n Bishy, the fact that he had at once sought Cap'n Heman and passed on the "tip," adding, also characteristically, that he hoped the latter would lose.

every cent he might invest. The speculation resulted in the pair's making money sufficient to warrant retiring from the sea. They came back to South Trumet, their birthplace, took rooms at the Inn, and proceeded to "run" that town as, in their opinion, it should be run. They differed privately on every conceivable question, but when one or the other was opposed by the village people they promptly formed an alliance to repel boarders. The Reverend Mr. Bowles was not popular; when they discovered this fact they naturally became his fiercest champions.

Cap'n Bishy received Mr. Briar and the rest with becoming condescension. Chairs were pulled forward, the circle formed about the stove, tobacco was borrowed and ignited, and conversation began. The wily Samuel immediately opened the attack.

"Talkin' about marryin'," he began. It was a subject which, by the way, no one had mentioned. "Talkin' about marryin', I say—Lend me your smoking-tobacco, won't you, Cap'n Bishy? Thanks.—'Talkin' about marryin', did you ever hear such a mess of soft tommyrot in your life as Bowles give us Sunday mornin'? 'Cordin' to him, all a feller's got to do to make the nighest port this side of heaven is to pick out some woman and start in payin' her bills. Says it makes life wuth livin'; gives you somethin' to think about. I guess that part's right. Anyhow, there ain't enough left after the payin's done to think about, I know that."

"Ain't enough even to buy your own tobacco, hey, Sam?" observed Cap'n Bishy, whose face was beginning to redden already. "If you're through whittlin' that plug of mine you might hand it back. Humph! I'm glad you left me somethin' to remember it by."

"But did you ever hear such drivel in your life?" continued the unmoved Samuel. "Did you now, fellers; honest?"

Shadrach Tidditt declared he never had heard its equal. So, also, did two or three others. They added comment personal to the clergyman.

"I want to say right here," thundered Cap'n Bishy, furious at this attack upon his pet, "that I——"

But the conspirators were not ready for him yet. They broke in volubly, denouncing marriage as an institution, scoffing at Mr. Bowles's assertion that it was the manifest duty of every man to support a wife, ridiculing the preacher unmercifully. Cap'n Bishy

fidgited, stamped, and attempted to speak, but each time he was prevented. At last, however, having reached the boiling-point, he could be prevented no longer. He sprang from his chair and brandished his clenched fists.

"You lubbers!" he shouted. "You doughheads! You don't know common sense when you hear it. You don't appreciate a good parson when you have one hove at you free gratis for nothin', as you might say, for me and Heman pay most of his salary. And you all pretend to be professors of religion, too! You b'lieve in the Bible, don't you? Yes; well, the Bible says 'tain't good for man to be alone. Do you think you can improve on Scripture? Do you, hey?"

He went on—and on—and on, his statements becoming more reckless as he proceeded. Mr. Briar saw that the time had come to spring the trap; the game was under the deadfall.

"Hold on a jiffy, Cap'n," he cried. "Let's understand this thing. You say that every man that's wuth his salt ought to be married. If he don't get married he's an infidel and a loafer and a blackguard. Is that it?"

"You bet it's it, Sam Briar!"

"Then s'pose you tell us right now why *you ain't married yourself!*"

The circle shouted and guffawed and thumped its knees. Mr. Briar shouted loudest of all. Cap'n Bishy did not shout. He choked and gurgled.

"Well?" yelled Sam. "Ain't goin' back on your pet parson, be you? Ain't goin' back on the Bible, be you? Ain't goin' to allow that *you're* an infidel and not wuth your salt? Answer up prompt, Cap'n; we're waitin'."

Cap'n Bishy rose to his feet. Now that he was in the pit he realized how blindly he had followed the trail leading to it. What would Cap'n Heman say?

"Think you're awful smart, don't you?" he sneered. "Think you've got me now! Well, you ain't, because—because——"

"Because what? What you waitin' for?"

Cap'n Bishy was desperately grasping for a satisfactory reply. And in desperation he found one.

"Because, you lubbers!" he cried, "because *I am* goin' to be married."

This was unexpected enough, to say the least. Silence for a moment. Then Shadrach Tidditt voiced the general astonishment.

"You—*you* goin' to be married? When? Who to?"

"None of your business. You'll find out when I'm ready to tell you. All you need to know now is that I live up to my principles, and 'twould be a good thing if you done the same—that is, provided you've got any to live up to."

The Cap'n strode from the room. The jokers looked at one another.

"Whew!" whistled Mr. Briar. "That's news all right, if it's true. Do you s'pose he means it?"

"Do you s'pose he means it?" The very same question was asked of Cap'n Heman when the latter, having returned from Well-mouth on the early train, came in to breakfast next morning. Mr. Dill, proprietor of the Inn, asked it, after narrating in detail the happenings of the previous evening.

"I s'pose likely he does if he said it," replied Cap'n Heman, tartly. "Bishy ain't in the habit of goin' back on his word. Why don't you ask him, 'stead of me?"

"I did, when he was havin' breakfast a spell ago. But he was uglier'n a bear with a sore head. I can't make out whether he's bluffin' or not. If he does mean it, who's the woman? And if it was a bluff, 'twas a risky one to make, 'cause Briar and the rest'll never give him no peace. You ought to know, Cap'n, you two bein' such chums."

Cap'n Heman pushed away his untouched ham and eggs.

"What Bishy and I know about each other's business we keep to ourselves," he snapped. "When we need any help to run our affairs we'll stick up a sign. Him and me generally know what we're doin'."

He left Mr. Dill to scratch his chin and ponder, and walked nonchalantly away. But it was evident that the nonchalance was assumed, for he looked grave and troubled when, a moment later, he pushed open the door of his friend's room and entered.

Cap'n Bishy was seated by the window. His pipe was in his hand, but he was not smoking.

"Hello, Heman!" he observed. "Nice mornin', ain't it?"

"No, 'tain't," was the reply. "It's a dum poor mornin', if you ask me. Look here, Bishy; what in thunder did you mean by tellin' that gang that lie about your goin' to be married? Ain't you got no sense?"

Cap'n Bishy looked out of the window.

"I cal'late I've got as much sense as you have, Heman Tinkham," he answered sulkily.

"I should think you had! Course I realize that they aggravated you and all that; but to spring such a fool yarn as that was—one that any idiot would know wa'n't true! Couldn't you see that they'd pester the life out of you from now on? It's begun already. Jim Dill was after me at breakfast."

"Jim Dill! What in tunket do I care for Jim Dill? He——"

"Yes, but Jim's only one. If you had to lie, why didn't you lie sensible?"

Cap'n Bishy's temper was never long-suffering. This morning it was more touchy than usual. Realization of the consequences likely to follow his reckless statement had been piling up before his mind's eye ever since that statement was made. He was glad of an opportunity to quarrel with some one.

"Humph!" he snarled. "Who told you 'twas a lie? I didn't, did I? How do you know I don't mean what I said?"

"Mean—? Bish Thanks, have you got softenin' of the brain? You get married? You? An old, dried-up——"

"Stow it, Heman Tinkham! Just 'cause you're a relic that no woman would look at without smoked glass, it don't foller that I am. Maybe I be goin' to take a wife; I don't tell you all my plans."

Cap'n Heman laughed, a laugh of utter contempt.

"You'd have to take her by main strength then," he sneered. "Oh, quit it, Bishy, and talk English. Women don't marry folks like you."

He intended to add "and me," but indignation at his companion's behavior prevented this charitable addition. Cap'n Bishy noticed the lapse.

"So!" he cried. "That's it, hey? Well, I tell you right now that you don't know what you're talkin' about. I—I am goin' to get married, if I want to—so there!"

Cap'n Heman sat down on the edge of the bed. He was frightened now, actually frightened, but it was not in his nature to show his feelings.

"Who's the female?" he demanded. "Show her to me. Where do they keep her—at the museum?"

"She's—she's good-lookin'. Yes, sir! she's handsome. And I can have her by turnin' my hand over. You just——"

"The monkey married the baboon's sister," hummed Cap'n Heman, sarcastically. "What'll ye charge for tickets to the weddin'? Come, Bish, stop it now. You're foolin' with



"THEN S'POSE YOU TELL US RIGHT NOW WHY YOU AIN'T MARRIED YOURSELF!"

a man, not tellin' fairy stories to a baby. What's the use? Show me the woman crazy enough to marry you. Show her to me, then I'll b'lieve it, maybe."

The face of the professed candidate for matrimony was flaming. He glared at his tormentor.

"Show her to me," begged Cap'n Heman. "What's her name? Show her to me."

Cap'n Bishy was stumped. In the fury of desperation, groping for straws, he glanced out of the window. A trim and pretty young lady happened to be passing on the opposite side of the street.

"Come here," he shouted. "Come here, you! Do you see that girl? She's pretty, ain't

she? She'd make a good wife for any man, wouldn't she? Look!"

Cap'n Heman looked. Then he looked at the man beside him.

"Georgiana Collins!" he gasped. "The school-teacher! Do you have the face to tell me you're goin' to marry *her*?"

"Yes, sir!" thundered the triumphant Cap'n Bishy. "I be. Now what have you got to say?"

"But—but—why, consarn it! you hardly know her. You ain't met her more'n a dozen times."

"How do you know how many times I've met her? You ain't my guardecn. She and me understand each other, all right."



H.C. Williamson

CAP'N BISHY APPEARED, TROTting GRANDLY DOWN MAIN STREET. THE SCHOOL-TEACHER WAS BESIDE HIM.

Cap'n Heman was speechless. It *might* be so, and, if it were, here was an end to a comradeship precious though stormy.

"What you got to say?" sneered Cap'n Bishy.

"I say it ain't so. You sha'n't marry her. I won't let you."

"You won't? *You* won't? What right have you got to say who she'll marry? Answer up, now! Sing out!"

And now it was Cap'n Heman's turn to grope for straws.

"What right?" he repeated. "What right? Why—why—why, by gum! the biggest kind of right. I'm goin' to marry her myself."

It was an answer invented on the spur of the moment, but it had its effect. Cap'n Bishy was staggered.

"*You* goin' to marry Georgie Collins!" he gasped. "*You*?"

"Yes, I. She and me understand each other just as well as other folks—better'n some, I cal'late."

"You make that statement to me, do you?"

"I do. I'll marry her, if I want to; and, at any rate, *you* sha'n't."

"Heman Tinkham, you and me have had some little games with one another afore now. You know what you got by 'em, don't you?"

"I do. I got what I went after, and you got left. Put that in your pipe and smoke it."

He went out, slamming the door, and retired to his own room to fume and rage for the next hour. Then he descended to the billiard-room.

"Where's Bish?" he asked of Mr. Dill, who was scrubbing the floor.

"Gone out. All rigged up in his best bib and tucker, too. Don't think to-day's Sunday 'stead of Saturday, does he?"

Cap'n Heman answered not. He stepped out upon the veranda.

Directly opposite the hotel was the "South Trumet Dry Goods, Grocery, and Variety Store." And from the entrance to this emporium of trade emerged a young lady, Miss Georgiana Collins, the school-teacher. And accompanying her was Cap'n Abishai Thanks, garbed in his Sunday best.

Cap'n Heman stared at the couple until they turned the corner.

"He means it!" he soliloquized, chokingly. "He's a goin' to do it! Goin' cruisin' after a petticoat and leave me stranded, after all

these years. All right! then *I* mean it, too. We'll see who wins *this* race, Bish Thanks."

II

Two months is but a short term—two leaves of the calendar, sixty-two days at most; yet the two months following Cap'n Bishy's public declaration of contemplated matrimony furnished South Trumet with a succession of sensations from which it has not entirely recovered even yet. Before the gossips had finished wondering whom the Cap'n meant to marry it was discovered that he had called upon "Georgie" Collins twice in one week. Then came the news that Cap'n Heman had called upon the identical young lady three times in that same week. Then Cap'n Bishy went to Boston and returned wearing a brand-new fit-out of clothes—suit, overcoat, even a new and gorgeous plaid necktie with a jeweled scarf-pin stabbing it to the heart. Before the glitter of this scarf-pin had ceased to dazzle, Cap'n Heman also visited Boston, and came back even more refulgent than his rival, for he had crowned the glory of his "store togs" with a silk hat. On the tenth of the second month Cap'n Bishy bought the buggy and the fast horse and took Miss Collins to ride. On the fifteenth Cap'n Heman bought the second-hand automobile. On the thirtieth—but the interviews with Erastus Taylor took place long before that.

Erastus was the son of Mrs. Martha Taylor, the widow who lived out on the Trumet road and took city boarders in summer. He was a popular young fellow, good-looking, and a great favorite with the vacationists whom, during the season, he piloted, aboard his catboat, to the cod-fishing grounds in the Bay, or to the bluefish rips off the point. The two captains knew him well and had frequently given him counsel, asked or unasked, concerning his personal or business affairs.

Once, during a session around the stove at the Inn, the subject of marriage having been brought to the front by the news of a local engagement, Erastus had casually inquired how much money a young fellow ought to have put by before taking to himself a wife. Cap'n Bishy, the all-wise, promptly replied that for the "average young chap alongshore" five hundred dollar in the bank was enough. Cap'n Heman instantly declared that six hundred dollars at least was necessary. Shadrach Tidditt hastened to agree with the latter statement, whereupon



HIS BALKINESS WAS OF A KIND NOT EASILY OVERCOME.

Cap'n Heman, falling into line with his partner when this outside attack developed, announced that "Bishy" was right, after all: five hundred was a plenty.

Erastus sighed. "Humph!" he observed. "A couple of hundred more or less wouldn't make much difference to the run of us, I guess. How's a feller goin' to save up five hundred in this slow-poke place, where the summer season's so short and the winters are so long and dead?"

"How?" repeated Cap'n Bishy. "Why, by bein' shrewd and smart, that's how. Takin' advantage of your chances, that's how. When you can make a dollar in trade, make it. I understand you've got the selling of what's left at the Conklin estate in Wellmouth, ain't you, Ratty? All right then, sell; and when you do sell, make a lib'ral commission for yourself on every sale, no matter who buys. That's my advice."

"Think that would be square, Cap'n?" asked Mr. Taylor. "The administrator up to Providence pays me so much a week to look after things over there on the place."

"Don't make no odds. He gets *his* commissions, I'll bet you. You do the same and don't be a fool. Ain't that so, Heman?"

And Captain Heman, noticing symptoms of dissent about the circle, unhesitatingly declared that it was so.

Now Miss Collins boarded at the Taylor homestead. On the day following that of Cap'n Bishy's first call upon the school-teacher, Cap'n Heman sought out Erastus.

"Ratty," he said, confidentially, "I s'pose you've heard the fool n'tion that's in Bishy's head, ain't you?"

Mr. Taylor hadn't heard it, having been out of town.

"Well," continued Cap'n Heman, "the old loon is cal'latin' to marry Georgie Collins. S'prised, ain't you? I don't wonder."

Erastus did seem surprised. The stick he had been whittling fell to the ground. But he made no answer.

"Yes," said his companion; "that's what he's cal'latin' to do. It's just jealousy, that's what 'tis, plain jealousy of me. You see, I made up my mind to marry Georgie myself some time ago, and——"

Mr. Taylor turned his head. "You did?" he asked, slowly. "You did? Has she——"

"No, she ain't, yet, but her and me understand each other. I've got money and I'm a pretty good catch, if I do say it. 'Twill be all right, you'll see. What I want of you's this: You're right on the ground, as you may say, and you can see what's goin' on from day to day. I want you to keep watch on the two of 'em; let me know how many times the old idiot comes to see her, and how he seems to be gettin' on, and the like of that. Course I wouldn't ask you to take so much trouble for nothin'. I'll pay you, pay you lib'ral for your time. S'pose we make it two dollars a day till I say quit."

Erastus did not close with this munificent offer on the spot. He said he wanted to think it over "a spell." Cap'n Heman left him whittling slowly and apparently thinking hard. Next day, however, he came to the Inn to say that he accepted. "It's a dicker. I'll watch 'em, Cap'n, don't you worry."

And so he did, reporting faithfully concerning the number of Cap'n Bishy's calls,



CAP'N HEMAN STARTED TO RUN, AND AFTER HIM SPURANG CAP'N BISHY.

how long he stayed, and so on. The race was even, so far; neither side seemed to be gaining. Apparently Miss Georgiana was as glad to see one skipper as the other. To both she was kind and cordial. To neither would she listen when the conversation reached a critical stage.

Then Cap'n Bishy appeared, trotting grandly down Main Street, in a shiny top-buggy, drawn by a high-stepping gray mare. The school-teacher was beside him on the seat of the buggy. Cap'n Heman in alarm sought information of his ally. Erastus laughed.

"That's a good joke on Cap'n Bishy," he chuckled. "That mare is one that b'longed to old man Conklin 'fore he died. I sold her to Bish for a good price, and the buggy, too. Made fifty dollars for myself on the deal."

"But—but, consarn it all!" exclaimed Cap'n Heman. "It gives him the wind'ard berth, don't it? Feller that owns a horse 'n' buggy can always stand in better with the girls than a chap who just hires one. Used to be so when I was young—younger, I mean. What'll I do?"

Then Mr. Taylor grew confidential. "I've thought that all out," he whispered. "I can fix it so's you'll have him in a clove-hitch. Horses ain't nothin' these days. It's automobiles that count with the womenfolks. You know that little gasoline runabout that Miss Conklin owned? It's over there at Well-mouth now, and they want to get rid of it. 'Tain't new, of course, nor the most new-fangled pattern, but it's got a horse hull down, at that. If you want to buy it, why,

bein' as you're my friend, I'll fix things so's you can have it for three hundred dollars; and it cost seven hundred and fifty," he added.

"What you talkin' about?" gasped Cap'n Heman. "I don't know no more about runnin' an automobile than I do about makin' frosted cake—not so much, for I *have* made cake, even if 'twain't fit for nothin' but ballast."

"That's all right. I know and I can teach you. Call it two seventy-five, Cap'n, and I'll give you the lessons free."

So Cap'n Heman took the auto and the lessons. And on the following Sunday Cap'n Bishy, blue with jealous rage, saw the run-about containing Georgiana and his rival puff aristocratically, if consumptively, past the Inn and on the road to Eastboro.

But this did not settle the affair—far from it. The race was just as even as before, and each competitor seemed as likely to win. Finally Cap'n Heman asked the momentous question. Miss Collins seemed, on this particular evening, willing to listen, in fact encouragingly quiescent. But she deferred her answer. "I will write you to-morrow," she said.

When the letter came, Cap'n Heman opened it in fear and trembling. It read about as follows:

"DEAR CAPTAIN HEMAN:

"I cannot make up my mind. Between you and Captain Abishai there is so little to choose. But I will say this: School has closed for the Christmas vacation, and I'm going to my uncle's. He, as you know, keeps the hotel at Eastboro. Suppose you start from the South Trumet Inn to-morrow at noon in

your runabout. Captain Abishai can do the same in his buggy. The one reaching my uncle's hotel first shall win. His answer will be ready for him there. I rely on you to make the test. It is to be a dead secret, of course. Please answer at once.

"Sincerely yours,

"GEORGINA COLLINS."

"P. S. Captain Abishai has agreed. He will start at twelve to-morrow."

Cap'n Heman read this surprising epistle through twice. This was a queer way to choose a husband. Yet Georgiana knew of his races in the past; he had told her of them, and so, doubtless, had Cap'n Bishy. Probably the yarns had prompted this challenge. Well, an automobile, generally speaking, should be an easy winner in a speed trial with a horse; but he knew the idiosyncrasies of his own particular automobile. However, he was game, and his answer was worded thus:

"DEAR GEORGIE:

"I start at twelve to-morrow. Me and Bish have raced afore. Make your bets according.

"Yours truly,

"HEMAN TINKHAM, Master."

III

If South Trumet had known what was going forward, midday dinners would have been neglected and Main Street would have been as lively as was its wont in summer. But the "dead secret" had been kept, and the highway was deserted. Cap'n Heman was busy with the internal intricacies of the runabout when Cap'n Bishy trotted around the corner and pulled up in front of the Inn. He did not speak; neither did Cap'n Heman. The pair had not spoken to each other except in public since the first and final disagreement. The buggy was newly washed, and its axles glistened with grease. The auto, too, was spotlessly clean, and the machinery within dripped oil.

Cap'n Bishy glanced at the church clock and took a tight hold upon the loops in his reins. Cap'n Heman clinched to the seat of the runabout and grasped the lever and the steering wheel.

"Boom!" clanged the bell in the steeple, and "Boom!" again—twelve times altogether. At the first stroke Cap'n Bishy yelled "Git dap!" The crack of the whip followed. Cap'n Heman jerked at the lever. The runabout gave a series of militant and fragrant barks and began to move. The race

was on—the race which, of the many races between this pair, seemed likely to prove most momentous.

Cap'n Bishy got away in the lead. This was not unexpected, for autos take their own time in starting—and especially was this true of Cap'n Heman's auto. But Cap'n Heman caught up with his rival before the latter reached the guide-post which, at the corner of the wood road, proclaimed "Eastboro Centre, 14 Miles"—caught up with and passed him, barking triumphantly. Five minutes more, and he was out of sight ahead. It looked as if Cap'n Bishy was hopelessly beaten at the very start.

But Cap'n Bishy was not the man to give up hope. With whip and voice he urged his high-stepping steed forward. The mare—a former owner had, in a spirit of sarcasm, christened her "Sweetheart"—laid back her ears, bared her vicious-looking teeth, and pounded rapidly on. One milestone after another was passed. Wellmouth, the village between Trumet and Eastboro, was but a short distance ahead. And still there was no sign of the runabout. Cap'n Bishy hailed a dilapidated rural resident, standing by his equally dilapidated front gate.

"Hi, Levi!" he called, pulling Sweetheart into a walk, a pull that took all his strength. "Hi, Levi! Seen any automobile go by here lately?"

"Huh?" grunted Levi, uninterestedly. "Hello, Cap'n Bish! That you? Automobile? Waal, that old tin cart of Heman Tinkham's rattled by not more than six minutes ago. She was wheezin' consider'ble. Looked as if Heman had his hands full to keep her goin' at all. What's up, Bishy? Is——"

Cap'n Bishy did not stop to tell what was up. "Git dap, you!" he bellowed. The whip cracked and fell. Sweetheart paused an instant, as if half determined to rebel. Her driver's heart stood still. But then she laid back her ears, elevated her heels, and galloped on.

A long hill was just ahead. Up the slope rattled the buggy, pitching and tossing over the hummocks. At the crest of the hill Cap'n Bishy stood up and peered forward. Then he chuckled. In the valley below, alone and forlorn amid the houseless solitude, like a stranded ship on a desolate shore, stood the runabout, motionless in the road. Cap'n Heman had dismounted and was frantically pawing amid the machinery.

He looked up as the buggy drew near.

Cap'n Bishy, pulling Sweetheart into an unwilling walk, drove slowly by, grinning malevolently. Cap'n Heman saw that grin and spoke not.

"He, he!" sneered Cap'n Bishy. "On your beam ends, hey? Serves you right."

And then Cap'n Heman was moved to a retort of an unexpected kind. "Humph!" he grunted. "I call'te you've forgot the time when I found *your* craft on her beam ends. I didn't——"

He said no more—simply returned to his grimy task. But he had said enough. Cap'n Bishy's conscience smote him. He remembered the occasion referred to, that other race in which his rival had found him in trouble and had unselfishly come to his assistance.

"Whoa, you!" he roared. "Belay, you stubborn critter! Heave anchor when I tell you to, will you?"

Sweetheart reluctantly "hove anchor."

"Back up!" ordered Cap'n Bishy. The buggy backed until its rear axle was directly in front of the helpless auto. Then Cap'n Bishy climbed down, produced from beneath the buggy seat a coil of rope—invariably carried there because rope for emergencies is always a part of an experienced seaman's outfit—and proceeded to make the two vehicles fast. Cap'n Heman looked on in speechless wonder.

"What in the world are you doin'?" he demanded, finally.

"There's a repair-shop at Wellmouth," growled Cap'n Bishy. "I'm goin' to tow you as fur as there. Shut up! don't you talk to me. Get aboard your blasted junk-wagon. Git dap!"

Sweetheart strained in the shafts. Slowly the buggy and the attached auto moved along the road, the speed increasing as they proceeded.

The repair-shop was on the outskirts of Wellmouth, less than half a mile away. The buggy and its tow stopped before the door. The proprietor of the shop hastened out. Cap'n Heman cast off the lashings.

"I—I must say, Bishy," he stammered, "that this was reel decent of you. I——"

"Shut up!" thundered Cap'n Bishy. "I don't want to hear you. And now I'm goin' to lick you good and plenty. Go on, you apology for a horse!"

He drove away furiously. Cap'n Heman stared after him and then turned to the repairer. Fortunately, nothing serious was the matter with the runabout; nothing worse

than the chronic capacity for breakdown which its purchaser had discovered before this. The "fixing" took but a short half hour. Cap'n Heman paid the bill and climbed to his seat.

"She may hang together till you make Trumet, Cap'n," said the repairer, dubiously. "I wouldn't swear to it. She's——"

The rest was drowned in the hullabaloo of snorts and explosions with which the runabout signaled its getting under way.

Three—four—five miles were covered at a fairly rapid rate—for that car. Only two more miles to Eastboro and the finish; and Cap'n Bishy's buggy had not been overtaken. Cap'n Heman was almost in despair. It looked as if his halt for repairs had put him out of the race.

Muttering a profane soliloquy, he jerked the steering-wheel, and the auto buzzed around a bend in the road. And there stood the buggy and the gray mare, with Cap'n Bishy—a perspiring, swearing Cap'n Bishy—tugging frantically at the animal's bridle and pounding her with the frayed and broken end of the whip.

Cap'n Heman stopped the runabout and gazed uncomprehendingly at the scene. It appeared that, if her driver was determined she should go, Sweetheart herself was just as determined not to go. Her ears seemed to be glued down, her teeth were bared and set, and in her rolling eyes shone vicious and immovable obstinacy.

"Balky, by time!" exclaimed Cap'n Heman, as the situation dawned upon him. "Balky, ain't she?"

"Balky!" panted Cap'n Bishy. "Drat her! She's wuss'n that! I was afraid of it. Twice before she's done me this way. Get up, you everlastin'——"

"Can't you *make* her go?" queried the other.

"Make her? No, nor nobody else can't. I've busted my whip and wore out both boots, but it's no use. Go on to Eastboro! Don't set there and crow, or I'll—I'll kill you."

But Cap'n Heman had no intention of crowing. He reversed the lever. The runabout backed until it stood in front of the stubborn beast. Then Cap'n Heman descended, walked to the buggy, produced the emergency rope once more, and proceeded to make a double running noose in one end.

"What in thunder?" demanded his competitor.

"It's my turn to tow. She'll either foller

or choke, one or t'other. Get into that buggy! What are you standin' there for?"

With that noose about her neck and the automobile pulling at the other end of the rope, even Sweetheart's obstinacy was conquered for the time. She moved because she had to move.

"Heman," faltered Cap'n Bisby, "I must thank you for——"

"Stow that! I don't want to hear none of your talk. I'm doin' this to even up, that's all. I mean to win this race as much as I ever done."

Over the trees ahead the steeple of the church at Eastboro loomed large and ominous. Matters were approaching a crisis. And then, with a cough that was almost a groan, the overworked runabout stopped short.

"Busted again!" moaned Cap'n Heman, jumping to the ground.

Cap'n Bisby, also descending, cut the tow-rope.

"I'm goin' on," he shouted, excitedly. "This helping business has gone fur enough. You can't expect me to— Git dap! What ails you now?"

Sweetheart's ears were at their old angle. Her feet were planted as before. Her balkiness was of a kind not easily overcome.

"Git dap! Go on!" raved her owner. "If ever I—Heman Tinkham, come back here! What you doin'? Oh, is *that* your game? Well, two can play it."

For Cap'n Heman, leaving his automobile to its fate, had started to run toward the village just ahead. And after him sprang Cap'n Bisby, heedless of horse, buggy, or anything else except the winning of that foot-race.

Cap'n Heman led when the hotel was reached, but he tripped on the lower step. They burst into the "ladies' parlor" together—a dead heat, if ever there was one. A man and a woman, who had been sitting talking on the sofa, rose smiling to greet them. The man was Luther Collins, proprietor of the hotel and uncle of Miss Georgiana. The woman was Martha Taylor, mother of Erastus.

"Where—where—?" gasped Cap'n Bisby.

"Is she—is she?" panted Cap'n Heman.

Luther Collins continued to smile. "Who? Georgie, do you mean? Well, now, there's some explainin' to be done to you folks, and we'll get it over with quick. Georgie ain't nere. She left Trumet on the one o'clock train, bound to Boston on her weddin' tower."

"On—her—*what*!" Both the captains blurred the question between gasps.

"On her weddin' tower. She and Ratty Taylor was married to-day by Mr. Bowles. It's been kept a secret, of course, but they've been call'tatin' to be married a long spell. You two kept such a spyin' on her that the poor thing hasn't had no peace scarcely. The only way she could think of to get you out of the way, so's they could be married in comfort, was to rig up this racin' plan. It got you both out of Trumet at the right time. See? She hated to make you so much trouble, but——"

"Hold on!" shouted Cap'n Heman, frantic with surprise and humiliation. "Tell me this, Lute Collins: if that girl was figgerin' to marry that—that Taylor thing all the time, why didn't she tell me of it? Why——"

"And why didn't she tell *me*?" broke in Cap'n Bisby.

Mrs. Martha Taylor stepped forward. "I'll tell you why," she snapped. "And I'll have you understand that my son ain't no *thing*, neither, Heman Tinkham! Ratty couldn't save up money fast enough. You told him once he hadn't ought to think of marryin' unless he had five hundred dollars. So when Cap'n Heman there offered to pay him two dollars a day to watch you, Cap'n Bisby, he——"

Cap'n Bisby whirled upon his abashed rival. "Did you do *that*?" he shouted.

"Well, Bisby, you see——"

"Yes," continued Mrs. Taylor. "And then Cap'n Bisby paid him two and a half a day to watch Cap'n Heman. He made about two hundred and seventy-five from that. Then he made fifty by sellin' that mare and buggy, and seventy-five by gittin' rid of that automobile. That was four hundred, you see, and they decided to call it enough. Course he couldn't tell you what was goin' on while you was helpin' him save up to be married. If he had, you'd have stopped payin'. So him and Georgie agreed to keep quiet for a spell and——"

"Bish Thanks," ordered Cap'n Heman, "come on outdoor where the air's fit to breathe. This ain't no place for decent people."

"We won't tell the Trumet folks," Mr. Collins called after them. "Nobody'll know it. We promised Ratty and his wife never to say a word."

"Heman," confessed Cap'n Bisby, an hour

afterward, as they stood before the door of the Eastboro livery-stable, "I'm glad of it. I never honestly wanted to be married, anyhow. 'Twas just my cussed pig-headedness. And you know you *did* rile me."

"Same here," concurred Cap'n Heman. "I'm glad as you be, Bish. I swear I feel as if a weight had been took off my mind. What'll we do with this hundred dollars?"

In the first fury of their disgust they had disposed of Sweetheart and the buggy and the automobile to the canny stable-keeper for the sum just named.

"I've been thinkin'," hesitated Cap'n Bishy; "I've been thinkin', Heman. Long's you and me was such fools as to help Ratty Taylor earn four hundred out of his five, what d'you say if we go the whole hog? Let's send the hundred to him and Georgiana for a weddin' present."

"Right you be!" cried Cap'n Heman, en-

thusiastically. "We'll do it. I come away in such a hurry that I ain't got but half a dollar left, after payin' for fixin' that auto. But never mind, that's enough to pay our fare back to Trumet."

Cap'n Bishy examined the contents of his own pockets. "Humph," he exclaimed, "you're better off than I be at that. I ain't got but twenty cents. However—come on!"

"Where you goin', Bish?"

"I'll show you. Come on in here."

They entered the "Fruit, Stationery and Candy Bazaar," which was next door to the livery stable. Stepping to the tobacco counter, Cap'n Bishy laid down the twenty cents.

"Give me two of your best A1 ten-cent cigars," he commanded. "Them'll do. There! light up, Heman."

They lit up. Thus the pipe of peace was smoked.

Before the Rain

By GRACE G. BOSTWICK

CLOUDS are dusky gray and still,
Nature's waiting for the rain;
Birds have ceased their song until
They can feel the sun again.
Trees are waiting, patient too,
Hushed and silent as they stand,
Till the breeze comes sailing through
Fresh'ning all the weary land.

Water's rippling like a song
Where the willows bend above,
Gently coaxing it along
With a tender mother-love.
The long grasses lilt and sway
To the music's mystic flow
In a dance of elfish play
Mirrored in the stream below.

Sentinel poplars, straight and tall,
Upward turn their shining leaves,
And the tree-toads scrape and call
In a tune that oddly grieves.
There's a brooding tenderness
That's so sweet it starts a pain
Yearning through and through your breast,
Then—here comes the driving rain.

WHITE LIGHT

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

THE "Café des Latins" extends the distance of the short cross street between two avenues. In one of its dining-rooms you can find a motley crowd, in which there is an occasional dash of smart persons, of the curious who are visiting New York, and of rather prosperous and bored individuals of so-called temperament, who try to believe that they are leading the real care-free life. The main body, however, of the patrons that one finds supping here is composed of simply the more resplendent and moneyed devotees of urban pleasures, and their companions. From this spacious room with its gay gowns and white table-cloths there glows a mild pink light.

Across the hall, where women stop to pat their hair before the mirrors, another room, given over late in the evening to thirst rather than to hunger, is filled with another crowd, distinguished from the first by the absence of all smart persons, the occasional presence of college youths, and the almost imperceptible inferiority of the people who sit on the leather seats along the walls and lean their elbows on the marble table-tops. From outside, where lines of electric hansom snuggle up to one another like affectionate beasts, one can see that this room, unlike the first, effuses a glow of yellow.

Within the warmth and smoky brilliance of this second room Erminia Nott sat watching with dazzled, happy eyes the sharp, decisive, black-and-white movements of scurrying waiters, the undulations of the highly-colored garments at the tables, and listening vaguely to the sad voice of a cello appealing through the rising and falling of human tongues.

To-morrow and a thousand to-morrows with the fruit of life and happiness upon their heavy hanging boughs were nodding and nodding toward her. She looked about, loving every human soul within the range of her eyes, hoping success to them all, vaguely wishing them to be better and happier folks at a new dawn.

She wondered why so many eyes were upon her. These strangers did not know, of course, that this evening she had made her first appearance on the stage. Among them were no old friends who remembered that a few months before she had been making seven dollars a week at a Sixth Avenue skirt store. Certainly they had not all been at the first performance of "The Green Cow"; they had not all pronounced it a Broadway success; they did not recognize her as the third left in the "Hayfork" song. Yet they stared at her. Uncontaminated by the vanity of the stage, not for a moment did she imagine that all these loiterers of the night, men with thumbs held poised for a moment at a siphon's top, women turning their graceful necks in a wearied survey of the room, had stopped to look at her because there was something in her flat back and broad shoulders, in the rounded, muscular grace of her forearms, in the red-brown hair with its luxuriant folds, and in the firmness of her mouth above the curve of her chin, that marked her out from the other women.

Her experience in the glitter of places like this was limited to the months of rehearsal, when she had worked, as conscientiously as the girl who had the leading part, for the success of the production—worked as if it all depended upon her whether or not the show was successful and whether she could go on in a long New York engagement at twenty dollars a week. As yet the novelty of her new existence had not worn off. She was still a spectator, an apprentice to the stage life, a seeker for the truth about Broadway, a fascinated observer of the crowded tables about her.

Finally she turned her face toward her companion, the automobile salesman. His eyes, she felt, had never left off their scrutiny of her except when for several minutes he had fingered the little white-and-gilt saucer before him and looked down into its concave, thoughtfully, as if he were deciding a

momentous question the answer to which was obscured somewhere under the glaze.

"Well, little girl," said he, "I've got to say it again: you certainly were all right—the prettiest ever. Why, when you first came on—say!"

She smiled with pleasure. "I'm glad *you* liked me, Jack; I'm glad you take an interest. I'm glad you wanted me to come up here and sit down with you afterward."

"But you wouldn't give me the fun of talking to you alone. What time did you tell him to meet us? When is he coming?"

Erminia, with a straw in her fingers, poked at the cherry that bobbed on the surface of her lemonade. "Why, you don't care, Jack," she affirmed. "He's just good old simple Tom Mowry—the best ever. I've known him such a long time." She raised her head, her face alive with new interest. "Didn't I tell you all about him?"

"Not much, only a little," said the young man. He had a good-natured smile and clothes that gave him the appearance of more frame and strength than he possessed; his eyes were heavy and his face was a little drawn, as if he had lived in much stress.

"Why, it was this way," the girl went on. "I met him first a year ago. My mother was the janitress of the Iliion apartments then, do you see, and Tom was on that route with one of the Crowfoot Dairy wagons. He's in charge of the whole delivery now. Well, we got to chatting sometimes—he usually got around about half past seven. I'd hear the rattle of the wheels. Then one day—are you listening, Jack?—he says to me, 'Do you think your mother'd let you go down to Coney with me if we both can get off Saturday?' Well, you know I've told you he isn't a prize in some ways, but I says 'Yes.' So on the boat we met a gentleman friend of Tom's, and you couldn't guess! Well, he asked Tom, kind of quiet, if he was going to fight somebody at some athletic club—I never can remember names. It took the breath away from me. I didn't know he did that. Then I asked Tom not to fight any more. So he stopped."

"He liked you," commented the other, raising his eyes in quick scrutiny. "I don't blame him."

"Not *that* way," said Erminia. "Perhaps he did once—for a little while."

"He asked you?" said the other, with a touch of jealousy.

Erminia nodded. "Yes, he asked me to

marry him. But I just laughed and said, 'Why? Is there any reason for my doing that?' and he and I went back to being good friends again and going to places together Sundays. I just asked him what reason there was for my marrying him. Well, that ended it. I've never heard anything since."

Her companion, Mr. John Lapwing, nodded approvingly.

"Then, of course, you know how Margaret Lyman introduced me to old 'Pa' Blenheim. He gave me a chance. With rehearsals and all of that, and the rides in your auto when I could get off—and you've been awfully nice to me, Jack—why, I didn't have much chance to see Tom. He didn't care much about my going on the stage, anyway. So it wasn't till four days ago that I thought how he'd like to see my first performance. Why, it almost made me cry to think I'd forgotten him. So I bought a ticket and wrote a note and said that you—I'd told him a little about you—I said that you and I would be here at twelve, because I didn't know how long the first-night performance would be. And I told him to come for the sake of old times."

Lapwing snapped the ashes from his cigarette and gazed up at the whirling ceiling fan above him. "Minnie," said he, "I wouldn't mind ordinarily, but to-night I've got something to say—"

The girl met his eyes with an injured expression in her own. Her hands went forward toward him across the marble table-top. "Oh, please, Jack," she begged, "please be nice to him. He's a good old friend. He'd die for me. And he's just an awkward somebody. I don't believe he's ever been in a place as good as this before. Please make him comfortable—for my sake."

The man's rather peevish expression relaxed into a smile of good nature.

"Sure thing," he said easily, beckoning to a waiter. "The same," he ordered, pointing to his glass. "Why, certainly, little girl, I'll put him at his ease, and I think I know enough about his kind to do it. Why, I'd do anything for you!"

He leaned forward across the table, gazing into her young, smiling eyes as if behind them somewhere lay the land at the end of the rainbow.

"Little girl," he said. "you're too beautiful—too good for the stage. You're the most perfect, wonderful thing I have ever seen!"

A leaping flush came into her cheeks, and with her finger-tips she seemed to endeavor to brush it away. The head waiter, recognizing Lapwing from afar as a liberal patron, came up through the laughing maze of other parties toward them. At the next table a woman, clothed tightly in black and with hands alive with the barbaric splendor of jewelry—a woman with a wealth of hair and a lost girlhood—had caught the real meaning in the young man's glowing face, the respect and tenderness in his voice, the look in his eyes. Erminia saw the approaching waiter as if through the film of dreams, and then the woman in black, who looked at her with such a strange expression of ferocious jealousy. But Erminia did not know why the woman in black immediately afterward caught her breath and smiled a generous benediction to her.

"How are you being served, sir?" the waiter asked.

"All right," the young man answered, not looking away from the girl. "All right."

"What is it, Jack?" she whispered, a little frightened. "Tell me—tell me what you were going to say."

His mouth shifted into a passing quirk. He seemed to be conscious of the unfitness of the surroundings for the words that he had often fancifully framed in his own mind and was now about to repeat to her. When he spoke there was a theatrical earnestness in his tone. "We've known each other seven weeks," he said, "ever since the night that Carrie Payson sprained her ankle in the milkmaids' dance. You've liked me pretty well. I knew enough to size you up right, didn't I, and see the difference between you and Carrie?"

Erminia's white forehead drew itself almost into a scowl.

"Well," Lapwing went on, "we've known each other well, eh? And I tell you, little girl—you're the only one." He leaned forward again. "I just love you—do you see? I just can't see anybody else but you."

She had raised the glass with its yellow straw almost to her red lips. Now she set it down with great care. Folding and unfolding her hands in front of her, she stared at the man with the pained expression of one who tries to look steadily into the glare of an arc-light. Finally she seemed to be satisfied, and smiled.

At her change in expression new confidence came into his voice. His eyes red-

dened slightly as he said, "I want you to marry me!"

The girl's hands fell from the edge of the table into her lap. There rang in her ears the words of Carrie Payson: "The girl who gets Jack can kiss good-by to trouble and buy her clothes on Fifth Avenue."

"Do you like me a little?" he whispered.

"Oh, Jack, of course I do!" she said spontaneously, and then in perfect sincerity but hardly in her own style of phraseology, "Why, you're one of the best!"

"Well," said he, "try to like me more. Because, Minnie, I want to take you off the stage. I want to go and get the swellest little apartment you ever saw and a couple of up-to-date maids. We'd have our own motor-car, eh? And come down on to Broadway for dinner when we felt like it?" He indicated the room in which they were sitting with a sweep of his hand. "Atlantic City and Palm Beach for ours! I can pay for it. I've got another proposition on a sales company that is like holding your hat under a money spout. Just give me the chance to buy your clothes! I want you for my wife!"

The possibilities of the future multiplied as he spoke; vague ideas crowded into her mind of *nouveau art* lamps shedding soft radiance on a spotless white dinner-table at which she should be mistress; of tinted upholstery in the interior of private electric cabs; of easy credit in department stores; of sandalwood boxes containing endless pairs of long gloves shaded to match almost endless rows of dream gowns hanging in closets with mahogany doors; of visits to the good old, dear old girl friends who still tired their feet in the Sixth Avenue store for a hundred cents or so a day, to tell them that she had engaged a summer cottage for their vacations; of her own, own children, the boys that could go to any school they chose and little girls that would never have to work. The clinking of ice in a glass, laughter, the chance call of a motor-car horn, the sing of whirling rubber tires on the cold asphalt outside on the avenue, and the soft voice of the cello spoke of these things.

"Nobody has any kick on this," pleaded young Lapwing. "My family turned me over when I got put out of college—they thought I was no good and couldn't make my living. Huh! Well, they can't make any fuss about you, little girl. Don't let that worry you."

Erminia had not thought of anyone's making a fuss.

"And I'll always be good to you," he went on quickly. "You perfect, wonderful thing!"

Leaning back in his chair, he gazed at her searchingly from under his brows. It was difficult for him to fathom whatever emotions were living within her. "I am asking you to marry me," he said slowly and carefully. With a touch of dramatic instinct, he dipped his cigarette into the liquid before him. The sigh of extinguished fire did not, however, attract Erminia's glance.

Lapwing's eyes followed the direction in which her own seemed to be looking down a long perspective of unreality. At the same moment they both caught sight of the other young man now framed in the doorway.

This other young man, this Tom Mowry, this deliverer of milk, stood looking for them amid the glitter that faced him. To be sure, he did not seem to be at home or at ease. Men of lesser straightness of figure, of weaker under jaws, and of smarter garments went out past him; and the very glance of surprise that they gave the thickness of his shoulders and the red health beneath his clean-shaven skin made him seem a lonely figure among the common run of such men as were in the room.

The expression of his face indicated for a moment his embarrassed unfamiliarity with the place and his anxiety lest he might not find the object of his search; but when he noted the character of the crowd within and saw Erminia in the distance, he raised his head, squared his shoulders, and strode easily down, this way and that, between the tables. Persons who looked up to meet the contempt with which he regarded them hitched their chairs a little to let him pass. Both men and women seemed to notice the breadth of his back and the strength of his face rather than his ill-fitting clothes and the squeaking of his shoes. Lapwing and Erminia watched him all the way.

"I'm so glad," said she. "Mr. Lapwing—Mr. Mowry."

"Pleased to make your acquaintance," said the latter, with sharp observation of the other's eyes.

"Very glad," replied the automobile salesman. "Sit down, old man. What shall I order for you?"

"No, thanks, I'll not have anything. I've trained so much I've got the habit." Mowry flushed and looked down at his hands.

"Well," said Erminia, "you came to the show?" She tilted her head away from him.

"Did you like it? Did you like me in it?"

"No," he said, folding his arms and staring at the table. "No, Minnie, I'm not much for it."

She laughed good-naturedly. "Tom didn't want me to go on the stage," she explained to Lapwing.

Mowry turned toward the other man, looking him full in the face as if to inform him that this opinion would remain unchanged in spite of any contrary views that the automobile agent might have.

"Well," said Lapwing thoughtfully, "I don't think I blame you." He adjusted his tie affectedly. "I'm trying to get Minnie to leave the stage," he said, smiling at the girl significantly.

Mowry glanced quickly from one to the other of his companions. Erminia was playing with the beads that hung from her neck. Her old friend caught his breath. He understood.

"I wonder why we feel uncomfortable when a girl"—Lapwing nodded toward Minnie as if it were to her alone that he referred—"when a girl is in the profession. Why is it, old man?"

The deliverer of milk smiled slightly but did not reply.

"Perhaps it's just a feeling," suggested Erminia. "Just as I had a feeling against Tom fighting at athletic clubs."

"No," said Lapwing with assurance. "You're not wise to it. The real reason is the danger to the girl. The life's full of temptations, Minnie—you know it is. And you're too good for it. It makes me frightened every time I think of you going through all you'd have to go through with—with your good looks. There's a danger. Isn't that so, old man?" he finished patronizingly.

"No," said Mowry laconically. "It ain't so! I ain't scared about Minnie."

The girl raised her head quickly. "Oh, neither am I," Lapwing hastened to say.

Erminia turned her glass around and around during a moment's silence. She looked behind her at the woman in black. "Why are men so interested in whether a girl is good or not?" she said finally, with a little hesitation. "Girls don't ask about men, do they?" It was evident that her perplexity was new to her; she spoke with the innocent wonder of one who has not philosophized much.

Lapwing laughed delightedly. "Oh, that

is great!" he said. "People have discussed that question till there's nothing left of it. The answer to it, little girl, is that things aren't arranged that way. Girls don't ask whether a man is good or not—that was the expression you used—because they are sure they'd get 'no' for an answer."

Erminia stared at him, like a child surprised by the knowledge that it is not possible to walk on the water.

"A man who hasn't had experience that way," Lapwing went on earnestly, "isn't much of a man. It's probably because he was scared."

The girl leaned forward, intensely interested in what he was saying.

"And I'm not sorry," said Lapwing. "I'm not sorry for anything. I'm no hypocrite. I remember I once made up my mind to always keep straight, but I didn't, and I'm not sorry."

"Why?" asked Erminia.

"Well, it's the kind of thing that makes a man more broad and human. He gets to know human nature better. A man has more—well, say sympathy. Instead of living just one life, he leads a whole lot." Lapwing exhaled a moving pyramid of smoke toward the high ceiling. "Oh, sure," he went on. "He knows the world better—better than he could learn it in any other way. Then, when he wants to settle down—why, all right. But he's got to go through the game, and he's better for it. Who likes a man who is afraid, or a man who is—well, goody-goody?"

Erminia rested her chin on her knuckles and nodded, thoughtfully. The automobile salesman smiled. Mowry shifted his feet beneath the table.

"That's the way of it," said Lapwing. "I suppose that's it. That's the answer, isn't it, old man?"

Mowry did not answer.

"I say, that's the answer, isn't it?"

The other young man raised his head, reddened a little, and felt in the pockets of his waistcoat. He looked toward the meditating Erminia, cleared his throat, and said, almost inaudibly, "I—I don't know."

The other two turned quickly in their chairs. "Eh? How's that, old man?" said Lapwing genially. "The experience——"

"Well," interrupted Mowry, "it's this way: I never had an experience."

Lapwing rubbed his nose nervously. Erminia, without moving a muscle, studied the

silent young man at her side. Suddenly she reached forward and caught his sleeve in her trembling fingers. "Tom," she cried, "Tom Mowry, look at me!" He raised his head. "Tom, tell me—tell me why you've always kept straight! Tell me your reason!"

Lapwing thrust his hands into his trousers pockets, leaned back from the table, and watched the other man's face.

"Well," said Mowry, with a little embarrassed smile, "I made up my mind I wouldn't. Why, it's all right, Minnie. Don't you bother about me. I just had an idea—I've always had an idea. I stuck to it, that's all."

Erminia folded her slim fingers on the marble, inspecting them as if she had newly discovered that they were hers. She did not speak. Lapwing took up his glass, shook the ice around in it, and drained the contents. Once more Tom Mowry surveyed the room, with a peculiar snobbery showing on his face—a snobbery all the more conspicuous because it appeared upon features that in many ways lacked refinement. A man several tables away from them was staring at Erminia's beautiful profile, and Mowry, resenting his look, opened and shut his thick fingers. The motion extended all the way to his shoulders, suggestive of muscles trained to strike deftly and hard.

Finally Erminia raised her head. The music came plaintively across the other noises, no longer, however, seeming one voice among the others, but rather a whispering from afar. At a distance from her, in a smoke-obscured corner, a waiter covered a yawn with his hand; behind her the woman in black had allowed the corners of her mouth to fall in pitiable lines of hopeless weariness, and only drew them back into a smile and furnished a strident little laugh when her companion demanded it by a glance. She wore beautiful rings, among them a plain gold band—a wedding ring. Erminia had no rings; the girls at the theatre had made so much fun of the cheap little turquoise that her mother, the janitress, had given her, that she had laid it aside. Lapwing had offered her a ring once. He had been kind to all the girls. She looked across at him. He was shaking the ice again, around and around the bottom of the glass. A second time she turned, feeling that someone was gazing at her. It was the woman in black, pausing on her way to the door, staring straight at Erminia with a strange sadness in her dull blue eyes. A

man's voice, rising from somewhere, said very distinctly: "Mining stocks won't do. Not for me! Now if you want to make——"

Erminia turned quickly toward Mowry. "I must go," she said, breathing quickly. "I must say good night to you, Jack." She addressed the astonished Lapwing.

"Wait, Minnie," he said; "I'll take you. I'll get a hansom."

"No, no," she exclaimed hastily. "I'm going to walk to-night. Tom will take me home." Surprise leaped into Mowry's eyes.

The automobile salesman uttered a soft exclamation, stood up while the others prepared to go, and as Erminia and the deliverer of milk walked toward the door he sat down slowly, beckoned a waiter, and pointed to his glass. "Repeat it," he said.

The words carried across a lull in the noise of the room. Suspicion flashed into the mind of Mowry. He bent forward as he walked. "Did that fellow insult you?" he asked her. "Was that why you shook him? Because, if it was, I'll come back here and knock his block off!"

"No," said Erminia. At the door she inhaled a long breath of the cold night air. "No."

Mowry looked incredulous. "Tell the truth, Minnie," said he. "You didn't leave him for nothing. You two were engaged. I'm not a fool. Did he insult you?" He stopped and looked down at her.

"No," said she. They walked across the

lighted thoroughfare into the deserted cross street beyond; their footsteps resounded past the corrugated iron that closed the delivery doors of stores that faced on Broadway. A ray from an arc-lamp far down the shadowy perspective revealed the gleam of tears on the girl's cheek.

Again Mowry stopped. "See here, Minnie," he said, "I can't stand for this. I know I'm out of it, and I've had to give you up and keep my mouth shut. But I ain't goin' to let any other man make you unhappy. Give us the truth."

Erminia gasped. "You still care!" she cried. "You've cared all along?"

He nodded. "Don't you mind me; I didn't mean to say it," he begged. "Just tell me the truth."

"Wait," she exclaimed, catching at the edge of his coat. "Was that true about that idea—about always keeping straight? You never told me before. And about sticking to it?"

"Sure," he answered a bit sheepishly.

She turned to look back at the glow of Broadway. One orange-colored light seemed to choke angrily as if in a fury because of her exit from its radiance. But she did not seem to mind its impotent frenzy. She drew her companion over into the shadows.

"Kiss me, Tom Mowry!" she cried. "Do you hear? I want to be *your* wife. Love me always, Tom Mowry! Kiss me."

The Brides of May and September

By SARAH N. CLEGHORN

I SAW my sisters meeting along the shady way
That led between the houses and the sea;
The bride of late September, the bride of early May,
They met before the church of Cloverdean.

The springtime bride was hanging on her young stalwart's arm,
Pink as the rosy bonnet that she wore:—
The autumn bride trudged slowly the long mile from the farm,
Her nine stepchildren walking on before.

And oh, the little lame one had all her hair in curls,
And spruce were all the newly mothered band:
A feather in each boy's hat, a flower in each girl's,
And each child had a comfit in its hand!



Little Stories of Real Life

A SCOURGE OF GOODNESS

By Elizabeth Hyer Neff

I ONLY hope that my dress will hang as well as yours." Rosalie gazed admiringly at Janet's new suit as they crossed the platform to the train.

"And I only hope that Aunt Thirza won't come while you're making it," rejoined Janet feelingly as she mounted the steps. She leaned out of the window to add, "Be sure to feed the chickens!"

The sun was just reddening the knob of Sugar Loaf as Rosalie sped back under the arched maples to the low brown house where she was to live alone for a day and a night. She was in such eager haste to begin her new dress that, for just this once, she slighted her morning work, good little housekeeper though she was. She set the tiny pan of breakfast scraps on the porch bench instead of carrying it out to the pit under the apple-tree, and threw the dish-water out when it should have been poured around the grape-vine. Then she took down a roll of delicate blue silk and spread it caressingly on the dining-table where a lacy shadow pattern from the honeysuckles trembled over it. With a thrill of pure delight she slid the scissors into it, thinking of the wedding for which it must be finished—and a wild-rose pink flew over her face at thought of a certain guest who would be there.

She was making fine progress when persistent dread made her look across the porch to the street; the scissors dropped

with a crash and she caught up the silken breadths and the tissue-paper patterns, crushing them ruthlessly as the gate latch clicked. There was not time to hide them, and with a sudden impulse she locked the kitchen door and the one window that was open, and stood guiltily waiting, her heart pounding so hard that she could scarcely hear the heavy tread on the veranda or the burr-r of the little bell.

Rosalie held her breath. Again the bell rang and again the latch was tried, the door pounded and shaken. She must surrender now or never; she wavered forward with trembling knees, but as she was turning the key the besieger clumped off and Rosalie dropped upon the sofa in joyful relief. Too soon, alas! for the windows and doors were tried and shaken all around the house. Rosalie cowered into the stairway with a feeling that the walls were glass. Then Aunt Thirza's nasal voice boomed in her ear: "No, they don't 'pear to be, Mis' Lincoln. I 'lowed I'd best come up and stay with Rosie while Janet was gone. Rosie didn't go, too, did she?"

"No, but maybe she went over to Jordans' last night to help with the weddin' doin's. Her an' Mary Hannah is great chums. I ain't seen her this mornin'," replied the motherly voice of their neighbor.

"No, they both et breakfast hyer, all right. Here's leavin's that shows it—the idea o' leavin' 'em here! And settin'

on the bench. Dish-water's be'n throwed on to the grass, too! Ever hear of such a slatternly trick in yore life? Girls that I raised! You'd 'a' seen her if she'd gone this morning when Janet did. Look a-here! Sweepin's off the carpet chucked under the hollyhocks! Which one's got a new blue mohair suit? Here's a scrap of buckram—I know it's got a coat. I heerd 'bout Rosie takin' lessons in fine sewin', an' now I reckon they'll be crazier'n ever 'bout finery. I never seen their beat. One of their layin' hens is gone. Have they had comp'ny?"

"No, they give her to Miss Bender when the ole man was sick."

"Now, did you ever hear the like of that! Them girls'll die in the porehouse yit." The next words came from the pit under the apple-tree: "I see they've broke one of their blue teacups on a lamp chimbley; be'n cannin' cherries, too, and broke two glass jars; I bet they put 'em in too hot."

"They're awful sweet girls, Mis' Capstack. The only thing against them is their chickens. They do a lot of damage to the neighbors."

"Well, I'd like to know whar that Rosie is. I'll go over an' set a while with Amanda Jane Pollock an' maybe she'll come back," and the heavy tread grew fainter. Amanda Jane was purveyor of the choicest gossip in Amitydale, and Rosalie heard with despair the crunch of the green rocking-chair on her porch as Aunt Thirza dropped solidly into it. The mail had just come in, and the dozen people who straggled down the shady street with an occasional postal card or a weekly paper in their hands were all informed of Rosalie's disappearance. As no one had seen her leave, the matter assumed importance. A search party was even hinted at, and some one remarked that the river was high and would be hard to drag. The girl huddled forlornly on the stairs heard it all, for the two houses stood close together, and the stairway was on the side nearest Pollocks'. Rosalie began to cry. Why, oh, why hadn't she faced Aunt Thirza?

Meanwhile the unpopular Mrs. Capstack rose to distinction as principal in the sensation. "Yas, that pore chile may be layin' dead this minute," she announced gloomily. It had been a long time since the last tragedy in Amitydale. "Nobody knows my feelin's, fur I've be'n a mother to them girls ever sence their father died—only my husband's nephew ne was—and a pore, weakly piece at that.

I done it fur love, as you might say, fur the little I charged was no pay fur all I done fur them rattle-headed girls. I took charge of their bit of property, too."

"Don't you feel's if we ought to break in the door, Thirza, or a window?" asked Amanda Jane dramatically.

"Why, no, they ain't no call to damage property like that till we know she ain't run off with nobody," replied the bereaved.

"Now, who'd Rosie run off with?" demanded Mrs. Lincoln, the peacemaker.

"That I can't say, fur my son Jethro's be'n waitin' on her a consid'able spell, though some might think that ole house ain't much of a match fur the best farm in Shenango Valley—but that girl's flighty enough to run off with a dancin' fiddler ef she took a fancy to him."

"I tell you that Rosalie Willard ain't eloped with no one," declared Mrs. Lincoln valiantly.

"No, she thinks too much of Rob Ripley for that," added a girl's voice.

"I heard that her and Rob Ripley was engaged 'fore he went away," said a new voice.

"No, they wasn't just engaged—" It was the staccato of Celestia Jones this time. "Rob was dead in love with her—Mary Brown was sewin' for Mis' Ripley, an' she told me all about it. You know Mis' Ripley is up-pish about havin' the finest place in town, an' the Willard girls' live stock is the torment of her life. Well, the chickens got loose and ruined her flowers the day before her big party and she went over an' said things to Rosalie that made her cry an' stay at home from the party. It broke Rob all up; he thought there was somebody else an' he went away right afterward, so he don't know to this day what she turned him down fur."

"Was that what broke it off?" cried many voices, thrilling with interest, while Rosalie hid a scarlet young face in warm arms on the stairs, and choked back sobs of mortification.

"Maybe she's—took something on account of it," suggested Amanda Jane, scenting a rare treat. "I think we ought to get into that house. She might have left a note—or something."

"Grandma Boggs's side-door key unlocks their kitchen door," cried Celestia. There was a sound of stampeding feet. Rosalie sprang up and ran to her bedroom window, hidden by the branches of the great rock maple. Yes, she could easily step out on the



big limb and climb to the top—but she might have to stay there indefinitely if she did! She looked through the leaves at the people below. The whole town appeared to be there.

They were coming with the key—she would be discovered—and her heart fluttered so wildly that she lay down on her bed, white and weak enough to have furnished an excuse for her disappearance. The old prints on the walls jiggled madly before her eyes as she heard the rattle of the key in the lock. Now they would come streaming up with Aunt Thirza at the head—but—what was Mr. Jackson saying? *A key inside*



WITH A THRILL OF PURE DELIGHT SHE SLID THE SCISSORS INTO IT.

in the lock and he couldn't get that one in! "Oh-h!" groaned the crowd, and Rosalie lifted her head. The people strayed gravely out on the boardwalk, talking, and studying the clapboards of the house.

"Anyhow, the doors wouldn't be locked if anything'd happened to her in the house," some one concluded. "Like as not she's got away without any o' the neighbors seein' her go." Unlikely chance in Amitydale! but the optimistic suggestion stayed the rising excitement.

"Well," Aunt Thirza admitted grudgingly, "I s'pose we'd better wait a while longer before we do anything."

The crowd drifted away. Presently the green rocking-chair began to creak again, and Rosalie knew that a great, shapeless sock was being knitted for Jethro's great, shapeless foot, as Aunt Thirza swayed back and forth.

She gave a sigh of relief at the respite and her young spirits rebounded joyously. She could go on with her work while the lock held—and the longest day must end at last! She must finish the dress for Mary Hannah's wedding—but not because Rob Ripley was to be best man! Her face grew hot at the thought. She would show people how much

she didn't care for Rob Ripley. If he could stay away a whole year—he just might stay forever! Who cared? In that moment quite a new person took the place of the cowering little prisoner, a Rosalie with a firm chin and a resolute sparkle in her eyes. She stole down to the dining-room, opened the window under the honeysuckles, and smoothed out the crushed patterns, while the scented breath of the summer day swept over her. Wholesome activity so restored her that she could shake with silent laughter as she heard Aunt Thirza telling over and over to new hearers the story of her great goodness to the

orphans. At noon she was fiercely hungry, but she dared not make a fire, so she lunched on bread and butter and gooseberry jam. In the evening she folded away skirt and bodice of her gown ready fitted for the sewing-machine, whenever she should dare to run it, ate cookies and apple sauce for her supper, and went up to her room, lonely and hungry, while the neighbors gathered on the sidewalk speculating about her in melancholy tones, and exchanging reminiscences as of the dead.

"I mind the time she got a valentine," mused the postmaster. "First valentine day after I got the office—and wasn't she tickled!"

"She was the nicest child in my Sunday-school class," mourned Jemima Scroggs. "I can see her now in her little brown hood—"

"I allus made 'em myself, Jemima," put in Aunt Thirza. "Store hats is bad fur children's ears."

Some one had inquired for Rosalie at the Jordans' and found no trace of her. Again there was talk of search parties, but Amitydale with no clue whatever felt helpless. It was decided to wait for Janet's return in the morning. After that—the river!

Up in the flecked moonlight Rosalie listened. A new note struck her with alarm.

"You'll not think of goin' home, Thirza, till—till we know something."

And the answer: "No, I feel to stay, in my state of mind, till it's all over. I know Janet wouldn't want nobody to be with her but me, if it's the worst."

Rosalie shivered in the warm darkness and pinched herself to make sure she was alive. She crept to bed in the dark, plotting to escape in the early morning before sunrise, but before her plan was finished she heard Mr. Lincoln's hatchet and found that the night had passed in one innocent nap and that another June day had dawned. Aunt Thirza's strident tones were already agrid over on the porch. She must meet Janet, so she dressed quickly, slipped unseen from the kitchen door, down through the grape-arbor and under the currant bushes to the hedge between her garden and the Ripleys' handsome grounds. There was the hole through which the cow had so often broken; it had grown up a good deal, but she could squeeze through and run across to the station.

She threw her hat over and flattened herself upon the ground, unsuspecting of the treachery of the osage orange. But no sooner had she put her head in than wiry stems with unspeakable thorns wound round her, buried their teeth in her fair flesh, and wove her shining hair into an inextricable tangle. When she tried to retreat they tightened upon her and held her fast. Some one coming down from the Ripley house saw her frantic struggles. He gave a whistle and plunged down the path: "Hello, there, if you're after another lawn hose, you're caught," he cried to the forlorn little heap in the cruel trap.

"You needn't try— Why, who—in—? I beg your—"

"No, it isn't—me!" wailed the victim. "Go away and let me get out."

"Let me help you. Why, Ros—Miss Wil-lard, how did you ever—?"

"I've got to meet Janet at the six-ten train and my hair's caught."

"I should think so!" He gave an awkward little pull at an entangled twig which brought out a silky mesh. Rosalie winced. "Say, I don't want to make you bald-headed. Let me call mother," he begged.

"No, no, no! Cut it off, if you can't get it loose."

"That lovely hair? Never! I can cut off the branches and let you out that way," which he did, and she crept through and sat on the grass under her green thatch, such a forlorn Daphne that Rob gave a shout of laughter.

"You mean, hateful thing!" cried Rosalie with tears. Rob looked properly contrite.

"I'm a perfect brute—but—oh!—you look—so—solemn, I—can't help— it! Oh!" he choked. Then Rosalie laughed and he began to cut out the thorns from her hair. "Did you think this was a short cut to the station?" he asked.

"No, I was afraid of Aunt



A KEY INSIDE IN THE LOCK AND HE COULDN'T GET THAT ONE IN!

Thirza. She's over on Amanda Jane's porch; and if I don't meet Janet at the station, they'll tell her I'm dead."

"Ah-h?" Rob scowled in bewilderment. "I don't seem to get the hang of the situation. I thought Mrs. Capstack was some relation of yours."

"She is and she's been good to us—so we hate her. I locked the door when she came

yesterday, and she thinks I'm drowned and she's waiting to help Janet with the funeral. Didn't you hear about it?"

"No, I only got home last night on the ten-thirty. What are the worst goodnesses she has done to you?"

"Oh, she was a mother to us—and we'd rather be orphans. She made us wear mud-colored dresses to Sunday-school—and horrible quilted hoods! And now since we're of age and live in our own house she's worse yet. She thinks it's extravagant for us to pay fifteen cents a dozen for eggs and buy a pint of milk a day, so she gave us a dozen hens and a cow. We had to spend all our money last year to build a barn and buy hay and corn and rent a pasture and hire a man to drive the cow and milk her. She's eaten up nearly all the gardens in town and we have oceans of milk—we can't sell a drop here in the country. And she *won't* get lost!"

"It's simply harrowing!"

"Well, you needn't laugh. We're ashamed to look people in the face. Our chickens have ruined everything in town that the cow left—our own strawberry bed and grape-vines, too, and it will take all our money next year to build palings and a hen-house. Other people's chickens get stolen, but ours never do, and we can't kill them. And we almost know that she's got a pig for my birthday."

"Heartrending!"

"I'd just like somebody to be good to you once. You'd have a fight and take your own part—and you're pulling every hair out of my head."

"You patient dar—little thing! Would you like a fight with your aunt?"

"We'd just love it. We have to be meek and grateful for hideous old things that we don't want. We've never dared to get anything pretty with our own money till now—and we don't know what she'll do."

"Poor child!" This time he was not

laughing. "Look here, Rosalie, I've come back to tell you something—I couldn't stand it any longer——"

"There's the train! Give me my hat, quick!"

Three passengers arrived—but no Janet. "She's missed the train," wailed Rosalie. "What shall I do?"

"I'll guard you round to the house. Aunt Thirza'll forgive you—and be good some more."

"The worst of all is——"

"Jethro?"

"Yes." Rosalie's voice shook.

"Don't you care for Jethro?"

"Rob!"

They walked quietly down the shady, cool street. Aunt Thirza, on Pollocks' porch, was planning her mourning and did not look up till the hinges creaked. Rob held the gate for her as she ran over.

"Well, Miss Rosie, you jist tell whar you was yisterday. You give us a good scare."

The girl's new courage deserted her. Even Rob quailed under the terrible black eyes.

"I—I—w a s—j u s t here."

"Don't you tell me a fib, you sassy thing! I was here myself all day."

"You can't talk to her like that when I'm

around," said Rob indignantly.

"I'd like to know what right you have to speak up, young man. I'd have you to know that I've be'n a mother to that girl—and am likely to be her mother-in-law."

"I have the right of a gentleman to protect—but I think I have a better right than that," looking into Rosalie's eyes in desperate earnest. "I think I have—the best right of all—haven't I, dearest?"

He saw her lips form one word and he turned to the personified Goodness confronting them. "I have the right to take care of her, Mrs. Capstack, and I shall take her round to my mother until Janet gets home."



WIRY STEMS WITH THORNS WOVE HER HAIR INTO AN INEXTRICABLE TANGLE.

Aunt Thirza recovered breath as he was drawing her away. "Well, I think she might have told me first one, seein' what I've be'n to her, but I'm sure I wish you joy. I've got an awful nice pig fur yore weddin' present."

MA'M'SELLE LUCETTE

By Katharine Aldrich Whiting

BEAU-PRÉ lies among its girdling meadows, a sweet, straggling village, which creeps timidly upward to the feet of its ancient master and protector, the château of Beaumanoir; whence in the old days the lords of the village dealt out the rigors of the law and the mercies of largess. Many faces, stern and gay, of fair ladies and of gallant gentlemen look down from the stately walls of the ancient rooms; but one face, the fairest of them all, was never pictured save in the loving memory of the village. Many names out of the silence of forgetfulness sound a clear bugle-note in praise of high and worthy deeds; but it is the last of the race whose name runs sweetest on Beau-pré lips, whose story every village child learns at his mother's knee as he learns of the lives of kindly saints, and lisps with much the same tender reverence. This is the tale they tell:

Famine waxed sore that year in Beau-pré. For week after week of the cruel spring-time the fair meadows lay parched in the burning sun. The peasants thronged the church to pray for rain; and still the merciless sky beat down the hope of bread for the long winter. Rain came at last too late; for it laid low the stalks that had feebly crept to life, and the people's food lay rotting on the ground before the harvest. Behind the rain stalked the sickness, and many died; many also, turned beast by the certainty of the coming struggle, rejoiced as the death-roll grew, since there would be the less to feed from the scanty store; and a few wished greatly for death, that they might not see the village starve.

Of these was Ma'm'selle Lucette, last of that race of Beaumanoir which for generations had held sway over the country round about, from a patent granted by a king of France in the days when French kings had Canada to give. Years had passed since then, but the old race, shorn of its power, still retained the feudal feeling of responsibility for its former vassals; and these in turn still

trusted in their triad of protectors—God, St. Joseph, and Monsieur.

God and St. Joseph could still help; but to the villagers they seemed far away, and only Monsieur could know the urgency of their need. Yes, Monsieur knew; but unlike God and St. Joseph he could not help, and the knowledge of his impotence was turning him into a feeble old man before his time. For in these latter years the lords of the manor had fallen upon days of poverty so bitter that the ruined château had seen many meals when the share of Ma'm'selle had consisted of dry bread, that Monsieur might have still the tiny scrap of meat. To Monsieur, old and stern and feeble, three things seemed heaviest to bear, and these three formed a torturing trinity which was truly one: that he could not help his people in their sore need; that his only child should be more helpless than himself, because she was a girl; and that her want of dowry should fix an end to the stately name which was, after all, the one love of the fierce old heart.

And yet he might have rejoiced in the beauty of this last rose on the old stem, since beauty of itself alone attracts wooers; but the brides of Beaumanoir never went dowdless to their bridegrooms' arms; lovers, were there any—for here the old tale is silent—went empty away, and the rose nodded alone on its dying stem, a sweet, pale rose in the famine year.

At last—it was near the end of the mocking harvest-time, and winter drew on apace—the church again held all the village; it was not crowded now. God had not heard when they asked for rain; God had not stayed the sickness; but still they humbly prayed—for the bitterness of death was near, and the hot ravings were hushed by weakness—that the chastisement might cease; that in some way beyond their simple thinking they might be given bread, or money to buy from those less sinful, to whom more mercy had been shown.

The *De Profundis* and the *Miserere* rose, wavered, and sank again amid the sobbing of the people. The priest at the altar, his tall form emaciated with fasting and sick-tending, swayed from weakness, or it may have been from the fervor of his prayer—a prayer unwritten, born of their sore distress, to which the people murmured their "Amen":

"Send, Lord, a messenger to Quebec. I cannot go—my sick would die un comforted. And yet who else, O Lord, could plead for Thy people? For they are hard of heart in

Quebec, and this folk is proud, unused to beg. A messenger—only a messenger! Or else, in Thine own way, corn. So little corn would feed them now, O Giver of the Harvest!"

And then, in the tense waiting, the answer came. Between the ranks of the weeping people a girl's figure passed to the altar-steps. A girl's eyes looked upward, pleading, into the priest's exalted face, and Ma'm'selle Lucette said softly, "Father, I am here—send me!"

To the priest the face was as the face of an angel; but to the man's heart beating beneath the cassock the lions in the path loomed fierce and forbidding. Ma'm'selle Lucette of the House of Beaumanoir—could she trudge the weary miles, as a peasant lass might go? And even if she won to Quebec, what could she, a girl, and young, accomplish, that would offset the dangers to which she would be exposed? And yet—she had come in answer to his prayer: would not God watch over His handmaid? The staring people stilled their weeping as they gazed dumbly at the messenger. With a quick movement, the priest lifted his hands above that radiant head, and blessed her in the name of God, who had bidden her go. And Ma'm'selle Lucette went forth from the church to begin that mission of which the people of Beau-pré tell to this day.

But there was no shadow upon one face, nor doubt within one heart. Ma'm'selle Lucette, as she made her preparations for the long journey, hindered rather than helped by the priest's old servant who was to be her guide, was almost gay for thankfulness that she might save her people. For she carried deep in her heart a secret still unshared. To her, as she knelt heart-broken because she had nothing to give her starving children, a thought had come, blinding in its sudden illumination: "Lucette"—she could almost hear the words—"God asks of thee thy voice."

For Ma'm'selle had a voice like no other in the village, and—it might well be—in the world. To say that it was contralto was to say little; but the thrill in it, the delicious break, beyond which it soared up, up, into pure bird-like ecstasy: the velvety depths of the lower notes, vibrant like the taut strings of a rich 'cello—that and more made it a voice all her own, and God's, who gave it. The villagers always crossed themselves when they heard the bell-call of that strange voice, but this was the first time that to the girl herself had come a realization of all that this gift might mean. For Ma'm'selle Lucette had no mind to beg in Quebec. She

was of the blood of Beau-pré, which is proud, and of the race of Beaumanoir, which starves with shut lips. Should she lay bare their bitter need to rich folk, who might not even give at all? It was not for the last of the stately line of Beaumanoir to whine, "A little bread, for charity!" To earn was better than to beg. Nay, it was scarcely earning: in the old gay days in France her gaming ancestors had paid their debts by acre after acre of the land they loved—forced at last to build up a fresh estate here in the virgin forest. When the king was sore oppressed, the old tale had it, the glittering plate of her house and the proud jewels that were the joy of its women went to buy men and arms for the service of the king. She would sell her voice in leal service to her people.

The way was very long. Three days and four nights they followed the trail, resting often, for one was old and one was frail, and both were faint from hunger, so little could be spared for their provisioning. But on the fourth day they saw the spires of Quebec, and stood at last in a square, fearfully crowded to their unaccustomed country eyes.

And then, amid the staring throng of curious city folk, with the blood of her knightly fathers flushing her pale cheeks and their fiery courage filling her girl's heart, Ma'm'selle Lucette began to sing. At first her voice was so weak and low that it was quite drowned by the noise and confusion around her. But soon, rising, ringing, it overpowered all the ugly noises, and then there were few to overcome; for the crowd which had collected from all sides was curiously silent, and impatiently enforced stillness to hear this new wonder.

She sang—it was all she knew—simple little folk-songs, such as mothers at Beau-pré crooned to their babies, or swains chanted to bashful maids at evening; songs such as girls sing at the spinning-wheel, softly and wistfully, or the harvesters roar out in lilting chorus when they bring home the nodding grain. She sang the Harvest-Song, and her voice was deep and rich as the wheat that should give the people bread; she sang the Song of the Harvest-Dance, and one could hear the laughing coquetry of the maid who draws daintily away and ever flouts her lover; the deep ardor of his wooing was there, too, and the tenderness of her surrender at the last. She sang, in a voice that tinkled and rang like steel on ice, of the long, cold winter, when the night is fearful with the long howl of the wolves, and their restless feet draw near

the door, and one can feel the terror of their eyes. She sang the joy of spring, and the blood danced and thrilled to the haunting gipsy lure of the Song of Wandering. And last she sang the Ghost-Song, of the little child who will not stay within its mother's arms, but wanders out and away to play with fair children; and they kiss it into happy sleep, but the mother will watch sleepless for its return. It is a simple song, yet no one then nor thereafter listened to it dry-eyed.

But the songs' least charm lay in the rude words. Over them she wove a veil of sound caught from the song of birds, the ripple of brooks, the sighing of trees tossed by the wind—all these things could that wonderful, vibrant voice mimic, thrilling all the time with a quality that belonged to none of these, but laid a potent spell upon the hearts of those who heard it; perhaps because itself was drawn from the joyous, grieving hearts of the men and women whose songs it glorified. There was nothing ever heard in Quebec, men say, like the voice of Ma'm'selle Lucette.

The people of Beau-pré have heard from their grandfathers of how the first cart of grain came into the village; of how the priest blessed the precious kernels, mindful the while of another benediction to be invoked at the altar-steps; of how the eager, claw-like hands could not unload it quickly enough, for some died before they could be fed. After that, it was only to wait patiently until the next cart should come the weary miles from Quebec, where the golden voice was still singing, and taking its pay in grain.

It made glad the city streets at first; then afterward it rose in rich men's houses, and in great glittering churches; for they found that Lucette had a career before her, if—and they warned her not a little—she would spare the wonderful voice. But she would not hear; and truly, what need? since it seemed but to mellow and deepen with the strain, as if it knew how many lives it had to save.

And still the corn poured into Beau-pré. Enough to feed the weakest; then the strong might have their share; then there was bounty for the winter store and for the planting in the spring. At length came a day when the driver of a cart muttered—their patois is not quite like that of Beau-pré—something that seemed to say that this cart was the last, and some words about the singer, which the villagers, hurrying to shelter the precious corn before the rain, could not clearly understand.

And so it was; no other cart came down the trail that had become by now a beaten track, nor was there need; for the village was safe.

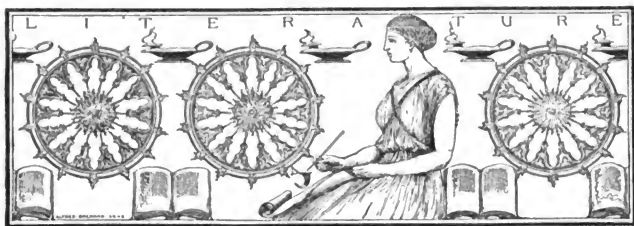
Then they waited for Ma'm'selle. No news came, nor sight of her for long and long, though they set a watch at the forest's edge to warn the village when she should come back, that they might welcome her with all their simple pomp, who had brought to the village not only life but fame.

And then one day she came very quietly, walking slowly down to Beau-pré between the stems of leafless trees. The people waited silently, not greeting her, as they had planned, with *Vive Chrysostom* and loud huzzas; for she looked so frail and weak and white—as if she had grown into the likeness of the famine she had conquered—yet with a look upon her face that was not the look of the fair girl who had gone away, but the look of a great and good woman, who has fought her battles, but has lost her girlhood in the fight.

Monsieur was there—oh! be very sure he was there!—leaning on his cane, and even advancing a little to meet her, he who seldom stepped outside the gate of Beaumanoir. And when she saw him Ma'm'selle hurried forward and looked into his face—to see, doubtless, whether she had to meet praise or blame. But the stern lines relaxed as their eyes met, and the old voice rang true as he said: "Thou hast done well, Lucette of Beaumanoir. Thy race is proud of thee."

Then one can imagine how they crowded round her, kissing her hand, hailing her Savior of the Village. All but Father François, who stood a little apart, watching her with wonder and sorrow. He had been trained to read the souls of men in their eyes; but he could not understand the sadness of that face, so radiant when it had been lifted to his in the church. The messenger had returned triumphant; but the face was as the face of one who had failed.

Then he too came forward, his hands spread wide in benediction; and as she knelt, turning up that tragic face to his, he said "Daughter, thou art greatly blest of God in saving thy people. He has had thee in His keeping; is it not so?" Through all the anguish of the eyes a tender light smiled a wistful assent; the lips trembled, moved, but uttered no word; and the old servant, kneeling at her side, made answer for her, the tears running down his furrowed cheeks: "She has saved the people, father, but—the price was her voice. She will never sing again."



A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT

LAST Saturday (the statement may appear belated when it reaches your eye, but it is accurate at the moment) was the Fourth of July. I spent the evening at the golf grounds, watching the fireworks: contributing to the oh's and ah's that greeted some of the eight-pound rockets, sharing the general surprise when an occasional pinwheel consented to supply its own momentum, and for a time actually participating in the discussion as to whether "that" was a balloon or a planet. I may add that, there being no astronomer present, and the chairman of the house committee putting punk to a large floral mine at the moment, we never found out. The whole matter is irrelevant except that I am smilingly reminded of it in undertaking to swell the chorus of approval or disappointment over the season's literary display. For here, too, the exhibits are very near and the stars are distant; and some books, like some rockets, have parachutes hidden in their make-up. Doubtless, if we could look back upon it all from the morning-after of the beyond, we should smile at the futility of many of our discussions. Meanwhile Mr. Winston Churchill has sent up another rocket. Mr. Churchill is a writer who, having started by making novels out of history, is sincerely trying to influence history by means of novels. "The Crisis" was a calculable factor in that awakening through which a people, long accustomed (in the excitement of an engrossing present) to give over the recent past to the distortion of incipient mythology, became aware of the continuity of their political evolution. "Coniston," somewhat at the expense of its fictional values, undertook to trace the natural beginnings of modern graft. "Mr. Crewe's Career" (Macmillan) hints, without sacrificing its romantic unity, at the forces that are marshaling themselves to attempt our deliverance. The echoes

of "Coniston" are distinguishable in its pages, since it is a story of the same region twenty years later. The satire of the tale anent the "reformer" whose career supplies its title may strike the fastidious as somewhat bludgeony. But, politically, the book is at once perspicacious and hopeful; and, fictionally, it creates a hero who is not a prig and tells a story that, at least for the moment, persuades us of its reality.

The trouble with pinwheels, literary and other, is that the overwhelming majority of them refuse to go round. They have a great way—we are all familiar with it—of starting off with a brave splutter and, after a few revolutions or a couple of chapters, losing their initial impetus and turning what was intended for an iridescent optical illusion into a laggingly revolving fizzle. And yet a liking for pinwheels is not only ingrained in us but is, one is inclined to suspect, one of our legitimate and salutary weaknesses, put there, safety-valve-like, to keep us from bursting. The discovery of a pinwheel story that actually spins is, therefore, a delight, and one is tempted to cry out about it more excitedly than, perhaps, its superficial importance would warrant. And, to tell the truth, it would be difficult to exaggerate the unimportance of Mr. Jacques Futelle's story of "The Simple Case of Susan" (Appleton). It is, to begin with, so exceedingly simple. Merely a happy inspiration conceived in a mood of contagious light-heartedness and carried to completion before the mood vanished. But it spins. It starts in with a rush, catches our breath half-way through by threatening to stop, and then, reversing its own direction, whirls away to a conclusion

that leaves us, quite senselessly but quite actively, pleased with Susan, the world, ourselves, and Mr. Futrelle.

There was a great to-do, some years back, over the ossified man. He had, if I remember correctly, lain in one position so long that his joints had hardened and it was only when he tried, at the long last, to get up, that he discovered his misfortunate condition. The same sort of thing sometimes happens in other quarters, and is only realized, by accident, when it has all but become chronic. When, for instance, one says "a story of New England," the expression instantly brings to mind a conception, vague in outline, yet definite enough in character to do duty for a recognizable abstraction. This resembles, if one may so put it, a composite mental photograph of a hundred old maids with a hundred New England consciences, struggling to be human against hereditary odds. And it testifies to the lamentable fact that one department of our American fiction is by the way of becoming ossified. We have concerned ourselves so long with the Puritan gone to seed that we have practically conventionalized the type. The result is that Mr. George Dyre Eldridge's excellent study of a living and struggling puritanism, pitted against the flesh and the devil of latter-day conditions, told in "In the Potter's House" (Doubleday, Page), almost seems indelicate by reason of the virile admixture in its cast, and the excess of red corpuscles in the circulation of its characters. It is a story of New England without an old maid to its name, and with the young maid upon whom its situations pivot bearing the title only by courtesy. But the three-sided struggle between a rabidly bigoted theology, the sodden inertia of an isolated community, and a woman's desire for freedom, is drawn with too much dramatic feeling to be condemned for boldness, and with too nice an insight into mental passions to be twitted with its recognition of physical ones. It is a novel that repays reading in itself, and inclines one to watch for its author's name on future title-pages.

Mr. J. A. Spender's "The Comments of Bagshot" (Holt) will be found to be one of the pleasantest informalities of the day. Ordinarily speaking, I would as soon be presented with a collection of dead butterflies as with a collection of extracts from some man's wit and wisdom. Epigrams and aphorisms, indeed, are not unlike butterflies. They are points of concentrated color in the intellectual landscape, and they play their indispensable part in the conversational garden by carrying the pollen and facilitating the cross-fertilization of ideas. But once netted by some literary entomologist and stuck up in rows

with pins through their dead bodies, they become specimens for specialists, and after a few pages the mind, like a man in a museum, hurries past the cases that contain them. It is exactly because Mr. Spender (who is the editor of the *Westminster Gazette*, from the pages of which these papers are reprinted) is not an entomologist that a stroll in his garden is so refreshing. He has, he tells us, been made the executor of a dead friend, and he chats about this friend's life and his philosophy and quotes from his notes and his diaries with an informal confidence that is wholly delightful. Whether Bagshot, with his annotated fly-leaves and his penciled note-books, is a figment of Mr. Spender's imagination or a friend of his experience is immaterial. He is often wise and not infrequently witty, and we lay down the book with the agreeable sense of having shared his acquaintance.

There are times, during what our classically minded grandparents called the dog days and what we less dignifiedly dub the silly season, when in pure desperation of body and lassitude of mind we take to soft drinks and soft reading. In either case, if we can only stumble on it, we crave something both new and palatable. But, confronted by the multiplicity of catchy advertisements hung around the soda-fountains and the superfluity of catchy titles displayed on the book-stalls, the chances are twenty to one that we pick out what (with the same lack of dignity above noted) we would refer to as a "dead one." Have you ever tried Coca-Cola or Moxie? No more have I. But I have been more adventuresome at the book-stalls, and there is a romance by Theodore Roberts called "Captain Love" (Page) and a detective story by Roman Doubleday called "The Hemlock Avenue Mystery" (Little, Brown), either one of which will improve a hammock or mitigate a parlor car on a summer day. "Captain Love" is a tale of debonair adventure in eighteenth-century London, innocently transparent in its complications, but so spontaneously imbued with a joyous faith in the buoyancy of youth and the sempiternity of romance that it wins us, for an hour, to join in its enthusiasm. "The Hemlock Avenue Mystery," while superficially less naive, manages in its straightforwardness of narration and in the simplicities of its denouement to preserve something of the same innocence and exhale something of the same spirit.

We have already exchanged confidences about "The Country House," one of the novels of Mr. John Galsworthy. That is to say, I have told you what I thought of it and you have told yourself what you thought of what I thought. It comes to the same thing. Well, there has recently been

afloat one of those intangible rumors that occasionally hang suspended in the literary atmosphere, to the effect that Mr. Galsworthy was publishing a new book. It was an interesting rumor because Mr. Galsworthy is an interesting writer and has, moreover, come up as it were against the wind, unnoticed until he was full-gathered and almost overhead. So I was anxious to see it, and cast about to find it; and after having found and rejected a new edition of "The Island Pharisees," an earlier work of Mr. Galsworthy's, I was given "Villa Ruben" (Putnam), seized it, made off with it, and settled down to read it. And then I discovered that this new book of Mr. Galsworthy's was written in 1900, appeared then in England, and has now been "rewritten" for its first appearance in America. It is interesting on two accounts. First, because of its sporadic evidences of the beginnings of that outlook on life and insight into it that so strongly flavor Mr. Galsworthy's later work; and secondly because it calls our attention to a new reading of an old maxim that the artistic world seems to be in the act of adopting. The new reading is as follows: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again; but keep all your early tries and reissue them when your ship comes in."

There are two fundamentally dissimilar attitudes—one might almost call them the inorganic and the organic attitudes—one or the other of which the majority of us commonly maintains toward all books other than fiction, toward fiction itself, and, indeed, toward knowledge in general, using that word in its broadest possible significance. The inorganic attitude regards and uses the mind as a receptacle; the organic as a digestive apparatus. The inorganic crams into its memory as many historical dates, scientific formulæ, statistical summaries, and plots of stories as it will hold, and, capacity being limited and storage room at a premium, is apt to prefer a perfectly useless fact, if it be only dry and incontrovertible, to the most pregnant theory or thought-arousing speculation, since these necessarily contain much water and are liable, when kept in bulk, to prove perishable. On the other hand, the organic attitude is practically omnivorous, but is content to transmute specific information into general understanding and constantly excretes dates, desiccated details, and dogmatized assertions as indigestible. "Worlds in the Making" (Harper), a popular treatise upon cosmic physics, by Svante Arrhenius, director of the Noble Institute for physico-chemical research at Stockholm, is a book to be avoided by all maintainers of the inorganic attitude. It decidedly can not, as a whole, be accepted as gospel and stowed away accordingly. For it is an attempt, and does not pretend to be more than an attempt, to restate the nebular hypothesis in terms of

the newly glimpsed possibilities of radio-activity. But it is a book that should prove intensely interesting to such organically constituted minds as find that the mere realization of huge problems yields, in the process of digestion, nutriment for the imagination and stimulus to judgment.

OTHER BOOKS

"Fennel and Rue" (Harper). An enjoyable novelette about a young novelist, and an excellent example of William Dean Howells's skill at pointing the poetic justice of the inconclusive and accentuating the vital importance of the inconsequent.

"The Natural History of the Ten Commandments" (Scribner). A rather interesting attempt on the part of Ernest Thompson Seton to establish a nature-faked origin for moral philosophy. The result vibrates between the nearly sublime and the wholly ridiculous.

"Which College for the Boy?" (Houghton, Mifflin). A title that furnishes John Corbin a good enough excuse for a series of pithy character-readings of half a dozen American universities and comments on some current attitudes toward utilitarian education.

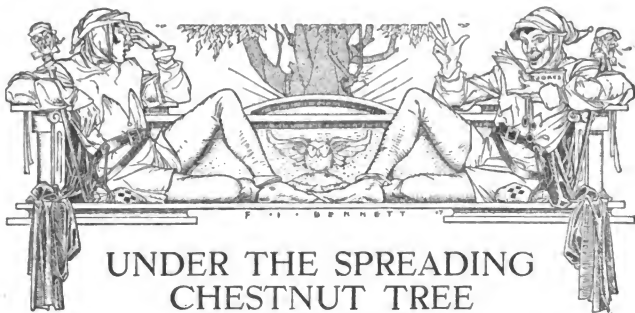
"The Symbolist Movement in Literature" (Dutton). A revised edition of Arthur Symonds's essays upon Gérard de Nerval, Villiers de L'Isle-Adam, Verlaine, Mallarmé, and other French poets and dreamers. A book that a casual reader might easily dismiss as a mere series of rhapsodies upon rhapsodizers, but one that upon better acquaintance discloses much beauty and many subtleties of criticism.

"The Vigil" (Dodd, Mead). A clerical novel by Harold Begbie, in which is described a dilettante high-churchman's blind struggles toward self-discovery. At once more "literary" and less effective than the same author's somewhat sensational story of "The Penalty."

"Care of Automobiles" (Doubleday, Page), by Burt J. Davis. An extremely practical little handbook for the use of non-professional drivers. Its scope is considerable, its explanations are concise, and its instructions explicit.

"The Iron Heel" (Macmillan). A polemical pipe-dream by Jack London, giving an account of a plutocratic tyranny, and an abortive revolution which failed to overthrow it.

"Money Magic" (Harper). A Western romance by Hamlin Garland, attractive by reason of its characteristically pliant realism, but saddled with a divorce "problem," the issue of which the author somewhat laboriously dodges.



UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

"BEGORRA," said Patsy, "Oi couldn't pay me five shillin's foine, and Oi had to go to jail for six days."

"An' how much did yez spend to get drunk?" asked Mike rather sarcastically.

"Oh, 'bout five shillin's."

"Yez fool, if yez had not spent yez five shillin's for drink yez'd 'a' had yer five shillin's to pay yer foine wid."

A man who had been convicted of stealing was brought before a certain "down East" judge, well known for his tender-heartedness, to be sentenced.

"Have you ever been sentenced to imprisonment?" asked the judge, not unkindly.

"Never!" exclaimed the prisoner, suddenly bursting into tears.

"Well, well, don't cry, my man," said his honor consolingly; "you're going to be now."

American travelers in Europe experience a great deal of trouble from the omnipresent need of tipping those from whom they expect any service, however slight. They are very apt to carry it much too far, or else attempt to resist it altogether. There is a story told of a wealthy and ostentatious American in a Parisian restaurant. As the waiter placed the order before him he said in a loud voice:

"Waiter, what is the largest tip that you ever received?"

"One thousand francs, monsieur."

"Eh bien! But I will give you two thousand,"

answered the upholder of American honor; and then in a moment he added: "May I ask you gave you the thousand francs?"

"It was yourself, monsieur," said the obsequious waiter.

Of quite an opposite mode of thought was another American visiting London for the first time. Goaded to desperation by the incessant necessity for tips, he finally entered the wash-room of his hotel, only to be faced with a large sign which read: "Please tip the basin after using." "I'm hanged if I will!" said the Yankee, turning on his heel, "I'll go dirty first!"

Booth Tarkington says that in no state have the newspapers more "journalistic enterprise" than in his native Indiana. While stopping at a little Hoosier hotel in the course of a hunting trip Mr. Tarkington lost one of his dogs.

"Have you a newspaper in town?" he asked of the landlord.

"Right across the way, there, back of the shoe-maker's," the landlord told him. "The *Daily News*—best little paper of its size in the state."

The editor, the printer, and the printer's devil were all busy doing justice to Mr. Tarkington with an "in-our-midst" paragraph when the novelist arrived.

"I've just lost a dog," Tarkington explained after he had introduced himself, "and I'd like to have you insert this ad for me: 'Fifty dollars reward for the return of a pointer dog answering to the name of Rex. Disappeared from the yard of the Mansion House Monday night.'"

"Why, we were just going to press, sir," the

editor said, "but we'll be only too glad to hold the edition for your ad."

Mr. Tarkington returned to the hotel. After a few minutes he decided, however, that it might be well to add, "No questions asked" to his advertisement, and returned to the *Daily News* office.

The place was deserted, save for the skinny little freckle-faced devil, who sat perched on a high stool, gazing wistfully out of the window.

"Where is everybody?" Tarkington asked.

"Gawn to hunt th' dawg," replied the boy, without removing his gaze from the distant fields.

A Chinaman who had been robbed by a woman on the Bowery was trying to describe her at the police station.

"Can't you remember how she was dressed?" asked the lieutenant at the desk. "What sort of a hat did she wear?"

For a moment John seemed puzzled. Then his face brightened.

"He dead—she glad," he confidently announced.

And now the police are looking for a woman with a Merry Widow hat.

One day Mary, the charwoman, reported for service with a black eye.

"Why, Mary," said her sympathetic mistress, "what a bad eye you have!"

"Yes'm."

"Well, there's one consolation. It might have been worse."

"Yes'm."

"You might have had both of them hurt."

"Yes'm. Or worse'n that: I might not ha' been married at all."

Some years ago the Yankee schooner Sally Ann, under command of Captain Spooner, was beating up the Connecticut River. Mr. Comstock, the mate, was at his station forward. According to his notion of things the schooner was getting a "leetle" too near certain mud flats, which lay along the larboard shore. So aft he went to the captain, and, with his hat cocked on one side, said:

"Cap'n Spooner, you're getting a leetle too close to them flats. Hadn't ye better go abeout?"

The captain glared at him.

"Mr. Comstock, jest you go for'ard and tend to your part of the skuner. I'll tend to mine."

Mr. Comstock went for'ard in high dudgeon.

"Boys," he bellowed out, "see that that ar mud-hook's all clear for lettin' go!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Let go, then!" he roared.

Down went the anchor, out rattled the chains,

and like a flash the Sally Ann came luffing into the wind, and then brought up all standing. Mr. Comstock walked aft and touched his hat.

"Well, cap'n, my part of the skuner is to anchor."

A firm of shady outside London brokers was prosecuted for swindling. In acquitting them the court, with great severity, said:

"There is not sufficient evidence to convict you, but if anyone wishes to know my opinion of you I hope that they will refer to me."

Next day the firm's advertisement appeared in every available medium with the following, well displayed: "Reference as to probity, by special permission, the Lord Chief Justice of England."

The colonel of a volunteer regiment camping in Virginia came across a private on the outskirts of the camp, painfully munching on something. His face was wry and his lips seemed to move only with the greatest effort.

"What are you eating?" demanded the colonel.

"Persimmons, sir."

"Good heavens! Haven't you got any more sense than to eat persimmons at this time of the year? They'll pucker the very stomach out of you!"

"I know, sir. That's why I'm eatin' 'em. I'm tryin' to shrink me stomach to fit me rations."

The best man noticed that one of the wedding guests, a gloomy-looking young man, did not seem to be enjoying himself. He was wandering about as though he had lost his last friend. The best man took it upon himself to cheer him up.

"Er—have you kissed the bride?" he asked by way of introduction.

"Not lately," replied the gloomy one with a far-away expression.

"You are pushing me too hard," said Wu Ting Fang to a reporter in San Francisco who was interviewing him. "You are taking advantage of me. You are like the Pekin poor relation:

"One day he met the head of his family in the street.

"Come and dine with us to-night," the mandarin said graciously.

"Thank you," said the poor relation. "But wouldn't to-morrow night do just as well?"

"Yes, certainly. But where are you dining to-night?" asked the mandarin curiously.

"At your house. You see, your estimable wife was good enough to give me to-night's invitation."

Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

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31 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

JUST one more and the final word on the stock sale. A few days after this department went to press last month, all that remained of the big black dog—the little black tip of the little black tail—flicked into oblivion. The entire 1500 shares had been subscribed. But the inquiries and reservations continued to come in—letters saying: "I have just seen the insert. I want some of that stock. If I send you the money can I get it?" or, "Here are so many dollars. I must have some of that stock. I believe in your magazine, and I want to be an owner with you." We did not wish to sell any more stock, and yet we wished to bind these friends to the magazine. In the end we arranged to sell 250 more shares, making 1750 in all. And that is gone, and there "ain't going to be no more."

We shall not again attempt to express our gratitude for the material help and encouragement you have given us. We now have nearly 500 stockholders, who, with our 500 and more bondholders, make an army of one thousand owners of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. You business men will see at once how much strength this gives us. You will understand what it means to have a thousand men and women, representing every section of the United States, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, the Philippines, and Hawaii, vitally interested in the magazine's progress. We were never so strong, and our prospects were never so bright as they are at this minute.

Our trouble this month is covers. Some of you censure us for being too flippant, or too inartistic, or too restless in our covers. Every

now and then a good friend advises, "Choose a handsome, dignified cover, and stick to it." This is just what we don't want to do—unless the majority of you want us to do it. It isn't a hard proposition to have twelve handsome, artistic, dignified covers during the year. All we have to do is to choose twelve handsome, artistic, dignified artists, arrange the matter of price, and tell them to go ahead, and there's our year's work out of the way in a few hours. Or a neat arrangement of brown paper and brown type could be easily had, which would look absolutely decorous on the library table of the president of Harvard University and never give him a moment's uneasiness. But would that be EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE—after we were done? We are not all of us presidents of Harvard University; we haven't all of us even had a thorough art education; in fact, sometimes we suspect that some of us know very little more about art than any of the rest of us, after all is said and done. But we have wasted enough time talking about it. Read the letters and see what you think you'd do under the circumstances. Remember that it is just as much your quandary as it is ours.

Our first reader feels sincerely grieved:

July 28, 1908.

DEAR EVERYBODY'S: You invite criticism, and I find it an invitation I am tempted to accept.

Why that August cover? Undignified, unattractive, I can see no possible excuse for it. Had it been the cover of an unfamiliar magazine I should not, for a moment, have considered buying it. It could be suggestive of nothing more than silly stories. For my part, I have torn it off and put it in the place I thought best suited to it—the waste-basket. Why not have some really acceptable artistic cover for a magazine so

good in other respects—something that it would be a pleasure to see on one's library table?

Yours very truly, A. F. R.

That looks pretty bad for us, doesn't it?

June 18, 1908.

GENTLEMEN: Having read your magazine constantly since Lawson's first article appeared, and being obliged to look every month on the stands for your publication, it strikes me that it would be wise and convenient for your many patrons if the magazine should now take a certain style of dress and stick to that.

Each month we vainly and earnestly seek among numerous publications piled on the news-stands for the old familiar title and wording, and each month we are confronted by a new cover whose various hues put Joseph's coat sadly in the shade. I do not believe that a magazine should vary its dress each month and be as fickle as women are in this respect. No doubt the classical information gleaned and gathered at old Northwestern years ago taught you that Solomon was known more by his dress than his wisdom, and almost surpassed the lilies of the fields.

Napoleon was known by his overcoat, and many other great personages have become prominent on account of their raiment—Elijah and his mantle, Diogenes with his tub, and Elizabeth with her ruff.

The June number lately issued has a cover that strikes me as being both neat and tasty. Could you not dress our old friend EVERYBODY'S the same each month, so that we can easily recognize him? Yours truly, H. H.

You can see that this reader feels that we are on the wrong track, but doesn't take it quite so seriously as A. F. R.

July 24, 1908.

DEAR SIR: Will you please on the September cover raise the red umbrella? We want to see the girl's face so much! Yours very truly,

L. R. G.

Seems to be quite complacent about the matter as it stands.

BERKELEY, CAL.

DEAR SIR: Ten minutes ago I received the August number, and if I don't tell you now about that July edition I will soon have forgotten that it was the best ever.

Mr. O. Henry (no, that don't seem right—scratch out the Mr.) says "it's the little things that count."

At the bottom of page 113 are eight lines of verse entitled "Beret," by Sue Fite Ramsey. Couldn't you print it over again and run it on a yellow insert? Surely no man or woman could read those lines and not be made the better for reading them, and still I'm afraid that too many passed them by.

I ain't never really been to Coney Island, but since reading that admirable article by Elmer Blaney Harris, I've gone down the slide, "done" the tickler, and eaten "dogs drooling mustard" a dozen times.

My first thought after reading "The Story of an Ivory Hunter" was that the author, Mr. Berkeley Hutton, as a hunter had missed his calling—he should continue to write.

And as for—but, then, what's the use? You read them.

I feel better now I've gotten this out of me—feel as though at last I've done my duty. I've been wanting to write you after reading each number for the past few years. That's all except to tell you I'm a "news-stander."

Yours truly, A. E. K.

P. S.—Tell Ray Brown that August cover is the real candy.

Apparently is just bubbling over with good humor. If we made any change we should be likely to injure No. 4's feelings.

Don't tell her, but it's worth "the price of admission" to the August EVERYBODY'S just to see Rose Cecil O'Neill's pictures.

Something seemed to have stopped in my life when your "Stories of an American Home" ceased. They are all framed in passe-partout binding and hanging on my walls.

Your "Uncle Sam" cover, draped with two American flags, helped us to keep the "glorious Fourth" over the border in Canada. The shrewd wisdom in that kindly Yankee face! There is none other like it in the world. I have never missed a number of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

Cordially, B. H. H.

July 30, 1908.

DEAR —: Just a line in appreciation of the last EVERYBODY'S. To me it was the most interesting-looking issue of the magazine I've ever seen, and the quality and variety of the pictures was especially noticeable by comparison with the other magazines, which seem to me to be cutting down expenses. Maybe you are, too, but if you are it doesn't show.

Yours ever,

J. S.

The last two writers do not seem to leave very much open for discussion.

If you got a bunch of letters like these, what would you do? Suppose we take a straw vote on the subject. Would you rather have EVERYBODY'S covers always the same, or would you rather have them always artistic (whether they expressed any ideas or not), or would you rather have us go along as we have been going, doing our best to attract attention, excite interest, and invite criticism? It is now largely up to you.

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Painted by Florence Wyman for Cream of Wheat Company.

"THE PIRATE"

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The Pierce Arrow



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THE season of 1909 will see the mechanical excellence of the Pierce cars produced in a greater variety of types. The new models include Runabouts, 4 and 6 cylinder; Touring Cars for 2, 3, 4, 5 or 7 passengers, Broughams, Landaulettes, Suburbans and Landaus. They can be seen at and prices obtained of the Pierce Arrow dealers in every large

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OCTOBER



A TOUCH IN PICTURESQUE VENICE.

—*Venice and its Victims.*—Page 481

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XIX.

OCTOBER, 1908.

NO. 4.



THE LASHED WHIP IS CONSPICUOUS AMONG THE MEANS EMPLOYED IN TRAINING TIGERS.

The Gentle Art of Training Wild Beasts

By MAURICE BROWN KIRBY

Photographs by Charles Nesensohn



KINDNESS and argy-mint," said the backwoods father of five husky sons, "is great things; but whenever I want to persuade one o' my boys to do suthin' in a hurry that he don't want to do, I use a balestick."

In laying down this rule for the government of his offspring, the old backwoodsman hit the principle of wild animal training straight in the nose. The only use an animal trainer has for the word "kindness" may be found in its employment when he discusses his

professional methods with an interviewer. Many pounds of good white paper have been wasted in describing instances of mutual affection between animal and trainer; but when it comes right down to actual cases, the sole bond between the domestic man and the wild beast is a good strong stick; and the fiercer the beast, the bigger and tougher the stick. Of the great army of nature fakers, certainly the professional animal trainer is commander-in-chief.

Wild animals, particularly felines, have no love for man. It is only the greater ingenuity and cussedness of the latter that make him the beast's master. Everyone who has been attached to an animal-show knows this is true, and also knows that stories to the contrary are fakes. A lion or a tiger will readily eat out of

his trainer's hand, but with equal readiness and half a chance, he will eat the hand. There are some old verses descriptive of a negro's experience with his mule. The burden of the rhyme lies in the oft-repeated line—"You

this fact. Despite the story-book shrewdness of the fox, the elephant is the wisest animal in existence. Though clumsy and bulky, he may be made to do the most difficult tricks; but as he grows older he grows wiser, and



MME. LUISE MORRELLI, OF BOSTOCK'S, AND HER PET LEOPARD, "CARTUSH."

cain't argue wif a mule." This holds true of irrational animals in general. Argument is waste of time. Whips, sticks, and iron rods are the accepted instruments of persuasion, and trainers constantly employ them. When a wild animal is to be broken, the first thing to break is his spirit. It is done with a club.

Every wild animal fears his trainer, or his trainer's weapons. Once a beast believes he is the physical superior of man, his career as a performing exhibit is ended, else he ends the career of his trainer.

Elephants furnish the best illustration of

some day realizes his brute mastery of man. Then he is retired from the arena, because no trainer of sufficient courage to handle him can be found. It is a safe wager that there is not a male elephant fifty years old performing at the present time. Bolivar, a giant pachyderm which children rode upon fifteen years ago, had been for some time before his death this past summer chained up at the Zoo in Philadelphia, with his fore and hind legs crossed and bound with iron. In his younger days he was as gentle as Mary's little lamb. At the last, to come within reach of his trunk

would have meant certain death.

Those philosophers who, in attempting to prove that wild animals possess powers of ratiocination, base some of their arguments upon the tricks of the arena, would quickly alter their belief, could they see how beasts are prepared for public exhibition. Animals are not *taught*—they are pushed, and hauled, and mauled, and whipped, and dragged, and choked, and tortured into tricks. The most patient, industrious, and painstaking trainer I ever met once said to me: "When they won't give way to pain, they won't be broke." In that speech he read the text of the whole game, and he has spent thirty years in the arena handling every kind of animal that grows, from fox-terriers to elephants. When a Gordon setter won't obey, a dose of bird-shot is the quickest and most effective argument. It is so with all irrational animals. Hurt them and they will heed.

You have seen an elephant lie down at the word of command, you have seen an elephant stand up on his hind legs, and doubtless you have seen the same brute do a "head stand": that is, balance himself upon his front feet and trunk with hind legs high up in the air; and probably you have marveled at the temerity of the little human being who could bend this enormous animal to



A DETAIL OF TRAINING IS THE FIRING OF BLANK CARTRIDGES INTO A BEAST'S NOSTRIL.

his will. Having seen all this, it might interest you to visit the arena during training hours, and witness the methods employed by the little human being in persuading the elephant to perform these stunts. When the young, green elephant, with the assistance of two domesticated brethren, is brought by the mahout from the jungle into captivity, a powerful rope to control his movements is placed about his neck. When he is sold for training purposes it is necessary to remove this rope and fix iron chains around his legs immediately above the feet, in order that he may be more readily handled. Usually this

is effected with some difficulty, as the elephant is the most powerful animal trained for public exhibition, and naturally objects to shackles. But the beast's objections are overcome, by craft, if possible; otherwise, by force.

On his arrival at training quarters, he is delivered to the man who has been ordained to break him, and the two spend a few days in get-



THE IRON FORK PLAYS AN IMPORTANT PART IN THE TAMING OF WILD ANIMALS.



THE REPEATED INFLICTION OF PAIN IS THE FORCE THAT HAS "TAMED" THESE LEOPARDS.



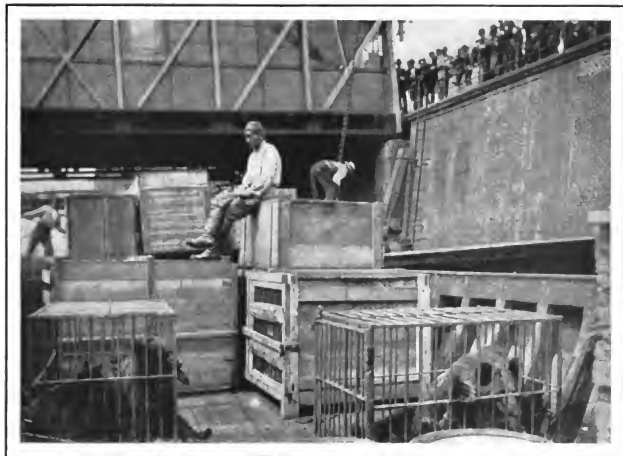
OPERATING ON A TIGER'S BROKEN LEG



THE PERFORMING ELEPHANT, RAJAH, UNDERGOING AN ENFORCED TOILET.

ting acquainted before school term begins. The first lesson consists in teaching the elephant to lie down. To the iron-linked fetters that encircle his legs strong ropes are attached. Each of these ropes is securely tied

ditional half inch of steel, for the animal must learn on the first page of his primer that he has never a chance to fight. Finally, when the pain becomes unbearable, he drops on his knees and clumsily rolls over on his side.



BEARS IN SHIFTING-DENS, READY TO TRAVEL TO PERMANENT QUARTERS.

to a staple so that the beast cannot move an appreciable distance in any direction. When the bonds have been thoroughly tested and it is certain the animal is helpless, the trainer catches his iron hook in the elephant's hide, high up on his back, and begins to pull.

It seems the nature of a brute to want to do the opposite of that which he is requested to do, so the elephant refuses to lie down. Whereupon the trainer puts a little weight on the sharp hook. It begins to cut through the tough hide to the sensitive flesh and the red blood beneath. The elephant trumpets, then he squeals—for even an elephant can squeal, when the hook is long enough and sharp enough, and always it is. The trainer pulls a bit harder, and maybe the blood spurts. The beast tries to break away and, failing that, reaches, murderously inclined, with his trunk for his tormentor. Each pugnacious attempt is met by an ad-

ditional half inch of steel, for the animal must learn on the first page of his primer that he has never a chance to fight. Finally, when the pain becomes unbearable, he drops on his knees and clumsily rolls over on his side.

Immediately the trainer gives him a lump of sugar as a reward of merit, and to show there is no hard feeling. This lesson is repeated until the beast lies down at a signal. Once taught, an elephant never forgets a trick; if by chance he should forget, a nip of the hook in the right spot will refresh his memory.

A humanitarian who watched a trainer with his iron hook teach an elephant to lie down exclaimed: "Why do you do that?"

"To make 'im lay down," was the reply.

"But it's brutal."

"Well, ain't he a brute?"

"I know," persisted the humanitarian;

"but you should do it some other way."

"Mister," said the trainer, in a tone of finality, "there ain't any other way. You can't break animals with a feather duster."

That is the philosophy of animal training—"There ain't any other way." The S. P. C. A.

view-point does not occur to the trainer. He looks on wild animals as beasts of prey, good-for-nothing evil-doers, and born enemies of mankind. An exception must be noted; for, domesticated, the elephant is useful. But the other big brutes—they kill, kill, kill weaker animals all their lives. Why not give them a bit of their own bite? Then, too, every animal-show is an object-lesson in natural history, serving to educate the young. So is a menagerie. But people won't patronize a menagerie. They want to see the beasts in action. There is also another reason for the animal-show. The proprietor has a family to support—and diamond studs to buy.

It is true that nowadays an elephant is taught one trick—rising on his hind legs—by cajolery. The trainer, standing upon a high pedestal, holds a piece of sugar, a carrot, or some other delicacy, just above the end of the beast's trunk. As he cannot reach it on all fours, he rises on his hind legs to take the pleasing morsel. This is done over and over again, until the brute realizes what is required and is willing to stand up at the signal. But when cajolery fails, the old method is resorted to. Strong ropes are attached to the chains on the animal's fore legs, and he is hoisted by sheer force until he stands erect upon his hind legs.

Similar methods are brought into play to teach the "head stand." The animal's fore legs are fastened so that he cannot move, and then ropes are tied around his hind quarters. These ropes are passed through a pulley overhead and, at a signal from the trainer, the beast is tilted up in the air until he is in danger of falling on his head, and naturally supports himself upon his trunk and fore legs. This is continued until he knows that, at a given cue, he must either do a "head stand" or suffer the unpleasant feeling of being hoisted.

In teaching an elephant to beat a bass drum with his tail, the trainer pads the end of the tail, and then ties it to the end of a long, slender rope, which is passed through a pulley on the farther side of the drum. By suddenly pulling this rope the trainer jerks the tail against the drum, and he continues to do so at quick intervals, until the animal understands that he must swing his tail when the drum is raised behind him, else the tail will be jerked, with accompanying prods from the hook. Other tricks are taught in the same way. It is all mechanical—all physical force. The beast has no more intelligent initiative

than a mechanical toy. When properly pointed and wound up, he goes; otherwise he stands still. Without the ropes, the steel, and the whip, the Singer Building would do tricks as readily as an elephant.

Next to elephants, bears are probably the most versatile of wild animals. They are the clowns of the arena. A lively bear will get more hearty laughs out of an audience than any other animal that performs. Monkeys are funnier when left to themselves in a cage, as the conventional "happy family," because deviltry dances through simian veins; but the monkey is a poor clown in the show-ring. He interrupts his work with so many fitful glances at his trainer that he becomes artificial, like the actor who depends upon a prompter for his lines and continually is looking off stage to catch his cues.

But the bear goes about his work with the whole-hearted abandon of a natural comedian. He waltzes happily, he turns somersaults as if somersaults were the greatest diversion of his life; he balances himself on an enormous ball and rolls it about the floor, as if this were recreation; he wrestles with his trainer like a big, happy, healthy school-boy, and he drinks sugared water from a bottle labeled "beer" with an undeniable relish. But the last-named stunt is the one natural, voluntary feature of his performance. He drinks the sweet water because he likes it. Everything else he does because he will be well goaded, after the show, if he refuses.

Unlike most other big animals, the bear is taught his stunts without the hoisting apparatus, for a bear naturally rises on his hind legs in the forest, and he stands erect without effort. But, though he escapes the gibbet, he is compelled to suffer keen pain during his sprouting days in the arena. Taken in cubhood, a bear may be broken without undue severity. When he comes into captivity with fair physical development and mature strength, he is subject to the usual scholastic course. The latter condition is usual; for cage-bred animals lack the wonderful hardihood of the forest-bred beast, and frequently are stunted. Then, too, they become slovenly and slothful from the unnatural life of confinement, and they go about their work with little more spirit than a feather bolster. On the other hand, the animal that has grown to maturity in nomadic freedom is fretful and nervous from his confinement in jail and makes the more interesting performer.

An adult bear is twice as hard as nails, and

three times as tough as shoe-leather. Clubs and whips have little more effect upon his hide than straws and silken threads. But as every man is said to have his price, so every animal has his vulnerable spot. The trainer, basing his campaign upon primitive rules of warfare, seeks the weakest point in subduing his charge. The bear has four vulnerable spots—eyes, ears, nose, and feet. It would be impracticable to attack the eyes, as blindness might result, making the brute valueless as a performer. It would be inconvenient to use the animal's feet as a means to his subjection; so the trainer directs his attention to the nose and the ears.

Confined in a large crate, known professionally as a shifting-den, the bear reaches permanent quarters. Immediately he is transferred to the stationary cage. A few days after the beast's arrival, the trainer calls together his assistants, and school is summarily opened by the introduction into the cage of a "choke" collar, happily named, which, after much maneuvering, is slipped over the bear's head with the aid of a long iron fork. The "choke" collar is an ingenious contrivance of tough rope, with which, by a slight movement of his hand, the trainer may choke or loose the animal at will. It takes some time to lasso the bear, for bears possess an investigating nature, and have a bad habit of tearing to pieces anything that comes near, in order that they may inspect its interior works before classifying it as friend or foe. But the beast has as much chance with the men surrounding the cage as the proverbial snowball in the heart of Hades. Growl, bite, and fight as he will, ultimately human persistence prevails and the "choke" collar coils into the thick fur about the animal's neck.

Ten or fifteen men at the other end of the rope tug the struggling bear against the bars of the cage, with his fore feet and chin sliding on the floor, as a boy drags an obstinate dog along the street by a tight rope about his neck. With Mr. Bruin's head pulled down and held hard against the floor and with his nose jammed under the iron bars of the cage, other ropes are thrown into his cell, and each of the bear's feet is caught in a slip-knot. Then his legs are pulled from under him toward the four points of the compass, until he spreads out, belly flat, on the floor, like a bear-skin rug. With the animal roped into this utterly helpless position, the intrepid trainer enters the cage and cuts off the beast's claws, as close as the flesh will permit.

When the manicuring has been satisfactorily completed, an attendant passes into the cage an instrument like the punch used by train conductors to mark tickets, save that it is much larger and makes a larger hole. Slipping this instrument into Bruin's nose, the trainer cuts a round hole through one nostril. Into the bleeding circle there is clamped a metal ring, to which a long lunge-rope is attached, and now the beast is ready for the arena. From his legs the four slip-knots are removed, the "choke" collar is loosened on his neck, and he is permitted to rise and become acquainted with the link in his nose.

Despite the excruciating pain attending the deed, an enraged bear occasionally will rip the ring from his nostril. When he is foolish enough to register this objection to the methods employed for his mental development, it is necessary immediately to show him the futility of his act; therefore, he is roped again, tied down flat on the floor of his cage, and a new hole for the ring is bored through his other nostril. Should the bear prove so hopelessly obstinate as to tear out the second ring, the trainer will go him one better by roping him again, and this time punching a hole clear through the upper parts of both nostrils.

There is on record the case of a bear so thoroughly lacking in logic that, after lacerating both nostrils, he even tore the link from the middle of his nose, leaving the organ in such a ragged condition that the trainer found it necessary to insert the ring in the tenderest part of his ear. With insulting impudence Bruin immediately split his ear in twain, whereupon the determined trainer transferred the link to the other ear. Without pause, the self-destructive, pertinacious brute repeated the operation, thereby rendering himself practically impossible of control.

"I guess he's no account," commented the owner of the menagerie, who had been watching the bear reduce himself to strips of fresh meat. "We'll have to make a cage animal out of him."

A cage animal is one kept merely for show. He spends his life pacing about the little iron-barred cell in which animals are exhibited. He is very unhappy until he reaches the time of life when food and sleep are all he wants, and then he is still unhappy, as he probably has indigestion from lack of exercise. When you see an animal with his nose in rags pacing about a cage, it is probable that he refused to be "broke."

It is quite a rare case, however, when a bear does not give in after both nostrils have been punctured. When he succumbs he is taken into the arena, with two ropes trailing at his heels, one attached to the nose-ring, the other to the "choke" collar around his neck.

Mr. Bruin now experiences the usual methods applied to beasts of his kind. He is pulled around several times in small circles by the ring in his sensitive nose, to make him understand that he is expected to waltz. If he does not understand, he is pulled around some more. In teaching a somersault, the trainer slips the rope between the bear's hind legs and, from his rear, pulls the animal's nose under his belly, until he is forced to roll over on his head. Each time this is done, the trainer prefaces the act by laying his whip on the floor at the brute's side. Finally the bear realizes that he must do a somersault whenever the whip is dropped. In wrestling, the beast is similarly governed. When he gets too rough and hugs his trainer a bit too hard, a slight jerk on the lunge-line attached to the ring in his tender nostril brings him to a sense of his error.

Unlike the elephant, which gradually grows irascible with increasing age, until he refuses to do any stunts at all, and will kill the man who tries to force him, the bear frequently dies in harness, though when he becomes stiff and senile he is employed merely to pose in a group with his mates, or to sit on a pedestal and watch younger and livelier animals go through their performances.

This is also true of lions. As he grows old a lion gets lazy and spiritless. The haughty beast who stares at the crowd outside his cage usually is as fierce of spirit as a fat night watchman who blinks out upon the dark world through the circle of light cast by the lamp at his feet. With plenty to eat, nothing to annoy him, and a keeper to look after his cage, the king of beasts becomes as peaceful, portly, and self-satisfied as some of our latter-day human monarchs, whose ministers of army, navy, state, and other things take proper care of the regal cage and see to it that the usual three square meals per day await the royal gullet at the proper hours. The story-book impression that lions are always on the hunt in their native jungle is quite at variance with the truth. Indeed, the older lions will frequently go hungry or seek the leavings of another beast's kill, rather than summon the energy to hunt prey for themselves. In a

group of ten or twelve trained lions, two or three young, nervous animals usually supply the act with all its dash and spirit. The others are somnambulists.

Tigers, too, frequently grow lethargic with advancing years; but never to such a degree as the aging lion. There is always a pinch of ginger in the big striped cat. For that reason he makes a more spectacular performer than the lion, and usually a tougher proposition for the trainer.

I once saw a particularly recalcitrant tiger introduced to the arena. The introduction consisted of a most determined and persistent series of brutalities. The beast was jungle born and bred. He had lived in a small, cramped cage from the day of his capture, until his arrival in New York, where he was turned over to his purchaser and placed in a more roomy iron-barred apartment. Near by were six trained tigers, comprising one of the best, most exciting and sensational wild-animal acts ever brought to this country. The trainer of these beasts was a passed master in the art of thrilling an audience. A handsome, athletic chap, extravagantly reckless, with six spirited, high-strung, nervous tigers, he gave a performance that for hair-raising daring has never been excelled in America. Frequently women, who seem to have a morbid love of daredeviltry, covered their eyes to avoid hysteria, while he was putting his beasts through their paces. He wished, however, to make the act twice as exciting by adding six tigers more; and the beast I saw in the first stages of training was one of the green animals with which he had been supplied.

The tiger was given a fortnight to straighten his back, get the crimps out of his muscles, and acquire some flesh, before he was introduced to the torture chamber. On his first training day the program began at six o'clock in the morning, when five ropes with nooses on the ends were thrown into his cage. After much maneuvering with long iron forks, the trainer and his assistants succeeded in throwing one of these nooses over the tiger's magnificent head, while the other four knots were slipped around his legs and drawn taut just above the paws.

Biting, fighting, clawing and pawing at the ropes, the brute was dragged by ten or fifteen men against the bars of the cage, where he was tied fast and helpless. The trainer then buckled a heavy collar, to which a thick rope was attached, around the ani-

mal's neck. On the completion of this part of the ceremony the nooses were removed, and the beast was given his freedom, which he spent in a fierce endeavor to rid himself of the strange leather strap that encircled his neck. After numerous efforts to scrape, tear, and rub it off, he decided that the collar was there to stay, and lay down for a rest.

At eight o'clock the door of the tiger's cage was thrown open. Driven by shouts, whips, and iron prods, he ran through the dark passage-way behind the semicircle of small cages, and bounded into the center of the big, bright performing-arena. Momentarily, he thought he had regained his freedom, but a glance at the high steel bars told him he was still a prisoner, and he took note of his surroundings with the quick curiosity of a man suddenly pushed into a strange room. For half an hour the beast was permitted to roam unfettered, inspecting the arena. It interested him but little. Saving seven or eight plain iron seats, attached to the bars a few feet above the floor, the big cage was empty. As the tiger walked about with the long rope trailing from his collar, he watched with wary eyes for possible attack, and seemed to be wondering, "What are they going to do with me next?"

His speculation was brought to an abrupt end. As the rope dragged along the floor near the bars, a sinewy hand reached in and seized it. Nine more pairs of sinewy hands took a quick, firm hold on it and brought the beast to a standstill as the trainer slipped into the arena, closing the doors behind him. In his right hand he held a long, lashed whip; in his left, a revolver with six blank cartridges, and a steel fork, five feet long, with sharp prongs at the end.

It is an aged fallacy, bred by sensational press-agents, that trainers carry loaded guns. It is also untrue that their assistants stand near by with revolvers, on watch for an emergency. If a trainer lacks control over his animals a gun won't help him. More than one shot is usually required to stop a vicious beast, and a man depending on a gun would have little chance of firing twice. Besides, if he shot straight and struck a vital spot, he would destroy a valuable animal; if he missed his mark he might kill someone in the audience, whose relatives likely would collect large cash damages from the proprietor of the show, a possibility wholly inconsistent with practical economy.

When the tiger trainer I was watching entered the arena, he braced the handle of the iron fork against his body, holding the sharp pointed prongs toward his victim. The beast whirled around, but did not spring. He faced the man and crouched, with his tail moving slowly from side to side. He looked not unlike a house cat creeping up on a mouse. A cat always makes sure of his prey before he leaps. It seems his nature to want a big advantage, and he hesitates until he is absolutely certain of his distance. Speaking in caressing tones, the trainer slowly advanced toward the animal.

Suddenly the beast growled deep down in his throat, his muscles tightened until his haunches trembled from the strain, and as the man yelled, "Look out, boys!" the tiger sprang from the floor with the speed of a clay pigeon shot from a trap. It was a sight to be remembered: the great, tawny beast, intent upon the kill, his ears laid back snugly against his head, his snarling mouth half open with hungry hate, his tail stiff as a cane on a line with his backbone, his four paws spread out like the talons of a lighting eagle to cover his victim when he landed.

But "the boys" spoiled the picture. As the tiger reached the top of his flying parabola they threw their combined weight upon the rope, and the beast turned a clumsy somersault in the air, falling heavily to the floor. Before he could turn to renew the attack the trainer was upon him, jabbing him with the fork and pounding his nose—the most sensitive part of a cat—with the butt of the heavy whip. Half stunned by his painful fall, the beast leaped high up on the side of the arena in fright, seeking to avoid his tormentor, who kept after him with fork and whip. The tiger tried desperately to climb out of reach of the blows, but his paws slid away from their grip on the iron bars and he fell to the floor. Once more the man was upon him, yelling, pounding him mercilessly with the whip, while the gang outside were ready to lay their weight on the restraining rope should the animal show a disposition to renew the attack. But the fight had been walloped out of the brute, and he fled from the man as a cat runs from a boy with a slingshot.

The first step, and a very important one in the education of the tiger, had been accomplished. He was afraid of his trainer. With a single sweep of his powerful paw he might have broken the neck of his master,

but the unexpected way in which he had been thrown puzzled him, and he lost his nerve. The animal retired to a corner of the cage, and, backing up against the bars, stood at bay, while the man took a position in the center of the arena and paused to regain his breath. After resting ten minutes, the trainer went after his pupil once more. He fixed one of the iron seats securely on the bars of the cage, and then, standing with the seat between him and the tiger, flicked the beast on the end of his nose with the whip-lash. This irritated the tiger, and he turned his head away, but the man was an expert with the whip, and no matter how quickly the animal moved, the lash reached the tip of his nose with never-failing, stinging accuracy. Meanwhile an assistant outside the cage jammed an iron fork against his haunches.

Unable any longer to endure the tormenting whip and iron, the beast slapped at the flying lash and took a few threatening steps toward the man. The latter then tapped the seat with the handle of his whip to show the tiger that it was intended for him to sit upon. Naturally enough, the beast did not understand the significance of this action, and backed into his corner, growling and snarling. This scene was repeated over and over again during the next half hour. The lash would light upon the tiger's nose; the assistant outside the cage would stick him in the haunches with the iron fork; the beast would advance with a short rush and then stop, afraid; the trainer would tap the seat with his whip, and the animal would back into the corner, showing his wicked teeth.

Meanwhile the beast was regaining some of his nerve. Anger was conquering fear. Each time he rushed he would sneak a little closer to the man, and each time he retired to his corner he would growl a little louder and lash his tail with greater fury.

Eight or ten feet above the seat that had been placed for the animal there hung a block and tackle. When it was apparent, after numerous efforts to make him sit down, that he could not understand what he was expected to do, or would not do it, a ladder was raised outside the arena. One of the assistants climbed up, and, passing the rope attached to the animal's collar through the bars, hung it over the block and tackle. The ten men took a fresh grip on the rope in readiness for the most trying and brutal lesson in the education of the tiger.

Fifteen feet of slack rope were permitted the animal as the trainer directed him once more to the seat and once more he failed to understand. Then the order to hoist was given, and, as the men pulled, the tiger felt the collar tighten about his neck. His head gradually was lifted up, until his fore legs left the ground and he pranced on his hind paws. With the fear of strangulation and the instinct of self-preservation his brain became a mental mud-puddle. He beat the air with his fore paws, whirled, squirmed, and wriggled, in a vain effort to get out of the collar that clutched his throat. Every movement of his body brought him nearer to the seat over which hung the block and tackle. When he reached it an assistant grabbed his tail through the bars and pulled him toward the little stool, while the trainer punched him against it with the iron bar.

Throughout this cruel struggle the trainer never lost his temper. He went about his work with the impersonal determination of a public executioner. His only evidence of excitement was physical, when his efforts made him perspire and his muscles trembled from over-exertion. Mentally, the man was utterly at ease. He felt no more anger toward the tiger than a butcher entertains toward the carcass of an ox he is quartering. The beast was there to be trained and he was there to train him. Ethics are out of place in an arena. So is sympathy. The animal has neither. Why should the trainer be afflicted by them?

"Swing him clear of the ground," he called. "We'll make him take that seat. All together now!" and as the men laid their combined weight on the rope, the big cat was hoisted until his hind legs dangled two feet above the floor, dancing a madman's jig. The helpless, choking brute fought the useless fight of a fish out of water. Had not the muscles over his throat been like solid rubber tires he would have strangled as he curled his body into a coil, trying to escape the weight that hung from his own neck.

It was not a pretty thing to look upon, and might have provided work for one of the numerous societies organized to prevent cruelties; yet it is the only way thus far devised by animal trainers to make an obstinate tiger sit down.

With much pushing and hauling the struggling beast finally was landed on the seat; but the moment he felt support under his

feet he leaped for the floor. He was met by the trainer, who walloped the sore, sensitive nose with the hickory handle of his whip, and followed this up by firing the burning powder of a blank cartridge straight into the nostril. This was the first time the revolver had been brought in play, and it threw the beast into hysteria. He turned to run, but the trainer yelled, "Lift him, boys," and as the crew threw their weight on the rope the beast's head and fore legs were yanked from the ground, and he pranced along for a few steps with only the claws of his hind feet touching the boards. When the momentum of his own body had carried him clear of the floor, he swung back, suspended in the air, more like a lifeless tiger-skin than a blood-filled beast of flesh and sinew.

Again he was smashed against the seat, and as the men gave slack to the rope he fell prostrate on his belly across the little iron bench, breathing violently, with a drunken glare in his eyes and bleeding from the nose. The trainer showed a disposition to give the beast respite, but the swarthy proprietor of the show, standing safely outside the cage, shouted: "Keep after him! Don't let up! You've got him going now!"

It was true, they had him going—going very close to his grave. Again the word was given, and again the helpers strained their backs. The big, tawny head went up with the tightening rope, until the tiger's body was dangling once more above the empty seat. As they eased the rope the beast gave a fearful cry, and, with every ounce of strength left in his body, made one final, desperate leap at his persecutor. The force of his flying weight almost snapped the rope, and his murderous, sweeping paw missed the trainer by an inch. Then, if a tiger can faint, he fainted. The proprietor yelled, "Let go the rope!" and the helpers loosened their hold. The beast flopped into a senseless heap on the floor, and a black tongue fell through the side of his mouth. Cold water was rushed into the arena and dashed on the animal's head. Bucket after bucket followed until his fine coat was drenched to the slimy smoothness of wet sealskin. His eyelids opened convulsively and his pupils rolled upward as he groaned painfully.

Three other tigers, trained animals, were brought into the arena. On entering the ring they glanced casually at their prostrate fellow, sniffed, and walked by. There is not an ounce of the Samaritan in a cat. The

trainer snapped his whip, and the trio climbed upon their accustomed seats, which had been arranged for their reception. Gradually the exhausted beast regained full consciousness, and at the first sign of returning strength the trainer flicked him on the nose with the stinging lash. The tiger struggled to his feet, took a step forward, swayed, and fell on his side through sheer weakness. They soused him with another bucketful of water, and he stood up, sufficiently revived to keep his feet; but when he tried to move it was with the uncertain step of locomotor ataxia.

In an attempt to teach his pupil by suggestion, the trainer called the three educated tigers, worked them a few times around the ring, and made them leap to their seats. The object-lesson was wasted, for the wounded beast stood stiff-legged, paying no heed to his mates, but following the trainer's every movement with a gaze of mingled hate and fear. A half-tipsy criminal might turn the same look on the big policeman who had brutally clubbed him to a station-house.

Some pugilists possess marvelous powers of recuperation, but there is nothing in humanity that compares with the reserve strength of a wild beast. Half an hour after he had regained consciousness the green tiger was breathing normally, his limbs had regained their pliant strength, and his eyes were bright and clear. Observing the beast's recovery, the alert trainer resumed his lesson.

It was the same brutal scene all over again: the big, stubborn cat, the mercilessly determined trainer, the hangman's rope—and finally, the animal was slammed on to the seat more dead than alive. While one assistant hung to his tail to prevent him from leaving the bench, the others held up his head with the straining tackle, and the trainer propped him with an iron bar. Once more the beast lost consciousness, the rope was loosened, and he fell to the floor. Another relay of buckets of cold water dashed against his face restored him. The doors of the arena were thrown open, the tiger was driven back to his small living cage, and school was over for the day. Intermittently, for a fortnight, this same course of training was repeated, until finally the brute realized what was wanted, and sat down. Forthwith he was added to the educated group and the next victim was taken in hand.

Occasionally an animal trainer is killed.



" 'GREETINGS,' SAYS I."

THE HIDING OF BLACK BILL

By O. HENRY

Author of "The Four Million," "The Trimmed Lamp," etc.

Illustrations by Charles Seara

A LANK, strong, red-faced man with a Wellington beak and small fiery eyes, tempered by flaxen lashes, sat on the station platform at Los Pinos swinging his legs to and fro. At his side sat another man, fat, melancholy, and seedy, who seemed to be his friend. They had the appearance of men to whom life had appeared as a reversible coat—seamy on both sides.

"Ain't seen you in about four years, Ham," said the seedy man. "Which way you been traveling?"

"Texas," said the red-faced man. "It was too cold in Alaska for me. And I found it warm in Texas. I'll tell you about one hot spell I went through there.

"One morning I steps off the International at a water-tank and lets it go on without me. 'Twas a ranch country, and fuller of spite houses than New York City. Only out there they build 'em twenty miles away so you can't smell what they've got for dinner, instead of running 'em up two inches from their neighbors' windows.

"There wasn't any roads in sight, so I footed it 'cross country. The grass was shoe-top deep and the mesquite timber looked just like a peach orchard. It was so much like a gentleman's private estate that every minute you expected a kennelful of bulldogs to run out and bite you. But I must have walked twenty miles before I came in sight of a ranch-house. It was a little one, about as big as an elevated railroad station.

"There was a little man in a white shirt and brown overalls and a pink handkerchief around his neck rolling cigarettes under a tree in front of the door.

" 'Greetings,' says I. 'Any refreshment, welcome, emoluments, or even work for a comparative stranger?'

" 'Oh, come in,' says he in a refined tone. 'Sit down on that stool, please. I didn't hear your horse coming.'

" 'He isn't near enough yet,' says I. 'I walked. I don't want to be a burden, but I wonder if you have three or four gallons of water handy.'

"You do look pretty dusty," says he; 'but our bathing arrangements—'

"It's a drink I want," says I. 'Never mind the dust that's on the outside.'

"He gets me a dipper of water out of a red jar hanging up, and then goes on:

"Do you want work?"

"For a time," says I. 'This is a rather quiet section of the country, isn't it?'

"It is," says he. 'Sometimes—so I have been told—one sees no human being pass for

"Can you herd 'em—take charge of a flock of 'em?" says he.

"Oh," says I, 'now I understand. You mean chase 'em around and bark at 'em like collie dogs. Well, I might,' says I. 'I've never exactly done any sheep-herding, but I've often seen 'em from car windows masticating daisies, and they didn't look dangerous.'

"I'm short a herder," says the ranchman. 'You never can depend on the Mexicans.



"WHEN I CAUGHT BIG CASINO I FELT AS EXCITED AS IF I HAD MADE A MILLION IN TRINITY."

weeks at a time. I've been here only a month. I bought the ranch from an old settler who wanted to move farther west.'

"It suits me," says I. 'Quiet and retirement are good for a man sometimes. And I need a job. I can tend bar, salt mines, lecture, float stock, do a little middle-weight slugging, and play the piano.'

"Can you herd sheep?" asks the little ranchman.

"Do you mean *have* I herd sheep?" says I.

I've only got two flocks. You may take out my bunch of muttons—there are only eight hundred of 'em—in the morning, if you like. The pay is twelve dollars a month and your rations furnished. You camp in a tent on the prairie with your sheep. You do your own cooking, but wood and water are brought to your camp. It's an easy job.'

"I'm on," says I. 'I'll take the job even if I have to garland my brow and hold on to a crook and wear a loose effect and play on a pipe like the shepherds do in pictures.'

"So the next morning the little ranchman helps me drive the flock of muttons from the corral to about two miles out and let 'em graze on a little hillside on the prairie. He gives me a lot of instructions about not letting bunches of them stray off from the herd, and driving 'em down to a water-hole to drink at noon.

"I'll bring out your tent and camping outfit and rations in the buckboard before night," says he.

"Fine," says I. "And don't forget the rations. Nor the camping outfit. And be sure to bring the tent. Your name's Zollicoffer, ain't it?"

"My name," says he, "is Henry Ogden."

"All right, Mr. Ogden," says I. "Mine is Mr. Percival Saint Clair."

"I herded sheep for five days on the Rancho Chiquito; and then the wool entered my soul. That getting next to nature certainly got next to me. I was lonelier than Crusoe's goat. I've seen a lot of persons more entertaining as companions than those sheep were. I'd drive 'em to the corral and pen 'em every evening, and then cook my corn bread and mutton and coffee and lie down in a tent the size of a tablecloth and listen to the coyotes and whippoorwills singing around the camp.

"The fifth evening, after I had corralled my costly but uncongenial muttons, I walked over to the ranch-house and stepped in the door.

"Mr. Ogden," says I, "you and me have got to get sociable. Sheep are all very well to dot the landscape and furnish \$8 cotton suitings for man, but for table-talk and fire-side companions they rank along with five o'clock teasers. If you've got a deck of cards or a parchesi outfit or a game of authors, get 'em out and let's get on a mental basis. I've got to do something in an intellectual line if it's only to knock somebody's brains out."

"This Henry Ogden was a peculiar kind of ranchman. He wore finger rings and a big gold watch and careful neckties. And his face was calm and his nose spectacles was kept very shiny. I saw once in Muscogee an outlaw hung for murdering six men, who was a dead ringer for him. But I knew a preacher in Arkansas that you would have taken to be his brother. I didn't care much for him either way; what I wanted was some fellowship and communion with holy saints or lost sinners—anything sheepless would do.

"Well, Saint Clair," says he, laying down the book he was reading, "I guess it must be pretty lonesome for you at first. And I don't deny that it's monotonous for me. Are you sure you corralled your sheep so they won't stray out?"

"They're shut up as tight as the jury of a millionaire murderer," says I. "And I'll be back with them long before they'll need their trained nurse."

"So Ogden digs up a deck of cards and we play casino. After five days and nights of my sheep camp it was like a toot on Broadway. When I caught big casino I felt as excited as if I had made a million in Trinity. And when H. O. loosened up a little and told the story about the lady in the Pullman car I laughed for five minutes.

"That showed what a comparative thing life is. A man may see so much that he'd be bored to turn his head to look at a \$3,000,000 fire or Joe Weber or the Adriatic Sea. But let him herd sheep for a spell and you'll see him splitting his ribs laughing at 'Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night,' or really enjoying himself playing cards with ladies.

"By and by Ogden gets out a decanter of Bourbon, and then there is a total eclipse of sheep.

"Do you remember reading in the papers about a month ago," says he, "about a train hold-up on the M. K. & T.? The express agent was shot through the shoulder, and about \$15,000 in currency taken. And it's said that only one man did the job."

"Seems to me I do," says I. "But such things happen so often they don't linger long in the human Texas mind. Did they overtake, overhaul, seize, or lay hands upon the despoiler?"

"He escaped," says Ogden. "And I was just reading in a paper to-day that the officers have tracked him down into this part of the country. It seems the bills the robber got were all the first issue of currency to the Second National Bank of Espinosa City. And so they've followed the trail where they've been spent, and it leads this way."

Ogden pours out some more Bourbon and shoves me the bottle.

"I imagine," says I, after ingurgitating another modicum of the royal booze, "that it wouldn't be at all a disingenuous idea for a train robber to run down into this part of the country to hide for a spell. A sheep ranch, now," says I, "would be the finest kind of a place. Who'd ever expect to find

such a desperate character among these song-birds and muttons and wild flowers? And, by the way,' says I, kind of looking H. Ogden over, 'was there any description mentioned of this single-handed terror? Was his lineaments or height and thickness or teeth fillings or style of habiliments set forth in print?'

"'Why, no,' says Ogden; 'they say nobody got a good sight of him because he wore a mask. But they know it was a train robber called Black Bill, because he always works alone and because he dropped a handkerchief in the express-car that had his name on it.'

"'All right,' says I. 'I approve of Black Bill's retreat to the sheep-ranges. I guess they won't find him.'

"'There's one thousand dollars reward for his capture,' says Ogden.

"'I don't need that kind of money,' says I, looking Mr. Sheepman straight in the eye. 'The twelve dollars a month you pay me is enough. I need a rest and I can save up until I get enough to pay my fare to Texarkana, where my widowed mother lives. If Black Bill,' I goes on, looking insignificantly at Ogden, 'was to have come down this way—say, a month ago—and bought a little sheep-ranch and—'

"'Stop,' says Ogden, getting out of his chair and looking pretty vicious. 'Do you mean to insinuate—'

"'Nothing,' says I; 'no insinuations. I'm stating a hypodermical case. I say, if Black Bill had come down here and bought a sheep-ranch and hired me to Little Boy Blue 'em and treated me square and friendly, as you've done, he'd never have anything to fear from me. A man is a man regardless of any complications he may have with sheep or railroad trains. Now you know where I stand.'

"Ogden looks black as camp coffee for nine seconds, and then he laughs, amused.

"'You'll do, Saint Clair,' says he. 'If I was Black Bill I wouldn't be afraid to trust you. Let's have a game or two of seven-up to-night. That is, if you don't mind playing with a train robber.'

"'I've told you,' says I, 'my oral sentiments; and there's no strings to 'em.'

"While I was shuffling after the first hand, I asks Ogden, as if the idea was a kind of a casualty, where he was from.

"'Oh,' says he, 'from the Mississippi valley.'

"'That's a nice little place,' says I. 'I've often stopped over there. But didn't you

find the sheets a little damp and the food poor? Now, I hail,' says I, 'from the Pacific slope. Ever put up there?'

"'Too draughty,' says Ogden. 'But if you're ever in the Middle West just mention my name and you'll get foot-warmers and dripped coffee.'

"'Well,' says I, 'I wasn't exactly fishing for your private telephone number and the middle name of your aunt that carried off the Cumberland Presbyterian minister. It don't matter. I just want you to know you are safe in the hands of your shepherd. Now, don't play hearts on spades, and don't get nervous.'

"'Still harping,' says Ogden, laughing again. 'Don't you suppose that if I was Black Bill and thought you suspected me, I'd put a Winchester bullet into you and stop my nervousness, if I had any?'

"'Not any,' says I. 'A man who's got the nerve to hold up a train single-handed wouldn't do a trick like that. I've knocked about enough to know that them are the kind of men who put a value on a friend. Not that I can claim being a friend of yours, Mr. Ogden,' says I, 'being only your sheepherder; but under more expeditious circumstances we might have been.'

"'Forget the sheep temporarily, I beg,' says Ogden, 'and cut for deal.'

"About four days afterward, while my muttons was nooning on the water-hole and I was deep in the interstices of making a pot of coffee, up rides softly on the grass a mysterious person in the garb of the being he wished to represent. He was dressed somewhere between a Kansas City detective, Buffalo Bill, and the town dog-catcher of Baton Rouge. His chin and eye wasn't molded on fighting lines; so I knew he was only a scout.

"'Herdin' sheep?' he asks me.

"'Well,' says I, 'to a man of your evident gumptional endowments I wouldn't have the nerve to state that I am engaged in decorating old bronzes or oiling bicycle sprockets.'

"'You don't talk or look like a sheepherder to me,' says he.

"'But you talk like what you look like to me,' says I.

"And then he asks me who I was working for, and I shows him Rancho Chiquito two miles away in the shadow of a low hill; and he tells me he's a deputy sheriff.

"'There's a train robber called Black Bill supposed to be somewhere in these parts,'



" 'HERDIN' SHEEP ?' HE ASKS ME."

says the scout. 'He's been traced as far as San Antonio and maybe farther. Have you seen or heard of any strangers around here during the past month?'

"I have not," says I, 'except a report of one over at the Mexican quarters of Loomis's ranch on the Frio.'

"What do you know about him?" asks the deputy.

"He's three days old," says I.

"What kind of a looking man is the man you work for?" he asks. 'Does old George Ramey own this place yet? He's run sheep here for the last ten years, but never had no success.'

"The old man has sold out and gone west," I tells him. 'Another sheep-fancier bought him out about a month ago.'

"What kind of a looking man is he?" asks the deputy again.

"Oh," says I, 'a big, fat kind of a Dutchman with long whiskers and blue specs. I don't think he knows a sheep from a ground-squirrel. I guess old George soaked him pretty well on the deal,' says I.

"After indulging himself in a lot more non-communicative information and two-thirds of my dinner, the deputy rides away.

"That night I mentions the matter to Ogden.

"They're drawing the tendrils of the

octopus around Black Bill,' says I. And then I told him about the deputy sheriff and how I'd described him to the deputy and what the deputy said about the matter.

"Oh, well," says Ogden, 'let's don't borrow any of Black Bill's troubles. We've a few of our own. Get the Bourbon out of the cupboard and we'll drink to his health. Unless,' says he, with his little cackling laugh, 'you're prejudiced against train robbers.'

"I'll drink," says I, 'to any man who's a friend to a friend. And I believe that Black Bill,' I goes on, 'would be that. So here's to Black Bill and may he have good luck.'

"And both of us drank.

"About two weeks later comes shearing-time. The sheep had to be driven up to the ranch, and a lot of frowzy-headed Mexicans would snip the fur off of them with back-action scissors. So, the afternoon before the barbers were to come, I hustled my underdone muttons over the hill, across the dell, down by the winding brook, and up to the ranch-house, where I penned 'em in a corral and bade 'em my nightly adieus.

"I went from there to the ranch-house. I find H. Ogden, Esquire, lying asleep on his little cot bed. I guess he had been overcome by anti-insomnia or diswakefulness or some of the diseases peculiar to the sheep

business. His mouth and vest were open, and he breathed like a second-hand bicycle pump. I looked at him and gave vent to just a few musings. 'Imperial Caesar,' says I, 'asleep in such a way, might shut his mouth and keep the wind away.'

"A man asleep is certainly a sight to make angels weep. What good is all his brain, muscle, backing, nerve, influence, and family connections? He's at the mercy of his enemies, and more so of his friends. And he's about as beautiful as a cab-horse leaning against the Metropolitan Opera House at 12.30 A.M., dreaming of the plains of Arabia. Now, a woman asleep you regard as different. No matter how she looks, you know it's better for all hands for her to be that way.

"Well, I took a drink of Bourbon and one for Ogden, and started in to be comfortable while he was taking his nap. He had some books on his table on indigenous subjects, such as Japan and drainage and physical culture; and some tobacco, which seemed more to the point.

"After I'd smoked a few and listened to the sartorial breathing of H. O., I happened to look out the window toward the shearing-pens, where there was a kind of a road coming up from a kind of a road across a kind of a creek farther away.

"I saw five men riding up to the house. All of 'em carried guns across their saddles, and among 'em was the deputy that had talked to me at my camp.

"They rode up careful, in open formation, with their guns ready. I set apart with my eye the one I opinionated to be the boss muckraker of this law-and-order cavalry.

"'Good evening, gents,' says I. 'Won't you 'light and tie your horses?'

"The boss rides up close and swings his gun over till the opening in it seems to cover my whole front elevation.

"'Don't you move your hands none,' says he, 'till you and me indulge in a adequate amount of necessary conversation.'

"'I will not,' says I. 'I am no deaf-mute, and therefore will not have to disobey your injunctions in replying.'

"'We are on the lookout,' says he, 'for Black Bill, the man that held up the Katy for \$15,000 in May. We are searching the ranches and everybody on 'em. What is your name, and what do you do on this ranch?'

"'Captain,' says I, 'Percival Saint Clair is my occupation, and my name is sheep-

herder. I've got my flock of veals—no, muttons—penned here to-night. The shearers are coming to-morrow to give them a hair-cut—with baa-a-rum, I suppose.'

"'Where's the boss of this ranch?' the captain of the gang asks me.

"'Wait just a minute, cap'n,' says I. 'Wasn't there a kind of a reward offered for the capture of this desperate character you have referred to in your preamble?'

"'There's a thousand dollars reward offered,' says the captain, 'but it's for his capture and conviction. There don't seem to be no provision made for an informer.'

"'It looks like it might rain in a day or so,' says I, in a tired way, looking up at the cerulean blue sky.

"'If you know anything about the locality, disposition, or secretiveness of this here Black Bill,' says he, in a severe dialect, 'you are amiable to the law in not reporting it.'

"'I heard a fence-rider say,' says I, in a desultory kind of voice, 'that a Mexican told a cowboy named Jake over at Pidgin's store on the Nueces that he heard that Black Bill had been seen in Matamoras by a sheepman's cousin two weeks ago.'

"'Tell you what I'll do, Tight Mouth,' says the captain, after looking me over for bargains. 'If you can put us on so we can scoop Black Bill, I'll pay you a hundred dollars out of my own—out of our own—pockets. That's liberal,' says he. 'You ain't entitled to anything. Now, what do you say?'

"'Cash down now?' I ask.

"'The captain has a sort of discussion with his helpmates, and they all produce the contents of their pockets for analysis. Out of the general results they figured up \$102.30 in cash and \$31 worth of plug tobacco.

"'Come nearer, capitan meeo,' says I, 'and listen.' He so did.

"'I am mighty poor and low down in the world,' says I. 'I am working for twelve dollars a month trying to keep a lot of animals together whose only thought seems to be to get asunder. Although,' says I, 'I regard myself as some better than the state of South Dakota, it's a come-down to a man who has heretofore regarded sheep only in the form of chops. I'm pretty far reduced in the world on account of foiled ambitions and rum and a kind of cocktail they make along the P. R. R. all the way from Scranton to Cincinnati—dry gin, French vermouth, one squeeze of a lime, and a good dash of

orange bitters. If you're ever up that way don't fail to let one try you. And, again,' says I, 'I have never yet went back on a friend. I've stayed by 'em when they had plenty; and when adversity's overtaken me I've never forsook 'em.

"'But,' I goes on, 'this is not exactly the case of a friend. Twelve dollars a month is only bowing-acquaintance money. And I do not consider brown beans and corn bread the food of friendship. I am a poor man,' says I,

'He seems impatient at times, and when you think of his late professional pursuits one would look for abrupt actions if he was come upon sudden.'

"So the whole posse unmounts and ties their horses and unlimbers their ammunition and equipments, and tiptoes into the house. And I follows, like Delilah when she set the Philip Steins on to Samson.

"The leader of the posse shakes Ogden and wakes him up. And then he jumps up,



"'BETTER GO IN CAREFUL, GENTLEMEN.'"

'and I have a widowed mother in Texarkana. You will find Black Bill,' says I, 'lying asleep in this house on a cot in the room to your right. He's the man you want, as I know from his words and conversation. He was in a way a friend,' I explains, 'and if I was the man I once was, the entire product of the mines of Gondola would not have tempted me to betray him. But,' says I, 'every week half of the beans was wormy, and not high enough wood in camp.

"'Better go in careful, gentlemen,' says I.

and two more of the reward-hunters grab him. Ogden was mighty tough with all his slimness; and he gives 'em as neat a single-footed tussle against odds as I ever see.

"'What does this mean?' he says after they had him down.

"'You're scooped in, Mr. Black Bill,' says the captain. 'That's all.'

"'It's an outrage,' says H. Ogden, madder yet.

"'It was,' says the peace and good-will man. 'The Katy wasn't bothering you, and

there's a law against monkeying with express packages.'

"And he sits on H. Ogden's stomach and goes through his pockets symptomatically and careful.

"I'll make you perspire for this,' says Ogden, perspiring some himself. 'I can prove who I am.'

"So can I,' says the captain, as he draws from H. Ogden's inside coat pocket a handful of new bills of the Second National Bank of Espinosa City. 'Your regular engraved Tuesdays-and-Fridays visiting-card wouldn't have a louder voice in proclaiming your indemnity than this here currency. You can get up now and prepare to go with us and expatriate your sins.'

"H. Ogden gets up and fixes his necktie. He says no more after they take the money off of him.

"A well-greased idea,' says the sheriff captain, admiring, 'to slip off down here and buy a little sheep-ranch where the hand of man is seldom heard. It was the slickest hide-out I ever see,' says the captain.

"So one of the men goes to the shearing-pen and hunts up the other herder, a Mexican they call John Sallies, and he saddles Ogden's horse and the sheriffs all ride up close around him with their guns in hand, ready to take their prisoner to town.

"Before starting, Ogden puts the ranch in John Sallies's hands and gives him orders about the shearing and where to graze the sheep, just as if he intended to be back in a few days. And a couple of hours afterward one Percival Saint Clair, an ex-sheep-herder

of the Rancho Chiquito, might have been seen, with a hundred and nine dollars—wages and blood-money—in his pocket, riding south on another horse belonging to said ranch."

The red-faced man paused and listened. The whistle of a coming freight-train sounded far away among the low hills.

The fat, seedy man at his side sniffed, and shook his frowzy head slowly and disparagingly.

"What is it, Snipy?" asked the other. "Got the blues again?"

"No, I ain't," said the seedy one, sniffing again. "But I don't like your talk. You and me have been friends, off and on, for fifteen year; and I never yet knew or heard of you giving anybody up to the law—not no one. And here was a man whose saleratus you had et and at whose table you had played games of cards—if casino can be so called. And yet you inform him to the law and take money for it. It never was like you, I say."

"This H. Ogden," resumed the red-faced man, "through a lawyer proved himself free by alibis and other legal terminalities, as I so heard afterward. He never suffered no harm. He did me favors, and I hated to hand him over."

"How about the bills they found in his pocket?" asked the seedy man.

"I put 'em there," said the red-faced man, "while he was asleep, when I saw the posse riding up. I was Black Bill. Look out, Snipy, here she comes. We'll board her on the bumpers when she takes water at the tank."

Dusk in the Barren Grounds

By ARTHUR STRINGER

THE hills lie black and low against the West,
Far northward stretch the valleys of the dead—
Here where Life weary grew and sighed for rest
And God put all His worn-out world to bed.

For this the Silence is where some last word
Was whispered and Earth's twilight tale was told,
And Emptiness and Sorrow only heard
The ghostly cry of ashen things and old.

And through the pallid light three dead pines crown
The plain that lies so like a yellowed page;
And wide and dark the blood-red sun burns down
Beyond each iron hill that aches with age.

EUGENE V. DEBS

on

What the Matter Is In America and What To Do About It

By LINCOLN STEFFENS

Author of "The Shame of the Cities," "The Struggle for Self-Government," etc.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—"I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness," said John the Baptist, when they questioned his mission. And his was the voice of promise of a new order of things. This voice of promise has come down the ages, sometimes almost stilled, again rising into tones of thunder. But always it has been a call to the poor and the unhappy—to the "rabble." Unworthy mouth-pieces that voice has had, and blatant. But, for weal or for woe, whenever and wherever it has reached its full volume no earthly power has been able to drown its insistent cry. Is that voice today rising toward its highest note? Or do we hear merely the droning of false creeds? The voice of established order sounds clear and seemingly strong. But in Europe the cry of Socialism (they say it is applied Christianity) already bids fair to become dominant. In America more than a million thrill at its call. Debs is their voice. Fanatic or prophet? Inspired or insane? Only time will tell. But, for weal or for woe, we must listen. Debs believes that he voices the cry of a people wronged, and he believes he has the remedy for that wrong. For this reason we have asked him to talk to you. If he is a public enemy, you have here the chance to become forearmed by being forewarned. We present you his gospel.

ALL radicals have programs. They differ radically among themselves. They cannot, therefore, all have "the" program of God and man which each one thinks his. Not one of them may be sound, reasonable, desirable, or right. They may all be impossible. But, at least, they are programs, not merely platforms. Therefore they concern us.

For we want to know what the causes are of our American corruption, and the cure.

We have asked the leaders of the two old parties, and, excepting La Follette, they said, or they showed, that they didn't really know. Socialists, with other radicals, are sure they do know. So we will let them tell us what they think the matter is and what they think we ought to do about it.

The President, Taft, and John Johnson don't believe there is any "it"; they set aside the suggestion that most of our greater evils are traceable to a few fundamental, removable causes. There's the money question and the tariff issue; the regulation of railroads, trusts, and criminals. They recognize seriously, though separately, these problems of business and money. Not so the problems of men and women: labor, poverty, crime. As the old political parties of Europe did so long, ours deny or ignore the social problem. The Socialists (whence the name) not only recognize, they offer a solution for it. Therefore Socialism grows.

For there is a social problem, and men find it out. The schools don't teach it; the churches don't preach it; the press won't mention it; and, brought up, as we are, to mind our own business, we become too absorbed in that to pay much attention to our public business. But when the railroad magnate discovers that, to make his property pay, he must corrupt politics, and that, having done so, he is first honored, then disgraced, he learns that there is something wrong somewhere. And when the willing worker out of work sees the market glutted with goods he and his family need but cannot buy, he, also, realizes that there are problems of humanity, as well as of money, in a money panic. The "bum," who is often an ex-child laborer, and the shop-girl who ekes out a living by taking a "gentleman friend"—they feel it vaguely. And I, going about

from city to city and from state to state, and finding everywhere much the same conditions, due to essentially the same forces, operated by all sorts of men using similar methods for one everlasting purpose and to one identical end, I, slowly, reluctantly, am convinced that we all are facing some one great common problem.

And we are. There is some relation between the unhappy capitalist facing the prison bars and the miserable workman staring into the shop window. There is some causal connection between the man and the money that are out of employment. And the trust, the railroad rebate the bribed legislator, the red-light dive, and the working-girl gone wrong form a living chain that can, and shall, be broken.

This is the problem of society as a whole, and as men find it out in fear and doubt, they look first to their old leaders; not for a final solution; all they ask is some recognition of it, some word of interest, comfort, hope. But when, seeing Congress passing an emergency currency bill to help money in distress, the unemployed assemble to exhibit their needs and "are given the stick"; when, watching Capital forming trusts and combines, Labor organizes unions and, asking relief from a power the courts have abused, gets an ambiguous anti-injunction plank; when, asking where they can find work, men hear that "God knows"; then, slowly, reluctantly, but naturally, they turn to the agitator on the street corner. He says he knows, and he makes it all plain; too plain, perhaps; but at least he understands the troubles of all those that are weary and heavy-laden, and he says he will give them rest. Is it any wonder they go to him, as they do?

The Socialists more than double their number every four years in the United States, and in Europe they did so till now they have in every parliament a strong, disciplined, uncompromising minority which seeks reform, not office; the Socialist leaders that have accepted seats in cabinets have been read out of their party. No, this remarkable international organization stands there compact and keen, demanding, amending, debating, and reporting back to the people. And that counts. The Socialist party is dictating policies to all the first-class governments abroad. Holding up its own menacing program in one hand and pointing with the other at its ever-growing vote, it is compelling the old parties to attempt

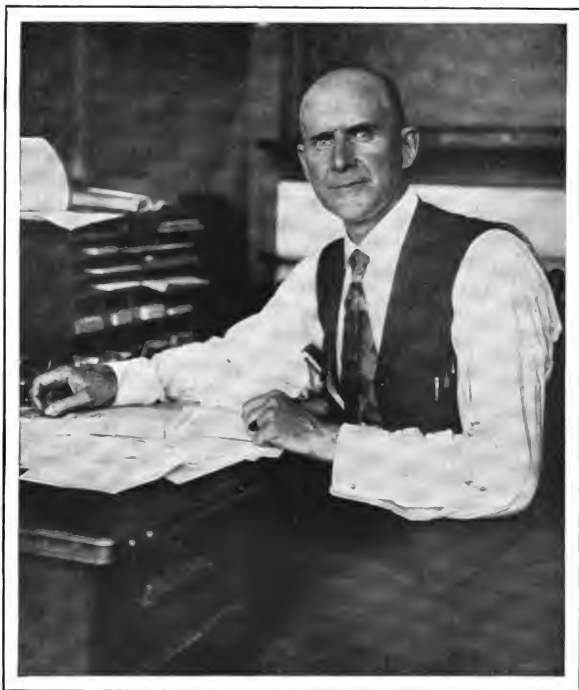
social, not alone financial and political, reforms.

"We had to take up social reforms," said the prime minister of England, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, just before he died, to an American friend of mine. "Germany was driven to them long ago; France, Italy, Austria, Holland, Belgium, and, finally, we English, all had to follow. And you, in the States, you cannot continue to ignore the demand. It becomes more and more pressing all the time, you know, and the radicals take advantage of every denial of it."

Of course they do. The radicals are themselves evidences of the growing *consciousness* of a common, as well as an individual, problem of civilized living; and, as between the leadership that denies and that which acknowledges it, the majority of men (with the suffrage, now, remember) are bound either to sink into animal contentment or to follow radicals, like the Socialists, who not only recognize, but rejoice in the work to be done; and, burning with their faith, offer not only hope, but something for every man to do; and not only a way out, but—a heaven on earth. Absurd? Maybe it is, but don't I illustrate my own point? I'm looking for light, and I don't care where I get it. If I don't find it in one place, I'll try another; if the Republicans and the Democrats shed only gloom, I'll apply to the Socialists; if my old leaders say there is no light—why, then, I'll have to ask Debs.

Yes, Eugene V. Debs is the keeper of the Socialist heaven. Locomotive fireman; labor agitator; strike leader; he was jailed once, and the Socialists, who take advantage of the misery of men to win them over, converted Debs in his cell at Woodstock. And now he is the leader of the Socialist party. I must confess that I didn't want to take my Socialism from Debs. Having use only for the truth, not the excesses and fallacies, of Socialism, I desired to get the best possible view of it, so I had picked out another man to interview, a hard-headed, intellectual student. But if the Socialists preferred Debs, the "undesirable citizen," "the incendiary," who wrote: "Rouse ye, Slaves," and called for a mob to follow him to Idaho, why, I felt that in a sense it was their party, not mine. And so, when they nominated him (the third time) for president of the United States, I saw Debs.

I don't know how to give you my impression of this man; I suppose I can't; I can



From photograph especially made for Everybody's Magazine by Emmett V. O'Neill.

EUGENE V. DEBS, CANDIDATE OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY FOR PRESIDENT.
 "IF THERE WERE ANY CHANCE OF MY ELECTION I WOULDN'T RUN."

hardly credit it myself, and I wouldn't, I guess, if I hadn't discovered so often before that the world (in the French phrase, "all the world") hates a lover of the world. And that's what 'Gene Debs is: the kindest, foolishlest, most courageous lover of man in the world. Nor am I the only one that thinks so. Horace Traubel says: "Debs has ten hopes to your one hope. He has ten loves to your one love. You think he is a preacher of hate. He is only a preacher of men. When Debs speaks a harsh word it is wet with tears."

And there's James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, he sez:

"And there's 'Gene Debs—a man 'at stands
 And jest holds out in his two hands
 As warm a heart as ever beat
 Betwixt here and the Judgment Seat."

That's a true, and an essential, description. I met Debs at a Milwaukee Socialist picnic (25,000 paid admissions) where he was to speak, and, as he came toward me with his two hands out, I felt, through all my prejudice, that those hands held as warm



he went upon the platform to speak, he held out his handfuls of affection to the crowd. He scolded them. "Men are beginning to have minds," he said; "some of you don't know it." There was nothing demagogic about that speech. It was impassioned, but orderly; radical, but (granting the premises) logically reasoned. It was an analysis of the platforms and performances of the two old parties to show that they would do for Business as much as they dared and for Labor as little; and the conclusion was an appeal to the workers—not to vote for Debs; "I don't ask that," he said, and sincerely, too. "All I ask is that you think, organize, and go into politics for yourselves."

Delivered from a crouching attitude, with reaching hands and the sweat dripping from head and face, the speech fairly flew, smooth, correct, and truly eloquent. Debs is an orator. "If Debs were a priest," wrote Eugene Field, "the world would listen to his eloquence, and that gentle, musical voice and sad, sweet smile of his would soften the hardest heart."

Half the world does listen to Debs, and his eloquence does soften its heart. But it wasn't art that kept that Milwaukee crowd steaming out there in the sun and, at the close, drew it crushing down upon the orator. And it wasn't what he said, either; too much of the gratitude was expressed in for-

a heart as ever beat. Warm for me, you understand, a stranger; and not alone for me: those two warm hands went out to all in the same way: the workers, their wives, their children; especially the children, who spring at sight right into Debs's arms. It's wonderful, really. And when, piloted, plucked at, through the jammed mass of waiting humanity,

sign tongues. It was the feeling he conveys that he feels for his fellow men; as he does, desperately.

Debs is dangerous; it is instinct that makes one half of the world hate him; but don't. He loves mankind too much to be hurt of men; and that's the power in him; and that's the danger. The trouble with Debs is that he puts the happiness of the race above everything else: business, prosperity, property. Remarking this to him, I said lightly that he was, therefore, unfit to be president.

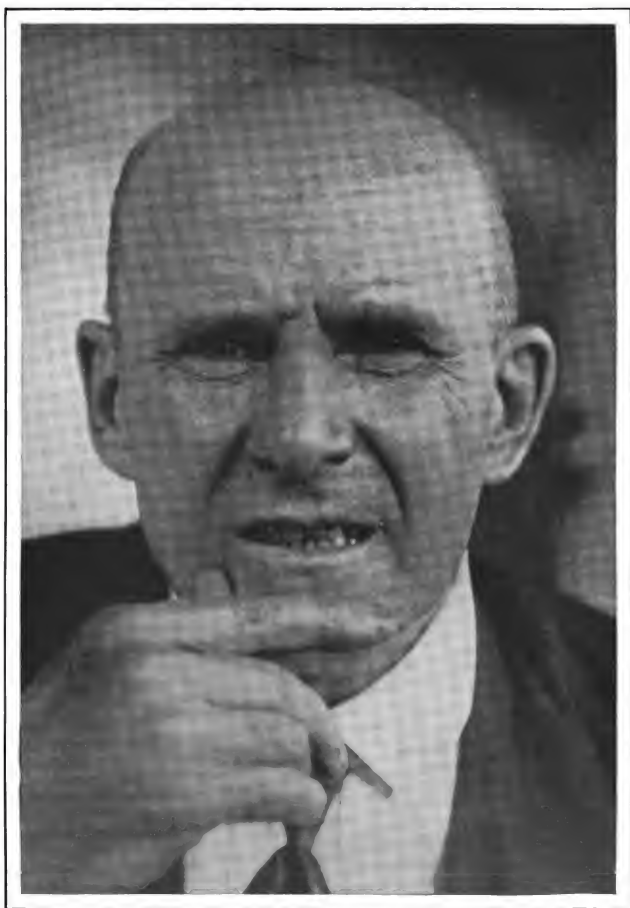
"Yes," he answered seriously, "I am not fitted either by temperament or by taste for the office, and if there were any chance of my election I wouldn't run. The party wouldn't let me. We Socialists don't consider individuals, you know; only the good of all. But we aren't playing to win; not yet. We want a majority of Socialists, not of votes. There would be no use getting into power with a people that did not understand; with a lot of office-holders undisciplined by service in the party; unpurged, by personal sacrifice, of the selfish spirit of the present system. We shall be a minority party first, and the cooperative commonwealth can come only when the people know enough to want to work together, and when, by working together to win, they have developed a common sense of common service, and a drilled-

in capacity for mutual living and cooperative labor. I am running for president to serve a very humble purpose: to teach social consciousness and to ask men to sacrifice the present for the future, to 'throw away their votes' to mark the rising tide of protest and build up a party that will represent them. When Socialism is on the verge of success, the party will nominate an able executive and a clear-headed administrator; not—not Debs."

It may be deemed expedient to hang Debs some day, and that wouldn't be so bad; but don't try to hurt him. In the first place, it's no use. Nature has provided for him, as she provides for other sensitive things, a guard; she has surrounded Debs with a

circle of friends who go everywhere with him, shielding, caring for, adoring him. They sat all through my interview, ready to accept what I might reject. So he gets back the affection





From photograph especially made for Everybody's Magazine by Emmett F. O'Neill.

"IT MAY BE DEEMED EXPEDIENT TO HANG DEBS SOME DAY, AND THAT WOULDN'T BE SO BAD;
BUT DON'T TRY TO HURT HIM,"



From photograph especially made for Everybody's Magazine by Emmett V. O'Neil.

DEBS IS A MAN WHO HONESTLY BELIEVES THAT THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG IN THE WORLD—SOME ONE BIG, REMOVABLE "IT."

he gives, and no strange hate can hurt him. It can hurt only the haters. And as for the hanging, he half expects that.

"How could you," I asked, "thinking as you do that Socialists must learn by party service and personal sacrifice to deserve power, how could you have put out that call for a mob to rescue Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone?"

"Oh, that," he answered. "The 'Rouse ye, Slaves'? Why, my God, man, that was only a cry. That was pain. You know Colorado——"

Yes, I know Colorado. I know that there was, that there is now, and that it is planned that there shall be, no justice in that state; know it, too, from the unjust themselves. "But," I urged, "the folly of mob force."

"True," said Debs, hanging his head. "It was folly, but," he added, looking up as if frightened, "do you know, I sometimes think I am destined to do some wild and foolish, useless thing like that and—so go."

Debs has written much about John Brown. Socialists see the repetitions of history, they read it in parallels, and they have found in it heroes of their own. Debs's hero is John Brown.

"The most picturesque character, the bravest man, the most self-sacrificing soul in

American history was hanged at Charlestown, Virginia, December 2, 1859." Thus Debs begins an article which fairly worships John Brown's "moral courage and single-hearted devotion to an ideal for all men and for all ages. He resolved," says Debs, "to lay his life on Freedom's altar and to face the world alone. How perfectly sublime!"

That's Debs, I suspect. His adoration of John Brown is a view into himself. It gives us the ideal and the dread; the use and the danger; the strength and the weakness of the man. One must allow for personality in an interview, and in this case we should not forget for one moment that we are dealing with a man who speaks and acts from his heart, not his head; who honestly believes that there is something wrong in the world—some one big, removable "it," which meanwhile works terrible injustice to his kind of people, and who, therefore, feels that he may do "some wild and foolish, useless thing like"—John Brown.

I had a foil for Debs, however. The interview proper was at the house of Victor L. Berger, "the bear"; leader of the Wisconsin Socialist party, which has forceful minorities in the state legislature and the Milwaukee city council. Berger is the man that made a Socialist of Debs, and the teacher, a most

aggressive personality, took a most aggressive part in his pupil's interview, which was fortunate. For Socialism seems to be a science. It is an interpretation of history; a theory of the evolution of society; no mere, man-dreamed Utopia, as I have thought, but a faith, a calculation that, since the economic forces which have brought man from savagery up to the present state of civilization are continuous, we can foresee the next inevitable step. But it takes no little study of economics and much reading in the mass of Socialist literature to speak with authority on the subject, and

Berger—with a library coveted by the University of Wisconsin—is an acknowledged authority. "We believe,"

said Debs (for example), "that Socialism would come without the Socialists."

"Ach," said Berger, with his strong German roll, "we know it. Can't we see it?" "Yes," said Debs. "The trusts are wiping out the competitive system. They are a stage in the process of evolution: the individual; the firm; the corporation; the trust; and so, finally, the commonwealth. By killing competition and training men to work together, trusts are preparing for the cooperative stage of industry: Socialism."

"Then you would keep the trusts we have and welcome others?" I asked.

"Of course," he answered, and Berger nodded approval.

"They do harm now," I suggested.

"Yes," said Debs, but Berger boomed: "No; not the trusts. Private owners of the trusts do harm, yes; but not the trusts."

"Well, but how would you deal with the harm?"

"Remove 'em," snapped Berger, and Debs explained: "We would have the government take the trusts and remove the men who own or control them: the Morgans and Rockefellers, who exploit; and the stockholders who draw unearned dividends from them."

"Would you pay for or just take them?"

Berger seemed to have anticipated this question. He was on his feet, and he uttered a warning for Debs—in vain.

"Take them," Debs answered.

"No," cried Berger, and, running around to Debs, he stood menacingly over him. "No, you wouldn't," he declared. "Not if I was there. And you shall not say it for the party. It is my party as much as it is your party, and I answer that we would offer to pay."

It was a tense but an illuminating moment. The difference is typical and temperamental; and not only as between these two opposite individualities, but

among Socialists generally. Debs, the revolutionist, argued gently that, since the system under which private monopolies had grown up was unjust, there should be no compromise with it. Berger, the evolutionist, replied angrily that it was not alone a matter of justice, but of "tactic"; and



MRS. EUGENE V. DEBS.

that tactics were settled by authority of the party.

"We (Socialists) are the inheritors of a civilization," he proclaimed, "and all that is good in it—art, music, institutions, buildings, public works, character, the sense of right and wrong—not one of these shall be lost. And violence, like that, would lose us much." Berger cited the Civil War: "All men can see now that it was coming years before 1861. Some tried to avert it then by proposing to pay for the slaves. The fanatics on both sides refused. We all know the result: slavery was abolished. But how? Instead of a peaceful evolution and an outlay of, say, a billion, it was abolished by a war which cost us nearly ten billion dollars and a million lives. We ought to learn from history, so I say we will offer compensation; because it seems just to present-day thought and will prove the easiest, cheapest way in the end. And anyhow," he concluded, "and besides, the party, it has decided that we shall offer to pay."

And Berger was orthodox. Looking up the point afterward, I found that the "authorities" are on his side; the party will offer compensation for property taken by eminent domain.

"Deps?" said Berger. "Deps, with the soft heart—Deps is the orator." And he meant "only" an orator. Berger loves his pupil's "soft heart," but he loves Socialism

more, and so during the interview, while Deps was trying to convert me, "the bear" was intent upon the orthodoxy of my report; and while Deps's other friends sat close up around him, under the light of the lamp, to protect the man, Berger hovered about in the shadow, anxious, on guard, to protect—"the cause."

"To begin with," said Deps, without waiting for questions, "we Socialists know what the matter is: it's Capitalism; and we know what the cure is: it's Socialism."

"Words," I muttered.

"No," said he, drawing near and reaching out his hands.

"Capitalism is a thing, a system; it's the organization of society under which we all live. And it's wrong, fundamentally wrong. It is a system of competition for wealth, for the necessities of human life, and, a survival of the old struggle of the jungle, it forces the individual to be selfish, and rewards him for beating and abusing his fellow man. Profit is made the aim of all human effort, not use, not service. The competitive system sets man against man, class against class; it

puts a premium upon hate; and love—the love of a man for his neighbor—is abnormal and all but impossible. The system crucifies the prophets and servants of mankind. It pays greed the most, honors highest the ruthless, and advances swiftest the unscrupulous. These are the fit to survive."



Photo by Streichen.

VICTOR L. BERGER, LEADER OF THE WISCONSIN SOCIALIST PARTY—"THE MAN THAT MADE A SOCIALIST OF DEBS."

Debs seized my arm. "It's wrong, isn't it? It's inherently unjust, inhuman, unintelligent, and—it cannot last. The particular evils you write about, graft and corruption, and the others about which I speak, the poverty, crime, and cruelty, they are evidences of its weakness and failure; the signs that it is breaking down."

"Why not wait, then, for it to break down?"

Debs drew back, rebuffed. "Because we have minds," he said. "Man can understand, and he can ride, the economic forces which now toss him so helplessly about, as well as he can the sea. And, having intelligence, he should. For human intelligence also is a force of nature. It could assist the process of evolution by searching diligently for the root of all evils as they arise."

"Panics and graft?" I suggested. "War, child-labor, crime, poverty?"

"All," he declared, "all are traceable to one cause. Take the panic, for example. Men lie about it, cover it up. Why not look it in the face? It's the proof that capitalists cannot handle industry, business, no, nor even money. And how can they when they are thinking, not of perfecting the machinery of life, but only of making profits out of it! So they don't understand the panic. We Socialists do. The capitalists attribute it to a variety of causes, all but the right one: Capitalism, profits."

"No, wait," said Debs, waving me back. "They produce more than they want themselves, don't they? Of course. They make goods to sell; not for use, primarily, but to make a profit. That's their god; and that's the devil, really. For see:

"Reduce our eighty millions to one hundred and our great continent to an island. The hundred all are workers at first. Each produces all that he wants. That's a low order of society. By and by they improve the tools, specialize their labor, and produce more. Steam, for example, applied to big, invented tools, does the work of a hundred small tools. Each man multiplies his productive capacity a thousand times. Should not the hundred on the island have all that they need?"

"Unless the population has increased."

"The more men, the more they produce. Every worker that can get at a machine can produce more than he needs himself. No,



"WE SOCIALISTS KNOW WHAT THE MATTER IS."

the hundred and the children of the hundred should have all that they want. But they don't. And one reason is that some have much more than they need: in profits; capital; new capital, upon which, you understand, Labor must earn interest and a profit, for profits come first under Capitalism, and necessarily, or capital vanishes. But let's go on.

"Ten of the hundred own all the big new machines; twenty struggle along with the little old tools; and seventy have no tools at all of their own. The biggest, best tools are the trusts, and the ten who have them are the trust magnates, full-fledged capitalists. The twenty are beaten, but they don't understand that yet; they are crying out against the trusts just as Labor used to mob machinery. Bryan represents them; he wants to return to the competitive system with its anarchy, waste, and wars. Taft represents the trust magnates, opposing only their necessary crimes. We Socialists represent the seventy, who are the bulk of the population and the key to the situation. Consumers,

as well as producers, they are the market, and when 'too much' is produced they must buy the surplus. But they can't. Having no tools of their own, and prevented from organizing effectively, they compete for the chance to get at the tools and sell their labor. That puts wages down. Receiving only a pittance of what they produce, they can buy back only a pittance. The surplus grows, a load on the market, till the crash comes, production halts, men are discharged, prices fall, and—there's your panic."

"And the need of foreign markets," I suggested. "Why wouldn't the other islands meet the need?"

"They would, temporarily," said Debs. "If there were enough islands, Capitalism and wage-slavery might go on forever. But there aren't enough and—the other islands have the same system."

"And the same panics," Berger grunted, "thank God."

Debs winced, and I, thinking (also, I guess) of the misery, exclaimed: "Why thank God?"

Debs answered: "Berger sees there the chance for a higher civilization."

"Where?" I asked.

WHAT CAUSES PANICS?

"Oh, don't you see?" Debs pleaded. "The limitations of the world's market and the panics will force us some day to unite and solve our problem. And what is it? It's the problem of distribution. That of production is in the way of solution already. With machinery constantly increasing the productive power of the worker, and the trusts cutting out the waste and disorder of duplicated plants, man can produce enough. The capitalists themselves say so when they ascribe their panic to 'overproduction.' They are wrong there, of course. The panic is due, not to overproduction, but to underconsumption. No, the supply is there and so is the demand. The masses haven't all they need, and yet there's an abundance, a surplus. The hitch is in distribution. The capitalist, producing, not to supply the demand, but to get his profit, seeks to make the Hindu buy shoes he doesn't want, while the American at home goes about ill-shod because, don't you see, his wages, fixed by competition, won't enable him and his kind to buy all they need. Profits, not losses, make panics; and panics make losses. The

losses drive more small capitalists into the trusts or back to labor, and the suffering of all opens people's eyes, spreads discontent, and stimulates action. Panics compel progress."

"And panics," said Berger, from somewhere in the dark, "panics are periodic."

"Business men are becoming more intelligent," I observed. "They are forming associations, combines, pools, and, as you've said, trusts. They may govern production and distribution, too."

"They can't govern themselves," said Berger. "They can't control prices, because they can't control their own human nature, which, bred under the sordid profit system, gets too strong for them. If they had one absolute trust, they might limit the output, but——"

THE PROBLEM OF DISTRIBUTION

"But why," cried Debs, seizing my coat sleeve, "why limit production while men are in need?"

"Well, then, they can raise wages."

"Ah," said Debs, "that would postpone the panic, and the crisis, for a while, if it were feasible. But it isn't feasible. In the first place, no one employer can raise wages. He must act with his competitors, and the meanest sets the pace. That's why Organized Labor must raise its own wages. Capital can't do it.

"And there, by the way, you have the cause of child-labor. Many a well-meaning manufacturer would like to spare the children, but he can't. If one glass manufacturer employs boys and girls, the others must do the same. No, capitalists, too, are victims of the competitive system."

"But a trust?"

"A monopoly," Debs answered, "has potential competition to look out for. If it were too generous with wages, new competitors would seize the chance, by paying a living wage, to undersell the trust and buy it out. The system is ruthless, you see. The conflict between wages and profits is absolutely unavoidable. Capital and Labor cannot get together for long. For assume now that there is one universal trust, privately run for profit, and no possibility of competition; even then Capital couldn't raise wages high enough to make possible complete consumption of the surplus, without wiping out what Capital calls 'legitimate profits.' And

the moment Capital does that, it abdicates."

"How would Socialism do it?"

"By abolishing profits," said Debs. "Socialism will be an entirely different system. It will produce for use, not profit; and production for use is practically unlimited. Socialist society could produce ten times as much as we do now, because a cultured civilization would have ten times as many wants as we have. But if we found we were making more of one kind of goods than people could use, we would decrease the attractiveness of labor in that branch and increase it in another; and with workers schooled as we would school them (and as Germany is training them now) Labor would go much more easily from one machine to another."

"You think that is possible?"

"Why," said Debs, "we've just seen that Capitalism does it in its brutal way. It drives men from one place to another by the blind force of panics and starvation. Under Socialism, all industry would be intelligently managed as a trust manages it now on a small scale. And, freed from the brutalizing temptation of profits, it would apply civilized remedies in a civilized spirit."

THE ROOT OF THE EVIL

"Then it's profits you want to abolish."

"That's it," said Debs. "We want the producers to get all they produce."

"Who are producers?"

"All who labor in any productive way, mentally or physically. We would get rid only of the capitalists, stockholders, and financiers, who rake off fortunes for themselves and leave property in machinery and wage-slaves to keep their children in idleness, folly, or vice, a curse to themselves and a burden on the race for ever and ever and ever."

"Who would stand the losses?"

"Those who stand them finally now, the masses. For capitalists may rise and capitalists may fall, but capital grows on forever."

"But if you took away the chance of profits, wouldn't you take away all incentive?"

Berger sprang up, groaning, and just as Debs answered "No," the bear said: "Yes." We looked at Berger. "Yes, I say," he thundered. "We take away all incentive to steal and graft and finance and overproduce and shut up the shop sudden. But," and

he came around and stood over me, "you," he said, "you wouldn't write except to get paid? And you wouldn't come here and talk with us, except for profit? I get wages, good wages, but no more. Won't I run my paper except for profit, and help in politics except for graft? Bah! I love my work."

AS TO INCENTIVES

"Berger's right," said Debs. "We all would do our work, as most of us do it now, without the incentive of a fortune in prospect. Wage-workers haven't that. John Wanamaker, with all his millions, was proud to accept a job at \$8,000 to run the Post-Office. Jefferson didn't write the Declaration of Independence for pay. Wouldn't a fireman save a child's life if he didn't get sixty dollars a month? And Harriman—wouldn't he operate railroads for a salary? Of course he would."

"But," said Berger, "he wouldn't finance 'em except for the incentive of millions of profit."

"Ah, no," said Debs, pleading, "men are better than you think; they are nobler now, and less selfish than your 'economic man.' We have heroes of altruism under the present system."

"True," I said, "but we haven't enough of them to build a society on. Self-interest is safer than altruism."

"Socialists don't propose to substitute altruism for self-interest."

"But you'd level men down and destroy individuality."

"Haven't I got individuality," called Berger, "and Deps?"

"Yes," I laughed, "too much, and so have most Socialists; but you all are products of the capitalist system."

"But the capitalist system," Berger retorted, "doesn't it level most men down now? Yes, it takes all the individuality, all the courage, self-respect, liberty, and beauty out of the great mass of men to produce a few——"

"And look at those few," said Debs. "I'll leave your civilization to that test alone, the test of its most successful men: Harriman, Rockefeller, Morgan. They are the flowers of the system; not the roots, remember. No, the monstrous specimens we produce to-day of individual greed, cruelty, selfishness, arrogance, and—charity; not love, and not justice, but degrading, corrupting, organized

charity—these are one of the results of the struggle for life and riches, and the other is that beast—the mob.”

Debs paused; then, more quietly: “There would be emulation after competition is abolished. Men would vie in skill and service, and that would produce individuality and character, though of a different sort. A society where all men were safe would produce more such real men and women as you find in the well-to-do class now. We would level up, not down. We would let human nature develop naturally. And—this you must believe—if we took away the fear of starvation on the one hand and on the other the tremendous rewards for crookedness and exploitation; removed all incentives to base self-seeking, and arranged things so that the good of the individual ran, not counter to, as at present, but parallel with, the good of society, why, then, at last, human nature would stand erect, manlike, frank, free, affectionate, and happy.”

“But we are off on the cure,” I said. “Let’s get back to what the matter is.”

“It’s this,” said Debs. “Some men live off other men.”

“But how does that account for war, for example, and graft; political corruption, ignorance, child-labor, crime, and poverty?”

WAGE-SLAVES

“We’ve accounted for poverty,” said Debs. “We see the mass of men working for the few. That’s what we call wage-slavery, and it is slavery. You say they might quit work; that the boss will let them go. But I tell you the fear of starvation is the boss’s slave-driver. They don’t dare quit. You can’t leave a trust and get back, and maybe the trust controls the work in your trade. And then there’s the black list. Well, the wage-slaves work in competition, and they produce goods that they need but haven’t enough money to buy. That’s poverty. And the measure thereof is the riches of the exploiters of labor, industry, and finance, and of their children till vice exhausts the family and returns the grafted wealth through the dives and divorce courts back to society. And there’s one cause of capitalistic vice accounted for, as well as of poverty. And the other cause of poverty is the waste of competition and the artificial halt of production to keep up prices and profits.”

“And crime?”

“Petty and professional crime,” said Debs, “are a result of poverty; high crime springs from wealth-seeking.”

“But vice, intemperance?”

“Frances Willard began her career telling working people that they wouldn’t be so poor if they weren’t so intemperate. She closed saying that the poor weren’t poor because they drank; they drank because they were poor.”

“But the rich drink,” I protested.

“Idly,” said Debs. “What else have they to do? Among busy business men, intemperance is rare, and when it occurs is inherited or due to the abnormal tension of the gamble which much business is now; an abnormal vice itself.

THE CRUELTY OF CAPITALISM

“Child-labor we have touched on before,” Debs continued. “It is simply the meanest form of the exploitation of human beings by human beings, and, as I showed, is due, not to any inherent cruelty in the employer, but to the system of which he also is a victim—the capitalistic system which puts profits first and children—”

“How does your theory account for political corruption?” I asked.

“Why,” said Debs, “you know about that. That’s the capitalist class corrupting government to maintain them and their system of labor exploitation.”

“I don’t know that at all,” I objected. “Not all business men take part in the corruption of politics. Only those do that have privileges from the government, franchises, and the like.”

“Oh,” said Debs, “you are thinking only of the big businesses, the railroads, public utilities, and so forth, which attend to the corruption of politics directly. But they do it for the rest of their class.”

“No, they don’t,” I contradicted. “They do it for themselves. They don’t know they belong to a class.”

“I don’t charge all of them with class consciousness,” Debs answered. “Some of them do understand, but, whether they are intelligent or not, in that way they do make the government represent the business class. And, as for the smaller business men, they get the benefit. They contribute to campaign funds, and that’s the big source of corruption, or, at any rate, they vote for one or the other of the two parties which the big

fellows have corrupted and control, both of them."

"For privileges," I insisted. "Why isn't that the root of the evil?"

Debs shook his head, and, taking my arm in both his hands, he said: "No, it's deeper than that. It's profits. The big fellows corrupt and rob railroads, insurance companies, banks; they finance and exploit the corporations and trusts. What governmental privilege is there in these businesses to explain the corruption of them?"

I'll have to let the Single-Taxers answer that. I can't. It's crucial, but I was stumped, and Debs went on:

"Privilege won't account for it all. Profit, gain, private property, in land and natural resources, machinery, and all means of production, that is at the bottom of it. And if you call these privileges, why, very well, I'll go along with you. For I believe myself that wage-slavery, the power to exploit labor and live off one's fellow men, is a privilege; the greatest privilege left since chattel slavery."

"How do profits account for war?" I said. "We saw the cause of wars," he answered, "when we looked around for foreign markets."

"And bad workmanship," I proceeded, "one of the worst evils of the day?"

PROFITS AND BAD WORK

"We remarked," said Debs, "that captains of industry were turned from productive effort to finance. Capitalism will take a man who is a natural born operator, say, of a railroad, make him president, and pay him salary enough to make him want more—profits. He gambles. He is taken into Wall Street; he sees how easy it is to exploit and finance. He is fascinated; he neglects operation; the railroad suffers; people are killed. Bad work that—for profits, for fascinating unearned profits."

"So with the worker," Debs added. "Do you teach him, by example and precept, to love to turn a piece of wood to fit a place? No. He doesn't know where the piece is to go. He works without interest, to live; he must; he works for wages. He sees the exploiters making their money easily; he hears industrial leaders, dishonest and self-indulgent themselves, insisting upon his honesty and industry. He understands; if he does more and better work his employer gets the

benefit, not he. He rebels; he catches the capitalistic spirit. His boss robs him and the public; so he loafs, skimps, and robs the boss. All he is after is all the boss is after—money. That's the system."

"Now for your remedy: Socialism," I said. "What is it?"

WHAT IS SOCIALISM?

"You know the old stock definition," Debs answered. "'The cooperative control and the democratic management of the means of production.' I'll try another: Socialism is the next natural stage in the evolution of human society; an organization of all men into an ordered, cooperative commonwealth in which they work together, consciously, for a common purpose: the good of all, not of the few, not of the majority, but of all."

"How would that induce the worker to do good work?"

"Well, if there were no inspiration in the idea of a common good there would be the assurance of a full return for the product of his labor."

"But how could such a complicated system give any such assurance?"

"By abolishing capitalists and all non-producers."

"But managers—organizers?"

"They would be well paid. Men would be paid according to their social use; skill and ability would count, but so would the disagreeableness of a job; to get it done, society would have to make it attractive somehow—with short hours or big pay. For men would be free, you understand; much freer than now, and not only industrially, but politically, intellectually, religiously—every way. We would have no churches that didn't dare preach Christianity. But the point is that nobody would get such pay as Rockefeller gets now."

"Not even if he corrupted business and government and churches and colleges and men," said Berger.

"But Rockefeller did a service, you say yourselves," I retorted, "when he socialized the oil industry."

"Yes," said Debs, "but hasn't he been paid enough? A billion, they say. That's too much; but let him have it. All we Socialists say is that he should not be allowed to buy up railroads and mines and natural resources, and neither should oil consumers go on paying his children fortunes for gen-

erations. No, we must get rid of the Rockefeller, and keep only the organization they build up."

"But," I challenged, "if you took away Rockefeller's trust, wouldn't the other trust builders stop work?"

"Men don't organize trusts because they want to," said Debs, "but because they must. Competition drives them to it, and their instinct for organization. Trust building can't be stopped; you might as well try to stop an ocean current."

WOULD MEN WORK UNDER SOCIALISM?

"But how would Socialism secure the services of eminent talent like that of the great organizers, instinctive operators, and natural managers?"

"The words you use to describe them, 'instinctive,' 'natural,' show that you think of them as born to a kind of work," said Debs. "They would want to do that kind of work. They couldn't help falling into it, and Socialism would offer such men greater incentives and more opportunities than they have now: pay according to service, public appreciation, and the chance they yearn for: to do good work unfettered (and uncorrupted) by grafting high financiers who are keen, not for excellence (look at our railroads), but for—profits. We would release the art instinct of the race."

"Geniuses might respond," I said, "but how about ordinary men?"

"All able-bodied persons of age would have to work," said Debs, "but they want to. I've heard convicts beg to be allowed to break stone. Man must be active, and a society that produced for use and not for profits would have plenty of work to have done, and all would have to help do it, excepting only the incapable. For them society must provide, as it does now, only better; more regularly, with justice, not charity. The first thing the Socialists abroad went after was the old-age pension, which gives worn-out workers the *right* to draw on society for sustenance. We want to remove from the earth the fear of starvation."

"How, then, will you deal with loafers and vicious persons?"

"They are abnormal," said Debs, "and, by removing the cause, poverty and riches, we should soon have no more of them. The idle children of the present rich would be without their graft, but they would foresee

their predicament, and the best of them would go to work. Some of them seem to inherit from their parents talents which capitalistic society now gives them every incentive to neglect. Under Socialism—an inspiration, you realize, as well as an organization—they would probably exercise their abilities for the common good and their own greater satisfaction."

"Good," I said; "but the idle poor?"

"They are made what they are just as the idle rich are," said Debs. "Take a willing worker, overwork and underpay him, keep him on the verge, and then when he and his kind cannot consume what they produce, discharge him. He leaves his family to hunt a job, and, finding none, tramps or commits a crime. His children suffer, go young to work; they learn that their father is a bum or a crook. They are discouraged. The father drinks; they drink. Their children are, the best of them, perhaps, criminals, and the others, vagrants. 'This you see, and you ask me what Socialism will do with them? I'll tell you: we will treat, with physicians, as sick, the children that have inherited weak or wicked tendencies from parents and grandparents who lived under Capitalism.' Debs paused to restrain himself, then he concluded: "And we will stop making more by abolishing the cause—poverty and riches."

SOCIALISM AND ART

"If there is no rich, leisure class, what will become of art and culture and manners?"

"They will become common," said Berger, and Debs said: "All men will have some leisure. They will come strong and well paid from their work, ready to enjoy healthily all the good things of the earth. There will be no ignorance. Education will be free, not only in the money sense, but intellectually. The schools will teach liberty and the trades, justice and democracy and work, beauty, truth, and the glory of labor, efficient and honorable. The arts will thrive, as they always have thriven, in a free, cultivated democracy."

"Who will do the dirty work?"

"Machines," said Berger, "which clean my house now."

"Yes," said Debs; "only machines that increase profits are introduced now. Apparatus of great utility exists, but is suppressed by Capital because human strength is cheaper, and improvements reduce profits."

You doubt that? Ask the telephone and telegraph monopolies about the patents they own and don't use. But let me answer the question fully. There always will be some work less attractive than other kinds, and we should have to offer more pay or shorter hours to induce men to do it; men who want time to do unproductive things."

"If some men would get more pay than others," I asked, "why, then, couldn't they accumulate property?"

SOCIALISM FOR PRIVATE PROPERTY

"They could," he answered. "Socialism does not abolish private property, except in the means of production. We want all men to have all they produce, all; we are for private property; it is Capitalism that is against it. Under Capitalism only the few can have property. And so with the home; and love. Capitalism is against homes. It makes it inexpedient for young workers to marry; that makes for prostitution, which is against the home. And so is the tenement system of housing, which is good for profits and rents, but bad for homes and—love. And so is marriage for money against love."

"But, Debs, you must admit that you Socialists preach class war, and that engenders hate."

"No, no," he answered, rising all his great height over me. "we do not preach hate; we preach love. We do not teach classes; we are opposed to classes. That is Capitalism again. There are classes now, and we say so. Why not? It's true, terribly true. But it's exactly that we are trying to beat. The struggle of the best men now is to rise from the working into the exploiting class. We teach the worker not to strive to rise out of his class; not to want to be an employer, but to stay with his fellow workers, and by striving all together, industrially, financially, politically, learn to cooperate for the common good of the working class to the end that some day we may abolish classes and have only workers—all kinds of workers, but all producers. Then we should have no class at all, should we? Only men and women and children."

"How are you Socialists going to get all this?"

"We Socialists aren't going to get it," said

Debs. "It's coming out of the natural evolution of society, and the trusts are doing more toward it than we. Socialists are only preparing the minds of men for it, like the labor unions. They are taking the egotism out of men; subordinating the good of the individual to that of the union; and teaching self-sacrifice and service."

"So with us. The party is the thing. It is governed by its members, who must pay to belong to it, and all perform services besides. They work, write, speak—what they can. But it's theirs, our party is. They elect officers, and delegates; they nominate tickets; and they are taught to vote a straight party vote, no matter how hopeless the contest. That's often a sacrifice of the present for the future, of the individual for society. But isn't that good? That's discipline. It's an education in cooperation. Their reward will come when, by and by, we shall have everywhere, as we have here in Wisconsin now, a minority in office of representatives trained in that school, enlightened as to general economic and moral principles, and inspired with an ideal that is as fine as any religion in the world ever had—the good of all."

"That's slow," I said, "and you, Debs, are impatient."

FOUNDATION LOVE OF MAN FOR MAN

"Yes," he said, "I am in a hurry, but Socialism isn't. Socialism is the most patient of reforms, but also it is the surest, and the truest. For we believe in man and in the possibility of the love of man for man. We know that economic conditions determine man's conduct toward man, and that so long as he must fight him for a job or a fortune, he cannot love his neighbor. Christianity is impossible under Capitalism. Under Socialism it will be natural. For a human being loves love and he loves to love. It is hate that is unnatural. Love is implanted deep in our hearts, and when things are rearranged so that I can help my fellow man best by helping myself, by developing all my skill and strength and character to the full, why, then, I shall love him more than ever; and if we compete it will be as artists do, and all good men, in skill, productiveness, and good works."



Something that Happened in October

By ELEANOR HALLOWELL ABBOTT

Illustrations by Blanche Greer

MONDAY, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, it had rained. Day in, day out, day in, day out, day in, it had rained and rained and rained and rained and rained, till by Friday night the great blue mountains loomed like a chunk of ruined velvet, and the fog along the valley lay thick and gross as mildewed porridge.

It was a horrid storm. Slop and shiver and rotting leaves were rampant. Even in Alrik's snug little house the chairs were wetter than moss. Clothes in the closets hung lank and clammy as undried bathing-suits. Worst of all, across every mirror lay a breathy, sad gray mist, as though ghosts had been back to whimper there over their lost faces.

It had never been so before in the first week of October.

There were seven of us who used to tryst there together every year in the gorgeous

Scotch-plaid Autumn, when the reds and greens and blues and browns and yellows lapped and overlapped like a festive little kilt for the Young Winter, and every crisp, sweet day that dawned was like the taste of cider and the smell of grapes.

That is the kind of October well worth living, and seven people make a wonderfully proper number to play together in the country, particularly if six of you are men and women, and one of you is a dog.

Yet, after all, it was October, and October alone, that lured us. We certainly differed astonishingly in most of our other tastes.

Three of us belonged to the peaceful Maine woods—Alrik and Alrik's Wife and his Growly-Dog-Gruff. Four of us came from the rackets cities—the Partridge Hunter, the Blue Serge Man, the Pretty Lady, and Myself—a newspaper woman.

Incidentally, I may add that the Blue Serge Man and the Pretty Lady were husband and wife, but did not care much about it, having been married, very evidently, in some gorgeously ornate silver-plated emotion that they had mistaken at the time for the "sterling" article. The shine and beauty of the marriage had long since worn away, leaving things quite a little bit edgy here and there. Alrik's young spouse was, wonder of wonders, a transplanted New York chorus girl. No other biographical data are necessary except that Growly-Dog-Gruff was a brawling, black, fat-faced mongrel whose complete sense of humor had been slammed in the door at a very early age. For some inexplicable reason, he seemed to hold all the rest of the crowd responsible for the catastrophe, but was wildly devoted to me. He showed this devotion by never biting me so hard as he bit the others.

Yet even with Growly-Dog-Gruff included among our assets, we had always considered ourselves an extremely superior crowd.

There were seven of us, I said, who *used* to tryst there together every autumn. But now, since the year before, three of us had *gone*, Alrik's Wife, Alrik's Dog, and the Blue Serge Man. So the four of us who remained huddled very close around the fire on that stormy, dreary, ghastly first night of our reunion, and talked-talked-talked and laughed-laughed-laughed just as fast as we possibly could for fear that a moment's silence would plunge us all down, whether or no, into the sorrow-chasm that lurked so consciously on every side. Yet we certainly looked and acted like a very jovial quartet.

The Pretty Lady, to be sure, was a black wisp of crape in her prim, four-footed chair; but Alrik's huge bulk tipped jauntily back against the wainscoting in a gaudy-colored Mackinaw suit, with merely a broad band of black across his left sleeve—as one who, neither affirming nor denying the formalities of grief, would laconically warn the public at large to "Keep Off My Sorrow." I liked Alrik, and I had liked Alrik's Wife. But I had loved Alrik's Dog. I do not care especially for temper in women, but a surly dog, or a surly man, is as irresistibly funny to me as Chinese music, there is so little plot to any of them.

But now on the hearth-rug at my feet the Partridge Hunter lay in amiable corduroy comfort, with the little puff of his pipe, and his lips throbbing out in pleasant, dozy regularity.

He had traveled in Japan since last we met, and one's blood flowed pink and gold and purple, one's flesh turned silk, one's eyes onyx, before the wonder of his narrative.

No one was to be outdone in adventurous recital. Alrik had spent the summer guiding a party of amateur sports along the Allagash, and his garbled account of it would have stocked a comic paper for a month. The Pretty Lady had christened a war-ship, and her eager, brooky voice went rippling and churling through such major details as blue chiffon velvet and the goldiest kind of champagne. Even Alrik's raw-boned Old Mother, clinking dirty supperdishes out in the kitchen, had a crackle-voiced tale of excitement to contribute about a floundering spring bear that she had soused with soap-suds from her woodshed window.

But all the time the storm grew worse and worse. The poor, tiny old house tore and writhed under the strain. Now and again a shutter blew shrilly loose, or a chimney brick thudded down, or a great sheet of rain sucked itself up like a whirlpool and then came drenching and hurtling itself in a perfect frenzy against the frail, clattering windowpanes.

It was a good night for four friends to be housed together in a red, red room, where the low ceiling brooded over you like a face and the warped floor curled around you like the cuddle of a hand. A living-room should always be red, I think, like the walls of a heart, and cluttered, as Alrik's was, with every possible object, mean or fine, funny or pathetic, that typifies the owner's personal experience.

Yet there are people, I suppose, people stuffed with arts, not hearts, who would have monotoned Alrik's bright walls a dull brain-gray, ripped down the furs, the fishing-tackle, the stuffed owls, the gaudy theatrical posters, the shelf of glasses, the spooky hair wreaths, the really terrible crayon portrait of some much-beloved ancient grandame; and, supplementing it all with a single, homesick Japanese print, yearning across the vacuum at a chalky white bust of a perfect stranger like Psyche or Ruskin, would have called the whole effect more "successful." Just as though the crudest possible room that represents the affections is not infinitely more worth while than the most esoteric apartment that represents the intellect.

There were certainly no vacuums in Alrik's room. Everything in it was crowded and scrunched together like a hard, friendly hand-

shake. It was the most fiercely, primitively sincere room that I have ever seen, and king or peasant therefore would have felt equally at home in it. Surely no mere man could have crossed the humpy threshold without a blissful, instinctive desire to keep on his hat and take off his boots. Alrik knew how to make a room "homelike." Alrik knew everything in the world except grammar.

Red warmth, yellow cheer, and all-colored jollity were there with us.

Faster and faster we talked, and louder and louder we laughed, until at last, when the conversation lost its breath utterly, Alrik jumped up with a grin and started our old friend the phonograph. His first choice of music was a grotesque *duo* by two back-yard cats. It was one of those irresistibly silly minstrel things that would have exploded any decent bishop in the midst of his sermon. Certainly no one of us had ever yet been able to withstand it. *But now no bristling, infuriated dog jumped from his sleep and charged like a whole regiment on the perfectly innocent garden.* And the *duo* somehow seemed strangely flat.

"Here is something we used to like," suggested Alrik desperately, and started a splendid barytone rendering of "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes." *But no high-pitched, mocking tenor voice took up the solemn velvet song and fluted it like a cheap chiffon scarf.* And the Pretty Lady rose very suddenly and went out to the kitchen indefinitely "for a glass of water." It was funny about the Blue Serge Man. I had not liked him overmuch, but I missed Not-Liking Him with a crick in my heart that was almost sorrow.

"Oh, for heaven's sake try some other music!" cried the Partridge Hunter venomously, and Alrik clutched out wildly for the first thing he could reach. It was "Give My Regards to Broadway." We had practically worn out the record the year before, but its mutilated remains whirled along, dropping an occasional note or word, with the same cheerful spunk and unconcern that characterized the song itself:

"Give my regards to Broadway,
Remember me to Herald Square,
Tell all the—whirry—whirry, whirrrrry—whirrrrr
That I will soon be there."

The Partridge Hunter began instantly to beat muffled time with his soft felt slippers. Alrik plunged as usual into a fearfully clever and clattery imitation of an ox shying at a street-car. *But what of it? No awakened, sparkling-eyed girl came stealing forth from*

her corner to cuddle her blazing cheek against the cool, brass-colored jaw of the phonograph horn. An All-Goneness is an amazing thing. It was strange about Alrik's Wife. Her presence had been as negative as a dead gray dove. But her *absence* was like scarlet strung with bells!

The evening began to drag out like a tortured rubber band getting ready to snap.

It was surely eleven o'clock before the Pretty Lady returned from the kitchen with our hot lemonades. The tall glasses jingled together pleasantly on the tray. The height was there, the breadth, the precious, steaming fragrance. *But the Blue Serge Man had always mixed our nightcaps for us.*

With grandiloquent pleasantry, the Partridge Hunter jumped to his feet, raised his glass, toasted "Happy Days," choked on the first swallow, bungled his grasp, and dropped the whole glass in shattering, messy fragments to the floor.

"Lord!" he muttered under his breath, "one could stand missing a fellow in a church or a graveyard or a mournful sunset glow—but to miss him in a foolish, folksy—hot lemonade!—Lord!" And he shook his shoulders almost angrily and threw himself down again on the hearth-rug.

The darkening room was warm as an oven now, and the great, soft, glowing pile of apple-wood embers lured one's drowsy eyes like a flame-colored pillow. No one spoke at all until midnight.

But the clock had only just finished complaining about the hour when the Partridge Hunter straightened up abruptly and cried out to no one in particular:

"Well, I simply can't bluff this out any longer. I've just got to know how it all happened!"

No one stopped to question his meaning. No one stopped to parry with word or phrase. Like two tense music-boxes wound to their utmost resonance, but with mechanism only just that instant released, Alrik and the Pretty Lady burst into sound.

The Pretty Lady spoke first. Her breath was short and raspy and cross, like the breath of a person who runs for a train—and misses it.

"It was—in—Florida," she gasped, "the—last—of March. The sailboat was a dreadful, flimsy, shattered thing. But he *would* go out in it—*alone*—storm or no storm!" She spoke with a certain strange, fierce, new pride in the shortcomings of her Man. "He

must have swamped within an hour. They found his boat. But they never found his body. Just as one could always find his pocket, but never his watch—his purse, but never his money—his song, but never his soul." Her broken self-control plunged deeper and deeper into bitterness. "It was a stupid—wicked—wilful—accident," she persisted, "and I can see him in his last, smothery—astonished—moment—just—as—as—plainly—as—though—I—had—been—there. Do you think for an instant that he would swallow even—Death—without making a fuss about it? Can't you hear him rage and sputter: '*This is too salt! This is too cold! Take it away and bring me another!*' While all the time his frenzied mind was racing up and down some precious, memoried playground like the Harvard Stadium or the New York Hippodrome, whimpering, 'Everybody'll be there except—*me*—except *me*!'"

The Pretty Lady's voice took on a sudden hurt, left-out resentment. "Of course," she hurried on, "he wasn't exactly sad to go—nothing could make him sad. But I know that it must have made him very *mad*. He had just bought a new automobile. And he had rented a summer place at Marblehead. And he wanted to play tennis in June—"

She paused for an instant's breath, and Alik crashed like a moose into the silence.

"It was lung trouble!" he attested vehemently. "Cough, cough, cough, all the time. It came on specially worse in April, and she died in May. She wasn't never very strong, you know, but she'd been brought up in your wicked old steam-heated New York, and she would persist in wearing tissue-paper clothes right through our rotten icy winters up here. And when I tried to dose her like the doctor said, with cod-liver oil or any of them thick things, I couldn't fool her—she just up an' said it was nothin' but liquid flannel, and spit it out and sassed me. And Gruff—Growly-Dog-Gruff," he finished hastily, "I don't know what ailed him. He jus' kind of followed along about June."

The Partridge Hunter drew a long, heavy breath. When he spoke at last, his voice sounded like the voice of a man who holds his hat in his hand, and the puffs of smoke from his pipe made a sort of little halo round his words.

"Isn't it nice," he mused, "to think that while we four are cozying here to-night in the same jolly old haunts, perhaps they three—Man, Girl, and Dog—are cuddling off to-

gether somewhere in the big, spooky Unknown, in the shade of a cloud, or the shine of a star—talking—perhaps—about—*us*?"

The whimsical comfort of the thought pleased me. I did not want any one to be alone on such a night.

But Alik's tilted chair came crashing down on the floor with a resounding whack. His eyes were blazing.

"She *ain't* with him!" he cried. "She *ain't*, she *AIN'T*, she *A-I-N-T!* I won't have it. Why, it's the middle of the night!"

And in that electric instant I saw the Pretty Lady's face set rigidly, all except her mouth, which twisted in my direction.

"I'll wager she *is* with him," she whispered under her breath. "She always did tag him wherever he went!"

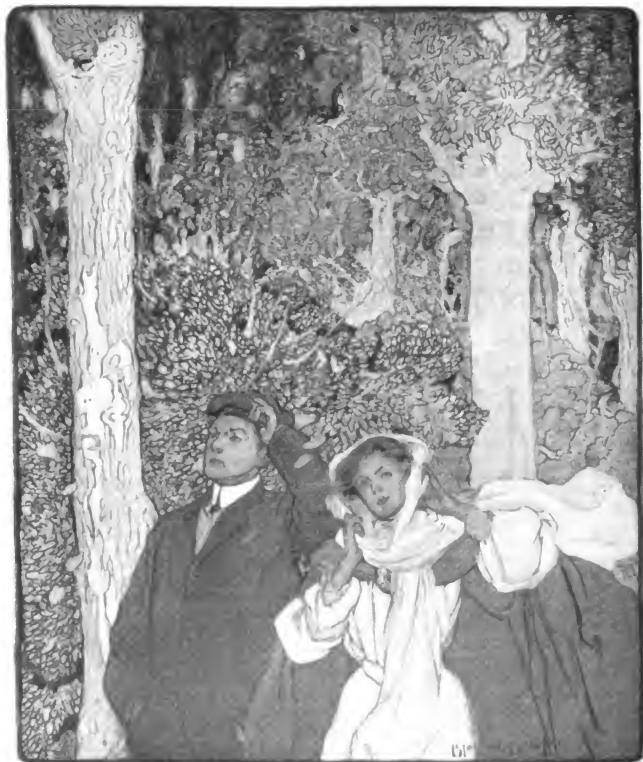
Then I felt the toe of my slipper meet the recumbent elbow of the Partridge Hunter. Had I reached out to him? Or had he reached back to me? There was no time to find out, for the smooth, round conversation shattered prickling in the hand like a blown-glass bauble, and with much nervous laughter and far-fetched joke-making, we rose, rummaged round for our candles, and climbed upstairs to bed.

Alik's Old Mother burrowed into a corner under the eaves.

The Pretty Lady had her usual room, and mine was next to hers. For a lingering moment I dallied with her, craving some tiny, absurd bit of loving service. First, I helped her with a balky hook on her collar. Then I started to put her traveling coat and hat away in the closet. On the upper shelf something a little bit scary brushed my hands. *It was the Blue Serge Man's cap, with a ragged gash across it where Growly-Dog-Gruff had worried it on a day I remembered well.* With a hurried glance over my shoulder to make sure that the Pretty Lady had not also spied it, I reached up and shoved it—oh, way, way back out of sight, where no one but a detective or a lover could possibly find it.

Then I hurried off to my room with a most garish human wonder: How could a *man* be all gone, but his silly cap last?

My little room was just as I remembered it, bare, bleak, and gruesomely clean, with a rag rug, a worsted motto, and a pink china vase for really sensuous ornamentation. I opened the cheap pine bureau to stow away my things. *A trinket jingled—a tawdry rhinestone side-comb. Caught in the setting was a tiny wisp of brown hair.* I slammed the



THE LEAVES BEGAN TO SHIVER AND SHUDDER AND CHATTER AND ALL THE GORGEOUS REDS AND GREENS
DULLED OUT OF THE WORLD ..

drawer with a bang, and opened another. *Metal and leather slid heavily along the bottom.* It might have been any beast's collar, if distinctly across the name-plate had not run the terse phrase "Alik's Cross Dog." I did not like to have my bureau haunted! When I slammed that drawer, it cracked the looking-glass.

Then, with candle burning just as cheerfully as possible, I lay down on the bed in all my clothes and began to *wake up*—wider and wider and wider.

My reason lay quite dormant, like some drugged thing, but my memory, photographic as a lens, began to reproduce the ruddy, blond face of the Blue Serge Man beaming across a chafing-dish; the mournful, sobbing sound of a dog's dream; the crisp, starched Monday smell of the blue gingham aprons that Alik's Wife used to wear. The vision was altogether too vivid to be pleasant.

Then the wet wind blew in through the window like a splash of alcohol, chilling, revivifying, stinging as a whip-lash. The tormented candle flame struggled furiously for a moment, and went out, hurtling the black night down upon me like some choking avalanche of horror. In utter idiotic panic I jumped from my bed and clawed my way toward the feeble gray glow of the window-frame. The dark dooryard before me was drenched with rain. The tall linden trees waved and mourned in the wind.

"Of course, of course, there are no ghosts," I reasoned, just as one reasons that there is no mistake in the dictionary, no flaw in the multiplication table. But sometimes one's fantastically jaded nerves think they have found the blunder in language, the fault in science. Ghosts or no ghosts—if you *thought* you saw one, wouldn't it be just as bad? My eyes strained out into the darkness. Suppose—I—should—*think*—that I heard the bark of a dog? Suppose—suppose—that from that black shed door where the automobile used to live, I should *think*—even T-H-I-N-K that I saw the Blue Serge Man come stumbling with a lantern? The black shed door burst open with a bang-bang-bang, and I screamed, jumped, snatched a blanket, and fled for the lamp-lighted hall.

A little dazzled by the sudden glow, I shrunk back in alarm from a figure on the top stair. It was the Pretty Lady. Wrapped clumsily like myself in a big blanket, she sat huddled there with the kerosene lamp close beside her, mending the Blue Serge Man's cap. On the

step below her, smothered in a soggy lavender comforter, crouched Alik's Old Mother, her dim eyes brightened uncannily with superstitious excitement. I was evidently a welcome addition to the party, and the old woman cuddled me in like a meal-sack beside her.

"Naw one could sleep a night like this," she croaked.

"*Sleep!*" gasped the Pretty Lady. Scorn infinite was in her tone.

But comfortably and serenely from the end of the hall came the heavy, regular breathing of the Partridge Hunter, and from beyond that, Alik's blissful, oblivious snore. Yet Alik was the only one among us who claimed an agonizing, personal sorrow.

I began to laugh a bit hysterically. "Men are funny people," I volunteered.

Alik's Old Mother caught my hand with a chuckle, then solered suddenly, and shook her wadded head.

"Men *ain't* exactly—people," she confided. "Men *ain't* exactly people—at all!"

The conviction evidently burned dull, steady, comforting as a night-light, in the old crone's eighty years' experience, but the Pretty Lady's face grabbed the new idea desperately, as though she were trying to rekindle happiness with a wet match. Yet every time her fretted lips straightened out in some semblance of Peace, her whole head would suddenly explode in one gigantic sneeze. There was no other sound, I remember, for hours and hours, except the steady, monotonous, slobbery swash of a bursting roof-gutter somewhere close in the eaves.

Certainly Dawn itself was not more chilled and gray than we when we crept back at last to our beds, thick-eyed with drowsy exhaustion, limp-bodied, muffle-minded.

But when we woke again, the late, hot noon-day sun was like a scorching fire in our faces, and the drenched dooryard steamed like a dye-house in the sudden burst of unseasonable heat.

After breakfast, the Pretty Lady, in her hundred-dollar ruffles, went out to the barn with shabby Alik, to help him mend a musty old plow harness. The Pretty Lady's brains were almost entirely in her fingers. So were Alik's. The exclusiveness of their task seemed therefore to thrust the Partridge Hunter and me off by ourselves into a sort of amateur sorrow class, and we started forth as cheerfully as we could to investigate the autumn woods.

Passing the barn door, we heard the strident sound of Alrik's complaining. Braced with his heavy shoulders against a corner of the stall, he stood hurling down his new-born theology upon the glossy blond head of the Pretty Lady, who sat perched adroitly on a nail keg, with two shiny-tipped fingers prying up the corners of her mouth into a smile. One side of the smile was distinctly wry. But Alrik's face was deadly earnest. Sweat bubbled out on his forehead like tears that could not possibly wait to reach his eyes.

"There ought to be a separate heaven for ladies and gentlemen," he was arguing frantically. "'Tain't fair. 'Tain't right. I won't have it! I'll see a priest. I'll find a parson. If it ain't proper to live with people, it ain't proper to die with 'em. I tell you I won't have Amy careerin' round with strange men. She always was foolish about men. And I'm breakin' my heart for her, and Mother's gettin' old, and the house is goin' to rack and ruin, but how—*how* can a man go and get married comfortable again when his mind's all torturin' round and round and round about his first wife?"

The Partridge Hunter gave a sharp laugh under his breath, yet he did not seem exactly amused. "Laugh for *two*!" I suggested, as we dodged out of sight round the corner and plunged off into the actual Outdoors.

The heat was really intense, the October sun dazzlingly bright. Warmth, warmth, warmth steamed from the earth and burnished from the sky. A plushy brown rabbit lolling across the roadway dragged on one's sweating senses like overshoes in June. Under our ruthless, heavy-booted feet the wet green meadow winced like some tender young salad. At the edge of the forest the big pines darkened sumptuously. Then, suddenly, between a scarlet sumach and a slim white birch, the cavernous wood-path opened forth mysteriously, narrow and tall and domed like the arch of a cathedral. Not a bird twittered, not a leaf rustled, and, far as the eye could reach, the wet brown pine-needles lay thick and soft and padded like tan-bark, as though all Nature waited hushed and expectant for some exquisitely infinite-tragic tragedy, like the travail of a squirrel.

With brain and body all a-whisper and a-tiptoe, the Partridge Hunter and I stole deeper and deeper into the Color and the Silence and the Witchery, dazed at every step by the material proof of autumn warring against the spiritual insistence of spring. It

was the sort of day to make one very tender toward the living just because they were living, and very tender toward the dead just because they were dead.

At the gurgling bowl of a half-hidden spring, we made our first stopping-place. Out of his generous corduroy pockets the Partridge Hunter tinkled two drinking-cups, dipped them deep in the icy water, and handed me one with a little shuddering exclamation of cold. For an instant his eyes searched mine, then he lifted his cup very high and stared off into *Nothingness*.

"To the—*All-Gone People*," he toasted.

I began to cry. He seemed very glad to have me cry. "Cry for two," he suggested blithely, "cry for two," and threw himself down on the twiggy ground and began to snap metallically against the cup in his hand.

"Nice little tin cup," he affirmed judiciously. "The Blue Serge Man gave it to me. It must have cost as much as fifteen cents. And it will last, I suppose, till the moon is mud and the stars are dough. But the Blue Serge Man himself is—quite *gone*. Funny idea!" The Partridge Hunter's forehead began to knit into a fearful frown. "Of course it *isn't* so," he argued, "but it would certainly seem sometimes as though a man's *things* were the only really immortal, indestructible part of him, and that Soul was nothing in the world but just a composite name for the Souvenirs, Ornaments, Utensils, Litter that each man's personality accumulates in the few years' time allotted to him. The man himself, you see, is wiped right off the earth like a chalk-mark, but you can't escape or elude in a million years the wizened bronze elephant that he brought home from India, or the showy red necktie that's down behind his bureau, or the floating, wind-blown, ash-barrel bill for violets that turns up a generation hence in a German prayer-book at a French book-stall.

"And isn't Death a teasing teacher? Holds up a personality suddenly like a map—makes you learn by heart every possible, conceivable pleasant detail concerning it, and then, when you are fairly bursting with your happy knowledge, tears up the map in your face and says, 'There's no such country any more, so what you've learned won't do you the slightest good.' And there you'd only just that moment found out that your friend's hair was a beautiful auburn instead of 'a horrid red'; that his blessed old voice was hearty, not 'noisy'; that his table manners



THE WHOLE EARTH-TEEMED-WITH-THE EXQUISITE SLEEPY NESTLING DOWN SOUND OF-PUR AND FEATHERS
.. AND TIRED LEAVES ..

were quaint, not 'queer'; that his morals were broad, not 'bad.'"

The Partridge Hunter's mouth began to twist. "It's a horrid thing to say," he stammered, "but there ought to be a sample shroud in every home, so that when your husband is late to dinner, or your daughter smokes a cigarette, or your son decides to marry the cook, you could get out the shroud and try it on the offender, and make a few experiments concerning—well, *values*. Why, I saw a man last week dragged by a train—jerked in and out and over and under, with his head or his heels or the hem of his coat just missing Death every second by the hundred millionth fraction of an inch. But when he was rescued at last and went home to dinner—shaken as an aspen, sicker than pulp, tongue-tied like a padlock—I suppose, very likely, his wife scolded him for having forgotten the oysters."

The Partridge Hunter's face flushed suddenly.

"I didn't care much for Alrik's Wife," he attested abruptly. "I always thought she was a trivial, foolish little crittur. But if I had known that I was never, never, never going to see her again—while the sun blazed or the stars blinked—I should like to have gone back from the backboard that last morning and stroked her brown hair just once away from her eyes. Does that seem silly to you?"

"Why, no," I said. "It doesn't seem silly at all. If I had guessed that the Blue Serge Man was going off on such a long, long, never-stop journey, I might even have kissed him good-by. But I certainly can't imagine anything that would have provoked or astonished him more! People can't go round petting one another just on the possible chance of never meeting again. And goodness gracious! nobody wants to. It's only that when a person actually *dies*, a sort of subtle, holy sense in you wakes up and wishes that just once for all eternity it might have gotten a signal through to that subtle, holy sense in the other person. And of course when a youngster dies, you feel somehow that he or she must have been different all along from other people, and you simply wish that you might have guessed that fact sooner—before it was too late."

The Partridge Hunter began to smile. "If you knew," he teased, "that I was going to be massacred by an automobile or crumpled by an elevator before next October—would you wish that you had petted me just a little to-day?"

"Yes," I acknowledged.

The Partridge Hunter pretended he was deaf. "Say that once again," he begged.

"Y-e-s," I repeated.

The Partridge Hunter put back his head and roared. "That's just about like kissing through the telephone," he said. "It isn't particularly satisfying, and yet it makes a desperately cunning sound."

Then I put back my head and laughed, too, because it is so thoroughly comfortable and pleasant to be friends for only one single week in all the year. Independence is at best such a scant fabric, and every new friendship you incur takes just one more tuck in that fabric, till before you know it your freedom is quite too short to go out in. The Partridge Hunter felt exactly the same way about it, and after each little October play-time we ripped out the thread with never a scar to show.

Even now while we laughed, we thought we might as well laugh at everything we could think of, and get just that much finished and out of the way.

"Perhaps," said the Partridge Hunter, "perhaps the Blue Serge Man was *glad* to see Amy, and perhaps he was rattled, no one can tell. But I'll wager anything he was awfully mad to see Gruff. There were lots of meteors last June, I remember. I understand now. It was the Blue Serge Man raking down the stars to pelt at Gruff."

"Gruff was a very—nice dog," I insisted.

"He was a very growly dog," acceded the Partridge Hunter.

"If you growl all the time, it's almost the same as a purr," I argued.

The Partridge Hunter smiled a little, but not very generously. Something was on his mind. "Poor little Amy," he said. "Any man-and-woman game is playing with fire, but it's foolish to think that there are only two kinds, just Hearth-Fire and Hell-Fire. Why, there's 'Student-lamp' and 'Cook-stove' and 'Footlights.' Amy and the Blue Serge Man were playing with 'Footlights,' I guess. She needed an audience. And he was New York to her, great, blessed, shiny, rackety New York. I believe she loved Alrik. He must have been a pretty picturesque figure on that first and only time when he blazed his trail down Broadway. But *happy* with him—H-E-R-E? Away from New York? Five years? In just green and brown woods where the posies grow on the ground instead of on hats, and even the Christmas trees are trimmed with nothing except real snow and

live squirrels? G-L-O-R-Y! Of course her chest caved in. There wasn't kinky air enough in the whole state of Maine to keep her kind of lungs active. Of course she starved to death. She needed her meat flavored with harp and violin; her drink aerated with electric lights. We might have done something for her if we'd liked her just a little bit better. But I didn't even know her till I heard that she was dead."

He jumped up suddenly and helped me to my feet. Something in my face must have stricken him. "Would you like my warm hand to walk home with?" he finished quite abruptly.

Even as he offered it, one of those chill, quick autumn changes came over the October woods. The sun grayed down behind huge, windy clouds. The leaves began to shiver and shudder and chatter, and all the gorgeous reds and greens dulled out of the world, leaving nothing as far as the eye could reach but dingy squirrel-colors, tawny grays and dusty yellows, with the far-off, panting sound of a frightened brook dodging zigzag through some meadow in a last, desperate effort to escape Winter. As a draft from a tomb the cold, clammy, valley twilight was upon us.

Like two bashful children scuttling through a pantomime, we hurried out of the glovery, darkening woods, and then at the edge of the meadow broke into a wild, mirthful race for Alrik's bright hearth-fire, which glowed and beckoned from his windows like a little tame, domesticated sunset. The Partridge Hunter cleared the porch steps at a single bound, but I fell flat on the bruising door-mat.

Nothing really mattered, however, except the hearth-fire itself.

Alrik and the Pretty Lady were already there before us, kneeling down with giggly, scorching faces before a huge corn-popper foaming white with little muffled, ecstatic notes of heat and harvest.

The Pretty Lady turned a crimson cheek to us, and Alrik's tanned skin glowed like a freshly shellacked Indian. Even the Old Mother's asthmatic breath purred from the jogging rocker like a specially contented pussy-cat.

Nothing in all the room, I remember, looked pallid or fretted except the great, ghastly white face of the clock. I despise a clock that looks worried. It wasn't late, anyway. It was scarcely quarter past four.

Indeed, it was only half past four when the company came. We were making such a

racket among ourselves that our very first warning was the sudden, blunt, rubbery *m-o-o* of an automobile directly outside. Mud was the first thing I thought of.

Then the door flew open peremptorily, and there on the threshold stood the Blue Serge Man—not dank and wet with slime and seaweed, but fat and ruddy and warm in a huge gray 'possum coat. Only the fearful, stilted *immovability* of him gave the lie to his reality.

It was a miracle! I had always wondered a great deal about miracles. I had always longed, craved, prayed to experience a miracle. I had always supposed that a miracle was the supreme sensation of existence, the ultimate rapture of the soul. But it seems I was mistaken. A miracle doesn't do anything to your soul for days and days and days. Your heart, of course, may jump, and your blood foam, but first of all it simply makes you very, very sick in the pit of your stomach. It made a man like Alrik clutch at his belt and jump up and down and "holler" like a lunatic. It smote the Partridge Hunter somewhere between a cramp and a sob. It ripped the Old Mother close at her waist-line, and raveled her out on the floor like a fluff of gray yarn.

But the Pretty Lady just stood up with her hands full of pop-corn, and stared and stared and *stared* and *STARFED*. From her shining blond head to her jet-black slippers she was like an exploded pulse.

The Blue Serge Man stepped forward into the room and faltered. In that instant's faltering, Alrik jumped for him like a great, glad, loving dog, and ripped the coat right off his shoulders.

The Blue Serge Man's lips were all a-grin, but a scar across his forehead gave a certain tense, stricken dignity to his eyes. Very casually, very indolently, he began to tug at his gloves, staring all the while with malevolent joy on the fearful crayon portrait of the ancient grandame.

"That's the very last face I thought of when I was drowning," he drawled, "and there wasn't room enough in all heaven for the two of us. Bully old face, I'm glad I'm here. I've been in Cuba," he continued quite abruptly, "and I meant to play dead forever and ever. But there was an autumn leaf—a red autumn leaf in a lady's hat—and it made me homesick." His voice broke suddenly, and he turned to his wife with quick, desperate, pleading intensity. "I'm not—much—good," he gasped. "But I've—*come back!*"

I saw the flaky white pop-corn go trickling through the Pretty Lady's fingers, but she just stood there and shook and writhed like a tightly wrung newspaper smoldering with fire. Then her face flamed suddenly with a light I had never, never seen since my world was made.

"I don't care whether you're any good or not," she cried. "You're alive! You're alive! You're alive! You're alive! You're—ALIVE!"

I thought she would never stop saying it, on and on and on and on. "You're alive, you're alive, you're alive." Like a defective phonograph disk her shattered senses caught on that one supreme phrase, "You're alive! You're alive! You're alive! You're alive!"

Then the blood that had blazed in her face spread suddenly to her nerveless hands, and she began to pluck at the crape ruffles on her gown. Stitch by stitch I heard the rip-rip-rip like the buzz of a fishing-reel. But louder than all came that maddening, monotonous cry, "You're alive! You're alive! You're alive!" I thought her brain was broken.

Then the Blue Serge Man sprang toward her, and I shut my eyes. But I caught the blessed, clumsy sound of a lover's boot tripping on a ruffle—the crushing out of a breath—the smother of a half-lipped word.

I don't know what became of Alrik. I don't know what became of Alrik's Old Mother. But the Partridge Hunter, with his arm across his eyes, came groping for me through the red, red room.

"Let's get out of this," he whispered. "Let's get out of this."

So once again, amateurs both in sorrow and in gladness, the Partridge Hunter and I fled fast before the Incomprehensible. Out we ran through Amy's frost-blighted rose-garden,

where no gay, shrill young voice challenged our desecration, out through the senile old apple orchard, where no suspicious dog came bristling forth to question our innocent intrusion, up through the green-ribbon road-way, up through the stumbling wood-path, to the safe, sound, tangible, moss-covered pasture-bars, where the warm, brown-fur bossies, sweet-breathed and steaming, came lolling gently down through the gauzy dusk to barter their pleasant milk for a snug night's lodging and a troughful of yellow mush.

A dozen mysterious wood-folk crackled close within reach, as though all the little day-animals were laying aside their starched clothes for the night; and the whole earth teemed with the exquisite, sleepy, nestling-down sound of fur and feathers and tired leaves. Out in the forest depths somewhere a belated partridge drummed out his excuses. Across on the nearest stone wall a tawny marauder went hunching his way along. It might have been a fox, it might have been Amy's thrown-away coon-cat. Short and sharp from the house behind us came the fast, furious crash of Alrik's frenzied young energies, chopping wood enough to warm a dozen houses for a dozen winters for a dozen new brides. But high above even the racket of his axe rang the sweet, wild, triumphant resonance of some French Canadian *chanson*. His heart and his lungs seemed fairly to have exploded in song.

And over the little house, and the dark woods, and the mellow pasture, and the brown-fur bossies, broke a little wee, tiny prick-point of a star, as though some celestial being were peeping down whimsically to see just what the Partridge Hunter and I thought of it all.

THE EXILE

By GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

The great canella swings its blooms
Like censers down the languid air:
—More dear to me the purple plumes
New England lilacs wear.

The sun strides—an exulting god—
Too glorious above the plain:
—I crave gray skies and April sod
Green from the last long rain.

At night the stars are wonderful—
Remote they blaze—aloof—apart:
—Oh, northern night-sky, far and cool,
Your stars shine in my heart.

I want the hills of home again:
And aye my heart is yearning—yearning
To feel the hill-road up the glen
Caress my feet returning.

VENICE AND ITS VICTIMS

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

Illustrations by Albert Levering

THERE was a fat and titled Italian lady in one of the royal hotels in Venice. All hotels in Venice and elsewhere in Italy are royal or grand or splendid, you know. It helps out when they are searching for something more, some supplement, to put in the bill. It generally appears about the sixth item from the bottom: "To hotel being royal," a handful of lire.

The fat Italian lady was in what passes for a lobby in this royal hotel, where they hang the names of dukes and kings and others of the ruling classes, written on neat little cards, in a frame on the wall. That is another charming Italian hotel custom. You stroll up and look at the names. "Gee," you say, "the Crown Prince of Germany is stopping here!" or "Well, I declare, if the Duchess of Teck and Tuckinfest isn't a guest at this house!" and it makes you contented, in a measure, when you go away, after your struggle with the cashier. You are not expected to know the crown prince was there nine years before, and the duchess nine years before that. And nobody tells you. Still, like the "royal" in the title, it helps out the manager when he comes to tot up your account.

To return to the fat Italian lady: She was in the lobby and she was walking about, restlessly, pacing up and down like a caged lioness, minus the wings that always appear on the Venetian brand of lions; they—the lions—having insisted on wings probably because they are proverbially poor swimmers and anxious to have some means of transportation out of the place. Like as not they were

there in the mosquito season—the lions. Anyhow, the fat Italian lady was pacing up and down like a caged lioness, and she was smoking a cigarette.

It was a good, thick cigarette, and she had it in a long, ornate holder, but something seemed to be lacking. She was perturbed. She took great puffs, blew the smoke out vigorously, and gazed about as if she longed for something, with one of those strange, indefinable longings the poets write about.

A wayfarer watched her. It was worth coming to Venice to see a fat, titled Italian lady pace up and down, smoking a cigarette. Besides, up to that time it was free, although

he wayfarer rather expected somebody in a green coat to come around and sell tickets to the show. The impression that the lady was in distress grew on the wayfarer. He was sympathetic. He thought over all the troubles fat Italian ladies with titles might have, and concluded, after careful study, there wasn't enough smoke in the cigarette to satisfy her. That was it! The cigarette was too puny, too ephemeral, too mild for so distinguished and substantial

a personage. She needed more tobacco.

Stepping politely across, the wayfarer racked his mind for sufficient language of the country to express the concern that weighed him down.

"Madam," he said, "you seem dissatisfied."
"Ah," she replied, emitting a cloud of smoke that obscured her for the moment, "I am"; and, taking the cigarette from the holder, she cast it into a corner with a superb and queenly outcurve.



THEY—THE LIONS—HAVE INSISTED ON WINGS.

"I had thought as much," continued the stranger. "Cigarettes are poor substitutes when the soul craves tobacco. Have a cigar?"

And she took it.

Whereby the fat Italian lady typed Venice and all Italy. She took it. That is what Italy is for—to take things. As the inhabitants have nothing to take from one another, they take everything they can from those outside who have been lured there by the Sunny-Italy line of press notices handed out since time began.

It is hard to tell who first hitched the "sunny" designation to Italy, but like as not it was an Englishman who, fleeing from his own desolate and fog-bound country, struck the peninsula when it wasn't raining, saw the sun, and, happy as an Englishman can be at the unwonted sight, exclaimed: "This is Sunny Italy!"

It has so remained. Italy is sunny to all comers—before they get there. It is sunny all right, when the sun shines—so sunny you are reminded of the middle of Pennsylvania Avenue, in Washington, on a July day. There are moments, moments that stretch imperceptibly into weeks, when there isn't so much sun that anybody is overcome by the heat. However, these are matters of no consequence. To dismiss the subject with one concrete thought, it may be said the climate of Italy is Italian climate, versatile, various, and among the worst.

Venice, you understand, sits enthroned on a hundred isles. There is ample authority for that statement. Moreover, Venice rises from the sea. Putting aside the temptation to remark that if Venice had stayed under the sea longer, with the waves surging back and forth across her, and had not risen for a century or two more, she would have been cleaner—there is one impression that cannot fail to make a dent in even the most superficial observer: You may say what you please about Venice as an ancient, non-progressive, decayed municipality, may rail at damp cellars and moldy architecture, may decry the lack of automobiles and other necessities of the life of to-day, but there is one municipal essential wherein Venice has every superintendent of public works, every board of aldermen, every

city government in the world lashed to the mast and screaming for mercy: Venice has solved the problem of sprinkling the streets.

After several tumultuous centuries, during which time the most flourishing Venetian industry was decapitation, Venice was put on the map in a decent and orderly fashion by Lord Byron, John Ruskin, Robert Browning, and William Dean Howells, a most impeccable bunch of publicists, although they do say Lord Byron was quite a gay blade in his way. Moreover, a gondolier who is on his job can

show you any one of half a dozen palaces in which Wagner wrote part of "Tristan and Isolde," and the list of literary lights who have gazed over the rippling waters of the Grand Canal and had emotions is as long and varied as the emotions superinduced. It is impossible not to be emotional in Venice. If the recollections of the glorious past do not swamp you when you reflect on the storied greatness of the place, if you are so callous that the Bridge of Sighs does not get a rise, you are sure to give voice to a few fervent feelings when you crawl out

from under your mosquito-netting in the morning and find yourself spotted like a red raspberry tart, and muse—one never thinks in Venice; one muses—over the patent truth that a netting that will keep mosquitoes out will also keep them in—a verity that, seemingly, has escaped the notice of the Venetian landlords.

When John Ruskin wrote "The Stones of Venice," he said the last word about the architecture of that moist town, discovering many things, undoubtedly, the men who built it did not know themselves. Only one work remains to be written. That should be on the mosquitoes of Venice and should be done by one of Secretary Wilson's bug men. The mosquitoes deserve a bulletin, at least, with one of those illuminating titles like: "A Short Survey of the Mosquitoes of the Canals of Venice, with Some Account of their Structure and Biology and their Relation to Romance and Art."

They are industrious and earnest little workers. Unlike our old friends of New Jersey and Long Island, they do not bite and flee to new biting-places. The Venetian mosquito



SHE TOOK IT.

lingers lovingly at his task. He plants in you all the venom he has with him. He raises lumps that remain, richly red, for weeks. Those lovely canals, upon which you glide while the gondolier sings—or does not sing—a low, plaintive melody, wondering the while how much he will be able to extract from you over and above the tariff, do much for the Venetian mosquito. They furnish an abiding-place that may be said to be perfect for his purposes.

Still, you can buy at the drug-stores pastilles that afford relief. You go into a room, close it hermetically, and light a few. If the fumes of the pastilles do not suffocate you in fifteen minutes, you win. The mosquitoes remain inactive until such time as you open the windows to let out the smell. Then they float up from the carpet in swarms. You see, the Venetian mosquitoes are scientifically educated. They know the smoke will rise, and get down below it. That is more than you know, which is just as well, because if you should lie down on the carpet to get away from the smudge, the mosquitoes, having no notion as to sportsmanship, would grab you there, as they are single-minded insects and fond of tourist blood.

But there is nothing romantic about the mosquito, and you are expected to be romantic when you get to Venice, romantic from the moment of your arrival, when the hotel porter

throws you into a gondola at the railroad station and piles your baggage on you, until the same porter snatches you out of a gondola at the station and leads you to your departing train, with both hands outstretched and an appealing look in his brown eyes.

All Italians are poets, especially all Venetians. They do not work at it regularly, but they are poets just the same, and the only way to get them to relax into prose is to refuse to tip them. They have a soft and musical language, the language of love and poesy. When your gondola rounds a corner suddenly and bumps into another, you are reminded of this. Both gondoliers speak poetically then. It sounds like a conversation between a truck-driver and a motor-man on Broadway, when the truck is stalled across the tracks.

The gondoliers are picturesque. When you are abroad, everything is picturesque. On this side, one would say the gondoliers are not so picturesque as they are dirty, but that would be heresy in Venice. It adds much to the interest of the Grand Canal to hire a gondolier who has not cut off his black-and-tan beard in a week, and whose shirt has not been washed since the last time he fell into the water. If you can get one with brass earrings, and a red sash around his waist, you have reached the limit of picturesqueness.

You can liken this somewhat soiled brigand



IT IS IMPOSSIBLE NOT TO BE EMOTIONAL IN VENICE.

to those others in the days of real romance who used to propel the doges and princes and poets and lovers through the shimmering water to their trysts or to their plotting-places. You can shut your eyes and hear the wild, weird songs of other years echoing softly over the rippling canals. You can see passing before you that great procession of stern and gallant men, those sorrowing ladies, those brave young blades who fought and loved and died for the sake of a woman's smile, those princes of the Church, those grim old sea fighters who upheld so long the glory of Venice. You can dream of the gory deeds that were done behind those mysterious walls, can think of the intrigue, the plot and the counter-plot, the centuries of conspiracies, of amours, of murders, of great achievements by great men, of the rise of that splendid art, of the domination of that splendid people, of all the span when Venice was great and glorious, "the pleasant place of all festivity, the revel of the earth, the masque of Italy"—but you will invariably wake up when the gondolier gets alongside the fish-market. Poetical, romantic, picturesque as he is, he seems to like the smell of that institution, and he goes as close to it as he can. Whereupon, romance vanishes for the nonce, and you come back to a rapid perusal of your "Italian in Fifteen Easy Lessons" to find words to enable you to tell the gondolier your present-day opinion of him.

It is pleasant to glide along the Grand Canal and listen to your trusty gondolier, the picture of grace and supple strength, recite the names of the famous palaces that are lapped by the tiny waves of that famous thoroughfare as well as rapped by the accumulated debris that has been thrown from the windows of said palaces from time to time. . . . "Pal' Con-tarini-Fasan—Desa-d-mo-n—Housa Desa-d-m-o-o-on—Pal' Rezzonico—ver' fin'—B-r-r-owna-in' died—ver' fin'—Pal' Foscarini—ver' fin'—Ah-h-h—"

And the gondolier goes off into an ecstasy that makes you think he has seen a double tip somewhere. He sculls you in close to the walls of a palace that has a few winged lions, in various states of moldy disrepair, on the landing, and stops. "Fi' minuto," he begs. You shake your head. "Ple-e-es-a—fi' minuto—ver' fin'—Ah-h-h—pl-e-e-e-es—ah-h—fi' minuto." You are breaking his heart by refusing.

You are firm. He weeps bitterly and proceeds: "Pal' Pisano—ver' fin'—Pal' Loredan—ver' fin'," and he artfully shoves you up

against another landing on which are some more lions, in moth-eaten sandstone, and an urn or two. "Fi' minuto," he implores. "Pl-e-es—fi' minuto—ver' fin'—Pl-e-e-es—ah-h."

Again you refuse. He is dissolved in woe. He talks at you in Italian. You gather you are losing the opportunity of a lifetime. The man with the boat-hook, who stands on the landing and has hooked your gondola, weeps, too. It is most affecting. Apparently, you have grieved these simple sons of Venice in a manner that should cause you sorrow all the remainder of your life. "P-l-e-e-es—ver' fin'." No.

The gondolier recovers his wonted spirits. "Pal' Pesaro—ver' fin'." And in you go again to another landing, where there are some more badly frazzled relics of a dead civilization. This time the gondolier kneels down on the *poppa* and stretches forth his hands in supplication. "Fi' minuto—ah-h-h—pl-e-e-es—ah—Signore—pl-e-e-es—ah-h—fi' minuto." It is the last stand. The brigand on the landing has your gondola fast. The gondolier is crying as if his heart would break. You can refuse no longer. You think they want you to visit some shrine of the boatman's or to rescue some maiden in distress. You step ashore. The gondolier grins happily. You are landed. He has performed his proper function and has steered you into an antique-shop where you may find many genuine antiques—warranted antique, the proprietor tells you.

Why was the gondolier so interested? He gets a commission. It is one of his perquisites; and who would deprive a hard-working gondolier, a hard-working, picturesque gondolier, to be exact, of a few lire? Anyhow, you must, just naturally must, bring back a few antiques when you go to Italy. How would any of the neighbors know you had been there? And if you want to buy antiques, you can pay more money and get less in Venice than in any other place on the globe. That's something, isn't it?

If there were no visitors to Venice, there would be few gondolas, for the Venetian, the person who lives there all the year round, goes about the main thoroughfares in the fussy little steamboats that snort back and forth. The Venetian doesn't think the gondola is romantic and the gondolier picturesque. That is the visitor's part. Next to riding in one, the greatest fun is trying to understand the tariff. Long years of dealing with travel-



HE HAS STEERED YOU INTO AN ANTIQUE-SHOP.

ers has developed a highly scientific scale of petty larceny. It is so much for half an hour for two persons, and so much more for four, and double for so many more, and double that for the next half hour, and extra at night, and double that if there are two rowers. You need a table of logarithms. Besides, there is always a tip to be paid, and the hookers at the landing expect a few coppers.

They are simple souls, these sons of Sunny Italy who sing so happily as they bend to the oar. "*O sole mio!*" they warble. "I wonder if he knows what I am going to do to him. *O sole mio!* I'll pick him clean before I let him land." If you are looking for trouble, real, gummy trouble, you can get it by having a row with a gondolier. If you take two of them, you will be pleased for a week—if you hate peace. They are so ingenuous about it—crafty as a person who hits you with a club. Two most dignified and austere ladies from Iowa, Thomas-Cooking, went out in a gondola. On the way back the gondolier said something about pay.

"We shall pay at the hotel," asserted one of the ladies, severely.

The rower took off his ragged hat and held it out: "Pl-e-e-es," he said ingratiatingly. "Drink-a—pl-e-e-es."

"He wants something for a drink!" exclaimed the other lady, horrified.

"We do not approve of the liquor habit," they reproved sternly.

The rower made a wide circle with his oar. The gondola almost tipped over.

"Here, Henrietta," screamed the older lady, "give him a dollar and let him drink himself to death."

Civilization is doing its fearful work, even among the gondoliers. The gondolier who sings love-songs as he rows you down the moonlit canals exists, but a good many gondoliers take out phonographs with them. It is very comfortable and twentieth-century-like to sit in a gondola under a star-spangled sky and have the phonograph play "*Love Me and the World is Mine.*"

In addition to being the abiding-place of Romance, Venice is the Home of Art. Those who know their galleries may dispute this, but tens of thousands of American parlors, from Maine to California, bear pink-and-purple testimony to the fact. Show me the tourist who landed in Venice and got away without a water-color he hoped to slide by the customs, a water-color depicting a gondola, with a graceful gondolier on the stern, gliding down a canal; a background of vine-covered, salmon-colored palaces; a sky with a handful of impossible colors in it, all blue and hazy pink and yellow.

Venice the Home of Art? It is also the Manufactory of Art. They produce art there while you wait. If you do not like one water-color of a view in the lagoons, they can get you another in an hour's time. There are so many water-colors of Venice on sale and

so many have been sold, it is my opinion there are studios in the city where they make them with stencils. There must be. Not all the water-colorists alive could make the vast number of Venetian water-colors on exhibition in the picture-shops, to say nothing of those that have been sold. After visiting the European galleries, the feeling seeps into one that the Old Masters were the most industrious people the world has ever known. To produce the number of paintings they did, they must have worked with brushes in each hand, between the toes of each foot, and with a couple held in their teeth, and could have taken no time for sleep or recreation. But the Old Masters were tyros when compared to the Venetian water-colorists. They *must* use stencils. There is no other explanation.

The Roman artists are reasonably busy, too. If you do not care for a water-color of a "Scene on the Grand Canal" or "A Picturesque Nook in Old Venice," if these do not appeal to you, perhaps because it has rained all the time and you think the artist dreamed the sunshine, the dealer can let you in on a rare bargain by a famous Roman artist. The Roman artists run to cardinals. They paint these princes of the Church in their red robes—notice particularly the close imitation of the weave of the silk. By chance, a Roman artist has dropped in that day and left a couple of pictures. You can get one for \$125, a mere bagatelle. You move along to another shop. The Roman artist has dropped in there, too, and you can pick up one of his cardinals. The Roman artists undoubtedly also use stencils.

Venice is supreme not alone in modern art. The Queen of the Seas crowds the other art centers of Europe hard for first place in ancient art also—not that she has so much of it on exhibition, but that she has a great deal of it for sale. Italy has been robbed of her art treasures by almost every country on earth for centuries, but the supply always seems to equal the demands of the robbers. One of the chief industries of the country is the making of new antique art treasures to be robbed of, and Venice is a principal mart. You can get relics of the dead past there big enough to fill the hold of a ship or small enough to wear in a ring. Art, you understand, never dies. They have found the fountain of perpetual youth for it in Italy.

There are no houses in Venice. Every habitable building is a palace. So is every uninhabitable building. Whenever a doge had no murdering on hand he built a palace.

They are large, imposing palaces, consisting mostly of front door, courtyard, and stairway. If there were any fish in the canals it would be fine to live in one of these palaces, for you could drop a line out of the window and angle while surrounded with all the comforts of home.

The canals are lined with palaces—all liberally restored. That is one of the best things the Italians do—liberally restore their palaces and churches and statues and paintings and all the wondrous heritage of their ancestors, who were not so much concerned in getting money as they were in spending it. We weep over the luckless patriots who were yanked across the Bridge of Sighs to meet a fearful fate, and then we wake up and discover the Bridge of Sighs we are weeping over is a fake, "liberally restored." The Palace of the Doges, the most interesting building in Venice, has been restored many times, but it is still exhilarating to visit it on a gloomy afternoon. They point out to you the places where the decapitations were staged, the two red pillars where the verdicts of death were announced, the private beheading plant for political prisoners, and all the shivery accompaniments. Killing was such a prevalent pastime in those old days you wonder how any citizen of Venice came through with his neck intact and raised a family.

This Palace of the Doges is one of the *pièces de résistance* of the water-colorists. By taking an angle by the Church of St. Mark an artist can get a fine set of stencils for innumerable pictures. He can work in a side of the Palace of the Doges, the two granite columns, one bearing the winged lion of St. Mark and the other St. Theodore on a crocodile—he looks a good deal like our Theodore, although the crocodile plainly is a tame and housebroken animal and not at all the kind of crocodile our Theodore would ride—and the lagoon, not forgetting a gondola or two. Artists abound at this spot, painting industriously.

When the hotel keepers seized on Venice as their own, they found their hotel raw material on the ground. All they had to do was to rent a couple of adjoining palaces, knock out the walls, and install seventeen servants for every expected guest, said servants to be paid by the guests, of course. Most of the hotels are old palaces, largely façades and stairways. In several of them the elevator starts from the second floor—when it isn't out of order—which is a novel Italian idea.

Once the hotels get you in their clutches, they do not let go of you until they have squeezed out the last possible cent. Europe's greatest benefactor was the man who invented the word "supplement." Italy should be, and probably is, especially grateful. There is no charge in a Venetian hotel to which a supplement cannot be added. If by chance there should be such an item in the bill, the error is always remedied by a supplement of a few lire because there is no supplement. One of the first signs you read, along with the information that there is a "Hairs Cutter" in the hotel and that "Wales Rabbits"—Venetians think English-speaking people live on "Wales Rabbits"—can be secured if a proper negotiation is made, is a neat line in good-sized type informing you that the management of the hotel will be pleased to add a supplement to the price of the room unless you take what is considered a proper proportion of your meals in the restaurant of the hotel. If you do not take your meals there, you are not paying due heed to the honor of being allowed to stop in the hotel, and are fined whatever the management thinks the profit on your meals would have been. If you behave yourself properly and do not demand too many towels nor insist on clean sheets too often, they may permit you to eat your luncheon outside in some other restaurant, but that is about as far as they will go.

Nothing grieves an Italian so much as to spend money. The restaurant keepers are aware of this, and they safeguard themselves against the crafty natives in every possible way. When they put a plate of rolls on the table they count and tab each roll. That is necessary, for if they didn't the Italians would eat all the rolls and nothing else, and consider it a good stroke of business. "How many breads?" is always a searching inquiry when the bill is being made up, and woe be unto the eater if he forgets one that has been devoured. It is an education to see an Italian family come into a restaurant—papa,

mama, a daughter or two, and a cousin or a niece or a nephew. They take the best table available, and papa gravely hands around the bill of fare.

"What do you see that interests you?" he inquires of mama.

Mama runs an inquiring eye down the menu and mentions a dish that costs two dollars.

"Ah," exclaims one of the sisters, "we have had that so often! Let us try something else."

Papa takes a crack at it. He thinks a little game would be to his liking.

"Game!" explodes mama. "Impossible! The family is tired to death of this everlasting grouse."

Sister finds a fancy dish in the entrées. It would suit her. "No, no!" shouts the cousin. "That will never do. It is so common."

Then they all fall to studying the menu. Suddenly there is a chorus of "Excellent!" They have discovered it. Here on the bill is something they had not thought about. How stupid of them! Macaroni! Spaghetti! Bravo!

And they order forty cents' worth of macaroni, and eat it with much noise, giving the waiter a sixteenth of a cent for his tip and taking an hour for the gustatory exercises.

Meantime you have had your dinner and received the bill. If you have been in Italy more than a week you study the bill carefully. There is always something wrong. An Italian would die of shame if he handed you a bill that did not contain an overcharge. That would be such coarse work it would stamp him as no respecter of the traditions of his race. Usually there are about three overcharges. It takes long and expert examination to detect them all. If you get one you are doing well. You point out your discovery, and it is corrected with vast ejaculation as to the unfortunate error, but no chagrin. The only time an Italian is chagrined is when you get all the errors. That is enough to humiliate any loyal son of the House of Savoy.



YOU CANNOT REST MUCH, BUT . . .
YOU SHOULD BE SATISFIED.

The Italian hotel keeper's idea of luxury for the traveler is to put him in a room that has a painting on the ceiling showing three plump mermaids pulling Neptune's whiskers, but has no carpet on the floor. The more decoration there is on the ceiling, the more the room costs. When you are resting on one of those old dogal beds, handed down from the seventeenth century and still densely populated, you cannot rest much, but you can observe a fine ceiling painting of fat Cupids turning flipflaps in a flower-bed, which, in the landlord's opinion, should satisfy you. It is better to have paintings on the ceilings than mats on the floor. Very few guests walk on the ceilings, and most of them would walk on the mats, which would wear out in the course of a decade or two. Thrift, you know.

When an Italian patriot has nothing to do in the line of stenciling water-colors, or chiseling priceless marbles just dug up from the ruins of some ancient city, or rubbing dust into Old Masters, or shooting worm-holes in antique furniture, he goes out and makes a little counterfeit money just to keep his hand in. If you tried to bite all the counterfeit silver and gold you get, you would wear your teeth down to the gums in two weeks. The counterfeiters do not use all their talents on bogus silver and gold coins. They make bad paper money also. That must be a simple operation, for the usual paper money you get, especially the little five- and ten-lire things, is about as crude currency, next to clam-shells and brass rings, as the world affords. Moreover, it is always so dirty no one can tell whether it is bad or not, and it is passed from hand to hand on the theory that although it may be good, it is probably bad, and the right thing to do is to get rid of it as soon as possible.

You ask the gentlemanly hotel cashier to change some gold pieces for you into silver so you can be prepared for the resistless swarms who want tips. He looks at you suspiciously, weighs each coin, and throws each one down ostentatiously on his desk to see if it rings true.

A cashier did that in Venice to a large, crass American person, and shoved back some silver coins. The American blocked the window to the cashier's coop and threw down one silver coin after another, with just as much scornful ostentation as the cashier had used on the gold that had been handed in.

The cashier exploded. "Do you mean to insult me?" he shouted.

"Not any more than you did me," the American replied calmly, "but here are four bogus coins out of the ten you gave me. Please replace them."

The shops around the Piazza of St. Mark look like the shops along the Boardwalk at Atlantic City. English is spoken at all of them. They have to speak English, for the Italians do not patronize these merchants, but go to the shops in the center of the town, back on the streets that wind away from the Piazza. Most of the shops have signs proclaiming that their wares are offered at a "fixed price." That bluffs a good many of the unwary. The real basis of merchandising in Venice is to offer fifty per cent. of the first price asked, whether the price is advertised as fixed or not. Then you will get the article for about seventy-five per cent. of what was asked, which will be too much, of course, but you will have saved something. The fixed-price merchant may refuse the first time, but there is nothing on sale in Venice at any shop that cannot be obtained at another shop, probably a better one.

"This," said a man in one of the book places, referring tenderly to an illuminated book that he swore was two hundred years old and that, undoubtedly, had been made that year, "is a priceless heirloom of our family. We have it here merely to show the gorgeousness of the coloring, the beauty of the rubrics, the exquisite workmanship of it all. We would not think of selling it. It is beyond treasure. Nothing could tear it from us. It would be like parting with our heart's blood."

"If that is the case," said the man who was looking, "there is nothing more to be said."

"But," continued the bookseller hastily, "although we would weep for years after disposing of this treasure, although it would bring shame and humiliation on our family to dispose of it, if we should thus bow ourselves to the dust we could let you have it for twenty-five dollars."

"Far be it from me," protested the inquirer, "to deprive any ancient Italian family of such a pearl of great price, to bring down to sorrow any of the heads of a noble house, but, if I should descend to such a sordid undertaking, I would give you a dollar and a half for the book."

And the upshot of it was he got the book, after much weeping and wailing, for five dol-

lars and fifty cents, and when he went out into the light he discovered he had paid three dollars too much for it.

It is all a part of the game. Nobody need complain, for nobody need buy unless he wants to. The shopkeepers are there to cheat you, and you are there to be cheated. If you can escape, you are lucky. People back home can exist without coral necklaces and water-colors and all that sort of thing, you know.

After a bargain is concluded and the shopkeeper has wrung all he can out of you, there is one more pitfall. The article you have bought is taken away to be wrapped up. "Step back this way," said a man who had sold a little marble statuette— And that is another marvelous thing, that marble industry. They must make those winged lions and those Venuses and Adonises and all the rest of that junk by machinery, just as they stencil the water-colors. There are not enough sculptors in the universe to make by hand all they have for sale.

"Step back this way," the shopkeeper said.

"What for?" asked the purchaser.

"Why," he replied, surprised at the question, "to watch that we do not substitute in the wrapping-room something inferior for your purchase."

He knew about himself.

There is plenty of fun to be had in Venice, although most of the visitors are inclined to take their visit seriously. You can muse over the dead past until your head is numb, if you like that sort of thing, and can spend days in exploring, and exclaiming over, spotted historical spots. If you go in for art, there is no end of it. Still, by the time

he gets to Venice, Old Masters and liberally restored churches and mildewed palaces have rather palled on the ordinary tourist. They have concerts at night on barges out on the lagoon, and it is romantic enough for the most fastidious to be rowed out and recline lazily in a gondola while the Grand Royal National Italian Concert Company tinkle on guitars and mandolins and sing Italian songs. Everybody you know who is in Europe when you are there will get to Venice sooner or later, for Venice, next to Paris, is the best advertised spot on the globe.

And the people—the people are a joy. Nice, smiling little twenty-cent brigands, who can't help trying to rob you; funny wee soldiers, who walk as if their feet were sore; swarthy gondoliers, who grin at you amiably, and curse you with abandon when you spring the tariff on them; hordes of merchants with useless souvenirs to sell you at extortionate prices; interesting inhabitants of the crooked streets in the middle of the city; haughty hotel-keepers who condescend to entertain you; monks, priests, singers, artists, guides, high-born Italian ladies out for an airing; bands playing, festivals on the canals, illuminations, spoony moonshine: and you the legitimate prey of everybody in the place—except your fellow travelers, and sometimes of them—from the highest to the lowest, from the aristocrats of the Venetian-glass industry to the hookers at the steps of the quays.

"Across the Alps lies Italy," said Napoleon. 'Twas hard indeed to fool the Little Corporal: and nowhere, under those sunny skies, are they more economical of the truth than in Venice—Venice rising from the sea.



THE MAN AT KEY WEST

By CARTER GOODLOE

Author of "At the Foot of the Rockies," etc.

Illustrations by J. A. Williams

I SAT with the vicomte in the doorway of the Jockey Club and watched the *enfildes* of carriages move slowly and luxuriously by in San Francisco Street between the long lines of interested masculine onlookers. No one was more surprised than myself at my being found thus familiarly—and I may confess, pleasantly—associating with my brother-in-law, the Vicomte de Lamennais. I had always entertained an amiable contempt for Raoul as the frivolous descendant of an old and decayed aristocracy, tempered, since his marriage to my well-dowered sister, by an unwilling admiration for him as an astute business man.

But in spite of our widely different viewpoints and the jaded nerves that had sent me down to Mexico on a visit, de Lamennais and I got on surprisingly well. In fact, I even came to enjoy the hour spent daily in his society at the Jockey Club. His two years' residence in the Mexican capital had resulted in an astonishingly wide acquaintance with the fashionable world, and his mind—which reveled in biographical data and should have been devoted to editing a society paper—retained a multitude of diverting and intimate bits of information concerning every one worth while. It was therefore sufficiently amusing to sit with him at the Jockey Club and listen to his comments on the occupants of the carriages that rolled by.

It was on one of these occasions that I noticed for the first time a low victoria, in a corner of which sat huddled up a white-haired man, old and devastated-looking. He sat in melancholy silence and inactivity, apparently unrecognized and unrecognized in the gay throng. The halting gait of the horse and the shabby gentility of the coachman's livery added a touch of pathetic decadence to the equipage.

I noticed with unaffected surprise that, as the victoria stopped before the club for an instant—a seller of flowers had thrust his wares into the Chilian minister's carriage and the whole line had come to a standstill as a consequence—Raoul bowed to the gray, bent figure and signaled him with his fingers in Mexican style. The brooding eyes brightened and the lax hand went up perfunctorily to the brim of the silk hat. The recognition was over in an instant and the victoria passed slowly on with its melancholy occupant.

"Who is he?" I asked involuntarily. De Lamennais's acquaintance lay so conspicuously among the happy rich that I thought my curiosity pardonable. A reminiscent look crept into his brown, ruminant eyes. He leaned forward slightly, dangling his monocle on its silk cord, and gazing after the disappearing carriage.

"That," he said slowly, "is one of the most interesting men in Mexico—Don Luis de Monterilla."

"Why interesting?" I demanded, somewhat impatiently—for it was a new and not particularly agreeable sensation to be kept waiting on de Lamennais's mental processes. Usually one was rather more occupied in stemming the exuberant flow of information.

He turned a pitying eye on me.

"Ah! then you have never heard of the great Barcelona Lottery scandal!" It was as though I had confessed to having never heard of Helen of Troy, or the Wars of the Roses, or the destruction of Pompeii!

"My dear fellow, what time has a busy American engineer for lotteries and their scandals?" I began, testily enough.

"True, true, *mon cher*," murmured de Lamennais with irritating suavity. (I was beginning to discover that it was impossible to disagree with Raoul.) "But this was the

talk of two continents. It happened back in the early nineties—Don Luis was a comparatively young man and had just been made president of the newly established *Banco de España* here. The great lottery scandal nearly broke the bank and quite ruined the financial reputation of the young president. It made him what you see him to-day—a disappointed, broken-down old man."

Raoul's eyes were no longer ruminant—they sparkled with an anticipatory pleasure of spicy revelations, of thrilling narrative. He leaned forward interestedly, and I perceived that the torrent of words for which I had waited in vain a few minutes before was about to descend upon me, cutting off retreat. I felt a sudden irritation. To be pitied for one's ignorance and then to be deluged with information, *volens volens*, was too much. I determined to forestall de Lamennais, and, rising with an indifference that I was far from feeling—for I confess my curiosity was piqued and I should have enjoyed nothing more than hearing the history of Don Luis de Monterilla and the Barcelona Lottery scandal—I lit a cigar with elaborate nonchalance.

"Not now, my dear de Lamennais," I murmured between puffs. "Another time I shall be enchanted—I have a fancy for a stroll in the Alameda before dinner," and I sauntered off. Five minutes afterward I was intensely sorry for my momentary irritation, and was regretting the loss of what promised to be an interesting story. I even determined to lead up to the subject again on the earliest possible occasion and pay Raoul the double compliment of inviting and listening to his reminiscences. Fate had better things in store for me, however.

The Alameda was one of the things that made life in Mexico City possible for me. Its exquisite beauty soothed my tired nerves inexpressibly, and that beauty never appealed to me more than in the late afternoon, just before the short, fragrant twilight. As I turned into the park from the Plazuela de Guardiola, I thanked Heaven and Porfirio Diaz for the hundredth time for such a spot of loveliness in the center of that great city.

It was delightful, strolling around under the big eucalyptus and cypress trees. The last strains from the military band vibrated softly; troops of children, marshaled by their nurses, passed by; beautiful women, laughing and chattering with their escorts, sauntered gaily down the flower-scented paths. I sank upon

one of the wide stone benches that encircled a *glorieta*, adorned with a fountain whose nymph dashed a silver spray over the water-lilies sleeping in the basin, and puffed luxuriously at my Havana cigar. Even to a man as hard-worked as I had been the mere joy of living appeals irresistibly at times. I reflected that, given a little longer leisure in this delightful Mexican capital, I might develop into as gay a hedonist as de Lamennais himself!

I was aroused from this amusing speculation by the sudden sharp movement of a man who sat a few feet from me on the stone bench. I had barely noticed him at first—had seen only a sullen-looking figure with a soft hat pulled down over the eyes. Now as I looked I saw his face, which had turned quite pale despite his dark and tanned skin. He was gripping the bench hard with fingers that whitened at the knuckles, and was staring at a figure just entering the *glorieta* from the opposite side. I followed his gaze and started a little, too, as I recognized the bent, white-haired man whom I had seen half an hour before in his victoria. Evidently he had dismissed it and come for a stroll in the gardens.

He walked slowly, his hands clasped behind his back, his eyes on the ground. As he neared us I thought the man beside me would have risen and moved away, but Don Luis passed by, oblivious of our presence, and the man sank back upon the bench with what I fancied was a sigh of relief. He gazed after the departing figure with a curiously intense interest.

I waved a hand toward the retreating Mexican. "You know him?" I asked.

"*Cómo no?*" he replied with an ungracious enough shrug of the shoulders.

"Why not, indeed?" I echoed lightly.

"Every one in Mexico City recognizes Don Luis de Monterilla."

"So I understand," I replied gravely. "Perhaps you will be kind enough to tell me why."

The man moved uneasily on the seat again and glanced at me a little suspiciously, I thought.

"It concerns the great scandal of the *Real Lotería de Barcelona*. Perhaps you will not be interested, señor?" he said carelessly.

I passed him a cigar.

"On the contrary," I assured him, "I feel that I shall be much interested. I am a stranger here—I saw Don Luis for the first



I WAS AROUSED BY THE SUDDEN SHARP MOVEMENT OF A MAN
WHO SAT A FEW FEET FROM ME.

time this afternoon. His personality interests me immensely."

"A stranger, señor? And you will be leaving soon?" He was rolling the cigar meditatively between his thumb and forefinger.

"Unfortunately, yes," I replied. "My enforced vacation is almost at an end. I have been ill, but am so far recovered now that I have no excuse for lingering in your very beautiful city."

The man bowed slightly, while to my surprise an ironical smile distorted his lips for an instant.

"*Mil gracias*, señor! Of course I have Don Luis's story only from hearsay. I was not in Mexico at the time." He struck a match and lit his cigar. "But the whole affair was so much talked about then, and indeed for long afterward, that I dare say, although I have never tried to tell it before, I could piece the story together, if you care to hear it, señor."

Although his Spanish was perfectly idiomatic and interlarded with a profusion of slang, quite untranslatable, there was something intangibly foreign now and then in his accent. I couldn't for the life of me decide what tongue it reminded me of. The whole man puzzled me a little, for I could not quite make out to what class he belonged. I had a good look at his face now, for he had thrust his hat far back on his head and, stretching out his legs, rammed his hands into his pockets. The cigar hung on his lower lip as he spoke. He was hardly a laboring man, for an air of leisure had settled down on him, but assuredly a leisure grafted on a working foundation. He did not give me much time for speculation, however, for after a few preliminary puffs at his cigar, he plunged into his story.

"It was back in '90. Don Luis was probably a man of forty. What? Yes—I know he looks sixty-five, but he is nothing like so old. I myself look older than I am—I was but a young man—a boy—of twenty when it happened." He paused an instant and knocked the ash from his cigar. "You would have thought me older, is it not so, señor?"

I looked at the lines in the thin face, at the hair whitened at the temples.

"Without offense, yes," I assented. He shook himself a little and laughed shortly.

"I am not a woman, señor, to mind such things. To continue. It was the summer of '90, and Don Luis had just been made

president of the newly established *Banco de España*. It was a great honor for such a young man. He had come up from the southern country at twenty-five, a poor, unknown youth, and in fifteen years he had risen to the top of the pot. Some say that President Diaz took an interest in him because he was from his own town, Oaxaca. However that may be, his success was extraordinary—and perhaps that made his failure seem the blacker."

He paused a moment and drew at his cigar, which was going gray.

"I am beginning very awkwardly, I fear," he said at length, "but you will please remember that though I have heard the story of the Barcelona Lottery fraud over and over, this is the first time I have ever tried to tell it—and I am no born story-teller."

"Perhaps I should have told you that the *Real Lotería de Barcelona* immediately appointed the new *Banco de España* its financial agents in Mexico—a piece of great good fortune, so the directors thought, for they saw visions of a good commission from the lucky winner, should he happen to be a Mexican."

"The drawing was to be the tenth of July—you see how well the story has been impressed upon my mind, señor—and every town of any size both in Spain and over here in Mexico was agog with excitement, for the first prize was colossal—five hundred thousand pesetas, if you please. The Louisiana Lottery found itself eclipsed, and the Barcelona prize was the talk of the States as well as of Mexico. It was a big sum, was it not, señor? It sounds big even in American money—\$100,000! A man might work a lifetime and not save a quarter as much."

He ceased speaking for an instant and puffed at his cigar with a curious far-away look in his eyes, which were blue and went strangely with his dark hair and skin.

"A large sum," I assented. "Quite enough to interest a man in lotteries who had never been interested before."

"It seemed to interest two of your compatriots at least, señor—the señor is American, I take it?" I bowed. "Ah, I thought so! But I must go back a little."

"About the middle of the afternoon of June fifteenth, a little tramp steamer from New Orleans slopped her way into the harbor at Key West and rubbed her nose along the rickety wharf. She was disreputable-looking even for a coastwise tramp, and her passengers scrambled ashore fast, as though glad

to get away from her. They were not a very good-looking lot themselves—in fact, there seemed to be but two cabin passengers, two well-dressed gentlemen who strolled up the street making polite inquiries as to where the cable office was. They had been detained beyond their expectations by the slowness of the trip and were obliged to send some business messages at once to Paris and Barcelona in consequence. Those were the old days when cables were sent by way of Key West. Have you ever been to Key West, señor?"

I shook my head. "Never," I said.

"It's a nice enough place, as coast towns go. A bit hot, you understand, and the fever cuts loose there now and again—or so I've heard. The relay station is not a bad hole at all. It has a corrugated iron roof and stands far out on the point, where it can catch the breeze from the Gulf. But it's infernally *triste* out there, and the pay is small, and the cable operator has too much time to think.

"On a hot afternoon in June, with the iron roof beginning to sizzle over one's head, and a heaving, tepid ocean stretching away indefinitely before one's eyes, and the fever raging in the town at one's back—the fever was pretty bad that summer of '00—you can understand that a lonely cable operator might be tempted to think his lot a hard one, to wish himself back in the cool northern places, to be desperate enough to curse the poverty that chained him to his table with its ceaseless tapping hammers—" He stopped suddenly. He was leaning forward and beating a nervous tattoo on the stone bench.

I looked down at his long, thin fingers. He followed my gaze.

"Yes," he said, with a slight shrug, "I have done many things for a livelihood—I was a telegraph operator, too—for a short while. *Cómo no, señor?*"

"*Naturalmente,*" I observed courteously.

"It's a dog's life," he complained. "I was stationed at a lonely post once myself, señor, and I can imagine just how glad the little chap in the Key West cable station was when the two strangers walked in and woke him up from his afternoon nap. The mere sight of them brought back interest and excitement into his life. It was a call from the outside world."

He pulled his hat down over his eyes and tossed away the burnt-end of his cigar.

"Perhaps the little devil's loneliness worked on their sympathies, perhaps they had many messages to send; at any rate, it was after-

ward remembered that they spent at least two hours in the cable station. What they talked about, what took place there only those three have ever known.

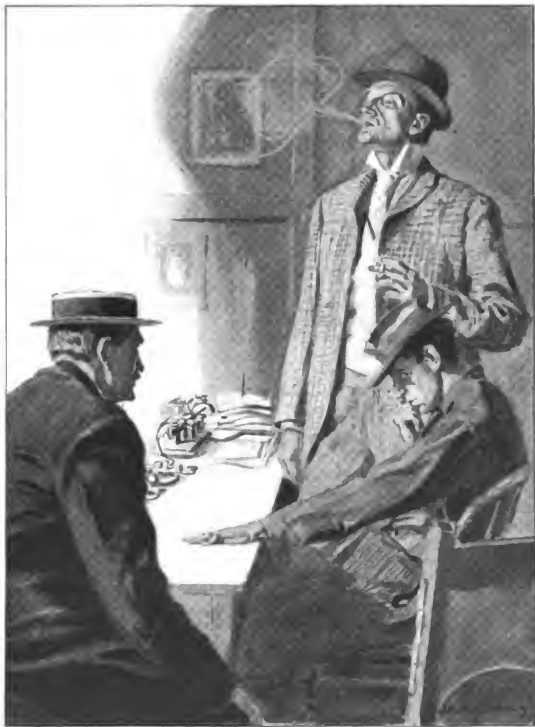
"In the late afternoon, as luck would have it, the Campeche was to sail for Galveston and Vera Cruz, and the two strangers disappeared from Key West as suddenly as they had come.

"A week later they registered at the Iturbide here in Mexico City. They had brought letters of introduction to several prominent business men, and in another week Señor Forster and Señor Alden, two gentlemen from New York, representing a colossal hardware firm there, were well-known figures at the Jockey Club, on the Paseo, and at the bull-ring. They were greatly fêted, as much for their agreeable personalities as for the large business interests they claimed to represent. From no one did they receive greater attention than from Don Luis, to whom they had first presented their credentials. The discussion of several business undertakings, involving mutual financial benefit, drew them together, and it was looked upon as a fitting acknowledgment of the consideration shown them when on the first of July they tendered Don Luis and several of his bank officials a luncheon in the Casino Español.

"As was inevitable, the conversation turned on the great Barcelona Lottery, the drawing for which was so near, and when a vender appeared crying out '*Boletas de la Real Lotería de Barcelona*,' and thrust his tickets upon the gentlemen, Alden good-naturedly bought one out of compliment to his guests, the financial agents of the lottery.

"There was much merriment over his purchase and many good wishes were floated in champagne, as you may understand, señor. It is not every day that one can have even the fraction of a chance at five hundred thousand pesetas! Señor Alden took their joking with great good-humor, and, thrusting the ticket carelessly in his pocket, led the conversation back to the discussion of the business affairs in which he and Forster were so deeply interested.

"Shortly after this it seemed as if the two *Americanos* and the officials of the *Banco de España* were about to come to a financial understanding, when unfortunately the two señores received messages from New York recalling them on matters of importance. This happened on the ninth of July, and they immediately informed Don Luis that negotia-



IT WAS A CALL FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

tions would have to be suspended temporarily until they could make the trip to New York, and invited him to a farewell luncheon the next day at the Casino Español."

"The day of the drawing," I commented.

"By a singular coincidence—yes, señor."

He ceased speaking and sat silent for a full minute, staring through the gathering darkness. I passed him another cigar, and he shook himself together with a little shiver.

"*Gracias*. Where was I? Oh, yes—perhaps you do not know, señor, that it is on the

blackboard of the Casino Español that the lottery drawings are posted as they come in by wire. Well, the two American señores and their friends were just beginning on their *aguacate* salad when a shout went up all over the big restaurant, as the marker strode up to the board and posted the winning number of the Royal Barcelona Lottery, just cabled over. Every eye was fascinated by that number—627941, chalked up in big, unmistakable figures. It meant a fortune—a life of ease—the realization, perhaps, of dreams, of ambitions—to the man of destiny who had paid but a few lucky *reales* for it. The shout sank to a confused murmur as a hundred lips repeated mechanically, '627941.'

"At the table of the *Americanos* Forster was the first to speak. His face was pale. He turned and laid a hand on Alden's arm.

"My dear fellow, where is that lottery ticket you bought the other day? I can't remember the number exactly, but I would be willing to swear it was something very like 627941—"

"Don Luis leaned forward excitedly. 'I think the señor is right—it was something very like that number—'

"But Alden only smiled. 'Nonsense!' he said. 'I was never a lucky devil, and moreover I haven't the ghost of an idea where the ticket is—' He was searching in all his pockets.

"Forster groaned. 'Oh, you careless idiot! You have probably left it on your *tocador* or given it to the laundress or—'

"Hold on, old man!" cried Alden suddenly.

"From the depths of an inner pocket he drew forth a crumpled piece of paper and spread it out on the table before his guests. There, plain as day, señor, could be read the magic number 627941! The news ran like a tongue of fire through the restaurant, and a shout that threatened to shatter the glass roof went up. Toasts were drunk to the lucky *Americano* and his friends, and congratulations poured in upon them. In the midst of the excitement they made their escape to the *Iturbide* to talk the thing over.

"I am sure there is a mistake," laughed Alden. He was one of your jovial Americans—always ready for a laugh or a joke even on himself. 'You had better cable over yourself,' he said, turning to Don Luis, 'and see that no mistake has been made in the number. I wouldn't like to get your bank into trouble,' he said gravely.

"Deposit your ticket with us for the night,

señor,' replied Don Luis, 'and all proper precautions will be taken. I will cable at once to Barcelona for confirmation of the number.'

"Blessed are those who expect nothing," said Alden, still laughing. 'I shall not be disappointed if one or more of those little figures is wrong.'

"Rest assured, señor, we shall satisfy ourselves thoroughly on that subject. The *Banco de España* will not give up five hundred thousand pesetas without good authority for doing so," said Don Luis somewhat grimly. 'Glad as I am to believe you the lucky winner, I must protect my bank.'

"Right you are," said Alden heartily, in no wise offended by the banker's business-like tone. Indeed, he took the whole stupendous affair with a jovial light-heartedness, a careless pleasure that was nothing short of wonderful, even to Forster, who looked on at his friend's superb good fortune with evident enjoyment. Don Luis was far more excited over it and awaited the reply to his cable with the utmost impatience. It came direct and read, '627941—winning number.'

"Only then did Alden begin to believe in his good luck.

"If it should be all right I'm confoundedly glad you will get the bonus, Don Luis," he said. 'I only regret that this sudden trip to New York will prevent my spending some of the prize money right here. Forster and I will have to wait until we get back to share my good fortune with you.'

"Ah, you wish to be paid the money at once?" There was an anxious note in the banker's voice.

"Yes—you see this trip to New York makes it imperative—" Alden was speaking, but Don Luis scarcely heard him. He was busy with his own thoughts. He was to pay out \$100,000 in gold and there were chances that looked horrible to him. Suppose there were some mistake?—but how was it possible?

"Don Luis still seems a little dubious," Forster's cold voice broke in on the banker's meditations.

"By Jove, I don't blame him," laughed Alden. 'It's a big sum. Isn't there some other way of making assurance doubly sure, señor?'

"Don Luis thought for a moment. 'Yes,' he said. 'With your permission I will cable to my confidential correspondent in the *Banco de Barcelona*. There can be no doubt after that.'

"And there was none even in Don Luis's

mind when the next morning he received the reply direct, 'Winning number 627941.'

"Without further ado the lucky *Americano* was paid the gold, and the same night he and his friend took the train for El Paso, attended to the station by a troop of friends who showered congratulations, good wishes, fruits, and flowers on the *simpático* strangers."

The man ceased speaking again and sat in the falling darkness, his thin, nervous hands clasped about his knee, his eyes peering into the night.

"Well?" I said. He started nervously.

"Well—it was two weeks later that the Spanish mail-steamer came in bringing the printed official drawing list of the Barcelona Lottery. It was opened in the *Banco de España*—"

"And number 627941?" I queried impatiently.

"There was no 627941." He leaned back against the stone balustrade and pushed his hat off his forehead. Even in the darkness I could see how pale he was. "The number was not on the drawing list at all."

"I don't understand," I said.

"Neither did Don Luis and the bank officials. They cabled their head bank in Barcelona, and the reply came back that they had received no inquiry on the subject of the winning lottery number and therefore could not have cabled that 627941 was the correct one. To the long and explicit cable sent the lottery office by Don Luis, half crazy by now with apprehension, the reply came that it had not advised him that any sold number had drawn the capital prize, for it had fallen to the lot of one of the unsold ones."

"And the explanation?" I demanded, leaning forward to see his face in the gathering darkness.

"There was but one, señor, and but one who could give it—the man at Key West."

He got to his feet suddenly, shaking down his trousers and settling the soft hat on his head. I laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"Confound it, man, finish your story! What about him?—the man at Key West?"

"Oh, he? He had disappeared on the

thirteenth—resigned on account of ill health. They never found him. Perhaps he is still wandering about in some alien land, a forlorn devil, poor in spite of his ill-gotten riches—at any rate he vanished as utterly as the two *Americanos*, señor."

"Our countrymen are clever, undoubtedly," I said, flicking the ash from my cigar.

The man raised his eyes inquiringly to mine. "*Our* countrymen, señor?" he hazarded.

I smiled. "*Cómo no?* as they say here—for if I am not greatly mistaken you are an American like myself," I said. I could see his lip twitch at my guess.

"Long ago—perhaps," he mumbled.

"And Don Luis?"

"He never recovered from the blow to his business reputation. The bank made good in the course of time, but some of the directors forced him out, a new president was chosen, and Don Luis's career was ended."

"I can fancy how he must love the man at Key West!" I murmured, "for he was the *deus ex machina*. The other two could have done nothing without him."

"He would kill him, strangle him with his own hands, could he but see him once, eh, señor?" The evening air was cool by this time, but the man standing before me wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"Undoubtedly," I replied composedly. "It would be but common prudence to keep out of his sight."

"*Evidentemente*," he said with a shrug. "I must be going, señor. *Buenas noches*."

"Good night, and a thousand thanks for your story." I smiled a little. "It's a good one, but I shall not tell de Lamennais," I said. He stared, not understanding, and then, turning away, moved rapidly off. I watched him as he went past the nymph in the silver spray, out into the fragrant darkness. "Perhaps we shall meet in the States some day," I called out to him.

He stopped an instant and threw me a look over his shoulder. There was a curious expression on his face.

"I shall never go back," he said.





From the Pennsylvania Institution.

OUR BLIND CITIZENS

By JOHN MACY

Illustrated with photographs

BLIND men teach us that there is none so blind as those who see.

Once I was in a smoking-car playing whist with three blind men. We had an ordinary pack of cards with the denominations in raised points on the corners. The car was crowded and the passengers in our vicinity were pressed close about us. They were most courteous and kind, and overwhelmed us with cigars, until one of my friends, a cornetist, feared the effect of too much smoking on his "horn-lip," and another, a tenor, had to plead for his voice against further indulgence. In this group one could see exemplified the kindly ignorance of the public about the blind. For although we called our cards as we played them and discussed the

plays, the spectators talked to one another and to me as if my blind friends were also deaf and could not overhear. And when one of the blind men made an unusually good play, our fellow passengers applauded as one would pat a child on the back or cry "Bravo!" to a one-armed acrobat performing a difficult trick on the vaudeville stage. Yet many blind men are adept in cards.

This incident explains what a blind man meant who said to me that it was not blindness that kept him down, but the prevailing assumption on the part of the seeing that the blind man cannot do what he *can* do.

If all the instruction of good schools is lavished on a blind man and he attains a

high degree of skill, his labor is arid and his ambition is but sorrow unless his fellow men employ his skill, accord it the recognition without which no man has heart for effort, and give for it the wage which is the laborer's right. Perhaps the readers of *EVERYBODY'S* will submit to a mild lecture on the square deal for the blind man, if they remember that any one of us may be suddenly thrown into the night of blindness or see friend or kinsman slipping into the abyss, so deep and dark when we do not understand it, so full of brave possibilities when we look searchingly into it.

There have been schools for the blind in our older states for three quarters of a century and in the newer states for a generation. These schools are only for children, a small part of the blind. How well some of them do the work for which the public supports them may be suggested by the fact that the director of a famous institution, who held his position for thirty years, could not read any of the raised-point systems in which books are printed for the sightless; and in another school pupils have been primed in advance for the questions they were to be asked on the examination papers. This made an excellent showing of successful scholarship to the trustees—usually distinguished citizens who know little about the blind. Some of the state institutions are fuddled with politics. And in general the education of the blind suffers, as does much American education, from the lack of trained men in the teaching profession, from the prevailing third-rateness to which, by withholding social honor and ade-

quate money recompense, we have forced the manly occupation of instructing the young.

Now, however, the worst of the old order is passing. Amateur associations, physicians, charity experts, women's clubs, have united to bring the true needs of the blind to public attention, to open wide certain institutions which have fostered sham and incompetence, and to uphold the work of sincere and enthusiastic teachers. That there are many such teachers united in hopeful labor no one can doubt who attended the convention of the American Association of Workers for the Blind in Boston last year. There successful blind men and women from

England, Canada, Massachusetts, California, and seeing teachers from a dozen American states met to survey new paths for the blind and to clear the rubbish from the old paths.*

What can blind men do?

I have before me the report of the Royal Glasgow Asylum for the Blind in Scotland. In three years the average annual sales of work done by the blind in that institution amounted to nearly £30,000. The variety of occupations shown in the report is astonishing to one who does not know what to expect of sightless men. Here is pictured a class of twelve boys operating typewriters in conjunction with phonographs. Blind men are operating circular saws, band-saws, and grindstones. A class of girls is working at power sewing-machines. The picture of the blind workers' swimming-club



FROM MASS. COMMISSION FOR BLIND.

A BLIND WORKER AT ART-FABRIC WEAVING, IN THE SHOP OF THE MASSACHUSETTS COMMISSION.

* The best record of the current achievements of the sightless and of work in their behalf is to be found in *The Outlook for the Blind*, a quarterly magazine published in Cambridge by the Massachusetts Association for Promoting the Interests of the Blind.



From the Pennsylvania Institution.

BLIND CHILDREN IN A ROCKING-BOAT AT THE PENNSYLVANIA INSTITUTION.

This romping group of blind girls suggests that the difference between the blind and the seeing may easily be exaggerated.



From the New York Association for the Blind.

A BLIND BARBER WHO WORKS AT THE BROOKLYN HOME FOR BLIND MEN.

Shaving is a long distance from selling shoe-strings. It is one of the hundred occupations in which the blind engage.

shows a group of sturdy men who do not look as if they passed their days in selling shoe-strings or playing a fiddle on the street corner. We see boys at work with carpenters' tools, learning basketry from a blind instructor, running foot-power turning-lathes; girls making brushes and twine netting; men making cork fenders and sieves.

Visitors to the Jamestown Exposition may have seen the beautiful rugs and curtains manufactured by blind men and women under the supervision of the Massachusetts Commission for the Blind. Similar fabrics are being sold every day at the salesroom in Boston and at the new shop opened this summer at Manchester-by-the-Sea. Orders have come from other states and other nations, and some of the great stores in Boston and New York have put the goods on sale. The workmanship is excellent, and is all the product of hands not guided by sight, though done under the direction of seeing designers. The blind workers receive fair wages, and are happier than they have ever been before during their years of blindness. They are not geniuses, not "wonderful," but ordinary blind persons, properly trained.

A wire-worker in Massachusetts who lost his sight is enabled, with some assistance and instruction, to continue his old trade. Another Massachusetts man, stone blind, has invented a "Wunder mop" and the machinery for making it. A trade in this mop is being built up through Boston, and some day there ought to be blind agents out with it all over the country. The same man has invented an improved track broom for use on car rails.

The other day I saw

at the rooms of the Massachusetts Commission a split-cane stool. The frame had been made by a blind man. The cane had been woven by another blind man. And a third blind man, the assistant superintendent employed by the commission, had taught the workers.

Blind men have proved their skill in many occupations. They have established their ability as musicians, teachers, repairers and tuners of pianos, cobblers, weavers, carpenters, basket-makers, mattress-makers, masseurs, typewriters, operators of private telephone exchange boards, farmers, poultrymen, merchants, sales-agents, shop-keepers. The United States Census Bulletin shows that the blind and their friends have reported over a hundred occupations in which one or more sightless persons are at present engaged. From this bulletin, of course, we cannot tell how well they succeed.

The question of pecuniary success aside, there seems no limit to the variety and degree of the achievements of the blind. Some one has said that a blind man can do anything but paint a picture. If the picture has three dimensions, as in sculpture, he can attain high artistic skill. So low a relief as an embroidered design on cloth does not baffle his fingers. Several of the blind weavers in Massachusetts, after working on designs furnished by the seeing designers, have made excellent patterns themselves.

In intellectual pursuits blind men have attained distinction. Nicholas Saunderson, blind from childhood, was professor of mathematics at the Univer-



From N. Y. As a for Blind.

PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK BLIND MEN'S CLUB IN HIS OFFICE, TYPEWRITING FROM THE PHONOGRAPH.



From the Pennsylvania Institution.

BLIND BOYS IN THE PLAYGROUND AT OVERBROOK, PA., WHERE BLIND CHILDREN ARE TREATED, AS FAR AS POSSIBLE, AS IF THEY WERE NORMAL.

sity of Cambridge in the first part of the eighteenth century. He lectured on optics and the theory of vision! Henry Fawcett, blind at twenty-one, became professor of political economy at Cambridge University, was a member of Parliament for twenty years, and, as postmaster-general in Gladstone's government, introduced the parcels-post. A blind man, Professor E. D. Campbell, holds the chair of chemistry at Ann Arbor. Professor Edward Crowell, who has taught Latin at Amherst for fifty years, has been blind for twenty years. Prescott, the

American historian, was nearly blind. All the world has heard of the eloquence of the Hon. T. P. Gore, the blind senator from Oklahoma. General Brayton, the blind boss of Rhode Island, lacks physical sight and perhaps some other kinds of vision. Chris Buckley, the blind boss of San Francisco, prospered for years on his discerning sense of "touch." (And speaking of San Francisco, the Japanese give their blind a practical monopoly in massage.) Dr. Campbell, an American blind man,—who, by the way, has climbed Mont Blanc,—is head of the Royal Normal College

for the Blind in England. Homer, Milton, and Helen Keller are three wise ones whose paths through the dark have been lighted by the stars of poetry.

Blind men of genius and power stand out as exceptions, not in the kind of thing they have done, but only in the degree of their success. They prove that the brain and the skilfully managed hand are the instruments of human achievement. They force the seeing person to observe himself and discover that he does not depend, or need not depend, so much on his sight as the arrogance of the eye leads him to believe. A pig in the presence of a landscape has excellent vision. A blind man with brains can see, and by means of words make his reader see, an argument—or the battle in "Paradise Lost" between the angels and the fiends. The head and the hand make the human being. In factories you will see operators doing deft mechanical work and hardly looking at the process under

their fingers. You will catch yourself letting your eyes wander idly without interrupting many of the ordinary acts of daily life. Blindness makes some things impossible, many other things difficult. But the blind man suffers not so much from the difficulties inherent in blindness as from the disposition on the part of the seeing to draw in the wrong place the line between the surmountably difficult and the impossible.

One of the chief aims of the new movement for the blind is to fix that line where the experience of the successful blind all over the world determines it. The second object is to diminish the difficulties by legitimate assistance. Another object, which is really first and fundamental, is to diminish blindness itself, to annihilate preventable blindness as we have all but annihilated smallpox, and as we shall soon annihilate tuberculosis.

From one third to two fifths of all the sightless have been blinded by avoidable ac-



From the New York Association for the Blind.

A COUNCIL OF FOUR IMPORTANT BLIND MEN AT THE ORIGINAL OFFICE OF THE NEW YORK ASSOCIATION. THE MAN AT THE RIGHT IS "LOOKING" AT A STATUE BY THE BLIND SCULPTOR, VIDAL.

cidents, or by curable diseases which have been neglected or ignorantly treated. One of the commonest causes of blindness is *ophthalmia neonatorum*, a virulent germ disease in the eyes of the new-born. The advisable method of treatment by means of nitrate of silver should be known to every physician. Information on this subject is being spread abroad among the profession and the laity by boards of health, oculists, and the medical associations. Happily, we are coming out of our wrappings of hypocrisy and false modesty and can tell the public that *ophthalmia neonatorum* is due to venereal disease, that there are six or seven thousand blind persons in the United States who bear tragic witness to the prevalence of social sin. The moralist may find the evil as deep as he will in human conduct. The oculist is content to point out that almost every case of *ophthalmia* can be cured if taken in time; that every new-born child should be in the hands of a competent physician; that, in the words of the New York Commission, the continual blinding of babies in a civilized community is a crime.

A large number of cases of blindness result from accidents in factories and machine-shops. Of the safety appliances exhibited in New York a year or so ago many were specially designed to protect the eyes of workmen. The problem of preventing a considerable part of adult blindness belongs, therefore, to the general problem of securing better protection in the industries. Here again our problem comes back to the public. And with the public, the millions of parents entrusted by nature with the important business of bringing up children, lies the duty which the educator, the physician, the philanthropist, are powerless to assume, the duty of safeguarding the eyes of the young against sharp-pointed toys and other instruments of torture. There are optimists who believe that in time no mother in the land will allow her baby to play with the scissors, and no father will celebrate the birth of a great and free country by giving his little boy a life of blindness wrapped up in a cannon cracker.

Is it too much to hope that when our eighty millions of people shall have increased to a hundred and fifty million, the blind will not have increased commensurately to a hundred and fifty thousand?

It is true that we do not know exactly how many blind persons there are in the United

States, nor how many there were when the last census was taken. The enumeration of the blind by the United States census is, like all vital statistics for the nation as a whole, unsatisfactory. Blind persons cannot be registered like sheep or bales of cotton. And the democratic United States government lacks the power of other governments to compel a proper report on such undemocratic matters as birth, death, and disease. The federal census cannot at present undertake to make a proper record of all the blind in the country, but it can mark out certain areas for exhaustive investigation, which will afford a better basis for educational and legislative action than a skimming enumeration which attempts to deal with the whole. And the sovereign states can each take up the work. So far Massachusetts and New York are the only states that have made anything like a thorough census. The New York State Commission has individual records of 5,300 blind, but the legislature did not appropriate money enough to finish the work. The Massachusetts Commission is empowered not only to know, but to do; to promote the welfare of all the blind in the state; and the legislature gives it \$40,000 a year.

It is worth noting here that the commissions in New York and Massachusetts were appointed as the result of volunteer associations, which worked in the face of opposition on the part of established schools and recognized leaders of the blind; that women started both associations; and that those associations roused the schools and the legislatures of their own states and of other states. In Maine the new work for the blind, led by a blind man, received \$20,000 from the legislature. Maryland, New Jersey, and Ohio have commissions. Cleveland, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Dayton, and other cities have new societies for the blind. This past summer the Illinois State Board of Charities appointed a commission to investigate the blind of the state. Chicago has taken the lead in the experiment of educating the sightless in schools for the seeing. Work for the blind has received a new start in many parts of the country. But the basis of all work is knowledge of the subject, and we do not yet even know how many blind there are.

The ratio of blind to seeing established by the commissions in New York and Massachusetts is about one in a thousand, so that there are a hundred thousand, more or less, in this nation. Of these, fully three fourths

are totally blind or, if not in complete blackness, in a night where common objects are not distinguishable.

Divided according to age, the number of blind increases with advancing years. For the old blind, perhaps a third of all, nothing radical can be done. They must be cared for under the provisions for the maintenance of the aged. But they can be made happier by being taught simple occupations. Young persons, eager to do good, can visit them, read to them, entertain them with music. There has been provided for them a special type clear to aged and insensitive fingers, in which is a considerable library. This type was invented by a blind man, Dr. William Moon. His son, Dr. Robert Moon, is the secretary of the Pennsylvania Home Teaching Society and Free Circulating Library for the Blind. Dr. Moon's address is 1319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, and, so far as the means of his society permit, he supplies to any aged blind person the inestimable consolation of books.

At the lower end of the seven ages is found the smallest number of blind. Of all the sightless only about one in thirty is under ten years. But the blind children under school age are an important, if small, class. Their education must be begun early. Nurseries for blind babies have been established in Brooklyn and Boston. Most blind babies, however, are kept at home, and at home the education must be carefully carried out if the children are to receive the best from the schools later in life. Blind children should be encouraged to romp, taught to dress themselves and eat properly at table.

False pity, which consigns a blind child to a life of inactivity, is in part responsible for the physical disabilities that we find in the blind of school age. The blind as a class are below the average in physique through want of activity and from the very diseases which destroyed their eyes. In the nursery, in the playground, is laid the foundation of a life of agility, dexterity, and self-dependence, or one of helplessness, morbidity, untrained muscles, and under-developed organs. Treat a blind child as if it were normal, let it mingle with other children, and encourage healthy naughtiness, meddlesomeness, and a tendency to explore. It is the child that "gives no trouble" and is content to lie in a corner for whom the mother has most cause to fear.

In any intelligent household the blind

child can be taught the Roman letters, embossed on wooden playing blocks, and can learn to read Braille. All members of the family should learn Braille, not only for the sake of teaching him, but in order to write to him when he grows up and is separated from his relatives. Any one can learn the Braille alphabet in a day, read it rapidly (with the eye) in a week, and write it on a Braille machine (which costs only a few dollars) about as easily as one can learn to use a common typewriter.

When the child is of school age he should be sent to the nearest institution. Unless the parents are able to afford private teachers, they should stifle the desire to keep the afflicted child with them. I have a letter from the mother of a blind child living near one of our best schools for the sightless. She confesses, apparently without sense of wrongdoing, that she has kept her son at the age of ten in ignorance, because she feared he might be ill-treated at the institution. Unkindness is not among the faults of those who manage our schools for the blind.

The blind of school age, from six to nineteen years, include about one tenth of the total number of sightless. For this class more has been done than for any other. There are in America over forty institutions for the general education of blind youth. The curriculum is like that in schools for the seeing, with such special apparatus and instruction as are necessary to enable the blind to read and write and pursue the ordinary branches—history, geography, arithmetic, and so on. Like other public schools, some are good, some are not. The people see to it that schools for the seeing are as good as conditions allow. But the education of the blind, being regarded as a mysterious and special business, has been entrusted to a few institutions, which have been free from public scrutiny. The superintendents of one or two institutions have in times past pulled the wool over the eyes of their trustees and have dealt to the public what Huckleberry Finn calls "tears and flapdoodle." But most of the work in the schools is sincere, and it will become more intelligent and efficient the more widely the capacities and the needs of the blind are understood by the public.

It is found that not all the eligible blind children are in school. In New York state, of 600 blind minors over five years of age one half were not in school, and at least

150 of these should have been. Even in Massachusetts several blind children who should have been in the Perkins Institution and were not there have been found by the commission. In Great Britain education for the blind between five and sixteen years of age has been compulsory for the past fourteen years, and it is also compulsory in Saxony. Compulsory education for every child will come in all American states some day. *Meanwhile it is the duty of the schools for the blind to seek out the children whom they were established to educate.*

The greatest shortcoming of the schools is difficult to remedy, for it lies in part in the nature of blindness. We who see find our work in the world by experience, with or without the help of schools. The blind child must be specially trained to be blind and to work as a blind man; his only time and chance for such training is in the schools; he cannot learn his work when he comes to it, as most of us do. Such training the schools do not adequately provide, as is proved by the records of the graduates. Not all failures, of course, are due to the institutions, but when a score of graduates of one institution who have passed the course in piano-tuning are found unable to tune pianos, and when intelligent graduates of another institution, on whom the state of Massachusetts has spent \$300 a year, not to speak of the per capita expenditure which the endowed advantages represent, are found in almshouses, still a burden to the state, something is wrong.

The discovery of that wrong was one cause for the creation of the Massachusetts Commission and the New York Association. In Pennsylvania the Institution for the Blind went ahead itself, joining the new movement for the blind at the start. It reports that of the graduates of the new school only fourteen per cent. should be deemed failures.

No one knows what the conditions of the schools are in states where there are no associations, no commissions to get at the facts. Several of the state schools are combined institutions for the deaf and the blind. There is about as much reason in combining a school for the blind with one for the deaf as there would be in combining a hospital for consumptives with an old soldiers' home.

Even where the educational methods are good in kind, the schools have, with some recent exceptions, failed to make enough effort to place their competent graduates in positions they could fill. The graduation ex-

hibition before an admiring public has been the last occasion on which the school has slapped the graduate on the back and praised him. After that the school has shut its doors and has disregarded, or, as a dozen blind men have told me, despised, its alumni. Several finely educated musicians from Massachusetts have told me that no official word was ever spoken for them to help them to opportunities to play in public. And those without talent for music have left school able to do nothing by which they could earn a living. The graduate all too often goes forth to join that great uncared-for group of the blind, those who have lost their sight in the midst of careers as seeing persons, and have not had even the training of a school for the blind.

Lose your sight to-day, what becomes of your business to-morrow? The nature of the problem and its darkest difficulties any one may imagine. The extent of the problem can be computed. The register of the Massachusetts Commission shows that out of 3,800 blind persons in the state there are 1,400 of a working age between twenty and sixty. Of these, after we have eliminated the successful, the well-to-do, the invalid, there are left 800 set down as able-bodied, dependent, and helpless, about a fifth of all the blind.

From the ratio of the Massachusetts register we compute that there are from fifteen to twenty thousand in the whole country able-bodied, dependent, idle. To turn to profit and happiness all this human waste too little has been done, and in thirty of our states nothing has been done.

There are in this country only ten or a dozen industrial workshops and homes that pretend to teach occupations to the adult blind. These shops employ about six hundred. In Great Britain, with less than half as many blind as we have in America, are fifty shops, which employ thirteen or fourteen hundred. The immediate, obvious need is for workshops and industrial schools in every large center. Enough has been done in the shops already established to furnish a model for any one who is ready to take the work up in his community.

The Pennsylvania Working Home for the Blind, in Philadelphia, is the largest in the country. It was founded thirty years ago by a blind man. It employs a hundred and thirty men in making brooms, mattresses, rag carpets, and in chair caning. The Connecticut Institute at Hartford, started sixteen

years ago, is successful in giving a few blind men and women occupation by which they can earn a living at home. It is noteworthy also for its printing establishment, where blind persons operate presses, and stitching- and folding-machines. The Wisconsin Workshop for the Blind makes a specialty of willow work. Everything from a toy basket to a willow cradle is beautifully made, and can be bought by whoever will send to 1323 Vliet Street, Milwaukee. Six years ago Michigan established, with an appropriation of over a hundred thousand dollars, a factory, an industrial home, an employment and information bureau for the blind. Two of the oldest shops are those connected with the state schools for blind children in Massachusetts and Maryland. Good work is being done in industrial homes for the blind in Oakland, California; in Brooklyn, Indianapolis, Chicago, and Cincinnati. A workshop has been opened recently in Colorado, and one will be opened soon in Maine.

The Massachusetts Commission is experimenting with new industries for the blind, extending established shop and home industries, such as the manufacture of mops, brooms, rugs, and curtains, and is canvassing factories for the seeing to find new processes where the blind can work side by side with the sighted.

In New York the new work is more remarkable because it has been carried forward without adequate aid from the state or from private charity. It shows what may be done by energetic and intelligent women in any city, though it may be fairly doubted if two such women as the secretaries and founders of the New York Association live in every great city. They turned their home into a school and information bureau pending the time when money-drenched New York should give them the salesrooms and shops which they needed. They have since moved into new quarters, but the income and the equipment of the Association are still insufficient for the work it has to do in a city where there are 2,300 blind.

New York is always violent in its extremes of goodness and badness, but it is representative of America in its contrasts of progress and stupidity in relation to the blind. The state appropriates money to help blind students in college, which is admirable and idealistic. The same state does not give its commission money enough to complete the investigation which it was ap-

pointed to make. The state school at Batavia finds that one quarter of its graduates are self-supporting. The Institution for the Blind in New York City, supported by private endowment, and city and state aid, shows less than ten per cent. of its graduates in gainful occupation. A New York lady, Mrs. Ziegler, endowed the free magazine for the blind, one of the most generous things ever done for the sightless. A New York audience representing several hundred million dollars and some cents gathers in the Waldorf to hear a choice company of big-wigs talk about the blind, and then shells out fewer thousands of dollars than the clothes and carriages for the evening cost. Not daunted, the brilliant association continues to attack a hoary problem with youth and enthusiasm, and proposes to do more good things than can be done in a lifetime. And side by side with all this is the Tammany of blindness, long presided over by a politician who for revenue only bullies half of the institutions in the country into using New York Point, an illiterate vehicle which retards the education of the blind children on whom it is inflicted. New York is a wonderful place, even when viewed through such a dark glass as blindness.

Whether the new work for the blind be undertaken by state commissions, city boards of education, or private associations, the program is the same:

I.—*To register every blind person and keep the record continually revised.*

II.—*To establish a central employment agency and bureau of information, where blind persons may meet employers and the work of the blind may be kept on sale.*

III.—*To find out by experiment, and by comparing the work done in other countries, what occupations in each community will prove profitable for the blind.* This cannot be determined for all places by the experience of one place. In the old countries the blind make shoes. In this country, as early as sixty years ago Dr. Howe pointed out that "wherever the name of Lynn is known, the blind shoemaker must vacate his bench." But recently two blind cobblers have been established in business within a dozen miles of Lynn. The employment of the blind must be guided by the principles of business, by the conditions of the local markets, by all the factors which determine the profitability of any occupation.

IV.—*To provide trained teachers of intel-*

lectual and mechanical pursuits to visit the blind and teach them at home. It is better not to bring too many of the blind together into workshops and homes, but to keep them distributed throughout the community in which they must live. Besides, many of the adult blind, men and women, have domestic duties which make their absence from home for the whole of the day impossible or undesirable.

V.—*To establish trust funds or to secure regular state or municipal appropriations to provide blind workmen with materials for handiwork, or with capital to start a small retail business.*

VI.—*To enlist the interest of trades-unions and manufacturers in finding in factories processes at which the blind can work side by side with the seeing.* One great value of this is to make the workmanship and the capabilities of the blind familiar to all society. At present, for a blind man to go about the streets alone is so unusual as to warrant a newspaper paragraph. For a blind man to go to college furnishes a Sunday supplement with a page of misinformation and gasps of wonder. *Of course*, a blind man properly trained can walk down Broadway to his work. *Of course*, a blind man can go to college. And when we have secured for the majority of our blind honest labor at a living wage, then we shall be ready:

VII.—*To establish scholarships for blind students.*

VIII.—*To provide more books for the blind at lower cost*, including many books used in college courses.

All kinds of efforts to give the adult blind a fair chance have been carried further in France, Great Britain, and Germany than in this country. In Great Britain the intellectual and talented blind are selected for higher education, and when they have become competent as musicians or teachers, the schools and the associations stand behind them and persuade vestrymen and committees to give them a hearing. Dr. Campbell, of the Royal Normal College in London, tells a good story of going to a church committee to recommend a blind organist. The conversation ran something like this:

"But he cannot read music."

"Of course he can. Some of the music is printed in Braille. The rest can be read to him as you would read a book aloud."

"But that is difficult."

"The difficulties are his affair, not yours."

"But it is necessary for him to take charge

of the choir and teach the boys. A blind man cannot teach music."

"Can't he? Do you know anything about music?"

"Not a note."

"Well, my five fingers are the staff and my walking-stick is the first line below. See? And this watch is a note. If I put it down there on the cane, that is 'C.' If I move it up just below the little finger, that is 'D.'"

And so the lesson continued rapidly for a few minutes. Finally Dr. Campbell said: "Now you have learned the elements of musical notation."

"Yes, I understand better than I ever did before."

"Well, then, I taught you, and I am a blind man."

Dr. Campbell's candidate got a hearing, and the hearing secured the position.

We need such agents to advance the competent blind, to compel simply a fair trial for blind candidates. It would seem that when good organists are found in so few churches and church choirs are so notoriously bad, the blind ought to be encouraged rather than forbidden to raise the general average of church music.

We also need organizations like the British and Foreign Blind Association to unite all the blind and find opportunity for them, day laborers as well as musicians. One of the agents of the new movement talked to the head of a large printing establishment about trying a blind man at one of the folding-machines. It turned out that the operator had to inspect the copies and throw out soiled ones, so that this process proved unavailable for a blind person, but neither the manager nor the agent knew that when they first talked together. The reply of the manager was that he would gladly help the blind with money, but that he didn't believe in mixing charity with business, and that in another department he had tried a *deaf girl* and she had proved slow and stupid. I suppose that if he had employed a one-legged messenger boy, he would have found in that another argument against the blind man.

Employers are not to blame for assuming that "defective" workmen will do defective work. But the American business man is generous, and if he is approached by an interesting and enthusiastic agent, he is Yankee enough to "want to know" all about the blind man. All that is necessary to secure a place for a competent blind person is to present his

case to employers with tactful persistence. Miss Holt, of the New York Association, said recently:

"When I asked the head of our telephone company to give a switchboard for blind people to practise on, he thought I was crazy. That was a year ago. I had the pleasure of writing him the other day asking for the installation of a switchboard at our new office, and told him that there are now in the city of New York five blind switchboard operators: two in hospitals in positions of great responsibility, where they have the ambulance calls and other emergency work; two in business houses, and one in the editorial rooms of a great New York daily paper. Three of these switchboard operators are women."

As has been indicated, England leads us not only in organized, aggressive work for the blind, but in the number and the scope of workshops. This is, in part, due to the fact that industrial education for the seeing receives more attention in England than here. The system in the old countries of fitting children for trade operates beneficially for the blind, because it equips the human being for his life work; whereas in America we throw one vast door of common-school education open to everybody. After school days we who see find our places, but much energy is wasted, and the handicapped are left behind in the hot race, instead of being carefully fitted to go as far as possible at their slower rate. Equality of opportunity is a fine motto to carve above the door of a public school, but it does not help to arrange the curriculum of any school of life. For the blind, classification according to ability, and economical nurture of whatever capacities they have, are absolutely necessary.

In France the Association Valentin Haüy has had its employment bureau, the *Société de Placement*, for more than fifty years, and has placed more than sixty organists in French churches and cathedrals. It maintains workshops, libraries, salesrooms. I have seen scissors, knives, and beautiful lace made by its members.

In Germany the Saxon system of "After-Care" illustrates the marvelous unity and co-ordination of German life, and also its paternalism. The blind live at their homes. Even the small towns have workshops. And over them all is the directing genius of the superintendents of the institutions for the blind, who visit the individual workers, require constant reports from them, furnish

materials at cost, and help the workers to sell their goods.

It would be wrong to suppose that the blind in Europe live in an economic paradise. The condition of the blind will always be hard enough everywhere, and in some European countries, in Italy, for instance, they are shamefully neglected. But the best work in Europe is in advance of the work in three quarters of our American states. And the best of our work has only recently become firmly established, though sporadic efforts of all kinds have been made for two generations. The American people, with their abundant means, their generosity, their love of fair play, and their peculiar Yankee delight in human ingenuity, are sure to encourage the blind workman once they understand his needs and capabilities. Whatever is done for him by the schools, by the legislatures, and others technically in authority, the blind man will be our neighbor, and we must see that he is helped to produce what he can, and that he sells the product. It is cheaper to teach him to earn his bread than it is to give it to him.

But the economic argument is a bloodless thing. This is a human problem. The history of the dependent blind is full of eloquent and heart-breaking arguments. Here are some living stories of what the new movement has done:

Several years ago a sensitive girl with the ink fresh on her diploma from the Perkins Institution in Boston was going to begin life in the almshouse. The director was warned that Massachusetts was looking with new interest into the careers of its blind. He found a place for this graduate in the shop connected with the institution.*

A blind man, seventy-seven years old, with a degree from Heidelberg, was sent to the New York Association. He announced his intention to kill himself, but was persuaded to defer suicide for a fortnight. He was set to work teaching English to three blind Germans who could not earn a living in this country until they knew the language. At the end of the fortnight he was telling the Blind Men's Club how useful a blind man can be to the community.

An educated blind man out of work for a year, dependent on a wife who earned seven dollars a week and had an aged mother to support, saw one of two courses open to him:

* The Perkins Institution has a new director and a new spirit.

to kill his wife by going to the poorhouse or to kill himself. He went to the New York Association. Work was found for him, folding circulars and sealing and stamping envelopes. He was taught to use the typewriter, and he has not committed suicide yet.

Sometimes the association is too late. One of its agents went to visit a blind woman and found that she had killed herself. She had been alone in the world when she was suddenly stricken blind. A neighbor said to the agent: "Oh, if you had only come sooner and told her that she could learn to work and do something again, she would be alive now."

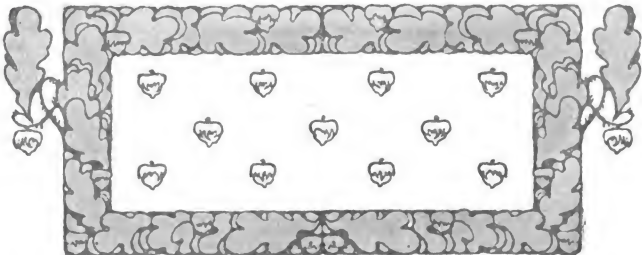
A woman who had been for years at a school for the blind but had learned to do nothing by which she could earn wages was one of those taught by the New York Association to operate a private telephone switchboard. She is now employed by a New York house, and receives the same wages as the sighted operators.

The story of an old soldier who is making brooms in the shop of the New York Association is worth telling. The son of a German ship-builder, he received a mechanical training, left school early, and traveled in the East. He was shipwrecked in the Yellow Sea, and arrived penniless at San Francisco. He started to walk to New York, arrived there in seven months, and sailed for Germany. There he volunteered in the Austro-Prussian War of 1866. He joined the engineer corps, and in the Franco-Prussian War saw three hundred days of continuous service, including the battle of Sedan. The din of war made him deaf, and he retired from service to become a lockmaker. In 1884 he lost one

eye from accident, and later came to America, leaving his wife in Germany. In New York he worked as a machinist. Soon the sight of his other eye was threatened, and he went to a hospital. All his savings were spent in the vain effort to save his sight. Unable to speak English, without friends, he drifted to an almshouse, and there he learned of his wife's death in Germany. He went to the New York Association for the Blind. The next day he entered the shop, learned broom-making, and is no longer wholly dependent on charity.

What of the thousands whose stories have not been told, in states where there are no associations to hear them? A woman in Iowa writes that she is forty-five years old, a graduate of a school for the blind. She is competent in housework, sewing, and embroidery. All her life she has been in a happy home. Now her kinsfolk are gone. She asks how she can find a place to work, to sell the product of her skill. From North Carolina comes the story of a woman educated in music and competent to teach. Livelihood and pleasure are denied her because she has no piano. Who will answer in Iowa and North Carolina?

Talk to the first blind man on the street corner degraded to beggary. If he is suspicious, whining, confirmed by habit in his life as a social parasite, remember that it is not his fault that his manhood has been debased. If he is ashamed of the label, "Pity the Blind," eager to tear it off his breast, he can be brought before the boards of trade, the women's clubs, any competent and powerful society, and his story can be laid at the foundation in your community of a "Society to Promote the Interests of the Blind."



THE BIG WIND

By ZONA GALE

Author of "The Loves of Pelneas and Etarre," etc.

Illustrations by Reginald Birch

ON a day when the spring, hardly awake, had yet a manner of smiling in her sleep, Calliope Marsh told me the story. We sat for a little, resting from a racing walk up the hillside where the squat brick Leading Church of Friendship Village overlooks the valley pastures and the town. Calliope, who is sixty and more, walks like a girl, and with our haste and the keen air her wrinkled cheeks were as rosy as youth.

"Don't seem like March was a real spring month up north here," she had said. "Seems like a extry month that sort o' whims along doin' as it pleases—sometimes buds an' sometimes snow. But when it's snowin' an' a-blowin' the expression off our face it's still spring inside, kind o' hid, secret an' holy. That's the way with lots o' things, ain't it? That's the way," she added thoughtfully, "Abel feels about the Lord, I guess. Abel Halsey—you know him?"

I knew him well—Abel Halsey, that young itinerant preacher who had been ordained a minister of God but never installed pastor of any church. He was a devout man, but the love of far places was upon him, and he lived what Friendship called "a-gypsyin'" off in the hills, now to visit a sick man, now to preach in a country school-house, now to marry or to bury, or to help with the threshing. These lonely rides among the hills were the sole gratification of his *Wanderlust*—save, indeed, that when he could he would always watch a train come in or rush by, savoring the moment of some silent familiarity with distance. Perhaps, too, his little skill at the organ gave him, now and then, an hour resembling a journey.

"You wasn't here when the new church was built," said Calliope, looking up at the building lovingly. "That was the time I mean about Abel. You know before it was built we'd hed church in the hall over the Gekerjecks' drug-store; an' because it was his hall, Hiram Gekerjeck, he just about run

the church—picked out the wall-paper, forbid 'em to set the heft of an organ on the floor, an' wouldn't leave his wife give the new hymnals without we'd hev a mortar an' pestle stamped on the covers. It was this last made Abel Halsey—him an' Timothy Toplady an' Eppley Holcomb an' Postmaster Sykes, the three elders—set to to build a church. An' they done it, too. An' to them four I declare it seemed like the buildin' was a body waitin' for its soul to be born. From the minute the sod was scraped off they watched every stick that went into it. An' by November it was all done an' plastered an' waitin' its pews. It was a-goin' to be dedicated with special doin's—music from the city an' strange ministers. An' I guess Abel an' the elders had tacked printed invites to half the barns in the county.

"I rec'lect it was o' Wednesday, the one next before the dedication, an' windy-cold an' wintry. I'd be'n havin' a walk that day, an' 'long about five o'clock, right about here where we are, I'd stood watchin' the sunset over the Pump pasture there till I was chilled through. The smoke was rollin' out the church chimney because they was dryin' the plaster, an' I run in there to get my hands warm an' see how the plaster was doin'. An' inside was the three elders, walkin' round, layin' a finger on a sash an' a post—the kind o' odd, knowledgeable way men has with new buildin's. The Ladies' Aid had got the floor broom-clean an' the lamp-chandelier filled an' ready; an' the foreign pipe-organ that the Proudfts'd sent from Europe was in an' in workin' order, little lookin'-glass over the keyboard an' all. It seemed real homelike, with the two big stoves a-goin', an' the floor back of 'em piled up with chunks. Everything was all redded up, waitin' for the pews.

"Timothy Toplady was puttin' out his middle finger stiff here an' there on the plaster.

"'It's dry as a bone,' he says, 'but what I say is this: Le's leave a fire burn here all night to-night, so's to be sure,'

"I rec'lect Eppleby Holcomb looked up sort o' dreamy—Eppleby always goes round like he'd swallowed his last night's sleep.

"'The house o' God,' he says over. 'Ain't that curious? Nothin' about it to indicate it's the house o' God but the shape—no more'n if 'twas a place where the Holy Spirit never come near. An' yet right here in this place we'll mebbe feel the big wind an' speak with Pentecostal tongues.'

"Seems like,' says Postmaster Sykes, thoughtful—don't you always think he acts like he was weighin' his remarks fer first-class postage?—'seems like we'd ought to hev a little meetin' o' thanks here o' Sat'day night—little informal praise-meetin' or somethin'.'

"Timothy shakes his head decided.

"'Silas Sykes, what you talkin'?' he says. 'Why, the church ain't dedicated yet. A house o' God,' s'e, 'can't be used for no purpose whatsoever without it's been dedicated.'

"So it can't, so it can't,' says the postmaster, apologetic, knowin' he was in politics an' that the brethern was watchin' him, cat to mouse, fer slips.

"'I s'pose that's so,' says Eppleby, doubtful. But he was one o' them that sort o' ducks under situations to see if they're alike on both sides, an' if they ain't, he up an' questions 'em. Timothy, though, he was differ'nt. Timothy was always goin' on about constituted authority, an' to him the thing was the thing, even if it was another thing.

"'That's right,' he insists, his lips disappearin' with certainty.

'I s'pose we hadn't really ought even to come in here an' stan' round, like we are.'

"He looks sidlin' over toward me, warm-in' my hands real secular by the church stove. An' I felt like I'd be'n spoke up for when somebody says from the door:

"'You better jus' bar out the carpenters o' this world, brethern, an' done with it.'

"It was Abel Halsey, standin' in the entry, lookin' as handsome as the law allows. An' I see he happened to be there because the through express was about due, an' you can always get a good view of it from this slope here. You know how Abel never misses watchin' a fast train go 'long, if he can help himself.

"'What's the i-dea?' Abel says. 'How can you pray at all in closets an' places that ain't been dedicated? I shouldn't think they'd be holy enough,' s'e.

"'That,' says the postmaster, sure o' support, 'ain't the question.'

"'I thought it couldn't be,' says Abel, amiable. 'Well, what is the question?'



"AN' INSIDE WAS THE THREE ELDERS."



"IT WAS ABEL HALSEY, STANDIN' IN THE ENTRY,
LOOKIN' AS HANDSOME AS THE LAW ALLOWS."

Whether prayer is prayer, no matter where you're prayin'?"

"Oh, no," says Eppleby Holcomb, soothin'. "It ain't that."

"'I thought it couldn't be that,' says Abel. 'Is it whether the Lord is in dedicated spots an' nowheres else?'"

"'Abel Halsey,' Timothy tarts up, 'you needn't to be sacrilegious.'"

"'But,' says Abel, 'the question is whether you 're sacrilegious to deny a prayer-meetin' or any other good use to the church or to any other place, dedicated or not. Well, Timothy, I think you are.'"

"Timothy clears his throat an' dabs at the palm of his hand with his other front finger. But before he could lay down eternal law, we sort o' heard, almost before we knew we heard, folks hurryin' past out here on the frozen ground. An' they was shoutin', like questions, an' a-shoutin' further off. We looked out, an' I can remember how the whole slope up from the village there was black with folks.

"We run outside, an' I know I kep' close by Abel Halsey. An' I got hold o' what had happened when somebody yelled an answer to his askin'. You've probably heard all about that part. It was the day the through express went off the track down there in the cut beyond the Pump pasture.

"We run with the rest of 'em—me keepin' close to Abel, I guess because he's got a way with him that makes you think he'd know what to do, no matter what. But when he was two-thirds o' the way across the pasture he stops short an' grabs at my sleeve.

"'Look here,' he says, 'you can't go down there. You mustn't do it. We donno what'll be. You stay here,' he says; 'you set there under the cottonwood.'"

"You kind o' *haj* to mind Abel. It's sort o' grained in that man to hev folks disciple after him. I made him promise he'd motion from the fence if he see I could help any, an' then I se' down under that big tree' down there. I was tremblin' some, I know. It always seems like wrecks are somethin' that happen in other states an' in the dark. But when one's on ground you know like a book an' was brought up on—when it's in the daylight, right by a pasture you've been across always an' where you've walked the ties—well, I s'pose it's the same feelin' as when a man you know cuts up a state's-prison caper. Seem's like he *can't* of, because you knew him.

"Half the men o' Friendship run by me, seems though. The whole town'd been roused up while we was in the church talkin' heresy. An' up on the high place in the road there I see Zittelhof's undertakin' wagon with the sunset showin' in its nickel rails. But not a woman run past me. Ain't it funny how it's the men that go to danger of rail an' fire an' water—but when it's nothin' but birth an' dyin' natural, then it's for women to be there?"

"When I'd got about ready to fly away, waitin' so, I see Abel at the fence. An' he didn't motion to me, but he swung over the top an' come across the stubble, an' I see he

hed somethin' in his arms. I run to meet him an' he run too, crooked, his feet turnin' over with him some in the hard ground. The sky made his face sort o' bright; an' I see he'd got a hurt in his arms.

"He didn't give her to me. He stood her down side o' me—a little thing of five years old or six, with thick, straight hair an' big, scairt eyes.

"Is she hurt, Abel?" I says.

"No, she ain't hurt none," he answers me. 'An' they's about seventeen more of 'em her age, an' they ain't hurt, either. Their car was standin' up on its legs all right. But the man they was with—he's stone dead. Hit on the head, somehow. An', Abel says, 'I'm goin' to throw 'em all over the fence to you.'

"The little girl jus' kep' still.

An' when we took her by each hand an' run toward the fence with her, her feet hardly touchin' the ground, she kep' up without a word, like all to once she'd found out this was a world where the upside down is consider'ble in use. An' I waited with her, over there this side the cut, hearin' 'em farther down rippin' off fence rails so's to let through what they hed to carry.

"Time after time Abel come scramblin' up the sand-bank, bringin' 'em two 't once—little girls they was, all about the age o' the first one, none of 'em with hats or cloaks on; an' I took 'em in my arms an' set 'em down, an' took 'em in my arms an' set 'em down, till I was fair movin' in a dream. They belonged, I see by their dress, to some kind o' home for the homeless, an' I judged the man was takin' 'em somewheres, him that Abel said'd been killed. Some'd reach out their arms to me over the fence—an' some was afraid an' hung back, but some'd just cling to me an' not want to be set down. I can remember them the best.

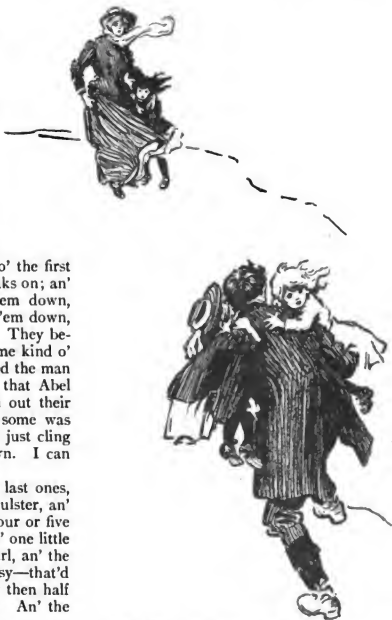
"Abel, when he come with the last ones, he off with his coat an' I with my ulster, an' as well as we could we wrapped four or five of 'em up—one that was sickly, an' one little delicate blonde, an' a little lame girl, an' the one—the others called her Mitsy—that'd come over the fence first. An' by then half of 'em was beginnin' to cry some. An' the wind was like so many knives.

"Where shall we take 'em to, Abel?" I says, beside myself.

"Take 'em?" he says. 'Take 'em into the church! Quick as you can. This wind is like death. Stay with 'em till I come.'

"Somehow or other I got 'em acrost that pasture. When I look at the Pump pasture now, in spring like this, or later with vi'lets, or when a circus shows there, it don't seem to me it could 'a' be'n the same place. I kep' 'em together the best I could—some of 'em beggin' for 'Mr. Middie—Mr. Middie,' the man, I judged, that was dead. An' finally we got up here in the road, an' it was like the end o' pain to be able to fling open the church door an' marshal 'em through the entry into that great, big, warm room, with the two fires roarin'.

"I got 'em round the nearest stove an'



"TIME AFTER TIME ABEL CAME SCRAMBLIN' UP THE SAND-BANK, BRINGIN' 'EM TWO 'T ONCE."

rubbed their little hands an' tried not to scare 'em to death with wantin' to love 'em—an' all the while, bad as I felt for 'em, I was glad an' glad that it was me that could be there with 'em. They was twenty—when I come to count 'em so's to keep track—twenty little girls with short, thick straight hair or soft short curls, an' every one with something babylike left to 'em. An' when we set on the floor round the stove, the coals shone through the big open draft into their faces, an' they looked over their shoulders to the dark creepin' up the room, an' they come closer round me—an' the closest-up ones *snuggled*.

"Well, o' course that was at first when they was some dazed. But as fast as their blue little hands was warm an' pink again, one or two of 'em begun to whimper, natural an' human, an' up with their arm to their face, an' then begun to cry right out, an' some more joined in, an' the rest pipes up askin' for 'Mr. Middie.' An' I thought, s'posin' they *all* cried, an' what if Abel Halsey stayed away hours! I donno. I done my best, too. Mebbe it's because I'm just use' to children with my heart an' not with my ways. Anyhow, most of 'em was cryin' prime when Abel finally got there.

"When he come in I see Abel's face was white an' dusty, an' he had his other coat off an' gone, too, an' his shirt sleeves was some tore. But he comes runnin' up to them cryin' children an' I wish't you could 'a' seen his smile—Abel's smile was always kind o' like his soul growin' out of his face, real thrifty.

"'Why, you little kiddies!' s'e. 'Cryin' when you're all nice an' warm! Je's see now,' he says, grave. 'Anybody here know how to play drop-the-handkerchief? If you do,' he tells 'em, 'stand up *quick*!'

"They scrambled round like they was beetles an' you'd took up the stone. They was all up in a minute an' stopped cryin', too. With that he catches my handkerchief out of my hand an' flutters it over his head an' runs to the middle o' the room.

"'Come on!' he says. 'Hold o' hands—every one o' you hold o' hands. I'm goin' to drop the handkerchief an' you'd better hurry up.'

"That was talk they knew. They was after him in a secant an' tears forgot—them poor little things, laughin' an' hold o' hands an' dancin' in a chain an' standin' in a ring. An' when he hed 'em like that, an' still,

Abel begun runnin' round to drop the handkerchief; an' then he turns to me.

"'Only two killed, thank God,' he says as he run, 'the conductor an' M-i-d-d-l-e-t-o-n'—he spells it, an' motions to the children with the handkerchief so's I'd know who Middleton was. 'An' not a scrap o' paper on him,' he goes on, 'to tell what Home he brought the children from or where he's goin' with 'em. Their mileage was punched to the city—but we don't know where they belong there, an' the conductor bein' gone, too—The poor fellow that hed 'em in charge never knew what hurt him. Hit from overhead, he was, an' his skull crushed.'

"It was so dark in the church by then we could hardly see, but the children could keep track o' the white handkerchief. He let it fall behind the little girl he'd brought me first—Mitsy—an' she catches it up an' sort o' squeaks with the fun, an' runs after him. An' while he doubles an' turns, 'They've telegraphed ahead,' he says, 'to two or three places in the city. But even if we hear right off we can't get 'em out o' Friendship to-night. They'll hev to stay here. The depot hotel's got all they can do for—five or six men an' a woman, hurt pretty bad. They couldn't take 'em in. . . .'

"Then he lets Mitsy catch him an' he ups with her on his shoulder an' runs with her on his back, his face lookin' out o' her blue-striped skirts.

"'We'll hev to house 'em right here in the church,' he says.

"'Here?' says I. 'Here in the church?'

"'You know Friendship,' he says, hoppin' along. 'Not half a dozen houses could take in more'n one extry, even if we hed the time to canvass. An' we ain't the time. They want their s-u-p-p-e-r right now,' he spelled it out, an' lit out nimble when Mitsy dropped the handkerchief back o' the little blonde girl. Then he let the little blonde girl catch them, and he took her on his shoulders, too, an' they was both shoutin' so he hed to make little circles out to get where I could hear him.

"'I've seen Zittelhof,' he told me. 'He was down there with his wagon. He'll bring up enough little canvas cots from the store. An' I thought mebbe you'd go down to the village an' pick up some stuff they'll need—bedding an' things. An' get the women here with some supper. Come on now,' he calls out to 'em, 'everybody in a procession an' *sing*!'



"AN' WHILE HE DOUBLES AN' TURNS, 'THEY'LL HEV TO STAY HERE,' HE SAYS."

"He led 'em off with

"King William was King James's son,"

an' he sings back to me, for the secunt line:

"Go now, go quick, I bet they're starved!"

"So I got into my coat, tryin' to think where I should go to be sure o' not wastin' time talkin'. Lots o' folks in this world is willin', but mighty few can be quick.

"I knew right off, though, where I'd find somebody to help. The Friendship Married Ladies' Cemetery Improvement Sodality was meetin' that afternoon with Mis' Timothy Toplady, an' I could cut acrost their pasture"—Calliope motioned where the little Toplady house and the big Toplady barn stood—"an' that's what I done. An' when I got near enough to the house to tell, I see by the light in the parlor that they was still there. An' I know when I got into the room, all full as I was o' news o' them little children an' the wreck an' the two killed an' the seven hurt—there was the sodality settlin' whether the lamb's wool comforter for their bazaar should be tied with pink for daintiness or brown for durability.

"Dainty!" says I, when I got my breath. 'They's sides to life makes me want to pinch that word right out o' the dictionary same as I would a bug,' I says.

"That was funny, too," Calliope added thoughtfully, "because I like that word,

speakin' o' food an' ways to do things. But some folks get to livin' the word same's if it was the law.

"I guess they thought I was crazy," she went on, "but I wasn't long makin' 'em understand. An' I tell you, the way they took it made me love 'em all. If you want to love folks, just you get in some kind o' respectable trouble in a little town here in the West—an' you'll see so much loveliness that the trouble 'll kind o' spind out an' leave nothin' but the love doin' business. My land, the sodality went at the situation head first, like it was somethin' to get acrost before dark. An' so it was.

"I remember Mis' Photographer Sturgis. 'There!' she says, 'most cryin', 'if ever I take only a pint o' milk I'm sure as sure to want more before the day's out. Where we goin' to get the milk,' she says, 'for them poor little things?'

"Where?" says Mis' Timothy Toplady—you know how big an' comfortable an' settled she is—"Where? Well, you needn't to think o' where. I expect the Jersey won't be milked till I go out an' milk her," she says, "but she gives six quarts, nights, right along now, an' sometimes seven. Now about the bread."

"Mis' Postmaster Sykes always sets sponge twice a week, an' she offered five loaves out o' her six baked that day. Mis'

Holcomb—that was—
Mame Bliss hed three
loaves o' brown
bread, an' the other
Mis' Holcomb—
that's Mis' Eppeley
—she hed a crock o'
sour cream cookies.
An' Libbie Liberty
bursts out that they'd
got up their courage
an' killed an' boiled
two o' their chickens
the day before an'
none o' the family'd
be'n able to touch a
mouthful, bein'
they'd raised the
hens from egg to axe.
So Libbie said she'd bring
the whole kettle along an' it
could be het on the church
stove an' made soup of. So
it went on, an' in about four
minutes everything was pro-
vided for, bedding an' all.

"Mis' Toplady had flew
up-stairs, gettin' out bed-
linen, an' she was comin'
down the front stairs with
her arms full o' sheets an'
pillow-slips when through
the front door walks Timothy
Toplady, come in all excited
an' lookin' every which way.
Seems he'd barked his elbow
in the rescue work an' laid
off for liniment.

"Oh, Timothy," says his
wife, "them poor little chil-
dren! We've be'n plannin'
it all out."

"Who's goin' to take 'em in?" says Tim-
othy, tryin' to roll up his coat sleeve for
fear the Sodality'd be put to the blush if he
got to his elbow any other way.

"They're all warm in the church," Mis'
Toplady says. "We're goin' to leave 'em
there. Zittelhof's goin' to take up canvas
cots. We're gettin' the bedding together,"
she told him.

"Timothy looked up, sort o' wild an'
glazed.

"Canvas cots," s'e, 'in the house o' the
Lord?"

"Why, Timothy," says his wife, helpless,
'it's all warm there, an' they're there now,



"HE TOOK HER ON
HIS SHOULDERS,
TOO."

an' we don't know
what else. We
thought we'd
carry up their
supper to 'em—"

"Supper," says
Timothy, 'in the
house o' the
Lord?"

"Then Mis'
Toplady spunks
up some.

"Why, yes,"
she says, 'I'm
goin' to milk the
Jersey an' take up

the two pails."

"Timothy waves his
barked arm in the air.

"Never! s'e, 'never. We
elders'll never consent to
that, not in this world!"

"Well, at that we all stood
around sort o' pinned to the
air. This hadn't occurred
to nobody. But his wife was
back at him, real crispy.

"Timothy Toplady,"
s'she, 'they use churches for
hospitals an' refugees, she
says.

"They do," says Timothy,
solemn, 'they do, in necessity.
An' war. An' siege. But
here's the whole o' Friend-
ship Village to take these
children in, an' it's sacrilege
to use the house o' God for
any purpose whatever while
it's waitin' its dedication.
It's stealin'," he says, 'from
the Lord Most High."

"I never see anybody more het up. We
all tried to tell him. Nobody in Friendship
has a warm spare room in winter, without it's
the Proudfits, an' they was in Europe an'
their house locked. Mebbe ten of us, we
counted up afterwards, could 'a' took in one
child to 'a' slep' with some member o' the
family. But, as Abel said, where was the
time to canvass round? An' what would we
do with the other ten? But Timothy
wouldn't listen to nothin'.

"Amanda," s'e in a married voice, 'I
forbid you to carry a drop o' Jersey milk
or any other kind o' milk up to that
church."

"With that he was out the front door an' liniment forgot.

"Mis' Sykes spat her hands.

"He'll find Silas Sykes an' Eppleby,' she says to Mis' Eppleby Holcomb. 'Quick! Le's get our hands on my bread an' your cookies. Them poor little things—'way past their supper hour.'

"An' none of 'em got mothers,' says Mis' Sturgis. 'Just left round with lockets on, I s'pose, an' wrecked an' hungry—'

"An' one of 'em lame,' Mis' Eppleby Holcomb says, down on her knees tryin' to sort out her overshoes. The Sodality never could tell its own overshoes.

"Well, they scattered so quick it made you think o' mulberry leaves, some years, in the first frost, an' I was left alone with Mis' Toplady.

"Here,' she says to me then, all squintin' with firmness, 'you take along all the linen an' comfo'tables you can lug. Timothy didn't mention them. An' *leave the rest to me.*'

"I turned that over in my mind while I stumbled along back to the church, loaded down. But I couldn't make much out of it. I knew Timothy Toplady, that he meant what he said, an' I knew he could run Silas Sykes—the postmaster's political strength, as I mentioned, makin' him kind o' wobbled in his own judgment o' other things. I didn't know how Eppleby'd be—it might turn out to be one o' the things he'd up an' question, civilized, but I wa'n't sure. Anyhow, the cream cookies wasn't so vital as them five loaves o' bread.

"When I got back to the church, here it was all lit up. Abel had lit the lamp chandelier on a secular scene. Bless 'em, it surely was as secular as it was sacred. Six or seven of the little things was buildin' a palace out o' the split wood, with the little lame girl for queen. The little blonde one an' the one that was delicate lookin' hed gone to sleep by the stove. Mitsy, she run from somewheres an' grabbed my hand. An' Abel had the rest over by the other stove tellin' 'em stories. Fairy stories. I heard him say 'dragon' an' 'blue velvet' an' 'golden hair.'

"I hadn't more'n got inside the door before Zittelhof's wagon come with the cots. An' Mis' Zittelhof was with him, her arms full o' bedclothes she'd gathered up around from folks. I never said a word to Abel about the trouble with Timothy. I donno if

Abel really heard us come in, he was so excited about his dragon. An' Mis' Zittelhof an' I begun makin' up the cots. On the first one I laid the two babies that was asleep on the floor. They never woke up. Their little cheeks was warm an' pink, an' one of 'em hed some tears on it. When I see that, I clear forgot the church wasn't dedicated, an' I thanked God they was there, safe an' by a good fire, with somebody tendin' to 'em.

"The bed-makin' an' the palace-buildin' an' the story-tellin' went on, an' I kep' gettin' excited every minute. When the door opened I couldn't tell which was in my mouth, my heart or my tongue. But it was only Libbie Liberty with the big iron kettle o' chicken broth an' a basket o' cups an' spoons. She lifted the kettle up to the stove an' stirred up the fire under it, an' it was no time before the whole church begun to smell savory as a kitchen. An' then in walks Mis' Holcomb with her cream cookies, an' Mis' Holcomb—that-was-Mame Bliss with her brown bread an' more dishes. An' we fair jumped up an' down when Mis' Sykes come breathin' in the door with them five loaves o' wheat bread safe, an' butter to match.

"Still, we *was* without milk. There wasn't a sign o' Mis' Toplady. An' any minute Timothy might get there with Silas in tow. Mis' Sykes was nervous as a witch over it, an' it was her proposed we set the children up on the cots an' begin feedin' 'em right away. I run down the room to tell Abel, an' then I hed to tell him *why* we'd best hurry.

"Abel laughs a little when he heard about it.

"Dear old Timothy,' he says, 'servin' his God accordin' to the dictates of his own notions. Wait a minute till I release the princess.'

"When he said that, I was afraid he must be tellin' a worldly story with royalty in. An' I begun to get troubled myself. But I heard him end it: 'So the princess found her kingdom because she'd learnt to love every living thing. She saved the lives of the hare, the dormouse, an' the goldfinch. An' don't you ever let anything living suffer for one minute an' mebbe you'll find out some o' the things the princess knew.' An', royalty or not, I felt all right about Abel's story-tellin' after that.

"Then we all brisked round an' begun settin' the children up on the cots—two or three to a cot with one of us to wait on 'em; an'

both the little sleepy ones woke up, too. An' when we sliced an' spread the bread an' dished the hot chicken broth an' see how hungry they all seemed, I declare if one of us could feel wicked. The little things'd begun to talk some by then, an' they chatted soft an' looked up at us, an' that little Mitsy—she'd got so she'd kiss me every time I ask' her. An' I was perfectly shameless. I donno's the poor little thing got enough to eat. But sometimes when things go blue—I like to think about that. I guess we was all the same—our principal feelin' was how dear they was, an' to hurry up before Timothy Toplady got there, an' how we wish't we hed some milk.

"Then all of a sudden, while we was flyin' round, I happened to go past the front door, an' I heard a noise in the entry. I thought o' Timothy an' Silas, comin' with sheriffs an' firearms an' I didn't know what; an' I rec'lect I planned, wild an' contradictory, first about callin' an instantaneous congregational meetin' to decide what was right, an' then about telegraphin' to the city for constituted authority to do as we was doin', an' then about Abel fightin' Timothy an' Silas both, if it 'come really necessary.

"I got hold o' Mis' Sykes an' Mis' Eppley Holcomb, an' told 'em quiet. 'Some-thin's the matter outside there,' I says to 'em, kind o' warnin', 'an' I thought you two'd ought to know it.' An' we all three come round by the entry door, careless, an' listened. An' the noise kep' up out there, kind o' soft an' obstinate, an' we couldn't make it out.

"We'd best go out there an' see,' says Mis' Sykes, low; 'the dear land knows what men *will* do.'

"So we watched our chance an' slipped out—an' I guess, for all our high ways, we was all three wonderin' inside *was* we reely

doin' right. You know your doubts come thick when there's a noise in the entry. But Mis' Sykes acted as brave as two, an' it was her shut the door to behind us.

"An' there, right by the stone just outside the entry o' the church, set Mis' Timothy Toplady, *milkin' her Jersey cow.*

"We could just see her, dim, by the light o' the transom. She was on the secunt pail, an' that was two-thirds full. She hed her back toward us an' she didn't hear us. She set all wrapped up in a shawl, a basket o' cups 'side of her, an' the Jersey standin' there, quiet an' demure. An' beyond, in the cut an' movin' acrost the Pump pasture, it was thick with lanterns.

"But before we three'd hed time to burst out like we wanted to, we sort o' scrooched back again. Because on the other side o' the cow we heard Timothy Toplady's voice. He'd just got there, some breathless, an' with him, we see, was Eppley.

"'Amanda,' says Timothy, 'what in the Dominion o' Canady air you doin'?'"

"'I shouldn't think you would know,' says Mis' Toplady short. 'You don't do enough of it.'

"She hed him there. Timothy always *will* go down to the six-ten accommodation an' shirk the chores.

"'Amanda,' says Timothy, 'you've disobeyed me flat-footed.'

"'No such thing,' s'she, milkin' away like mad for fear he'd use force. 'I ain't carried a drop o' milk here. I've drove it,' she says.

"Timothy groaned.

"'Milkin' in the church,' he says.

"'No, sir,' says Amanda, 'I'm outside on the sod an' you know it.'

"An' then my hopes sort o' riz, because I thought I heard Eppley Holcomb laugh soft—like he'd looked under the situation an' see it wasn't alike on both sides. An' 't the same time Mis' Toplady she changed



"AMANDA,' S'E IN A MARRIED VOICE,
'I FORBID YOU TO CARRY A DROP O'
JERSEY MILK OR ANY OTHER KIND O'
MILK UP TO THAT CHURCH."

her way, an', 'Timothy,' s'she, 'you hungry?'
 "'I'm nigh starved,' says Timothy. 'It must be eight o'clock,' s'e. 'But I ain't no heart to think o' that.'"

"'No,' s'she, 'so you ain't. Not with them poor babies in there hungrier'n you be an' nowhere to go.'

"'With that she got done milkin' an' stood up an' picked up her two pails.

"'Timothy,' s'she, 'the worst sacrilege that's done in *this* world is when folks turns their backs on any little bit of a chance that the Lord gives 'em to do good in, like He told 'em. Who was it, I'd like to know, said 'Suffer little children'? Who was it said 'Feed my lambs'? No 'When' or 'Where' about that. Just '*Do it*.' An' no occasion to hem an' haw about it, either. The least you can do for your share in this, as I see it, is to keep your silence an' drive the cow back home. The oven's full o' bake' sweet potatoes, an' they must be nearin' done.'

"I see Timothy start to wave his arms, an' I donno what he would 'a' said if it hadn't been settled for him. For then, like it was right out o' the sky, the church organ begun to play soft. For a minute we all looked up, like the shepherds must of when the voices of the night told 'em the Spirit o' God was in the world, born in a little child. It was Abel—I knew right away it was Abel—an' he was just gentlin' round soft on the keys, kind o' like he was askin' a blessin' an' rockin' a cradle an' doin' all the little nice things music can. An' with that Mis' Sykes, she throws open the church door.

"I'll never forget how it looked inside—all warm an' lamplit, an' them little things bein' fed an' chatterin' soft. An' up in the loft set Abel, playin' away on the foreign organ before it'd been dedicated. An' then he begun singin' low—an' there's somethin' about Abel 't you just *haf* to listen, whatever he says or does. Even Timothy hed to listen. An' Abel sung:

"'The Lord is my Shepherd—I shall not want.
 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures.
 He leadeth me—He leadeth me beside the still waters.
 He restoreth my soul. . . .'"

"An' at the first line, before we'd reelly sensed what it was he said, every one o' them little children in the midst o' their supper slips off the edge o' the cots an' kneeled down there on the bare floor—just like as if they'd been told to. Oh, wasn't it wonderful—wonderful! An' yet it wasn't. We

found out, when folks come for 'em the next mornin', it was the children's prayer that they sung every day o' their lives at their Good Shepherd's Orphans' Home—soft an' out o' tune an' with all their little hearts, just as they sung it with Abel clear to the end. I guess they didn't know everybody don't kneel down all over the world when they hear the Twenty-third Psalm.

"Abel seen 'em in the little lookin'-glass over the keyboard. An' when he'd got done he set there perfectly still with his head down. An' Mis' Sykes an' Mis' Holcomb an' Eppeleby an' I bowed our heads, too, out there in the entry. An' so, after a minute, did Timothy. I couldn't help peekin' to see.

"An' then when the children was all a-rustlin' up, Mis' Toplady, she jus' hands her two milk pails over to Timothy.

"'You take 'em in,' she says to him, her eyes swimmin'. 'I've come off without my handkerchief.'

"Timothy looks round him kind o' helpless, but Eppeleby stood there an' pats him on the arm.

"'Go in—go in, brother,' Eppeleby says, gentle. 'I guess the church's been dedicated. I feel like we'd heard the big wind—an' I guess mebbe the Pentecostal tongues.'

"An' Timothy—he's an awful tender-hearted man in spite o' bein' so notional—Timothy just went on in with the milk without sayin' nothin'. An' Eppeleby 'side of him. An' we 'most shut the door on Silas Sykes, comin' tearin' up on account o' Timothy's leavin' him a urgent word to come, without explainin' why. An' when Silas see the inside o' the church, all lit up, an' chicken supper for the children, an' the other two elders there with the milk, he just rubs his hands an' beams like he see his secunt term. I donno's it'd ever enter Silas Sykes's head 't there was anything wrong with anything, providin' somebody wasn't snappin' him up for it. I guess it's like that in politics.

"We took the milk around an', bake' sweet potatoes forgot, Timothy stood up by the stove, between Eppeleby an' Silas, an' watched us—an' the Jersey must 'a' picked her way home alone. An' Abel, he just set there to the organ, gentlin' round soft on the keys so it made me think o' God movin' on the face o' the waters. An' movin' on the face o' everything else, too, an' o' every place, dedicated or not. It was like we'd felt the big wind, same's Eppeleby said. An' somethin' in it kind o' hid, secret an' holy."

PENSIONERS OF PEACE

By WILLIAM HARD

EDITOR'S NOTE.—During 1906, in the state of Illinois alone, a hundred men were killed or maimed by one little device called a "set-screw." An investment of thirty-five cents each, or a total of thirty-five dollars, would have saved those men. In Germany, under the Compulsory Insurance system, the widows and orphans would have been pensioned, the injured nursed and cared for. In America, under a species of Employer's Liability, they were fought through the courts, like criminals. Germany pays its injured, superannuated, and their dependents something like 126 million dollars a year. Of this sum the workmen furnish one half. American manufacturers spend about as much as this total out of their own pockets, but only thirty per cent. of it ever reaches the hands of the injured. On the one hand, the remedy for sightless eyes and maimed bodies and helpless widows and hungry children is long, expensive litigation. On the other, it is prompt and continuous medical service, and a regular weekly income. Which is the better victory for human beings made in the image of God? When shall we make each trade add the cost of its burned-out eye-sockets to the cost of its burned-out coal-grates? Read what Mr. Hard has to say, and then decide whether you are not about ready to enlist your services toward making this country a happier and a better place to live in.

A CURIOUS thing happened in Germany in the year 1900. In that year the German Chemical Industry Association offered a prize, in free public competition, for the following interesting object:

THE SAFEST SOAP-PRESS

It wasn't for the soap-press that would make the most soap. It was for the soap-press that would save the most limbs and the most lives. Real money was offered to inventors for designing a thing of that kind.

It was as if Joseph Leiter, of Chicago, instead of allowing all the safety regulations of the state of Illinois to be violated in his big coal-mine down at Ziegler in Franklin Coun-

ty, thereby producing an explosion of gases that killed some fifty of his workmen on the third day of April, 1905, should have obeyed all those regulations to the letter and should then have gone farther and inserted in a Chicago newspaper the following advertisement:

WANTED—A PERFECT SYSTEM OF DRIVING gases out of mines. The state regulations are not enough for me. I want something better. \$2500. J. J. Leiter.

Herr L. Hertel of Bayreuth, royal inspector of factories, won the prize for the safest soap-press. Hundreds of Germans have won similar prizes in similar contests. The Elbe Navigation Association, for instance, has given a prize for the safest ship-winch. The union of all the German Trade Associations has given a prize for the best protective arrangement to go over the eyes of workmen who are exposed to flying chips and sparks. The German railways have given all kinds of prizes for all kinds of safety-devices.

Mr. Edgar T. Davies, factory inspector of Illinois (and one of the most practical and shortest-haired reformers in the country) says that in the year 1906 in the factories of Illinois a hundred men were killed, or crippled for life, by one little shop institution called the set-screw. The set-screw stands up from the surface of rapidly revolving shafts and, as it turns, catches dangerously at hands and clothes. It is no unchangeable provision of nature. For thirty-five cents, says Mr. Davies, this danger-device could be recast into a safety-device. For thirty-five cents the projecting top of the set-screw could be sunk flush with the rest of the whirling surface of the shaft, and then no sleeve could be entangled by it, no human body could be swung and thrown by it, no woman could be widowed by it.

What remote consequences of tears and lonely years may lie in a quarter and a dime! And what satire! More than once it must have happened that a widow has had her rent paid by a charity society to which yellow-backed

bills are contributed by a manufacturer who could have kept her from being a widow by the expenditure of a quarter and a dime!

But why is it that German business men will offer prize-money for safety-devices, while American business men so generally fail to adopt them even when they have already been invented, even when they are well known and cheap, even when they are required by law?

The difference is not in personal character. If it were, it would be the Americans that would be buying the safety-devices. The individual American is the kindest man living. He can't even keep his children out of the jam-closet (though he knows it's bad in the long run for their teeth), because the immediate sight of unhappiness makes him uncomfortable. He is soft-hearted to a fault with his family and his friends. Personally, individually, the American is charitable and humane beyond the charity and humanity of the inhabitants of any other country in the world. The fact that the particular country he owns and operates is the world's industrial slaughter-house is a paradox in international character.

And the heart of this paradox is in the law on the subject of Compensation for Accidents to Workmen.

The Germans have a law that makes them better than they naturally would be. We have a law that conceals the real, hideous nature and the real, appalling cost of industrial accidents from our eyes, and makes us blindly and artificially selfish and cruel and brutal.

Germany has a system of compulsory insurance to which both employers and employees contribute. Every injured German workman, no matter how he was injured, whether by his own fault, by the fault of his employer, or by nobody's fault, draws a regular weekly compensation either from the sickness-insurance fund or from the accident-insurance fund until he is able to go back to work again.

Whereupon the following profound reflection occurs to the Germans:

"The more accidents there are, the more injured workmen we shall have to support and the larger will be the premiums that we shall have to pay into our insurance funds. But the fewer accidents there are, the fewer injured workmen we shall have to support and the smaller our insurance premiums will be."

This thrifty consideration leads the Germans to address their workmen as follows:

"Here are safety-devices. We implore you to use them. We shall esteem it a favor if you will try not to get hurt. But if an accident *does* happen and you *do* get hurt, here are the best doctors and the best hospitals in the empire. Use them and get well as soon as you can. We sha'n't let you crawl away to your home and get good and sick, and good and poor, and then send a claim-agent to the side of your bed and offer you a month's rent, just about the time the landlord is coming round, and get you to sign your name to a release. We aren't interested in seeing your signature on a piece of paper. We are interested in restoring you to health. The sooner you are well, the sooner you can go back to work. And the sooner you can go back to work, the sooner we can stop paying you your weekly indemnity."

In pursuance of this wise thought, the employers and the employees of Germany, united in their insurance associations for the common welfare of both wage-earners and dividend-drawers, have spent \$120,000,000 in the past twenty years on workmen's dwellings, workmen's baths, workmen's hospitals, workmen's sanatoriums, and workmen's convalescent homes. It was good business. It helped to decrease the insurance premiums. It was good Christianity. It helped to make sick people well.

A good law is a law that gets men and women into the habit of doing the helpful thing, the noble thing, the right thing. Nine tenths of every one of us is habit. The German Compulsory Insurance Law is a good law, not only because it hands out coin and medical supplies at convenient times to injured workmen, but because it sets the face of the whole German nation habitually toward preventing the crippling and mangling of human beings, toward healing the wounds of those who, in spite of all precautions, have been overtaken by the bloody misfortunes of peace, toward lessening pain, toward spreading happiness.

The difference between the German situation and the American situation is the whole difference between that modern, scientific, peace-making device called "Compulsory Insurance," and that medieval, unscientific, strife-breeding contrivance called "Employer's Liability."

Under Compulsory Insurance the remedy for an accident is to get the victim on his feet again as soon as possible, and to think up the best way of preventing all accidents of that particular kind in the future. Under

Employer's Liability the remedy for an accident is to start a lawsuit.

The weapons of Compulsory Insurance are safety-devices and convalescent homes. The weapons of Employer's Liability are lawyers; judges; instructions to the jury; what-did-Blackstone-say? doctrine of contributory negligence; 17 south-by-east reporter 845; the Supreme-Court-hasn't-spoken-on-that-point-and-probably-it-won't-speak-for-a-couple-of-years-yet; doctrine of fellow servant; error-in-allowing-the-doctor-to-say-how-much-the-man-said-his-head-hurt-him; *volenti non fit injuria*; I except; fifth amendment; appeal.

On the eleventh day of July, in the year 1890, the steamship Tioga made port at Chicago and came up the Chicago River as far as its dock at the foot of Randolph Street. It carried 320 barrels of benzine, naphtha, and gasoline in its fantail hold. On top of these barrels it had a lot of bales of cotton-waste. And just near the combing of one of the hatches, leading down into the hold, it had two lamps. There was an explosion, and twenty-five workmen were killed. That was in 1890.

Last year, in 1907, seventeen years afterward, Wirt E. Humphrey, commissioner for the federal courts in Chicago, handed in a preliminary report on the subject of the Tioga accident. Together with his report, he transmitted to the judges eleven volumes of testimony, six of which had been contributed by witnesses for the dependents of the dead men, and five by witnesses for the steamboat company.

THE IRONY OF THE LAW'S DELAYS

The verdict in the lowest federal court has not yet been given. After that there will be an appeal to the Circuit Court of Appeals. And after that there will be an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States.

How have all these years been spent? Not in relieving the distress of the human beings who were impoverished by the accident, but in trying to find out just where the technical legal blame lay for the accident itself. Not in helping the widows and orphans, but in laboriously endeavoring to fix the personal responsibility for the character of the cargo and the location of the lamps.

The years when compensation was really needed have now passed. The widows who were forced to beg, they have begged. The

children who failed to get an education, they have failed to be educated. The wrong of the case has been done. The human misery of the case has been endured. Everything is all over. Except in the courts. Everything connected with the case is finished. Except the case itself. The only thing that survives is that thin legal emanation from the dead body of a human problem long since resolved into its elements. The ghost of the Tioga affair still goes soft-footing along the corridors of the Federal Building, but the Tioga affair itself breathed its last warm, human breath many years ago.

A VISION OF WORKMEN'S INSURANCE IN CHICAGO

Let us now see what Compulsory Insurance would have done with the same set of facts. Let us translate the whole tremendous social vision called "Workingmen's Insurance," first seen by German economists like Winkelblech and Schaeffle, afterward obeyed and written into law by German statesmen like Emperor William the First and Prince Bismarck, and now rising in light over every European country of any importance; let us take that bold, sweeping conception, in which the misfortunes of men in their millions are averaged to form a composite social policy, and translate it into the every-day details of the little life-drama of some individual workman who happened to be rolling a barrel on the decks of the Tioga on July 11, 1890.

We will suppose his name was Smith. And we will suppose he wasn't instantly killed. He was only frightfully burned, especially about the eyes. They weren't so much afraid at first that he would die as they were that he would go blind.

The question is: What happened to Smith under a system of Compulsory Insurance like the system they have in Germany?

The first thing that happened was that Smith was at once removed to a hospital by the officers of his local sick-club. Smith belonged to a club of that kind. He had to belong to one. It was the law.

His club was called "The Chicago River Sickness Benefit Association." All the men who worked on boats or on docks along the Chicago River belonged to it. And all the employers of those men belonged to it, too. The men paid two thirds of the expenses of the club. The employers paid the other third. The total amount of those expenses

depended on how many cases of disease and accident happened along the Chicago River.

Smith lay in the hospital a day, and then the doctors decided that they could cure him just as well at home. So they sent him home and put him to bed there, and came every day and treated his eyes. These doctors were paid by the Chicago River Sickness Benefit Association.

On the morning of the fourth day, Smith began to get not only medical attention, but a regular money compensation. It was called his sick-pay. It amounted to just one half his regular wages. It was paid by the Chicago River Sickness Benefit Association.

Smith began to be glad that a cruel and oppressive government had forced him to pay weekly premiums to a sick-club.

For four weeks Smith lay on his bed and writhed with the pain in his eyes, and his wife took his half-pay and fed him and the children. It wasn't very sumptuous eating. Not much porter-house. Mostly potatoes. But it was their own.

WHAT A SICK-CLUB DOES

They didn't have to slink into the office of the county poor agent. They didn't have to take the price of a week's food for hungry stomachs from the claim agent of the owners of the Tioga and sign a waiver of all legal claims and say: "Thank you. The courts might give us \$200 in a year or in five years or in a decade or two, but we need \$5 now." They didn't have to live on advances from some ambulance-chasing lawyer who had taken up their case against the Tioga company as a speculative investment in legal futures. They didn't have to send in their name to the editor of a yellow journal in order to be able to eat on Thanksgiving. They didn't have to become Case Number 11,896 in the records of the bureau of charities. What they had was little. But it was coming to them rightfully, legally, honorably. It saved them from the unforgettable humiliation, the ineradicable degradation, of benevolence.

If Smith had been suffering with rheumatism or pneumonia or appendicitis, he would have got his doctors and his sick-pay just the same. In fact, the sick-clubs, as their name implies, exist mainly for the purpose of relieving the distress caused by disease. It is only incidentally that they relieve the distress caused by accidents. They take care of ac-

cident cases for only thirteen weeks, at the most.

The sick-clubs, therefore, are only a temporary feature in the German scheme of dealing with accidents. But diseases are just as much a part of every-day industrial life as accidents. And the sick-clubs of Germany are worthy, accordingly, of a little paragraph of their own in any article devoted to the pensioners of peace.

Here is that little paragraph:

In Germany in the year 1904 (the last year for which full, accurate figures are available) there were 22,192 sick-clubs. They had nearly 12,000,000 members. And they provided medical care and money compensation for more than 100,000,000 days of sickness! In one year!

What a saving of human misery lies in those figures! And more than that. What a saving of human self-respect!

But let us go back to Smith, who is still lying on his back, with his eyes horribly hurting him. He can't even open them. And by this time his wife is crying because she thinks Smith will never see again. *There* is something no human device can ever cure. For ever and ever workmen will be blinded by the accidents of modern industry, and for ever and ever women will cry for those sightless eyes. We can't stop their crying. But we *can* prevent them from being hungry and from begging. And some day we shall do it just as effectively in Pittsburg and in St. Louis as in Hamburg and in Berlin.

WHERE THE EMPLOYER COMES IN

Along toward the end of Smith's fourth week in bed he had a visitor. It was the local agent of "The Great Lakes Marine Accident Insurance Association." This association included all the owners of all the boats plying on Lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron, Superior, and Michigan. It included, therefore, the owners of the Tioga.

No workman belonged to the Great Lakes Marine Accident Insurance Association. Only employers. It was entirely an employers' organization. The employers paid all the premiums and elected all the directors.

The local agent sat down at Smith's bedside and addressed him as follows:

"You look pretty bad to me. These doctors that have been coming to you from the Chicago River Sickness Benefit Association don't seem to be helping your eyes much.

Can't see a bit, can you? Well, it's up to them by law to take care of you for thirteen weeks. But I guess we'll have to step in right now and take you off their hands. We can't afford to let you go blind. If you lose your eyes, we'll have to pay you a pension all the rest of your life. I guess it's you to our hospital."

So spoke the agent, after the brutal manner of his kind. And the next morning the ambulance came and took Smith to a big hospital on the West Side.

THE COMPULSORY INSURANCE IDEA

This hospital had been built by a kind of Union of Employers' Accident Insurance Associations. "The Western Building Contractors' Accident Insurance Association" was in it. And "The Great Lakes Marine Accident Insurance Association." And "The Illinois Manufacturers' Accident Insurance Association." And a lot of others.

These associations were not run from Washington by the government. They were run by their own members. The idea that the German insurance associations are managed by bureaucrats sitting in heavily upholstered and red-tape-embroidered offices in Berlin is completely wrong. All that the government does under the German system is this (and here is the gist of the whole Compulsory Insurance idea):

The government takes each industry and each trade in the empire and says to the people who own it:

"You must form an accident-insurance association which will include all the employers in your industry and in your trade. And you must pay compensation to all your injured workmen according to a fixed scale. We won't stop to try to divide the blame for accidents between you and your workmen. We will assume for practical purposes that you weren't trying to commit murder and that they weren't trying to commit suicide. We will assume that accidents are accidents. And we will make each trade bear the burden of its own accidents. We will make each trade add the cost of its burned-out eye-sockets to the cost of its burned-out coal-grates in computing the market-price of its product. So you *must* form your accident-insurance association in your industry and in your trade, and you *must* pay your injured workmen the compensation fixed by law. But that's where we stop. Everything else rests with you. Go ahead and elect your own officers and fix your own

details to suit yourselves. Invent your own safety-devices. Adopt your own shop rules. Employ your own factory inspectors. Engage your own doctors. Build your own hospitals. Do all, or none, of these things, as you please. Profit by your own wisdom and your own humanity in preventing accidents and in curing their consequences. Lose money by your own inefficiency and your own cruelty in letting accidents happen and in neglecting injured workmen. All that we insist upon is that your trade shall carry its own load of the wounded and the slain. This is not bureaucracy. This is not paternalism. It is trade responsibility. It is trade self-government."

But what about Smith's wife while Smith lay in a dark room in the hospital? Well, Smith didn't need to worry about her. She wasn't as well off, of course, as if he had been at home and at work. But she was at least three fifths as well off. She was drawing, every week, sixty per cent. of the wages Smith used to earn on the Tioga. This weekly compensation was paid to her by the Great Lakes Marine Accident Insurance Association. It was enough to keep Smith's home intact till Smith could get back to it.

Meanwhile the officers of the Great Lakes Marine Accident Insurance Association had been looking into the Tioga accident. And the more they looked, the more irritated they became. Bales of cotton-waste on top of barrels of gasoline! Amazing! Frightful! A clear violation of the by-laws of the association! And now, in consequence, here were all these workmen, including Smith, who had to be compensated.

So the Great Lakes Marine Accident Insurance Association tried the owners of the Tioga and fined them one thousand dollars, and said: "We earnestly regret that the law doesn't allow us to fine you any more."

PRIVATE FACTORY INSPECTORS

And two lamps standing near the combing of the hatch leading down into the hold! Somebody must have put those lamps there. Who was he? The officers of the Great Lakes Association had become so peevish about it by this time that they had their inspector spend a whole week in finding out who that man was. And, fortunately, when they found him, he was a man who had left the boat to go on the dock for a minute or two, just before the explosion occurred, and so he wasn't dead or in the hospital. He was per-

factly eligible to be fined, and they fined him a month's pay.

Disciplinary measures of this kind are granted by the German law to the trade insurance associations. Each insurance association may make rules and regulations to govern its members and it may discipline its members, or its members' employees, for disobeying those rules and regulations.

That is to say, under Compulsory Insurance the government makes private individuals do much of its work for it. Which is just the reverse of paternalism.

In the year 1904, the German trade insurance associations, in order to make their rules and regulations effective, employed 217 factory inspectors. These private factory inspectors did virtually the same kind of work that is normally done by public factory inspectors. They went about from place to place, within their trades, and saw to it that all possible safety-devices were adopted, and that all possible safety regulations were observed. And their salaries were paid out of the insurance funds of private employers.

Think of that! Private factory inspectors! It doesn't sound much like paternalism, does it? It sounds a good deal like personal responsibility and private initiative. There must be some vigor in a system that sends Germans to a heartless extreme of that kind.

FUNERAL EXPENSES AND PENSION

After six weeks in the West Side hospital Smith died. His death surprised the doctors, because his eyes were getting better; but his constitution had been eaten away by hot days and damp nights on the Chicago River, and he had no vitality. The long confinement and the agony of his burns finished him.

His funeral expenses, amounting by law to twenty times his daily wages, were paid by the Great Lakes Marine Accident Insurance Association. And that association also began immediately to pay a pension every week to Smith's family. It was sixty per cent. of the wages Smith used to earn, and it was due to keep on coming as long as the widow didn't marry somebody else, and as long as the children were too young to earn their own living.

The Smith family was part of the Great Lakes carrying trade, and its misfortunes, so far as they were caused by the trade, had to be borne, at the least to the extent of sixty per cent., by the trade itself. Not by the bureau

of charities; not by the tax-payers; not by Smith's six-months-old baby. But by the trade.

Is there some sense in that idea?

LEGAL VS. MEDICAL TRIUMPH

But we will suppose Smith didn't die. He simply lost both his eyes. In that case the situation, at first, was worse than if he had been carried to the graveyard. Smith, being blind, couldn't earn a living any more than if he were dead, and yet he had to wear clothes and eat food. So, as long as he remained completely helpless and as long as he needed special care, the Great Lakes Marine Accident Insurance Association had to pay him full wages.

Perhaps after a while, however, Smith, though he was blind, was able to weave baskets. Then his pension was decreased in proportion to his earnings.

Again, perhaps Smith neither died nor lost his eyes. Perhaps he came through all right. Perhaps the specialist in that West Side hospital cured him. Perhaps his wife came to the hospital and he saw her for the first time in three months, and they both laughed, although they were both pretty thin and pale; and they went home together and Smith started back to work. What then?

Why, then the Great Lakes Marine Accident Insurance Association was quit of the troubles of the Smith family, not because it had got Smith to scratch his name on a release, not because it had hired a better lawyer than Smith could hire, not because it had proved Smith guilty of being a fellow servant of the man who had misplaced the lamps, not because it had appealed the case from court to court till Smith could hold out no longer, not because it had defeated Smith in a legal battle, but because it had made Smith well in a medical triumph.

Which was the better victory for human beings made in the image of God?

GERMANY AS AN OBJECT-LESSON

And now for a few paragraphs of statistics!—An honorable writer always gives fair warning on such an occasion. But these statistics won't be hard to read, anyway. They are about people. And, besides, they deal with a subject that is bound to become a pressing public question in this country within the next few years.

"It is a reproach to us as a nation," said President Roosevelt in his message of last March, "that in both state and federal legislation we have afforded less protection to both public and private employees than any other industrial country in the world."

A situation of that kind cannot long be permitted to continue. It is not only a reproach, but it is also a source of internal social discontent and danger. And when we come to legislate about it, the country that will give us the best lessons will be Germany.

In Germany, in the year 1904, there were 114 employers' trade accident-insurance associations built along much the same lines as the association we have imagined existing among the owners of the carrying trade on our Great Lakes. The members of these German employers' trade accident-insurance associations, in the year 1904, employed some 17,500,000 workmen. In other words, 17,500,000 German workmen, in the year in question, were protected (to the extent outlined above in Smith's case) against the consequences of industrial accidents.

Compensation was awarded, in the year 1904, to some 150,000 employees who had been injured in the course of the year.

Compensation was also awarded to some 600,000 employees who had been injured in previous years, and who still remained totally or partially incapacitated.

And, finally, compensation was awarded to some 65,000 widows and to some 100,000 children of dead accident victims.

All this cost money, although, of course, in multitudes of cases the accident was so slight and the resulting incapacitation so trifling that the compensation awarded was almost nominal. However, the total amount of compensation, in the year 1904, reached \$30,500,000.

INVALIDITY-INSURANCE

So much for accident-insurance. Now to go back for a minute to sickness-insurance.

In 1904 the German sick-clubs (the nature of which has already been illustrated by our imaginary "Chicago River Sickness Benefit Association") awarded compensation to the extent of just about \$60,250,000.

But the Germans have a third form of Compulsory Insurance, which has not yet been mentioned. It is called invalidity-insurance. It provides small pensions (very small) for workmen who have become permanent in-

valid through sickness, and for workmen who have reached the age of seventy. The employers pay half the premiums of the invalidity-insurance funds, and the employees pay the other half. And the imperial government adds a small bonus. The amount of compensation awarded by the invalidity-clubs in 1904 was, approximately, \$35,500,000.

The total cost of accident-insurance, sickness-insurance, and invalidity-insurance to the German empire in the year 1904 was, in round numbers, \$126,250,000.

Half of this cost, roughly speaking, fell on the employers of Germany and the other half fell on the workmen. The proportion of expense assigned to employers and workmen, respectively, varied from one kind of insurance to another, but when all three kinds were added together and averaged, the burden was just about equally divided.

THE COST TO A GERMAN EMPLOYER

Let us now see how the triple insurance idea works out in the case of some particular firm. Let us take the big Krupp Company at Essen. This famous industrial enterprise handles the heaviest and most disastrous kind of iron-and-steel work. Its insurance premiums might be expected to be quite high. And they are. From 1885 to 1902, inclusive, the insurance premiums paid by the Krupp Company amounted to more than \$2,000,000.

It was an enormous sum. But it was an enormous company. The real test is to take the amount paid in any one year and compare it with the total pay-roll of that same year.

Applying this test to the Krupp Company, it will be found that in the year 1902 the total insurance premiums paid by the Krupp Company amounted to just 2.7 per cent. of the total wages paid by the Krupp Company to its employees. In other words, if a Krupp workman was earning ten dollars a week, the Krupp Company had to pay twenty-seven cents every week in insurance premiums for him, and he had to pay, roughly speaking, twenty-seven cents for himself.

A charge of that kind is not likely to ruin the industries of a nation nor to drive its workmen to armed and desperate revolt.

And that twenty-seven cents weekly on every ten dollars of wages included all three kinds of insurance. It paid for sickness, accidents, and invalidity. If the calculation be restricted to accidents alone, a precise estimate, with present figures, cannot be fur-

nished, because, as has already been explained, accidents are paid for out of both the sickness funds and the accident funds, and their true cost is difficult to disentangle.

By no stretch of liberality, however, could it be computed that in the year 1902 the Krupp Company paid as much as two per cent. on total wages for the accident victims who were compensated out of the sickness funds and the accident funds to which the Krupp Company contributed.

THE COST TO AMERICAN EMPLOYERS

But let it go at two per cent. That means two dollars on every hundred dollars of wages for accidents alone out of the funds of the company. Was it a large charge or a small one? Well, call it large. No employer likes to add two per cent. to his pay-roll.

It should be remembered, however, that if Compulsory Insurance costs money, Employer's Liability costs money, too.

Just look at the records of the American Employer's Liability companies! They insure employers against having to pay damages to injured workmen under our American Employer's Liability laws. The employers pay premiums to the liability companies. The liability companies then defend the suits and satisfy the verdicts. The employers themselves are saved unharmed.

Many employers are too big to need to insure themselves in this way. The railroads and most of the "trusts" can look after themselves. They would not be financially crippled by even the biggest kind of accident, involving hundreds of workmen.

Many other employers are too small to be sued successfully. Or else they are engaged in light work that doesn't cause accidents. Or else they are too stupid to see that they need insurance.

But from the remainder, in the year 1906, the Employer's Liability companies of America collected almost \$20,000,000 in premiums.

That was not a negligible sum of money.

And the rates charged the individual employers were not negligible, either.

A well-known Chicago manufacturer, in response to an inquiry from EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, gives his rates as follows:

For men employed in his machine-shop: 57 cents on every \$100 of wages.

For millwrights engaged in outside work: \$1.25 on every \$100 of wages.

For teamsters: \$2.40 on every \$100 of wages.

Just observe that last rate. For teamsters, driving horses on the streets, 2.4 per cent. of their total wages! Every time that manufacturer paid a teamster ten dollars he had to pay his liability company twenty-four cents!

And that didn't include sickness. It didn't include invalidity. It was just for accidents.

Nor was that manufacturer engaged in a particularly hazardous line of business. If you want to see what the really hazardous businesses cost, just get the official "Manual of Liability Insurance." In that interesting book you will find the official rates, and if you knock off 33½ per cent. (which is the discount allowed in many states), you will be left with the following charges:

For men employed in building street-railways: \$3.00 on every \$100 of wages.

For men employed in quarries: \$3.60 on every \$100 of wages.

For men employed in cellar-excavation: \$4.00 on every \$100 of wages.

For men employed in steel-work on high buildings: \$9.00 on every \$100 of wages.

These four illustrations will be enough. The rest can be found in the book, and they are worth reading as a highly emotional picture, done in statistics, of the relative danger of modern occupations.

Nine dollars on every \$100 of wages! It is a terrific charge. And yet the industry isn't ruined. The high buildings keep on going up. And they would keep on going up just the same if the money were spent in compensating the injured workmen instead of in trying to prevent them from securing compensation.

EVERY ACCIDENT A LEGAL BATTLE

For why does Employer's Liability cost so much? There are many reasons, but the main one is that we make every accident a legal fight.

In the eleven years from 1894 to 1905, inclusive, the Employer's Liability companies of America took in \$99,959,076 in premiums from American employers.

How much did they pay out in compensation to injured workmen?

Just \$43,599,498.

Just 43.6 per cent. of what they took in.

And they didn't make excessive profits, at that. Their business is highly competitive. The money was spent in getting the business

and in fighting pitched legal battles against the injured workmen's lawyers.

The injured workmen's lawyers! Don't forget them. They have to be paid. Sometimes they get ten per cent. of the proceeds. Sometimes they get twenty-five per cent. Sometimes fifty per cent. Sometimes seventy-five per cent. If, on the average, they leave the injured workman two thirds of the final verdict, they are leaving him more than most practical students of the subject think they are.

And *they* aren't making excessive profits, either. They have to fight long fights to get those verdicts.

Nobody is personally to blame. They are all creatures of the system. But the sad fact remains that out of almost \$100,000,000 paid by the employers of America to protect themselves against the consequences of accidents in the eleven years from 1894 to 1905, not more than \$30,000,000, after the injured workmen had paid their lawyers, reached the pockets of the injured workmen themselves.

Seventy per cent. for expenses! Thirty per cent. for compensation!

It would take an ingenious man to devise a more wasteful system.

UNITED STATES BEHIND EUROPE

Compare it with the cost of administering the German system. Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, the New York banker, after studying Compulsory Insurance as practised in Germany, says that the expenses of administration over there amount to less than ten per cent. The German system of Compulsory Insurance spends ten per cent. on expenses and ninety per cent. on compensation! It gets ninety out of every hundred dollars spent in insurance premiums right to the place where it is needed. We are lucky if out of every hundred dollars we spend in liability premiums we get thirty dollars to the men who endured the accidents in their flesh and bone.

The substitution of the idea of insurance for the idea of liability, of the idea of co-operation for the idea of litigation, has been most completely effected in Germany. But it has been at least partially effected in many countries.

Austria, Italy, Spain, France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland, all have insurance systems, some of them compulsory, others voluntary, full-grown and well-developed in some cases, in other cases

merely embryonic, but always and everywhere officially recognized and earnestly encouraged by the national law.

The idea of Employer's Liability is a dying idea in Europe. In some countries its obsequies have already been performed, and in all the others the pains of dissolution have begun.

AND OUTDISTANCED BY ENGLAND

In Great Britain the situation is somewhat different. The English haven't taken up Compulsory Insurance. Their method is what they call Compulsory Compensation. And their experience is particularly interesting because of the general similarity between their legal institutions and ours.

They used to have the same kind of Employer's Liability that we have now. In fact, they invented it. We simply imported it. There is nothing dazzlingly original, there is nothing endearingly native, about our present system. An American who suggests changing it is not guilty of an unpatriotic preference for foreign institutions. It was the English who thought up the doctrines of assumed risk, contributory negligence, fellow servant, and all the rest of it. What we have now is simply a legal fashion that they originated and that they thought was very beautiful until 1897, when they put it up on the top shelf back because it was *passé*, and something more modern in effect was needed.

It was in 1897 that the first British Workmen's Compensation act was passed. This act (subsequently confirmed and expanded by the acts of 1900 and of 1906) established a principle that at first sight seems to be harder on the employer than the Compulsory Insurance system of Germany.

The German sick-clubs, it will be remembered, are obliged to take care of accident victims for a period varying from four to thirteen weeks. Now, these sick-clubs, since two thirds of their expenses are borne by the workmen themselves, act as a kind of temporary cushion between the employer and the ultimate cost of the accident. Two thirds of the cost of each accident, for from four to thirteen weeks after it happens, is borne by organizations to which the employer contributes only one third of the premiums.

In England, the law does not save the employer to this extent. It requires no contributions of any kind on the part of the workmen. It makes the employer pay the whole

bill. It gives him, at most, a week of grace. If an accident results in an incapacitation of less than a week there is no compensation to be granted; but as soon as the second week begins, compensation must begin, too, and if the incapacitation lasts for two weeks or more, then the compensation becomes retroactive and must be paid for the first week as well.

The scale of compensation is that as long as a workman is kept away from work by the consequences of an accident, he shall get half-pay, and if he dies his dependents shall get a sum amounting to three times his annual earnings.

And compensation must be paid no matter how the accident was caused. All accidents must be paid for. And they must be paid for by the individual employer himself. He is personally responsible for all accidents that happen to his men. This hideous assault on property was accomplished in the Parliament of 1897 by a trio of political adventurers, consisting of that unbridled visionary, Joseph Chamberlain, that ruthless revolutionist, Arthur Balfour, and that red-handed proletarian, the Marquess of Salisbury.

Mr. Chamberlain was the author of the bill. He spoke of the legal situation then existing (namely, the same situation that now exists in the United States), and called it a "great scandal."

Mr. Balfour observed that in his opinion the only way to "diffuse the shock" of accidents, which fell with crushing weight on the poorest and weakest part of the community, was to put it bodily on the employer and let him add it to the cost of his commodities, and so pass it on to consumers at large.

PROTECTION FOR ENGLISH WORKMEN

But it was left, as usual, to Lord Salisbury to infuse solid argument with a light of satire. Most English manufacturers, said Lord Salisbury, were calling the bill socialistic. They seemed to him to be mistaken in their use of terms. Clearly it was the present system that was socialistic. Under the present system, when a railroad killed one of its engineers it passed his children over to the community to be supported in a poorhouse by the tax-payers. That seemed to him to weaken the sense of personal, private responsibility that a railroad company ought to have. It seemed to him to cultivate too great a readiness to fall back on the state. He was in favor of a change that would call on the state

to do less, and on private employers to do more.

The government of 1897, which passed the first Workmen's Compensation act, was a Conservative government. The government of 1906, which passed the third and final act on the subject, was a Liberal government, strongly supported by a large Labor group in the House of Commons.

It may safely be said that the policy of Workmen's Compensation has been definitely and finally accepted by both the great English parties.

English workmen, like German workmen, are now able to get precisely calculated and immediately available compensation for their injuries as long as those injuries deprive them of their earning power. Unlike German workmen, however, they are not yet protected, as a body, against sickness.

TRADE-DISEASE COMPENSATION

But even in this matter a start has been made.

Connected with the Workmen's Compensation act of 1906, there is a "Schedule of Occupational Disease." The workman who is incapacitated by any of the diseases in that schedule has the same right to compensation that he would have had if he had met with an accident.

But the man's disease, under the English law, must be one that is directly caused by his trade. A caisson-worker who just happened to get typhoid fever wouldn't be entitled to compensation. He could get typhoid fever in any trade. It must be a disease for which the trade itself can be held responsible. And it must be a disease mentioned in the "Schedule of Occupational Diseases."

There are now twenty-four entries in that schedule. British workmen are now entitled to compensation for caisson disease, for lead poisoning, for mercury poisoning, for arsenical poisoning, for phosphorous poisoning, for nystagmus (a disease of the eyes caused by work in mines), for poisoning by anilin in dyeing establishments, and so on through a list of twenty-four specific bodily ailments caused specifically by certain modern industrial occupations.

The English trade-disease compensation scheme manifestly accounts for only a small corner of the whole broad field of sickness in general, so comprehensively covered by the German sickness-insurance system.

But even under the English scheme no such case could happen as recently came under the observation of the New York Charity Organization Society.

That society was appealed to for help by a family for which, in place of the charity-society card-catalogue number, we will imagine the equally effective disguise of the name of Jones.

Mr. Jones was dead and the Jones family was destitute. How did it happen? It is a short story, very simple, very ordinary, very commonplace, and therefore very instructive.

Mr. Jones had been, first, a printer. In the printing-shop where he worked for a big publishing firm an accident happened to him, and he lost a hand. It was an ordinary, commonplace accident, and there was no legal claim to compensation. Jones simply walked out, less one hand.

He had to stop being a printer, but finally he got odd-job work as a painter. His one-handedness made it very difficult for him to keep himself clean of the white-lead paint. He got lead poisoning and died.

How was he killed? The process was begun by the printing trade and finished by the painting trade.

And how was his destitute family supported? By the contributors to a charity society.

It seems like a weird piece of logic, doesn't it, when you look at it with eyes not of established convention but of disencumbered common sense?

Jones's children are pauperized at the very outset of their lives because the printing trade crippled their father and the painting trade poisoned him.

THE AMERICAN WAY

The cost of that accident has not been escaped simply because neither the printing trade nor the painting trade was under any legal liability for it. The cost is borne by a number of people who, most of them, have nothing to do with either trade. What a poor way of bearing it! What a foolish, indirect, unjust, expensive, humiliating, degrading way!

Under any rational system the Jones family would continue to be an independent, self-respecting family, and their legal, honorable indemnity would be paid to them by the trades that had caused their misfortunes.

It is time, in America, for the community to stretch out a strong right arm and readjust the American Law of the Killed and Wounded.

There is some reason to believe that America is beginning to realize. There are many evidences that the conscience of the nation is already stirred.

One of the most striking of these evidences is to be found in the numerous sickness-benefit clubs and accident-benefit clubs promoted by individual American employers among their employees. A whole article could be filled with an account of clubs of this kind.

THE SOLE REMEDY

But they suffer from many radical defects. They will not solve the question. They depend on the individual good-will of an individual employer. Or else, sometimes, on his desire to advertise himself. Or else, occasionally, on an unscrupulous, underhanded hope that by means of contributions by employees to a mutual insurance fund, the employer himself may be relieved of a large part of his legal obligations for all accidents that may happen.

Most private accident-insurance schemes are regarded with deep distrust by the employees who are ordered, by a rule of the firm, to contribute to them. Those schemes are not a part of the law of the land. They are not officially sanctioned by public policy. They smack of philanthropy, at the best; and of sneaking self-seeking, at the worst.

And even if the best possible interpretation be placed on all of them, they remain, in their total, nothing but an unusually small drop in an unusually large bucket. The main mass of American workmen, whose employers are just average employers, remain totally unaffected.

The only avenue through which a broadly satisfactory reformation can be accomplished is the community itself; that is, the federal government and the state governments.

The timorous reluctance with which most American employers still regard the enactment of a public law on this subject is in itself a confession of weakness. And like most weakness, like most cowardice, it comes off worse among human beings than strength and courage would come off.

An abominable system of accident compensation is only one of many causes of social discontent in this country, but that discontent waxes apace. And, mostly, it is blind, angry, resentful, unconstructive. It is just discontent. And therefore doubly dangerous!

A nerveless, palsied, fear-stricken refusal on the part of any national community to put its hand to the root of social disorders and absolutely remove the ground from which they grow will always bring with it its own punishment in the way of unintelligent, though understandable, violent, and perhaps successful revolutionary agitation.

This cowardice, this fear, is what Emerson was talking about in his essay on "Compensation" when he said:

"One thing Fear teaches, that there is rottenness where he appears. He is a carrion crow, and though you see not well what he hovers for, there is death somewhere. Our property is timid, our laws are timid, our cultivated classes are timid. Fear for ages has boded and mowed and gibbered over Government and Property. That obscene bird is not there for nothing. He indicates great wrongs that must be revised."

And among the wrongs that must be revised there are few that go more deeply into the marrow of industrial life than the method now existing in America for compensating the men and women taken out of industrial life and stretched on beds of pain and poverty by the antics of the physical, material machinery through which modern civilization is perpetuated.

When that wrong is revised, a long step will have been taken toward social peace and mutual social unembarrassed fearlessness (which is the greatest gift modern national life can hold) between those that own and operate property and those that own and sell labor.

EMPLOYERS WHO SEE

Here and there, among American employers, there arises one who sees through the complicated color-plates of the present along the converging lines of the picture cast by social forces on the screen of the future.

Among such employers Mr. T. K. Webster, of the Webster Manufacturing Company, spoke perhaps the noblest, as well as the simplest and most unstudied and unaffected, words ever spoken on the subject of industrial accidents by any American employer when, in a little impromptu speech late one afternoon, before the City Club of Chicago, after the regularly appointed speakers of the day had taken their seats, he rose impulsively and said:

"It is a matter of depreciation in men, just like depreciation in machinery. I presume there is not a manufacturer in Chicago but what, when he figures up his condition at the end of the year, charges off a certain amount for depreciation. It is the most natural thing in the world that he should do so. His tools wear out in from ten to twenty years, and if he keeps them on the books all that time he is simply fooling himself.

"Last year, I remember, our balance-sheet showed that we charged off something like \$20,000. Do I go grumbling around and saying that it is an awful thing to thus charge off \$20,000? Why, no! It is the depreciation. Now, friends, in God's name, why should we not allow for the depreciation in men?"

DEPRECIATION IN MEN

"We know that every thousand pounds of lead we manufacture costs somebody something. The man who is breathing that poison into his lungs, it costs him something. Now, should he and his children bear that burden or should we charge it up against the industry? Let us add an eighth of a cent a pound. Let us distribute it. Who will know it?"

"When it is presented to the American people, I believe they will say it is just as fair to charge up every year the depreciation in men as it is to charge up the depreciation in machinery and buildings. And when we have done that, we will not only have done our duty to the great body of laborers, but we will not pay, in my judgment, a single cent more than we are paying now.

"We pay it all now just the same. Don't think for a minute we aren't paying it. We are paying it in the hospitals, in the poor-houses, in the degradation, in the pulling down of all these people, where they are swept under and become the submerged tenth simply because we aren't doing justice to them. Let us put upon every industry the cost of the depreciation of its own men. And let us pay it as we would any other honest bill."

This speech, like General Grant's memoirs, has the inimitable simplicity of the man. As for its style, let it stand. It presents, beyond improvement, the full power of the argument for compensation for the misfortunes of industrial life. And as for its logic, are there any challengers?

A NEW ROAD TO THE ALTAR

By HARRISON RHODES

Author of "The Adventures of Charles Edward," etc.

Illustrations by F. Vaux Wilson

WHEN Johnny Fairchild arrived in New York, it was three years since Mary Allyson had been there. Not that in a certain spiritual sense she could ever be absent—almost every Sunday Johnny found a strange, distorted portrait of her in his morning newspaper and some account of her triumphant career in the capitals of Europe. And when he had penetrated circles in which first-hand and unpublished information about her was to be secured, he discovered that here, too, Miss Allyson, her loveliness, her distinction, her charm, and her successes were becoming almost legendary in character.

Standing on the American shores of the Atlantic one seemed to see her through golden and rosy mists. Was she not indeed constantly lurching with Royalty and taking the air with Princes of the Blood? Was she not incarnate the American girl we all love, holding her fresh, fair young head high, and proudly exacting the full tribute of admiration from those old countries across the sea? They missed her in New York; they would have thought it pleasant, perhaps, that she should come home some day to live, but they resigned themselves to the inevitable. Anything that a still great and powerful continent like Europe wanted so much, it was but natural it should keep. It was left for Johnny Fairchild, ready in most matters to find an original point of view, to hazard a new suggestion.

"If she is all that everybody says she is," he remarked, somewhere, "she is the girl for me."

"For you, my poor child!" exclaimed Mrs. Morpont, who happened to be there. "In what sense, please?"

"Oh," said Johnny, quite simply, "I only meant that I believe I'll marry her."

The company fairly rocked in their chairs with derisive laughter; then, speech finally becoming possible, attempted to annihilate their young friend with the long list of foreigners of distinction who had sought Miss Allyson's hand, who continued to seek it, who would not take "No" as an answer. To this imposing array they added the names of the richest New Yorkers, the best-born Philadelphians, and the most cultivated Bostonians. Some of these lovelorn young men, it appeared, had during the three years past ventured abroad in pursuit of their inamorata; others perhaps meant to be found waiting on the dock, whenever Miss Allyson should land in New York, ready with bouquets of welcome and proposals of marriage. Mary Allyson, well-born, rich, beautiful, flattered and loved in two or three continents—was she not at the moment just the most desirable *partie* in the whole world? Who, indeed, they put it to him, was a young man from Akron that he . . . etc., etc.?

"All right, all right!" cried Johnny, blushing a little, and speaking quite unpretentiously and ingenuously. "I don't mean anything except that I believe I'll marry her."

They laughed again, seeing that it was just Johnny's little joke, though from the beginning Mrs. Morpont, oddly enough, seemed to have thought it a poor one. The young man's alleged aspirations were made the object of occasional good-humored bantering attacks, and then there would have been an end of it all, had not New York been thrilled by the news that Mrs. and Miss Allyson were returning to their native land within the month.

This was indeed "furiously," as the French would say, matter for thought. It had been ascertained that by the same or the next boat there would also come to America

two young men of the most eligible description: the Duke of Elderminster and the Marquis de la Rochechouaun. The Allyson house in Fifth Avenue was in the hands of painters and decorators, and it looked as if, having reduced the candidates to these possible two, Miss Allyson was now, in her native town, to its glory and for its delight, to lead one of them to the altar. It is no exaggeration to say that there was in the best New York society no other topic than the Allyson alliance. Discussion was hot as to the relative merits of the English and the French nobility. No one now even spoke of an American husband.

Certainly none thought seriously of Johnny and his little joke. Mrs. Morpont once or twice twitted him with it, a little acidly, and seemed to suggest the lesson that young Mr. Fairchild's privilege of being her friend should have proved sufficient to satisfy the most vaulting ambition. And Johnny himself, who was not in the least conceited, and always took a humorous view of his position in the world, quietly smiled a little at the idea of this wonderful Mary Allyson's wasting even a thought on him. And so the little joke would have ended altogether, had Mary Allyson not been what she was and had Johnny not seen her come into a box at the opera at about nine o'clock, the evening of the very day she landed.

Perhaps if one goes more deeply into the matter, one might add that had she not had that wonderful blue-black hair shading her violet eyes, had she not had that wonderful skin with the richness of ivory in it, had she not stood for an instant with that lithe, vigorous grace of Diana poised on the crescent of the young moon, there would, so far as Johnny Fairchild is concerned, have been no story to tell. Still, there was something else. As Johnny, in the stalls, gazed admiringly, suddenly within him began to stir strange, vague memories. In the dusk of the great crimson-and-gold place where they both were, he felt moving feebly the long arm of coincidence. Suddenly he realized how little all the newspaper pictures and photographs had told him how this girl above him really looked. Time had worked its changes, brought with it a rich splendor in her beauty. But Johnny, while the music throbbed with the love duet of the first act of *Madam Butterfly*, could see a blue lake, the clipped trees on the quay at Lucerne, and the slender figure of a girl with blue-black hair and violet eyes who had

walked there in a wonderful gown of pale yellow muslin one morning eight years before, and then out of the world, as Johnny knew it in those days, forever.

It was a simple memory, yet one that he had never brought out for the public to gaze at. He had been a mere boy, she just a slip of a girl. He had never talked to her, never known who she was. Indeed, he had seen her only that one morning; it must have been her last there. But he had never forgotten; and there was somewhere hidden away a dry and dusty spray of blue flowers she had dropped by the lake's side that day so long ago. All this explains why that night at the Metropolitan a young man sat with shining eyes, and a heart pounding against his shirt-front. The curtain fell, and as Miss Allyson retired a little into the box Johnny rose and, in a confused and excited state of mind, rushed out into the corridor.

Here two fashionable and immaculate youths of his acquaintance seized upon him, and even before cigarettes and matches could spring from their golden and jeweled cases, began to talk of Miss Allyson. They first paid enthusiastic and appropriate masculine tributes to her charms, then they turned to the question of their effect upon foreign noblemen.

"I've just heard the Frenchman's taken his passage back already. He's finished, I guess."

"My money's always been on the Britisher," commented the other. "Mrs. Van Holterman said to-night that people expected the engagement would be announced Saturday."

"I wonder if she has *really* decided." It was Johnny who spoke.

"I guess nobody *really* knows."

"I think it's rotten—American girls' marrying abroad. I think if we American men were any good we could stop it." Johnny spoke under the stress of some emotion, and his phrases were, it must be confessed, crude and banal.

"I'd be game enough," said one of the young men. "But in this case we'd have to get pretty quick action. I don't suppose we could even get into her field of vision before Saturday."

Johnny suddenly looked rather fierce and glowering.

"I suppose probably we could," he said, almost defiantly.

"Do it, do it, old man," his friends encouraged him. Then one of them smiled.

"Wasn't there some tale a while ago about your saying you thought you'd marry her?"

"Well," said Johnny, "I believe I will. Good night."

"Good night, old man," they called out. "You'd better flag her pretty quickly, or she'll run by you."

"I will," said Johnny. "Good night, again."

Outside, in the confusion and the glaring lights of Broadway, then for a half hour in a cab in the snow-covered, silent park, he thought. He thought under pressure, and though at last his eyes shone with a gay, humorous light, his heart still pounded under his shirt-front and his fur-lined coat. However, he had a plan. He was to meet Miss Allyson the following night at dinner; he meant that before that she should have heard of him. Once before the press had served him; now at this crisis of his career he determined that it should serve him again.

It was about ten o'clock when he presented himself in Miss Estelle Tompkins's office at the *Daily New Yorker*. Followers of Johnny's history will remember Miss Tompkins, and everyone, at any rate, has read her delightful society news and chit-chat in the columns of that great metropolitan journal.

Johnny looked very nice and blushed a little in a pleasant, innocent, boyish way as Miss Tompkins rose to meet him.

"I'm in trouble again, Miss Tompkins," he began. And here anyone who has a special passion for truthfulness and truth-tellers may as well stop reading this story; those who believe that all's fair where anything so lovely as Mary Allyson is concerned may go on.

"Yes, real trouble," he continued.

Miss Tompkins looked sympathetic, but instinctively she took up a pad of paper and a pencil.

"Well, what is it?" she asked, in a business-like way.

"I hear," answered Johnny—and he never turned a hair—"that the *Morning Express* to-morrow is going to say that I'm engaged to Miss Mary Allyson!"

"Great heavens!" gasped Miss Tompkins. She seemed weak with amazement, but her hand did not drop the pencil.

"Are you?" she asked.

"No. Worse luck," replied Johnny. "I'd like to be. You see, I'm frank with you. That's why I'm so distressed about this.

You can see for yourself how it might queer my chances."

A softer and more helpful look came into Miss Tompkins's eyes. She liked Johnny. And though a talented newspaper woman, she was still a woman and a match-maker.

"I wonder what I can do," she meditated. "I can deny the report."

"Oh, of course I want you to do that. That's a beginning."

"All right." Miss Tompkins scribbled a few words on a loose sheet of yellow paper and passed it over to Johnny.

"That do?" she asked, and, getting an affirmative reply, sent it up by a boy who was passing then.

Johnny heaved a sigh, as if of relief.

"That's something done. But there's still——"

"Have you been to the *Express*?"

"No. I don't believe they'd keep it out because I asked them. You see," he went on more slowly, "I suppose they must think that they have good reasons for believing the report true."

Miss Tompkins looked at him a little sharply.

"On my word of honor, Miss Tompkins, I'm not engaged to Miss Allyson, secretly or any other way. I haven't what they call 'an understanding' with her. It will be the truest thing any paper ever printed to say we're not engaged. You believe me? All right. Now what can be done about the *Express*? Isn't Miss Franks the society editor? And isn't she a friend of yours?"

"I know Miss Franks," replied Miss Tompkins, a little coldly. "I almost thought I'd told you once of a sort of disagreement we had——"

"I've such a bad memory," hastily interrupted Johnny. Of the truthfulness of many such speeches of his the reader may judge for himself.

"So I don't quite know what I could do with her," went on his friend.

"I wish you'd telephone her now all the same," pleaded Johnny. "You can just say that you've heard about the item and that you know it's not true."

Perhaps this was not a very good plan. The result will show.

"Hello, Miss Franks," so Miss Tompkins's end of the conversation ran. "This is Miss Tompkins of the *New Yorker*. I thought possibly I might do you a little friendly turn; yes, really. I hear you're running an item

to-morrow morning about an engagement between Miss Mary Allyson and Mr. John Fairchild. What, you say you're not? Oh, come, I've the best reasons for knowing that you are, and certainly I'm not trying to get exclusive information, because I'm going to deny the engagement. What's that? You might run the story with some chance of its being true if I'm going to deny it? You'd never heard of any rumor of an engagement?"

Miss Tompkins was growing rather red in the face, and her voice became a little shrill. "I suppose not. Perhaps if you knew more of people you write about— In fact, Mr. Fairchild himself is now in my office; he has just come down from the opera. He knew there was such a rumor, and he heard you were going to publish it."

"Just a moment, Miss Tompkins," interrupted Johnny, and he bent down over the instrument.

"Of course, Miss Franks, if you hadn't heard anything and weren't going to print anything, we'll leave it as it is."

"She says she *has* heard something now"—Miss Tompkins was manipulating the receiver. "It will be very unpleasant for my friend Mr. Fairchild if you print anything. You haven't the pleasure of his acquaintance? No, as I said before, if you knew more of the people you write about——"

She stopped. There was apparently a considerable flow of language from the other end of the telephone. At last, very flushed indeed, she hung up the receiver with a snap.

"I guess I haven't been very helpful. I'm sorry. But Franks gets on my nerves. She's going to run the thing now just to spite me. What I can't make out is whether she had the story or not before I telephoned——"

"What does it matter?" asked Johnny. "The important thing is that she has it now."

"I'm sorry. Do you think it will make it very unpleasant for you?"

Johnny smiled almost radiantly at his friend.

"Let's hope not," he said cheerfully. "At any rate, it will show Miss Allyson that there are some people who think she ought to marry me. Besides, I suppose, after all, very few people would be such fools as to believe we're engaged." (Johnny enjoyed speaking the truth sometimes, when he could.)

"They wouldn't?"

"Why, no," said Johnny, "not if the *New*

Yorker denies it. For that, if for no other reason."

"You flatter me, Mr. Fairchild."

"My dear Miss Tompkins," Johnny spoke almost solemnly, "I don't know what I should do without you."

Perhaps the reader thinks he knows.

The *Express*, being a morning paper, was out at three A.M. Miss Tompkins's *New Yorker*, being an evening journal, could not appear until at least after sunrise. But if one sleeps a little late in New York one can have both morning and evening editions with one's breakfast coffee. Thus it was that, to the truly fashionable women of the city, the report and its denial came simultaneously. From luxurious boudoir to luxurious boudoir the telephone lines were kept hot with discussion of this amazing engagement; you might have tapped any wire east of the Park and north of Forty-second Street and heard Miss Allyson's and Johnny's names. To quote phrases used earlier, our young gentleman was easily in the public "field of vision." He himself judged it probable that he had "flagged" Mrs. and Miss Allyson. At half past eleven, discreetly dressed and looking rather demure, he sent up his card to Mrs. Allyson at the Plaza Hotel.

He was carried up like a skyrocket to the seventeenth or eighteenth story, and here found Mrs. Allyson, red in the face and clanking a good many heavy gold chains rather ominously, awaiting his arrival.

"Well!" she began. There was the hint of a snort.

"Well!" replied Johnny.

"This ridiculous report——!"

"Yes, ridiculous, isn't it?—since I don't know your daughter. It's all very well to have admired her from afar, but——"

Mrs. Allyson's face in no way lightened. Johnny subsided.

"Can you imagine, Mr. Fairchild, how the newspapers——?"

"I did what I could," interrupted Johnny.

"You mean——?"

"I mean that I got the report denied at once. I take it that that would have been your wish, Mrs. Allyson."

"Certainly. It is all so extraordinarily unpleasant."

"For you, Mrs. Allyson. For me it can be only flattering that the press should for one instant think me eligible. I'm quite humble about it. I realize I'm not a match



"WELL!" SHE BEGAN. THERE WAS THE HINT OF A SNORT. "WELL!" REPLIED JOHNNY.

for Miss Allyson—" He paused a moment, as if to take the measure of the lady, then he went on deliberately: "Though I believe, according to ordinary standards, I am a fairly decent match."

Mrs. Allyson applied a pair of lorgnettes to her view of Johnny.

"Are you?" she asked. And she seemed not to be annoyed.

"Yes," said Johnny. "I'm twenty-six, sound in wind and limb, I'm pretty well-behaved, and should really and truly be awfully good to a wife. My father is what passes for a fairly well-off man—it's vulgar to say so, I know; but you could find it in Bradstreet's."

"Could I?" asked Mrs. Allyson, with a hearty brutality of manner to be acquired only in England, and among its aristocracy. "I suppose they would have it in the hotel."

"My social position is fairly respectable, I believe. At any rate, I was expecting to meet your daughter at dinner to-night, and probably at several other places. Of course, if it's going to be very disagreeable for her—"

"No, no," replied the lady. "I suppose the only thing to do is to seem to pay no attention to the whole thing." She rose as if to dismiss her caller.

"I suppose it wouldn't help matters at all," Johnny hazarded this suggestion with a thoughtful air, "if I *did* propose for your daughter's hand, now, to you, in the approved European fashion."

The gold chains clanked a little.

"I'm afraid both my daughter and I have already other views."

"Don't say it's settled," cried Johnny, with a vivacity that caused Mrs. Allyson to look at him rather sharply.

"When anything is settled, Mr. Fairchild, you and the rest of the world will be informed of it at the proper time."

"I beg your pardon." Johnny retreated, muttering something about hoping that the proposal of honorable marriage had caused no hard feeling. In the office of the hotel he just stopped to notice that there was a copy of Bradstreet's. It was, in a way, an almost inexpressibly vulgar thing to do. But there are moments when all's fair. The reader must not forget the quay at Lucerne, and the dusty, faded spray of blue flowers that the boy had treasured for eight years. And when you have determined to succeed in anything, is it merely sophistical, or is it characteristically American, too, to say that the

end justifies the means? Johnny was a scallawag, if you like. He was also, in most of the essential and pleasant meanings of the term, a gentleman.

The dinner that night was at Mrs. Hart Winthrop's, and Johnny, it must be confessed, braced himself to enter her drawing-room. Perhaps he looked a trifle pale; otherwise his appearance was irreproachable, though a small, faded, dry blue flower in his buttonhole was perhaps an odd addition to his costume. Just ahead of him was his hostess; across the room was Mary Allyson, the wonderful blue-black hair crowned with a wreath of purple flowers that matched the deep violet of her eyes. By her side stood the Duke of Elderminster. Johnny raised his head a little high, and the color flowed back into his cheeks.

"You know everybody, I believe, except your *pancée*," he heard his hostess murmur lightly.

"Exactly." Then he spoke almost sternly. "Mrs. Winthrop, I've got to sit next her at dinner to-night. Got to!"

The lady hesitated.

"Oh, of course, with her permission," he went on.

Mrs. Winthrop took his arm and carried him straight across to Miss Allyson.

"Mary," she said, "this is Mr. Fairchild. He is begging me to put him next you at dinner. You were to be between my cousin Henry and the duke."

For a moment nothing was said. Johnny stood straight before her and honestly and frankly looked into Miss Allyson's dark eyes with his bright blue ones.

"Why not give Mr. Fairchild the place?" she replied. "I daresay I shall often enough sit by the duke."

She smiled at the Englishman by her side as she said it, yet there was a trace, so Johnny imagined, of languid scorn in her voice, something that seemed to tell how beauty might weary of a conquered world.

"I'll try to console you—" began their hostess to the displaced nobleman, and then at last Johnny found himself alone with Miss Allyson. He was plainly "in her field of vision." For an instant there was again a pause. Then they both gave a little laugh.

"It was ridiculous, wasn't it?"

"Yes," answered Johnny. "But I hated to deny it."

"Oh, of course you would say that." She

turned to him almost indignantly. "And yet I thought, I hoped American men wouldn't pay the obvious compliment. I've had a great deal of the obvious compliment. I came home to find something different. If I don't find it——"

"You may as well go back for good, you mean," murmured Johnny.

"Yes," she answered, and then, as if surprised and annoyed at the way she had been betrayed into serious speech, she instantly took up a lighter, gayer note. "Yes, since my engagement to him is broken, what is there to hold me?" She smiled. Johnny saw more than ever why the crowned heads of Europe had so desired her presence at lunch.

"I would try to hold you, in spite of the broken engagement. May I tell you something about the obvious compliment later, when we are safely settled at dinner?"

The fish had come and gone before she turned to him.

"How did that story get into the paper, Mr. Fairchild?" she asked.

"I can't tell you," he replied, and he looked straight into her eyes. It was true, he couldn't.

"I think it was just fate. Will you listen a little? When you were about seventeen you had a yellow muslin dress and a hat with blue corn-flowers on it. And one morning when you walked on the quay at Lucerne you had a bunch of the same flowers in your belt. And some of them fell out and so—you see this wretched thing here," he pointed to his buttonhole. "I was just a silly boy, and you took, I suppose, the afternoon train, and I never found out who you were nor where you had gone, until yesterday."

"Is it really true?" She looked a little startled and for an instant almost like the simple, unsophisticated girl on the quay, under the clipped trees. "I had a yellow muslin dress, I remember that."

"It was awfully pretty," said Johnny.

"Yes, wasn't it?"

Then again the worldliness and something of the scorn he had seen before came back.

"You're asking me to believe the whole romantic story, are you? That you've loved no one else ever since?" Her voice was mocking, and her eyes danced.

"No; I'll be honest," said Johnny. "I won't say I've loved no one else since. I only say that I had loved no one else before and——" he paused a second and his voice sank—

"that now I shall never love anyone else again."

"*Mais—vraiment vous allez vite, vous autres Américains!*" she exclaimed, looking at him almost breathlessly.

"Yes, we go as fast when we want a thing as any foreigners. Why don't you give us a chance? You've been away the three best years of your life. Life is a lot pleasanter over there in many ways, I know. But it would be a lot pleasanter here if you would stay this side."

The girl's eyes wandered about the table, resting the briefest time on the Duke of Elderminster. It seemed to Johnny that a veil of sadness was for an instant drawn over their violet depths. She turned to him impulsively, and with no trace of coquetry in her manner.

"Oh, if you could make me believe it is pleasanter here!" she said, in a low voice.

"That I will," answered Johnny. He went on very quietly and in a voice that just reached her. No one at the table, from looking at him, could have guessed that they were not discussing the winter climate of the Riviera.

"And another thing. They've told you over there that we're all business men here, that we can't make love, nor feel it. It isn't so. We can feel it, at least. There isn't much time for me to try to make it. You'll have to turn around to the other side in a few minutes. You mustn't think this is a joke. It's a miracle. I've been waiting for it to happen ever since I got a warning on the quay at Lucerne eight years ago. I don't suppose for a minute that the same thing has happened to you. If you've decided in favor of your Englishman or your Frenchman, if you're happy, I must just try to forget. If you're not decided, do think of me. If you're not quite happy, let me try to make you so."

"You do go fast," the girl murmured.

"Ah, but how far do I go?" asked Johnny. "How far toward your heart?"

She turned to him, and her eyes were soft and they shone.

"I don't quite know; really, I don't quite know."

There was an instant's silence, while they looked into each other's eyes. Then suddenly they became conscious that from various quarters they were being observed. Johnny, in particular, saw Mrs. Allyson glaring at him down the long, glittering table.

"Good-by," he said, lightly. "Only prom-



"YES, TAKE HIM ON TRIAL, AT LEAST. I GIVE THAT AS MY ADVICE. I GIVE MY
CONSENT, DEAR."

ise me one thing. You won't go away to-night without another talk?"

"No. Good-by."

Then they both turned, with a quite satisfactory air of gaiety and a rattle of lively talk, to their neighbors on the two sides. Dinner went on; ultimately the men went up to the drawing-room. There was a choice of bridge or conversation. Not for Johnny, however. Mrs. Allyson, sitting on a sofa that raked the entrance door, signaled to our young gentleman the moment he came in. He obeyed instantly, and, sinking down by the lady's side, permitted himself a moment's admiration of the remains of singularly fine looks.

"Mr. Fairchild," she began, "I don't like this joke. I may be deficient in sense of humor, but I don't even think it is a joke."

"Do I understand, I wonder?" inquired Johnny, mildly.

"I can make it clear, I believe. Until this morning I had never even heard your name. To-night half the people are talking, half jokingly, half seriously, about your being engaged to my daughter."

"Well, that isn't bad for one day's work, is it?" asked Johnny, frankly.

"You presented every appearance of flirting ostentatiously with my daughter at dinner to-night."

"Oh, ostentatiously! That's hard. And as for flirting, flirting isn't serious, as I understand it. And you must remember that I made an offer for your daughter's hand."

"I declined it, didn't I?"

Johnny looked at her as if deliberating.

"Have you asked people about me?"

"Certainly."

"And had a look at Bradstreet's?"

"Most assuredly," was the unperturbed reply. Mrs. Allyson allowed herself to smile, and Johnny liked her for it.

"Well?"

"Most satisfactory, all of it—if I didn't happen to have other views. No, I must ask you not to go on with your joke. It doesn't amuse me."

"I hate not to amuse," began Johnny, "still——"

"It doesn't amuse, among other people, the Duke of Elderminster."

"Then you've settled. It's he," cried Johnny.

"I may tell you in confidence," Mrs. Allyson answered, "that it is settled, that it is the duke."

Again Johnny considered his adversary—she was that now.

"You mean it's settled in your mind and in his. Not in your daughter's. She's not in love with him. You're tempting her with his position. You're forcing her into it. I know her feelings too well——"

It was a bold move. Mrs. Allyson's eyes flashed, and anger—happily for Johnny—for once put her off her guard.

"If my daughter has so far forgotten herself as to talk this way to a total stranger——" she began.

Johnny fairly jumped in his seat.

"She hasn't," he cried. "I didn't know anything. But now I do know. She *doesn't* care for him. You *are* trying to force her into it. I *have* a chance."

Mrs. Allyson rose. There was dignity about her, and Johnny couldn't well blame her for resenting his methods.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Fairchild; you have no chance. Your jokes do not amuse. You have perhaps precipitated what was inevitable, that is all. We will announce the engagement at once—to-morrow, I think. And, since it is the custom nowadays in America, I see, I will to-morrow morning send some authentic news to the papers."

Johnny took out his watch. It was half past ten. The *New Yorker* would not go to press for about two hours yet. And there across the room was Mary Allyson, who had promised him that she would not go without a word with him. Johnny did not despair.

He made his way straight to her. There was a touch of solemnity in his manner when he spoke, as if he realized that this was a crisis in both their lives.

"Come," he said, somewhat to the amazement of the little group around her. "Come, there is something you must know before you go."

He led her across the hall—it was not the first time he had dined there—into a quiet library with great red-cushioned chairs, and shaded lamps casting a soft light on the gold and leather of the book-shelves, and a great jar of daffodils standing on the table—daffodils had bloomed in the woods around Lucerne eight springs ago.

"Your mother is angry with me," said Johnny. "She is going to announce your engagement to Elderminster to-morrow. Now I know you don't love him, and that you don't want to marry him. I don't know what means your mother has of forcing you——"

"She doesn't force me," protested Miss Allyson, and she went on in a dull, monotonous kind of voice. "I don't know that I especially want to marry; I don't know that I don't want to. I like Elderminster. He's a good sort, and he is a good match. It would make mother happy. As for love"—her eyes grew misty and seemed to look far away—"I was in love once. I would have been engaged, but the man died. After that—well, after that the success didn't matter except that it pleased mother. And the marriage with Elderminster doesn't matter, either. Do you see?"

"Ah, can't there ever be anyone else?" broke from Johnny. He came no nearer her, but standing before her he impulsively stretched out a hand that seemed to ask her to come and to take from him not only affection, but comradeship and some understanding of the past. "Can't I try to help you forget?"

"I don't know," she murmured, looking up at him. "Perhaps—oh, I can't tell."

"Why not give me a chance?" he pleaded. "It isn't as if I asked you to marry me to-night. Just say you're engaged to me. You can break it if you like; I shall understand. I'll not reproach you for it, ever. It will only be giving me my chance of making you care for me as I love you. It isn't really as reckless as it sounds. It's only a little reckless. Be a little reckless for once. You're American, too. *Allez donc vous-même, un peu vite.*"

"Mother will never consent, never in the world."

"We mustn't ask her consent till afterward. Suppose that to-morrow's newspapers were to confirm the report of our engagement? There's a telephone here on the desk. I can do it in five minutes."

"I can't decide," quavered the girl.

"You like me, then?"

"Yes," she answered, and her cheeks grew softly pink. "I believe I like you. But I'm not daring enough—it's so sudden, so uncertain. I feel afraid to decide all alone."

"Wait," cried Johnny; "wait."

With no further explanation he left her. There were tears in her eyes, and by the time she had dried them she heard him coming back, and she heard the rustle of a woman's skirts.

"Mrs. Morpont," said Johnny, "there's no one in the world who has been so kind and good to me as you. That's why I ask another and a bigger favor. Here's Mary Allyson, whose mother will be marrying her to a man she doesn't love unless she takes some desperate measure to prevent it. Is it too desperate a measure for her to announce that she is engaged to me? You know me, you can advise her. I love her. I want to marry her. I'll be good to her, I'll be the best I can to her. But if after a little while she thinks she can't like me well enough, she's to say 'no' and the engagement's off, and I'll try not to cry too hard about it. Will you tell her, dear friend, whether it is too desperate a measure?"

Mrs. Morpont had stood motionless through this speech. Her delicate head was held high, her gold-brown hair was crowned with the glittering of diamonds. Never had she looked lovelier. Yet perhaps she turned a little pale.

"Johnny is a good boy, Mary dear. I think it would be safe to take him. I've liked him a good deal myself. It is a little of a surprise that he's in love with you. But he's a dear. I know him well. I can give him a 'character.' I advise you to take him."

She bent over Mary Allyson and, putting an arm around her, kissed her.

"Yes, take him on trial, at least. I give that as my advice. I give my consent, dear."

Mary was looking at her with startled, radiant eyes. Johnny, for the moment seeming to pay no attention to her, turned instead to Mrs. Morpont, took her hand and, bending over it, kissed it twice.

"Ah, you're just next to the dearest woman in the world. If there wasn't Mary——"

For a second Eva Morpont turned her face away, and a queer little look almost of pain flashed over it. Then, before one could really have known it for that, the color came back into her cheeks.

"Bless you, my children," she cried, almost gayly.

Before her Johnny took Miss Allyson in his arms and kissed her.

"Will you risk it, Mary?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered.

And she took the same risk three months later at the altar of St. Thomas's. And so we can leave Johnny for a while.



HE WALKED BRISKLY UP THE PATH AS FAR AS THE IRON BULLDOG.

THE ANECDOTE

By KENNETT HARRIS

Illustrations by Frederic R. Gruger

WHEN Uncle Glerson first took Billy Cramer under his wing, Billy was about twelve years old and a recent orphan. Uncle Glerson was pretty well off and himself childless, so the arrangement was looked upon as a rather good thing for the boy. The old gentleman's first proceeding was to send Billy away to a military school; not that he had any idea of making a soldier of him, but he had a hazy notion that the discipline would do his nephew good. Furthermore, he was a man of settled habits and had his doubts as to the advisability of making a total stranger of tender age a permanent and continuous resident of Ossawatimie Cottage. He didn't know what kind of a boy Billy would turn out

to be. Three months went by before the midsummer vacation gave him a chance to find out.

The morning of Billy's arrival, Uncle Glerson was seated in a capacious rattan chair on the front porch, contemplating with satisfaction the cast-iron fauna scattered artistically over the trim, well-kept lawn. Presently came the rattle of the station hack, which, drawing up to the gate, emitted a small but sturdy-looking youngster dressed in mourning black that contrasted strongly with remarkably fair hair and complexion and an expression of happy, care-free self-confidence. Leaning on the gate, the boy hailed the porch in a loud and somewhat peremptory tone:

"Sa-ay! Is this Ossawatomie Cottage?"

"Of course it is," Uncle Glerson shouted back rather testily.

"All right, driver; dump the trunk," said the boy.

He unlatched the gate and walked briskly up the path as far as the iron bulldog, which he stopped to examine and to kick tentatively. Then he resumed his progress to the porch and stood looking at his relative with bright, discriminating eyes. He saw a somewhat corpulent, very pink-faced old fellow with bushy side-whiskers, shaggy white hair, and beetling, bristling eyebrows, who wore, on the whole, a friendly look.

"I'm Billy Cramer," said the boy, holding out his hand and smiling. "I guess you're my Uncle Glerson. Why don't you get a live dog?"

They shook hands, after which the old gentleman held the boy off at arm's length and inspected him. "You've got the Glerson nose and chin," he said, apparently pleased. "And I guess you've got some of the Glerson spunk. Glad to see you. Come on in, bub."

It was at dinner that same evening that Billy first heard the anecdote. The repast was a bounteous one. There was a soup julienne of surpassing flavor, whose tiny esculents Billy found particularly attractive; a leg of tender spring lamb roasted to a delicate brown and uberous of grateful juices; there were soft, succulent green peas faintly aromatic of mint, new potatoes in cream, and a dessert that included strawberry tartlets. Uncle Glerson undoubtedly had a cook who knew her business. Billy ate to repletion. Uncle Glerson beamed with satisfaction.

"Tastes a little better than the grub you've been getting at school, eh?" he remarked jocularly, as the boy sighed in refusal of the impossible third tartlet. "You ain't like a guest o' mine I had once when I was running a hotel in Kansas in an early day. Didn't know I ever kept hotel, did you, bub? Well, I did. This fellow was from Boston or somewhere east, an' he come to stay in the town a month an' put up with me. Well, as I say, he put up with me, but seems like he couldn't put up with nothing I had. He didn't like the beds. They were too hard. And he didn't like the weather because it was too hot. He sort of objected to the people because they were too rough. I finally got tired of hearing him kick, and so one day when he came fussing about the food and the way it was cooked, I concluded I'd settle him.

"My friend," I says, 'you're right. It's just as bad as it can be. Couldn't hardly be worse. But,' I says, tapping him on the breast, 'you're better off than I am, because I have to eat it and you don't. Understand?' I says. 'I've got money invested in this hotel and I can't get out, but you can. So you're better off than I am.'"

Billy laughed very heartily at this because it amused him. Uncle Glerson laughed, too, with much enjoyment, and repeated his retort to the critical guest and laughed again, as did Billy. He was very much pleased with his nephew, and told him that he was a fine fellow; also that he was going to make a man of him. A few days later he repeated the anecdote, apropos of a hotel they were passing as they drove out. Billy, being something of a diplomat, laughed again no less heartily than he had done the first time, and Uncle Glerson patted his head affectionately and subsequently gave him a liberal tip.

Soon after Billy went back to school Uncle Glerson came to visit him. The principal, of course, showed the old gentleman every attention, had the boys drill for him, let him attend the classes, and took him on a tour of inspection. Before the visitor left he dined with the pupils and complimented the Head upon the fare.

"I'm sure it's good enough for anybody," he said. "Nobody could complain of this food. Still, some people like to complain anyway. It reminds me of when I was out in Kansas in an early day and kept hotel there. I had a guest——"

The Head thought it was a capital story and went into paroxysms of laughter over it. Billy, sitting near his uncle, tittered in a subdued sort of way. It came with a little effort.

By the time Billy was sixteen he had heard the anecdote so often that he could repeat it word for word forward or backward. He never failed in all that time to laugh at the finish or to appear deeply interested in the relation. He was not at all a hypocrite, either. He knew it pleased Uncle Glerson to have his story appreciated, and he liked to please the old man. That was all there was to it. But in time, a year or two later, it began to irritate him to a certain extent. If he had been old enough to have "nerves," I should have said that the anecdote had got on them.

I who tell this story chummed with Billy at college. He was a good deal of a mule in some ways and prone to righteous wrath if

anybody tried to put any form of what he considered unrighteousness on him, but he was the best half-back that we had ever had, and *mighty* likable. Naturally, he told me a good deal about Uncle Glerston, and when he spoke of him it was always with a glow of affection and gratitude that was something more than filial.

"Finest old boy ever stepped, Sam!" he would exclaim. "You ought to see him, with his shaggy old white mane and his rosy gills. He's the real thing! And when I think that I haven't made a touch since I've been here that he hasn't stood for without even clearing his throat for a holler, I want to show him that he's got something coming."

That was a real determination. When Billy wasn't engaged in some devilment or another, he was grinding, and he ground to some purpose, too.

All this being so, I was rather surprised when, as we were on our way to Uncle Glerston's together for the first time, he gave me this warning:

"There's one thing," he said. "He'll tell you a story. And, Sam," he added earnestly, "you've got to laugh. Laugh your darnedest, cackle and crow, shriek, wipe large pearly tears from your eyes, and explode at two-minute intervals for half an hour following." He paused and looked gloomy for the first time. "I can't laugh at it myself," he said.

It was good to see the meeting between the two: the pride and love in the old gentleman's look as he stood with a pudgy, freckled hand on each of Billy's broad shoulders, and the unaffected pleasure in Billy's smile as he returned the embrace.

"This is Sam, uncle," said Billy, and the old gentleman turned and shook hands with me with great cordiality. "I know all about Sam," he said, "and I'm mighty glad to see him—mighty glad! Billy's told me about you, sir."

"Not all about me, I hope," I said; at which he chuckled.

"Not any more than you'll tell me about him, I guess," he retorted. "I'll bet a horse you've got an understanding between you. Come right in, boys; supper's ready." He linked an arm in Billy's, the other in mine, and we went in.

It was a jolly meal. I don't know when I ever ate a better, or one with more seasoning of mirth and happiness. Billy told a few of the more harmless of our little escapades of

the past term, and Uncle Glerston was fairly uproarious in his appreciation of them. We laughed at the way he laughed, and with this encouragement he laughed the more, and presently came the anecdote.

I am bound to say that I enjoyed it. Constant repetition had enabled Uncle Glerston to bring out its points with great effect. He did the captious guest, I thought, inimitably, and his own quiet rejoinder, drawled out with a serious innocence belied only by the uncontrollable twinkle in his eye, was perfect. Billy's injunction on the way down was entirely unnecessary. I should have laughed in any event. Billy just smiled, and it was a wan, sickish smile at that.

As we were smoking in what Uncle Glerston called his study, Billy excused himself to make an expected visit to the kitchen, and Uncle Glerston instantly availed himself of the opportunity to ask a hundred eager questions concerning him—questions, he it said, that I could properly answer. Didn't I think that Billy was a mighty fine boy? Smart as they make 'em, eh? And not a lazy bone in his body. Didn't I consider that he worked too *dern* hard? He, Uncle Glerston, didn't want that. No need of it. Still, he was proud to know that the boy was a rustler. What did I think of this civil engineering as a profession? Billy seemed crazy about it. At any rate, he wasn't going to stand in Billy's way. "If he wanted to go into the business of manufacturing dip to keep providential ticks off those blating, range-defiling, perdition-condemned, stub-tailed sheep—by Judas, I'd stake him!" said Uncle Glerston. "More than that I couldn't say," he added with emphasis.

It appeared that cattle-raising had been another of Uncle Glerston's western enterprises, and he didn't like sheep. He told me a story of a little private war that he and his outfit had waged against one Gonzales Laguna, who had invaded his range with certain flocks with the frivolous justification of a leasehold from the owner of the land grant on which the range was situated. As the relation proceeded, I thought I saw a new side of Uncle Glerston, a grim, a dangerous side, traits of hot passion and immovable stubbornness that showed in the lively sparkle of his blue eyes and the ugly set of his jaw. For a few minutes I should have said that he was, in the parlance of his West, a bad man to stir up. Then Billy returned, and he was the simple-natured, benignant old boy I had al-

ways pictured him, his eyebrows the only thing about him that bristled.

My visit to Billy was of only a week's duration, but in that time I am positive that I heard the Kansas hotel story at least four times. It amused me a great deal to see Billy writhe under it. I thought then that he exaggerated the effect it had upon him. "Honest," said Billy, "I believe he gets worse all the time."

"What's the matter with you?" I said. "Got to have all of your stories new? Take a course in the funny weeklies and see if that doesn't make you feel resigned. *Similia similibus curantur*. But you ought to learn to love it for old association's sake."

"That's moldy, too," said Billy. "And, Sam," he continued earnestly, "it isn't only that I've heard it so often before, but there are other people, and he's such an old prince royal, and so—so *darned* good every way, I hate to have anybody snickering behind his back and thinking him a bore. By gosh! if I *caught* any one laughing at him!" Billy's eyes flashed and his fists clenched most formidably.

Billy's face lighted up and he wrung my hand with fervor.

I left the next morning. We walked to the station, at Billy's suggestion. As we turned into the long, maple-shaded, residential continuation of Main Street, I noticed that Billy seemed absent-minded, making random responses to my remarks. Presently, in front of a comfortable, weather-beaten brick house of some former pretension, he squeezed my biceps sharply and I looked and saw one of the prettiest girls I ever laid my eyes on in my life—ever had up to that time, at least. She was not more than seventeen, I should judge, and her face was as blooming and as fresh as the dew-wet roses on the bush she was snipping at. A rose blush showed on her cheeks at the sight of us; not an awkward, conscious reddening, but a charming tinge incarnadine that came and went with her smile and seemed an essential part of it.

"That's Evadne," said Billy, after we had bowed and passed on.

"Oh! that's Evadne, eh?" I said.

"Yes; didn't I ever speak of her? Awf'ly



"TASTES A LITTLE BETTER THAN THE GRUB YOU'VE BEEN GETTING AT SCHOOL, EH?"

"You're a fool to think any such thing," I said. "Nobody could see him and be with him for half an hour without loving him. I'd be proud if he were an uncle of mine, I tell you those."

nice little girl. Well, we've got to step up a little if tha. train gets in on time."

"So that's Evadne, eh?" I repeated to myself as the train bore me away. "All right for you, Billy, my boy!"

Midway in his third year Billy left college and went out west with a railroad surveying party—to gain some practical experience. I did not see him again until I had been settled in the sweet solitude of my own law office for nearly six months. Then, one afternoon, he dropped in on me, brown as a berry and fit as a fiddle. A flying visit, he said it was.

"Why this unseemly haste?" I asked.

"Life is short and jobs is fleeting, Sammy," he answered gaily; "so likewise are cash and yours devotedly. I've a railroad pass to New York, with a time limit, and one solitary, ominous double-cross in my jeans, with a trifle of chicken-feed, which isn't going to keep me long in luxury. But there's a man in New York who will give me a job."

I suppose I looked my amazement.

"The old gentleman and I are at outs, Sam," said Billy. "We split on the story at last. *Desdichado* is on my shield."

"You're crazy!" I exclaimed.

He laughed in a hard sort of a way. "Not half as crazy as he was," he said. "I meant to break it to him gently and tactfully, but I told him that the story had whiskers that rubbed the blacking off its boots, that it was lichenized gray-green, that he would find it much more convenient and more merciful to his friends if he'd get it printed and framed and hang it up where he could point to it instead of telling it. At least, he must have understood me to say something like that, judging from the way he acted. Never saw him mad, did you?"

"Billy," I said seriously, "this is all foolishness. You've got to go back and fix this business up. He thinks too much of you——"

"Excuse me," said Billy, with icy softness, "you don't know anything about it. He may have had some delusions about me in the past, but his eyes are opened now. I am simply an ungrateful, impudent young whelp, and I can go hustle for myself now and see how I like it. Figuratively, I was kicked out; actually, I was within one of it."

"If there was a misunderstanding——" I began.

"We won't discuss it, Sam," said Billy, and his brows came together and his mouth set in an obstinate line that I knew pretty well; so I switched off. He left me at midnight, rejecting with airy self-confidence my offer of a loan. But, to show me that his heart was good, as he said, he produced from an inner pocket on the left-hand side of his

waistcoat a small morocco case that opened under the smiling face of a girl.

"You don't remember her, do you?" he asked, as he closed the case and moved away from the glare of the arc-light toward the train gate.

"I don't think that anybody would forget Evadne very easily," I answered. And Billy's face beamed with tender pride.

"Well, good-by, Billy. God bless you and good luck to you!"

"Good-by, old man!" and Billy was gone, leaving me pretty much disturbed in my mind and saddened by a mental picture that I had formed. It was a picture of an old man, lonely and grim, sitting in his wicker chair on the veranda and thinking long, bitter thoughts of a bright-eyed, yellow-headed little boy who had once sat beside him, listening with bated breath to his stories, and stalked the cast-iron animals on the lawn and shot them with blunt-headed arrows.

Billy got his job. It took him west again, where there was some big bridge building with, later, as he wrote me, an ambitious dam or two. In the three or four letters that I received from him, Uncle Glerston's name was not mentioned, which was a disappointment to me. Knowing the affection that had always existed between uncle and nephew, I had imagined that the breach would not be long in the healing. As time went on, I often thought that it might be well for me to play the part of mediator; but then the whole thing was so absurd! Could I go to Uncle Glerston and say: "My dear sir, I know that in his heart Billy is repentant. He did not really mean that your story had grown to be a chestnut; anyway, he's sorry that he said it was"? I let it slide. I am ashamed to say that I began to get so interested in my own affairs that I rarely thought of my old chum, and the letters that I occasionally determined to write were invariably postponed.

Two more years went by. I began to acquire clients and to pay expenses. I was actually engaged with a bona-fide client of means one day when my half-share office-boy brought Billy's card in to me. I went out at once and found a person I hardly knew, a copper-skinned, bearded, serious-looking man. Man every inch of his seventy-two, clear. A little leaner than of old and with a little more of the falcon droop of the upper eyelid; but when he smiled at my half hesitating regard, it was Billy—the same Billy.

I got rid of my client and we went over to the club and dined luxuriously, sumptuously together. Then, the desultory questions and answers over, we settled down to the long talk. Billy had prospered in his profession

to care for him and somebody to care for. And that it's my girl," he added.

"Why in the name of common sense don't you go——"

I got so far, but there was something in



"FINEST OLD BOY EVER STEPPED, SAM!" HE WOULD EXCLAIM.

far more than I in mine, I judged. He had risen steadily in it, though as a subordinate, and now he was to undertake his first important work alone.

"Where, Billy?"

"Uruguay—railroad. I sail Wednesday for Montevideo. It's a three- or four-year job, according to our rough estimates. Perhaps I can beat that. If I do it in less, it means a big bonus, and I can use that bonus."

"What does Evadne say?" I asked.

"God bless her! She's willing to wait," said Billy. "If all's well— But that's to be seen. She and uncle have become great friends."

I was delighted. "I knew you couldn't keep up that idiotic old quarrel," I said. "Good enough! How is he now?"

"You're mistaken," said Billy gravely. "I haven't seen him," he sighed. "But it's a comfort to me to know that he has somebody

Billy's look and the shake of his head that stopped me. So Billy sailed for Montevideo and there was no word of farewell for Uncle Glerson.

From Durazno he wrote to me six months later to tell me that the work was starting out with a jump, or what was regarded down there as a jump. There was word of Uncle Glerson, too:

"He's as fond of her as if she were his daughter, and she tells me that she spends most of her time with him. But he won't let her talk of me. You see how it is, Sam."

The subject cropped up from time to time. In another letter he said:

"The old man isn't as easy as you might think him. I honestly don't believe that he cares a hang whether he ever sees me again. He dumped me out of his heart as he nearly put me out of the house,

and he has the strength of will to keep heart and house door shut against me. Perhaps I was to blame to some extent, and I admit it's more or less of a grief to me. The work goes on well. Anybody who says the South American native won't work simply doesn't know how to handle him. But you've got to work yourself and let them see you're working—get up a sort of 'hurrah, boys.' That bonus is mine."

I thought the admission that he might be to blame was a tolerably large one for the young man. It looked hopeful. I did not

about him. He sleeps so much, and often when he is awake he will sit for ever and ever so long in a sort of a dream, it seems, and I have to speak to him several times before he notices what I say. This morning I found him in your old room, leaning back in an armchair and staring out of the window, and, dear, he had a worn and ripped leather-covered ball in his hands. I sat on the arm of the chair and petted him and presently I said, "Uncle Glerston, I'm writing to Billy." "He didn't frown as he always has done before, but seemed to think it over, and I said it again. "May I tell him anything for you?" I asked. "Eh?" he said, and I repeated it.

"Give him my love," he said, and then: "This



"THAT'S EVADNE," SAID BILLY.

hear from him again until he had worked up to Paso de Toros. From there he wrote:

"Sam, I wish you were here to kick me. I don't say this as a figure of speech. A vigorous, humiliating public kicking is what I deserve, and I'd joyfully submit to it as a penance if it would relieve my conscience. I can't send you Evadne's letter, but this is what she says: 'He has not been feeling very well lately and I have been greatly concerned

is Billy's ball. Seems sort o' strange not to have Billy around.'"

"Sam, can you imagine how I felt when I read that? I have written to him, but I couldn't put it in words. I've got to see him. I've got to get down and eat dirt, and I won't know rest or peace until I do it. I shall have finished up this business in about four months now, and then—! I told you, didn't I, that Evadne and I are to be married on my return? He will live with us, and the Lord do so to me and more also if aught but death part us."

Business had to be finished, of course. Business has precedence, by divine right, in everything. It stretched the four months into six, and at the time Billy came back and when I would have given my ears to welcome him, it called me abroad. It was not a long absence, but I missed the wedding. As soon as I could, though, I went down to Ossawatimie Cottage, where Mr. and Mrs. Cramer had made their abode. Billy met me at the station. It was a meeting to put a glow in a man's heart, too.

"So it's all cleared up between you and the old man now?" I said, as we approached the cottage. "I believe I'm as glad of that as you must be."

To my surprise Billy didn't answer at once. Looking at him, I saw his face twitch, and he gulped. Then he stopped.

"Sam," he said huskily, "*he didn't know me!*"

"I don't think he quite knows me now," he went on, after a pause. "You see—you'll see a change in him. He's failed a little lately, I fear. Let's walk on."

"I thank God that I was not altogether too late," he continued, "and I am grateful that Evadne could be so much to him. He lost his money, too. It's odd that I should feel glad of that, but my only comfort is in the feeling that I have, after all, been able to do some little thing to repay what he has done for me. But, oh," he said remorsefully, "how much I might have done!"

For all the warning I had, it was something of a shock to me when I saw Uncle Glerson. He had lost his comfortable bulk, so that his clothes hung loosely on him; of his shaggy mat of hair but a few thin wisps were left, and he blinked at me vacantly with watery eyes when he tottered in to dinner, supported by Billy's wife.

"A friend of Billy's," he repeated. "Yes, yes. I'm glad to welcome you, sir. Glad to welcome you. A friend of Billy's. Yes, yes. A fine boy, Billy. Fine lad. I'm proud of him, sir."

I did not dare to look at Billy.

The care and solicitude the two displayed throughout the meal was really affecting. They addressed themselves to the old man constantly, repeating everything that he failed to hear or to understand, with the tender, loving patience that parents might have shown to a dear child, exchanging delighted glances when he cackled with amusement,

as he often did, or said something indicating that he followed the conversation with interest and comprehension.

Every once in a while I noticed the old man's eye fixed upon me with a puzzled expression, as if he were beset with some old remembrance. And when I smiled at him, he said very earnestly but with something tentative in his tone and manner:

"A fine boy, Billy, sir! And he's got spunk, Billy has."

When we had finished the meal, Uncle Glerson laid his napkin on the table, looked seriously around, and bowed his head. "We will now thank God—" he began; then he stopped and his eyes met mine. "Some people aren't thankful to God," he observed, smiling. "When I was out in—out in—"

He looked pitifully distressed.

Billy cleared his throat. "You were in Kansas once, weren't you," he said, "keeping hotel?"

The smile came back to Uncle Glerson's face. "Keeping hotel in Kansas. Yes," he said, "and there was a feller staying with me that wasn't thankful. There wasn't any kind of a dinner suited him, seemed like, and—and—" He trailed again into forgetfulness.

Billy always paled when he was moved. He was pale now, but he smiled. "Did he complain to you?" he asked.

A gleam of triumph came into the faded blue eyes. "Yes, that's what he did." Uncle Glerson chuckled and looked around with a ghost of his former gleeful anticipation of our applause. "Came to me and kicked like a bay steer. I says to him—I say—"

"You're right," prompted Billy.

"You're right, my friend," I says," continued the old man. "'It's just as bad as it can be. Just as bad—'"

"But he didn't have to stand it," Billy suggested quickly.

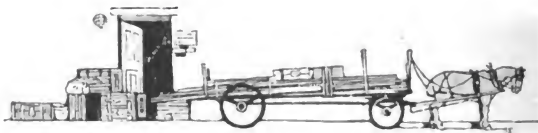
"Course he didn't," said Uncle Glerson. "That's what I told him. 'I have to eat it,' I says. 'You don't.'"

He chuckled again and looked at us wistfully, for there was a moment's silence.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Billy, and his wife chimed in with her musical laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Tears were rolling down Billy's cheeks, and the tears, at least, were not forced. His wife pressed her handkerchief to her eyes.

And I, too, laughed—until I cried.



THE PRODUCTION OF A PLAY

By HARTLEY DAVIS

Illustrated with Photographs made especially for "Everybody's Magazine" by Byron

IN finished manuscript form, before it is produced, a play is a most uncertain thing, so far as its commercial value is concerned. The most astute managers declare, especially after a failure, that it is all guesswork, and that their business is practically gambling. When a new play meets with popular approval, however, the manager is likely to say that, though there is more or less guesswork about production, good judgment and clear insight are the determining factors.

Charles Frohman, who has produced, and each year produces, more plays than any other manager, his average now being about thirty plays a season, has a record of having guessed right six times out of ten in the past dozen years. That is to say, nearly half of the plays on which he risked large sums of money were failures. And, mind you, some of these had been successful in Europe. His great ambition is to average eight successes out of every ten plays. But he does not expect ever to reach that goal. As to the playwrights, he maintains that even the masters of the craft cannot hope to average more than two successes out of five plays.

This uncertainty in estimating the commercial value of a play is in some degree inevitable, because there are so many things to consider, the most important of which is the way audiences feel and think—a constantly varying factor. It would be a much easier problem for the managers if they had the capacity and the inclination to study and think clearly on this point. They have learned from experience that certain things are "sure fire" and that others do not appeal, but they

don't know why. The result is that they slavishly follow precedent and so make painful and costly blunders. It frequently happens that a technically good play fails because it unnecessarily offends popular prejudice, and that a very bad one succeeds because it appeals to popular prejudice. The time is likely to come when the big managers will employ experts to tell them about the public, experts who will be quick to see changes in the sentiment of the crowd and who will know the reasons.

Though the attempt to fix the value of a manuscript play is still practically guesswork, its production is a fairly exact science, or art, whichever you are pleased to call it. By production is meant the taking of a play in manuscript and preparing it for the stage. It includes planning, building, and painting the scenery; getting together the properties, which means everything on the stage that the scenic painter hasn't provided for; the lighting; the selection of the players; determining the manner in which the lines are to be spoken; the "business," that is, the physical action of the players, from a slight gesture to falling down-stairs, and many other things. Frequently it also means the changing of lines or even whole scenes. A budding playwright is fortunate if there is enough left of his original manuscript for him to recognize it.

If the author of the play is an authority on stage management—and this includes men like Arthur Wing Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones, William Gillette, Augustus Thomas, and Clyde Fitch—he directs the production himself, and the play is wholly his. Other-

wise, the work of preparation is done by an expert who is known as a "producer." Sometimes the manager takes charge of the production, especially if he has been graduated from the ranks of players and stage directors. William A. Brady is an instance. Mr. Brady, by the way, stands preeminent in the handling of stage mobs. His plan is simple. During the dress rehearsal and the first regular performances he goes on the stage himself and hits right and left in good earnest. The effect is highly realistic. So are the black eyes and the other bruises.

When a manager decides to produce a play, he may work in conjunction with the author or ignore him altogether; it depends upon the strength of the playwright's position. A successful dramatist is inclined to be autocratic, and the manager resigns himself to spending twice or three times as much as he



BLANCHE LA MASNEY IN THE FACEOGRAPH MACHINE
IN "THE THREE TWINS."

would spend if the author didn't interfere. Clyde Fitch, who sometimes produces plays in conjunction with a manager, is the most reckless of all dramatists in lavishing managerial money on productions.

Generally the manager decides upon the players as he reads over the manuscript. The scenic artist is then called in and the color scheme is determined. If the play has only interiors, the difficulties are likely to be few and the cost is comparatively low, though it increases with the introduction of doors and windows. Nowadays there is a tendency to have a great part of the woodwork—doors, jambs, mantels, moldings, wainscoting, etc.—real wood instead of painted imitation, and this doubles or trebles the expense. Though the scenery of an interior, if merely paint and canvas, costs less than an exterior, furnishing the interior may make up the difference. If the room rep-



AWAITING THEIR CALL AT "THE MERRY WIDOW."



THE PROPERTY MAKER MUST BE A THOROUGH MECHANIC, AND A PAINTER AS WELL.

resent a fine mansion, the draperies, carpets, and furniture sometimes require an outlay of thousands of dollars. If it be a cottage, it may cost very little. The range of the cost of production is wide, from \$3,000 to upward of \$100,000, but the greater number of plays are produced for less than \$10,000, so far as scenery and properties are concerned. Charles Frohman says the usual cost of his dramatic productions is about \$15,000, but plays like "Peter Pan," which cost something like \$60,000, bring up the average.

A theatre-goer need not be very old to realize the tremendous advance that has been made in stage settings. My recollection runs back to a melodrama called "The World," which was, I believe, the first spectacular melodrama produced in this country. It was first given in 1881, and it ran for years. Its "thriller" was a raft scene, a simple arrangement of a platform resting on a ball-joint in the center, with wheels like castors on the four corners. The raft was easily manipulated to give a striking effect of being tossed about at sea. There was a great fuss over the fact that the company carried a whole carload of its own scenery and that the cost of the production was \$15,000. Compare this with the production of "Ben Hur," which cost \$96,000, and requires two trains of six and seven cars each to move from place to place; with "The Prince of India," which cost \$110,000; with "The Round-Up," which cost \$50,000. All of these were produced under the



F. RICHARD ANDERSON, WHO DESIGNS MOST OF THE COSTUMES FOR KLAW AND ERLANGER PRODUCTIONS.

direction of one man, Joseph Brooks, and give an idea of the advance that has been made in a little more than a quarter of a century.

In the old days the theatre furnished the scenery for traveling companies. Even after companies began carrying their own scenery, it was flimsy stuff, for the most part, and one set of furniture, disguised with different covers, sufficed for a whole play or even several plays. Contrast this with the late Mr. Mansfield's delaying a production two days to find a certain piece of colonial furniture that he wanted in one scene. Incidentally, he played that very scene with an electric light to illuminate the room, with never a thought of the anachronism. Or contrast the old way with David Belasco's paying \$250 for an antique sideboard for "The Warrens of Virginia."

The greatest advance has been made in the lighting, electricity having added incalculably to the possibilities of creating illusion. Nearly all stage effects are pure illusion, largely mechanical, and gained by the most extraordinary devices. There are wind-, rain-, thunder-, and snow-machines; and if something new is demanded, it is promptly invented. The problem is, not to produce the desired sounds and lights and other effects, but to provide a natural excuse for using the devices, as, for instance, a window through which light may come, or a lamp overhead—a lamp whose light is about one-fiftieth of that which comes from the wings.



BERNARD, THE SCENIC PAINTER, USES A "PENCIL" THREE FEET LONG.



JULIAN MITCHELL DRILLING A CHORUS AT A REHEARSAL OF "FOLLIES OF 1908."



A CHORUS FROM "THE THREE TWINS" GETTING READY TO GO ON.

When the general idea of the scenes has been decided upon, the scene-painter makes a model, a complete setting in miniature, so arranged that all the lighting effects can be shown. It is at this point that the producer's detail work begins. David Belasco, who stands head and shoulders above all other producing managers, illustrates best the pains that may be taken to perfect a setting. With him the play is a secondary consideration; he selects only those plays that give opportunity for him to show his genius in production. The pictorial effect is always uppermost. Time and time again he has won tremendous financial success with plays that were intrinsically bad and that, in the hands of another, must have failed woefully. He has yet to produce a downright failure or a really big play.

Mr. Belasco was two years in preparing "Du Barry" for the stage, and it cost \$86,000. William Buckland, his general stage director, spent weeks in the museums of London and Paris, gathering material for the stage settings, the properties, the costumes. It was the same with "Adrea." Mr. Buckland, by the way, has had a fine training for the place he fills. After a technical course as an electrical engineer in Stevens Institute, he turned to architecture, which he studied for years. Later he made his living as an illustrator. Subsequently he went on the stage, under Augustin Daly, and then he took up stage management.

When "The Music Master" was in preparation,



"STRIKING A SCENE" AT "THE THREE TWINS."

Mr. Buckland haunted the east side of New York to find a locale, to study types, to gather bits of dialogue and properties. For "The Warrens of Virginia" he spent three weeks with Ernest Gros, the scenic artist, near the scene finally selected, making sketches, taking photographs, gathering boughs of trees and shrubbery upon which artificial leaves and flowers were subsequently fixed; buying furniture, observing character types, and collecting colloquial expressions. That is the regular Belasco program with each play, whenever possible, and that is why his productions impress one as a mosaic.

The Belasco scene models are all made to scale. Even the furniture and the smallest things, drawn to scale, are shown. Everything is worked out in advance, as far as possible, and then is subject to change during rehearsals. The lighting schemes are thought out carefully, all the distances determined exactly, and the carpenter who builds the scenery works from plans like those furnished by an architect.

In Mr. Belasco's new theatre, the Stuyvesant, the switchboard is one of the most elaborate ever constructed. There are four rows of footlights of different colors, which can be turned down to a mere glow; five rows of border-lights; many strips, which go in the wings; spot-lights; bunch-lights; search-lights—all kinds of lights; and every possible effect is at the command of the master. With each production he experiments for days. When he is satisfied, a



A QUICK CHANGE AT "THE MERRY WIDOW."

lighting plot is made for each scene. Every important character has a particular shade or strength of light, just as, in the old days, each had his particular strain of music. The orchestra always gave the cue for the villain, and the woe-saturated heroine had the tender wail of the strings to guide her. Now lights and colors take the place of the music, and the new way is infinitely better, for its effects are produced far more subtly and naturally. In fact, few people are ever conscious of the means at all; they realize only the results.

It is in exteriors that lighting offers the

ing beyond making the model, unless they have a panoramic effect. That they do themselves, standing on the paint bridge, many feet from the floor, while the canvas is raised or lowered. The panoramic effects are difficult to handle. The one used by Maude Adams in "The Jesters" last season was the fifth painted, and each cost Mr. Frohman \$500. The difficulty was to avoid fluttering when a draft swept across the stage. Mountains that tremble hazily are not conducive to illusion.

With the elaborate productions of late years



PART OF THE COSTUME DEPARTMENT OF THE "MERRY WIDOW" COMPANY.

greatest opportunity; the cost is quadrupled. And it is in exteriors that the scene-painter revels. Frequently they give the property-man his opportunity, also. Obviously there is vastly more scenery needed for an exterior than the three walls and the ceiling of an interior. In addition to the more substantial articles, shrubbery, trees, flowers—and this kind of thing is enormously expensive, particularly artificial flowers employed in profusion—are the province of the property maker. He must be, first of all, a thorough mechanic, and a good deal of an architect and a painter as well.

The big scenic artists do little actual paint-

ing the importance of the builder of scenery has increased. Formerly, when the scenery consisted merely of canvas stretched over a wooden frame, it was simple enough. But the struggle for realism and sensational effects has developed difficult problems for the builder of stage scenery to solve. Every piece of scenery must be made so that it can be folded into strips five feet, nine inches wide, because the doors of the baggage-cars in which it is transported are only six feet in breadth. Also every piece must be light, and so constructed that one scene can be removed and another put in place within ten minutes. It may take thirty hours of con-



TRYING OUT VOICES—FRED SOLOMON AT THE PIANO.

tinuous work to get the scenery "set-up," to use a technical expression, after it is brought into the theatre. After that the work of changing a scene is comparatively easy.

"The Round-Up" furnishes a good illustration of the complex-

ity and daring, as well as of the expense, of present-day production. The play is written and built about a battle scene in the third act, and this scene, with the accessories that make it what it is, cost \$15,000, as against a total cost of \$50,000 for the whole play, one of the most expensive in recent years. Probably it cost more than any other play depicting modern life. At the back of the stage, beyond the beautiful panoramic view of the desert, is a covered run-way through which are led thirty-two horses to a platform built thirty feet above the stage, and big enough and strong enough to support all of the horses and their riders at one time. The audience sees the horses

appear on the cliffs and wind down a bridle-path. They disappear and come forth again, the effect being to double the actual number. It looks like scary work, riding those animals down the narrow passage so high above the heads of the people in the orchestra, and it is. These horses, by the way, are furnished by a firm in New York that will contract to provide any kind of a tamable animal, trained to do any possible work required in a show. It took five months to train the horses for "The Round-Up."

In addition to the salaries of the large number of people employed—the battle is between Indians and soldiers, assisted by cowboys—there is the expense of the uniforms, the repeating rifles, the Gatling guns, the pay of men who squirt powder out of little holes to produce the effect of bullets striking; the blank cartridges, which are especially constructed for the theatre and make twice as much noise as a business cartridge, and a multitude of other things.

When the play depends upon mechanical devices for its effects, much experimenting is necessary, and that is expensive. For instance, it cost \$96,000 to make the first production of "Ben Hur." Recently the

entire show was reproduced for \$60,000.

On the other hand, the same managers who put out these great productions made \$40,000 last season on a play that cost just \$750 to produce, a play in which Lillian Russell was the star. She started forth in a comedy called "Barbara's Millions," which was a failure. "The Butterfly" was substituted, and for it was used one setting made for "Barbara's Millions"; a setting made for "Fritz in Tammany Hall" was also used; and a very simple third one was built. The properties were also taken from a former production.

The spectacular scene in "Brewster's Millions" that shows the wrecking of a yacht cost nearly \$7,000, about half of the

whole cost of the scenery and properties. In "Polly of the Circus" there is one real circus scene, lasting exactly forty-five seconds, which represents an original outlay of \$6,000. In the last act of this same play the circus wagons are shown making their way across the country, and it is marvelously effective. The mechanism for that effect cost \$3,000. Both of these scenes are merely to give background to the action of the play. The stage folk call it "atmosphere."

While the scenery is being built and painted, the properties being collected or made, the company is rehearsing. Usually a month is sufficient to prepare a play for production; rehearsal occupies about three weeks of the month, but nearly half of rehearsal time is practically wasted, as a rule. "The Witching Hour," one of the greatest of contemporary successes, was made ready in exactly two weeks. This included everything, painting and making the scenery, getting together the properties, selecting all the mem-



EVERY COSTUME HAS INDIVIDUAL FITTING.

bers of the company—except the star—and rehearsals.

Most of the serious work of a rehearsal is done in the last week or ten days. Dull, grinding, nerve-racking, heart-breaking work is a rehearsal, with its endless repetitions. And the greatest burden falls upon the man directing it. The professional producer earns every penny of the thousand dollars he usually gets for making a production of a dramatic play. And sometimes he is rehearsing two or three companies at once. His working season lasts only about three months.

The players get nothing for rehearsing. Once there was an exception, and it was my misfortune not to learn of it in time. In the March, 1908, number of *EVERYBODY'S*, was an article on "The Actor and the Manager," in which it was said that William Gillette rehearsed a company for several weeks, and then decided to rewrite the play. It was specifically set forth that the actors received nothing. After the article was written and the magazine had gone to press, Mr. Gillette sent the actors he had engaged two weeks' salary—out of his own pocket. I am still getting letters calling attention to my blunder. You see, such a thing never happened before, and the player folk regard it as the eighth wonder of the world.

In the case of a costume play, one that deals with a period or a phase of life requiring a garb that the players cannot wear in every-day life, the manager furnishes the costumes. Still another expense is "trying the play on the dog," which means making the initial production in some smaller city or town before presenting it on Broadway. One can never be sure of a play until it has been given to an audience that pays to see it. The late Frank Mayo, who was one of the wisest as well as one of the ablest actors we ever had, as well as a student and a philosopher, always maintained that the audience is the most important member of the cast. If the audience won't play the piece for you, he said, it is bound to be a failure. And it's true.

It costs money to "try it on the dog": money for salaries, for transportation expenses, even for rehearsals; since stage hands, property-men, stage carpenters, and electricians, unlike players, never work for nothing; their unions see to that. Sometimes radical changes are made and the company must stay out for weeks, losing money steadily, until the defects are remedied.

How this may count up is shown by "Brewster's Millions." It cost \$14,000 to build that show. When it was first produced it was a failure. Frederic Thompson took it in hand and made it a success. But when it was ready to appear in New York it had cost him \$30,000—more than double the original expense.

When one enters the realm of musical shows, the average cost increases greatly because of the costumes, although the amounts expended upon them are not so great as the managers and the press-agents would have us believe. It costs less to put on a real comic opera like "The Merry Widow," or "Mademoiselle Modiste," in which Fritz Scheff starred, or a straight musical comedy like "The Red Mill," than it does to produce one of the popular Broadway musical shows. In the one case the music, book, and practically the whole performance are settled beforehand. But the popular musical show is built up. There is no hesitation in introducing anything that is likely to strike the popular fancy, and that means much experimenting and many changes.

The production of such a show is given into the hands of experts like Julian Mitchell, Ben Teal, and Fred Latham, who specialize in that kind of work. Some are engaged at a yearly salary in the neighborhood of \$10,000. Others get a lump sum of from \$1,500 to \$3,000 for putting on a show. Julian Mitchell usually takes a percentage of the profits. He is regarded by the majority as the foremost stage director in this country, so far as musical comedy is concerned. Usually he confines himself to general stage and chorus effects, leaving the "business" of the principals to some one else.

As in the case of other plays, the first thing to be decided upon in a musical show is the color scheme, which is enormously important. The producer is so particular about it that he is likely to buy the draperies, carpets, upholstery stuffs, and things of that sort himself. He studies the model made by the scenic artist with the greatest care. He gives definite instructions as to the color scheme to the artist who designs the costumes. This designing of stage costumes for big productions is a business in itself. Artists like Will Barnes, Fred Anderson, and Archie Gunn get a lump sum, which ranges from \$500 to \$1,000, as a rule, or they may get so much for each plate, from \$5 to \$15.

The makers of the dresses follow the plates painstakingly.

The producer must find time to look after these things while he is rehearsing. It takes about six weeks to train a chorus for a comic opera and longer for musical comedy, especially of the built-up kind. The chorus singers, to whom the score may be Greek, are drilled day after day with the aid of a long-distance piano player, until the music is fairly well understood. That is the business of the musical director, of course—after that the producer starts to work with his dances, his chorus effects, and ensembles. Long ago it seemed to me that all possible movements of chorus people on the stage had been exhausted, but every season each show has something new. The rehearsal of a musical comedy chorus, after it is well along toward the opening night, makes kindergarten exercises seem dignified.

Shows like "Follies of 1908," "The Mimic World," and those presented by Joe Weber are the most difficult to put together, as well as the costliest. The average show of this nature has from twelve to fourteen musical numbers, with comedy scenes in between. The songs are taken from anywhere and everywhere. Publishers and song writers are always anxious to have their songs in a big Broadway production. Julian Mitchell says that he accepts about one song in two hundred that are offered him. The general idea is to introduce something that is funny, work it up swiftly to a climax, bring on a musical number, and—repeat.

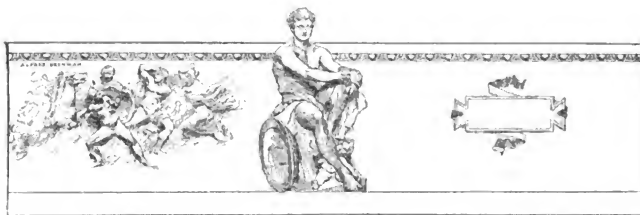
One of the problems of the producer is to arrange his show so as to give the chorus time for changes of costume. In a built-up show his chorus may change six or seven times during the performance, and there are seldom fewer than five changes. In a comic opera there are usually only three changes. If the play is modern, one of these will be a walking-dress that will average \$75, which doesn't include a \$30 hat, and about \$7 worth of shoes, to say nothing of silk stockings. Then there are two handsomer gowns that range from \$150 to \$350, the average being easily \$250. Sometimes a group of girls will wear \$500 gowns. For men as well as women the most expensive costumes worn in musical shows are the modern ones. It costs more to put a man in evening clothes than in anything else

he ever wears on the stage. The average is about \$125.

The minor principals usually have only two changes, unless they buy dresses for themselves, while the star is likely to make five or six changes, and her gowns average about \$400 each. Though the bizarre costumes don't cost so much as the others, they mount up. There are the wigs, for one detail. They range from \$10 to \$15 for the ordinary ones, up to \$30 for the powdered ones, and it is not unusual for a group of girls to wear four different wigs in one production.

Enormous sums are spent on single numbers that last only two or three minutes. The swing song in "The Earl and The Girl" cost \$7,500. It is common to spend \$2,500 in costuming for one song, for it very often happens that a single song makes the production a success. Many numbers are discarded after they are all ready to go on the stage. For instance, "The Gay White Way," which was practically a failure in New York, but a great success elsewhere, was rehearsed for three months, and numbers that cost more than \$10,000 to prepare were never even tried in the production as it was finally given. Lee Shubert ordered one set of costume changes, simply because he doesn't happen to like brown. His prejudice cost about \$1,500. There is one advantage shows of this sort have over the higher class of musical shows. If they don't make a pronounced impression at first, there is always opportunity to introduce new material that may turn failure into success.

From the time he starts to put on a musical show until it is firmly established in a big city, the manager expects to keep paying out money—and much of it. For one thing, the members of the company generally owe him about \$2,000 before the curtain goes up. By that time, too, the producer, the musical director, and a little later the wardrobe mistresses, stage carpenters, property-men, and electricians begin drawing salaries, for much of their work must be done in advance. The musical union allows three orchestra rehearsals without pay, but generally more are required, and the full-dress rehearsals are expensive. The trials out of town usually mean a loss of \$1,500 a week as long as they are continued, and sometimes a show is kept out for two months before it is considered fit for Broadway.



STRAIGHT TALK

If at any time there are statements in *EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE* which you believe to be incorrect, or views expressed to which you take exception, or subjects discussed upon which you can throw additional light, write to us. We shall not be able to publish all the letters. Do not write at too great length. We may use excerpts from your letter and sign your initials unless otherwise instructed. For every letter which we are able to publish we will present the writer, as evidence of our appreciation and in no sense as compensation, with a year's subscription to *EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE*, to be sent to the writer of the letter, or to any one selected by the writer.—THE EDITOR.

Insanity Not a Brain Disease: A Rejoinder

By WILLIAM HANNA THOMSON, M.D., LL.D.

"The statement in Dr. Thomson's article on 'The Nervous System and the Blood' that 'no anatomical investigation, microscopical or otherwise, can show the least difference between either brain-cell or brain-fiber of a person dying insane and the healthy brain of one killed in an accident,' so surprised me that I showed it to my physician.

"He questioned its accuracy, believing that the start already made toward finding the effects of insanity on brain substance should be recognized.

"In corroboration of this view, he found the following in the sixth edition of Coulston on Insanity, page 13, line 10: 'The classification of the future will be on a pathological, toxæmic, and bacteriological basis'; on page 14: 'Here we have a structural basis for certain forms of insanity, and for limited mental disturbances, and therefore a definite pathological histology of many forms of the disease can now be demonstrated, and that of many more may be confidently looked for in the future.'

"Pages 18, 19, 20 contain much in the same line, and Plates IVa and IVb appear like conclusive evidence.

"Will you kindly endeavor to settle this seeming disagreement of doctors?

"THOMAS P. HUGHES.

"SAINT JO, TEXAS, June 27, 1908."

IN answer to the above communication, referred to me by the editor of *EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE*, I would first say that pathological anatomy is an important branch of the science of medicine, because its province is to investigate abnormal changes caused by disease in the tissues of the bodily organs. In this department modern research has made remarkable progress by the employment of a great variety of refined means of examination which were unknown thirty years ago.

Thus, in pulmonary affections every change in the texture of the lungs from their earliest beginnings to their final stages has been demonstrated; and the same may be said of diseases of the liver, kidneys, stomach, intestines, and of every other part of the body. Pathological anatomy, in fact, makes the heaviest demand on the time and patience of the present-day student of medicine, but not more than is warranted by the light which it throws on the problems of disease.

In no one of the divisions of pathological

anatomy has there been greater progress than in the investigation of diseases of the brain and nervous system. It would be quite impracticable to describe to a lay reader how nerve-cells, nerve-fibers, and everything connected with them are now examined, on account of the delicacy and complexity of the methods employed, which in these respects much surpass those used with any other tissue of the body. But all this exceptional attention is because every one recognizes that things nervous are the most important of all things living. One result is that diseases which cause changes in nervous tissue anywhere are now perfectly recognizable, both in the symptoms which they show before death and in the changes found after death.

NO BRAIN CHANGES IN MANIA

Thus, with cerebral meningitis, we expect to find that its cause is an infection by some micro-organism, and nearly always we can identify the particular microbe. Similarly, in a man insane from the widely spread but still definite changes slowly produced by what Schaudin has shown to be the micro-organism of syphilis, I could tell by the signs in the pupils of his eyes, and by the play of his facial muscles, as well as by his speech, that he was sure to die of paresis. Likewise, brain tumors *may* cause an insanity whose manifestations are characteristic. On page 229 of my book "Brain and Personality" (eighth edition) are given the particulars of the case of a man who by his talk alone, and by no other symptoms, convinced me that he had a tumor in his brain, and I correctly diagnosed just where the tumor was, as was proved at autopsy some six months afterward.

Nothing, therefore, would be more acceptable to me, or to any other neurologist, than to be able to demonstrate by pathological anatomy just why a dangerous paranoiac differs from an ordinary maniac, in the same way as by pathological anatomy we can tell as soon as we see the lungs at autopsy that it was pneumonia and not phthisis which killed the patient.

But to settle once for all the fact that though structural changes in the brain do specifically derange its working, yet insanity itself in its worst forms may exist with a brain which is perfectly healthy, the reader may consult Tuke's "Dictionary of Psycho-

logical Medicine." The contributors to this great encyclopedia are from among the most eminent professors, experts, and superintendents of insane asylums in Great Britain, the United States, France, Germany, Hungary, Belgium, Denmark, Switzerland, Italy, and Russia. In writing about a disease—paresis—in which characteristic brain changes are found, Dr. Julius W. Mickle, professor of mental diseases, University College, London, devotes sixteen columns, or one third of his contribution, just as he should do, to the changes visible to the naked eye, and to the microscopical changes to be found in the brain *post mortem* in this disease. But in the article on mania by Dr. Conolly Norman, superintendent of the lunatic asylum at Dublin, there is not a word about the changes in the brain in this affection, simply because none can be found.

Similarly, in the articles by other writers on other varieties of mania, such as kleptomania, dipsomania, chronic mania, etc., there is not a word about their pathological anatomy, for the same reason. But just so it is in the article on melancholia, by Dr. Charles Mercier, professor of neurology and insanity in Westminster Hospital School, London; in the article on puerperal insanity, by Dr. George H. Savage, an insane asylum superintendent and professor of mental diseases, Guy's Hospital, London; in the article on katatonia, by Professor Clemens Neisser, Silesia, Germany; in the article on circular insanity, by Professor Aut. Ritti, Paris; in the article on homicidal insanity, by Dr. Paul Garnier, superintendent of the Special Police Infirmary, Paris; on epileptic insanity, by Dr. James Anderson, of the London Hospital for the Paralyzed and Epileptic—in none of these is there a word about pathological anatomy, for the sufficient reason that not one of these forms of insanity shows any pathological or diseased condition in the brain different from the sound brain of a healthy man killed in an accident. Not because such diseased changes have not been carefully looked for by such competent men both formerly and in recent years, and by recent methods—always, however, with the same result, namely, zero.

BRAINS OF LUNATICS NOT DISEASED

In the passage from which I quoted in the article in the May number of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, from the elaborate work of Dr. A.

W. Campbell, of Cambridge, England, on the microscopical structure of the brain, he expressly states that of the eight human brains on the investigation of which he worked so laboriously, six were the brains of lunatics who had died in his asylum, but that, as insanity is not a brain disease, these brains of lunatics were as good for his purpose as any other brains; and the above citations, with many others too numerous to give here, fully bear out Dr. Campbell's assertion.

BLOOD-POISONING AND INSANITY

Meantime, I fully agree with all the statements in the quotation from Dr. Coulston's book in Mr. Hughes's letter, since he mentions as causes of insanity pathological changes, invasions by micro-organisms, and toxæmia—for this latter term means blood-poisoning, and every one of the important forms of insanity above cited is caused, in my opinion, by toxæmias alone. But toxæmias should not be mentioned in the same sentence or connection with the other two causes, because they are totally different in their origin and nature, and therefore *in their treatment*. As I wrote in my article, it would be useless to examine every detail in the structure of a lamp to find why it cannot be lit, if meantime its globe be filled with water instead of with oil; and so the brain, if its supply of blood be shut off, will cease to think even more quickly than a lamp's light can be extinguished by a wet sponge.

Moreover, certain substances, when they enter the blood, produce as true insanities as any to be found in an asylum. As Dr. Mercier, speaking of alcoholic derangement, well says: "There is no form of insanity that may not be simulated by a case of drunkenness; and when it is not known, from other sources of information, that these manifestations are due to drink, no expert in the world, however skilful, could distinguish between the insanity which is due to [recent, not chronic] alcoholic poisoning, and the insanity that is due to other causes." On the other hand, a case of circular insanity in the excitable stage may be as characteristically garrulous and silly as one "half seas over." It is difficult to deny that such a patient is then actually drunk, but what that blood poison is which makes him so is not known.

If one wishes to go to New Haven from New York, he should not start in the direction of San Francisco. The longer he pro-

ceeds in the wrong direction, the farther he goes astray. For over a hundred years physicians have tried to find the cause of melancholia in the brain. The old Greeks were nearer right when they named this disease "black bile," because they recognized how melancholy "biliousness" makes a man.

It is high time that we now look in the direction of toxæmia, or blood-poisoning, for the explanation of the insanities which produce no changes whatever in the brain. We can artificially imitate every one of these insanities by giving certain blood poisons, without thereby changing in the least either a brain-cell or a brain-fiber, and we have at present every reason to believe that in seeking for the origin of blood poisons we are on the right track in our research.

But the road which we must then take is neither short nor easy. One of the difficulties is that the dose of a blood poison may be astonishingly small, while its effects may nevertheless be serious or fatal. One twentieth of a grain of morphia can kill a child, 1-800th of a grain of adrenalin may make a strong man very uncomfortable, and one drop of prussic acid dropped on the eye of a dog will kill him instantly. But the practical advantage of following the right, and not the wrong, road is incalculable. Already the chemistry of diet alone has improved the treatment of melancholia, epilepsy, and neurasthenia, and it will be vital chemistry and not anatomy that will best lead us in those great regions of life which are still unexplored.

TRINITY'S TENEMENTS

I read with great interest the article by Mr. Charles Russell on the methods pursued by the Corporation of Trinity Church in the management of its real estate, and I addressed a letter, a copy of which I enclose, to the Secretary of the Board of Trustees of Holyrood Church, of which board I am a member, and which has been receiving for a number of years an annual contribution from Trinity Corporation. The reply which I received, and of which I also enclose a copy, takes the form of a denial of the truth of the statements made in the article.

R. P. B.

*Letter to Secretary of Board of Trustees of
Holyrood Church*

MR. E. S. G.

DEAR SIR: I presume that your attention has been directed to the description in the current

number of EVERYBODY's of the methods by which the income of the Corporation of Trinity Church is realized, and which will undoubtedly cause very serious reflections on the part of any members of our church who are, or have been, receiving direct or indirect benefit from that Corporation.

I will move at the next trustees' meeting of Holyrood Church that, in view of the disclosures now made public, the trustees decline to receive any further contribution toward the support of Holyrood Church from funds of the Corporation of Trinity Church.

I beg to remain,
Yours very faithfully, R. P. B.

Copy of Answer to Preceding

Mr. R. P. B.

MY DEAR SIR: I regret that you take seriously the attack on Trinity. You must know that Trinity Corporation cannot control in any way the buildings on property out of their control during leaseholds made in remote times. But you should further know that when these leaseholds expire Trinity does not renew, and I am sure no exception can be taken to any property which they wholly control. The Corporation are and always have been men of high standing in the community, and the rector, Dr. Dix, is one of the greatest priests the American Church ever produced.

I am much distressed to have you influenced by a common muck-raker, in it for dollars and cents. Trinity maintains silence, as these attacks during the past thirty years have been malicious, silly, and, furthermore, I don't think the Corporation is obliged to tell its affairs to the public. The public should mind its own business, if it has any. To my mind, the so-called public spends its time in a thirst for the muck-rake literature, and so it is encouraged in the press. Yours sincerely, E. S. G.

Answer to R. P. B.'s Letter to Everybody's

July 15, 1908.

DEAR SIR: There is no denying the respectability of the trustees of Trinity; they are among the most respectable people in the world. It is undeniable that the directors and trustees of the large insurance companies used to be regarded as respectable. Before exposure they seemed quite the most respectable people in the world.

All these types of distinguished citizens are perfectly satisfied with slums and tubercle-breeding tenements, provided rents are paid regularly. They hate to be talked to about them. It's vulgar. Whosoever dares to interfere with their comfort by telling the truth about the source of their incomes is a muck-raker.

Mr. Russell is a very competent reporter; he is also a very able and learned man. He investigated personally the whole Trinity institution—that is, as far as recorded facts permit. Trinity itself is far more secret than Standard Oil.

The statements in his article are unassailable. He is now in Europe. If he were not, I am sure it would give him great pleasure to explain to you just how he went about his investigations. When he returns he will be more than glad, I feel sure, to take the whole matter up with you.

In the meantime I do wish you would allow me to keep this correspondence of yours and publish it in "Straight Talk" in our magazine. It would be interesting to have the general run of people know just what attitude the owners of this Pharisaical institution take when their hideous hypocrisy is brought home to them.

Very truly, J. O'H. COSGRAVE.

A PLAN FOR A STATE-OWNED RAILWAY

I am egotistical enough to think that I have found the quickest and best solution of the question of government ownership of railroads. I can imagine your smile.

That solution is the introduction of a bill in the Legislature of the state of New York, to submit to popular vote the question, for or against, the building of a railroad by the state between New York and Buffalo, to be operated so that the income will approximately equal the cost of operating and interest at say three per cent. (what are state bonds selling for?) on the investment.

Let me lead up to it.

There is a widespread unrest and dissatisfaction with present conditions of railroads. There is pronounced and persistent talk of government ownership of same. Two questions then. First, is government ownership desirable?

Second, if so, how can it be brought about?

Is it desirable? That there are great discrepancies in prices of commodities in different communities, due chiefly to the freight rate West, can be taken for granted. In illustration: Irish potatoes sell in upper New York at 30 cents to 50 cents per bushel; in Georgia and the South at \$1.00 per bushel. Sweet potatoes sell in Georgia and the South for 30 to 50 cents per bushel, and in New York state for \$1.00 per bushel. Of course, smaller quantities of both are used in each place at the increased cost, and while the cost of living is thereby increased on the one hand, on the other the farmer and planter fail to receive as much for their labor as they would if the railroad's share of the transaction were reduced. Some years ago, upon inquiry, I ascertained that oats were selling in Kansas for 17 cents per bushel, while I was paying 40 cents in New York City, but that the freight rate was over 20 cents per

bushel. I presume similar conditions govern the "great staple"—wheat. Lumber sells in South Georgia and Alabama for \$7.00 to \$10.00 per thousand; in upper New York from \$20.00 to \$25.00, and I have investigated it enough to know that the great difference is in the freight. I want to be fair, and I must confess that I do not know what the actual cost of moving freight is, but I know, from my reading, that railroad stocks are often and largely watered, and that most of the roads pay dividends upon the water as well as upon the actual value, and reason tells me that naturally they are run for "the greatest good of the greatest number." I know, from experience, that certain unjust rates and discriminations now exist that hamper trade and favor a few at the expense of the many. From my reading I judge that probably the greatest and most unjust discrimination exists in the handling of freight necessarily shipped in refrigerator cars, at a rate that sometimes bankrupts, and always reduces, the income of the producer, while often placing the product beyond the reach of moderate incomes, and always increasing the cost of living. I am told that the railroads submit to the dictation of the refrigerator-car owners in rates and are subservient to them, because to be independent and use their own refrigerator cars at reasonable rates, even though now the lion's share of the profits goes to the car owners, would result in the loss of a large amount of freight business, which the gentlemen who own the refrigerator cars control. This argument would "cut no ice" whatever with a government-owned road run for "the greatest good for the greatest number."

Second: How can it be brought about? To be of great public benefit it must be national, and it must be interstate. There are many divergent interests in Congress, ours is a big country, and the plan cannot and ought not to be started in all states at once, nor on too large a scale; hence the difficulty of getting a majority to vote for a measure which would be in the nature of a public benefit, at great expense to a favored locality, or a few localities.

If the government should buy the railroads at their market value, which includes watered stock and a valuation now largely increased because of the immense income of the roads, then the government road charges for freight and passengers would be based upon such cost, as the road should pay expenses and not increase taxes, and would not be a fair test. We cannot expect the present owners to sell to the government for less than they would be able to sell for in the open market, and to set a valuation upon a property by condemnation proceedings and take possession of it by government right for less than it could be sold for in a fair market, if constitutional, is also unfair.

The alternative is to confine the start to a state, with the provision that the National Government can acquire it at cost whenever it desires to institute government ownership of railroads.

What state better than that first in population? What distance better for the beginnings—long enough to be a test and yet not too long—than that between New York City and Buffalo?

What are in the field? The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western—stock selling for over \$500 per share, a prohibitive price to purchase, but paying dividends on it. The New York Central, with perhaps the best track and equipment for business, and a money-maker. It would be worth the difference if the state could buy it at its reasonable cost, not its watered valuation. The Erie—not so well equipped, but held at a price beyond reason for this experiment. The Lehigh Valley with innumerable branches and round-about tracks. It gets to Buffalo finally, however, without getting lost. Most of these are interstate—partly beyond the borders of New York, and hence the argument for national control. The West Shore road is of no value to judge by, as the New York Central not only owns, but operates it, and makes it entirely subservient to the main line. Plenty of competition, but all money-makers, and hence the best field for ascertaining if a road run by the government—the state, in this case—with rates based on cost, will result in greatest good to the community. My thought is that the road should be self-supporting and no more than self-supporting.

In case the state road should fulfil our hopes of "greatest good, etc.," there would follow the adjustment of values of other roads to a reasonable price for the government to buy, because the state road would do the business of the community or the competing roads would have to lower rates in order to compete. Either would be a benefit to millions of people. The water would leak out of the stock, or the dividends would be reduced and the valuation placed upon these roads, or upon a road in Virginia or Ohio or anywhere in the country, where the government declares its intention of buying or building a similar competing road, would be within reason and the government could acquire same quicker and cheaper than they could build. And no injustice would be done to the present owners, as any change in valuation would be due to the rules of competition.

So much for theory. I heard a lecturer—I think it was Professor Giddings—state at Cooper Union that "government ownership of railroads will be an accomplished fact in this country," but how? That the Legislature of New York state will not in the present condition of affairs pass a bill authorizing and instituting such a road is not only certain but right. It is the glory of our country that we are governed by ourselves—"A government of the people—by the people—for the people." That is, tersely, the majority rules. If the majority of the voters say no to such a railroad—we will get along as best we can—as we have been doing. If the people want it, after such a will has been expressed—it will come. To ascertain this will—a bill sub-

mitting to popular vote a proposition for or against the building of such a road would accomplish the result, and the legislator who introduces it will not only be doing his duty and a reasonable thing, but, if I am correct in feeling the pulse of the people, will receive honor and respect as a leader of thought and a benefactor of the community.

Who will be the man?

J. C. D.

FAIR PLAY

I have read with a good deal of satisfaction your announcement in the September *EVERYBODY'S* concerning the publication of an interview between Mr. Lincoln Steffens and Mr. Eugene V. Debs.

While not a subscriber, I have been buying your magazine for several years, and have noted with admiration the spirit of fair play you show in the matter published therein. What makes your policy the more noticeable is the fact that, with one or two possible exceptions, you are the only publishers of a first-class periodical that has not misled its readers by giving distorted and incorrect accounts of the tenets and objects of Socialism.

I really believe that by publishing this interview you will not incur the ill-will of your advertisers, and you will undoubtedly secure the admiration and respect of that rapidly increasing part of the American public known as Socialists. In regard to the matter of the cover of your magazine, it is my idea that by changing the cover each month you do *not* make it difficult for your readers to single your publication out of the hundreds of others found on the news-stands, as one of your correspondents claims. Just do as you have been doing in the past in regard to the cover.

Philadelphia.

D. G.

A CONVERT TO CASTRO

Here we have a poser, "Castro: Tyrant or Liberator?" I had never thought of him in any light but the former until to-day. Now after reading George W. Crichtfield's article and that of Colvin B. Brown I am inclined to think I have always been mistaken. Mr. Brown's article certainly has a ring of truth about it, and shows deeper insight than Mr. Crichtfield's. "*Quien viva?*" must have gotten on to Mr. Crichtfield's nerves to the extent that he failed to take the trouble to look at things in the light of Venezuela's future, dispassionately, as Mr. Brown has done. And does he expect Castro to have the morals of McKinley, or, having power, to die poor like Cleveland? Even in this United States we have a few rulers who have used their positions to enrich themselves, and they seem to

retain a considerable amount of respect, too; but, thank heaven, these men never get to be presidents. Well, my decision is that Mr. Brown has made much better use of his three pages in your magazine than Mr. Crichtfield has with his nine and illustrations to boot. I am much obliged to him for setting me on the right track in this matter.

Poor A. F. R.! I am real sorry for him. He misses a whole lot of pleasure. I have always thought that to look upon a pair of shapely hands and arms daintily gloved or pretty feet superbly shod and stockinged is quite as great a pleasure as to look on a beautiful face. Also does A. F. R. really expect us to be dignified in August? Why always be dignified anyway, and especially in August? I vote that you don't raise the umbrella as L. R. G. wishes; the girl's face *might* be a disappointment.

Now I come to the straw vote. Go on as you have been doing with your covers. I have no trouble in picking you out on the news-stands. I don't *always* approve of your dress, but at any rate there is no mixing you up with the others.

Flushing, L. I.

R. H.

WHAT SHALL WE DO ABOUT IT?

I have been reading the two articles on Castro, which seem to show him up as a strong, selfish, brutish man, who, in spite of his bad qualities, desires to make something of his country. The question arises, Shall the United States stand passively aside and let Castro become another Abdul Hamid? or, Shall some line of action, some definite policy, be formulated and carried into effect? The United States stands accused of the whole world. What shall we do about it?

Now, why should not *EVERYBODY'S* suggest some scheme? Somebody must. Our government is so unwieldy, our Congress so absorbed with selfish problems, that it seems impossible to stir them up to real action until driven to it by some terrible calamity. What would this country ever have done about Cuba if it were not for the blowing up of the Maine? But, as example of what may be done when once the government is roused from its sleep, note our work in Cuba, in the Philippines, and on the Isthmus.

Now, why not induce Roosevelt to change his plans a little, and visit Venezuela instead of Africa; assure the inhabitants of that country that the United States has no intention nor desire to absorb or exploit their country; point out the sanitary and educational work accomplished in Cuba, Panama, and the Philippines; in a friendly way make plain the position we are in before the world; offer aid and cooperation in any works of reform Castro may undertake; and finally assure him that, if security of life and property be not accorded citizens of the United States in a friendly way, the only other course

left open will be adopted—the use of force. Such an invasion should be made in a spectacular way, that no person, high or low, should fail to hear of it and know that the United States is friendly to his country and ready to aid in its betterment.

If some one *wills* to bring this about it will be brought about, and why not let the influential manager of EVERYBODY's be that "some one"? "Do it now."

F. T. M.

Rochester, N. Y.

FAITH AND SCIENCE

Much to my surprise, I have been a close and interested reader of the articles by Mr. Garland on the "Shadow World." I say to my surprise, because, not being a believer in spiritualism, and knowing that a great many frauds are perpetrated by alleged mediums, I have "steered clear" of the subject as it is usually presented for the average reader.

Mediumism has been fostered and used chiefly for religious purposes, and the same difficulty is experienced in investigating it as in all religious subjects. Where science stops, feeling for facts, there faith and belief, aided by the imagination, begin and hedge the matter about with tradition, prejudices, and the religious scruples handed down by our ancestors. Those who believe and have faith in a certain doctrine lay themselves open to imposition and fraud, while those who doubt too often condemn the good with the bad for lack of definite knowledge on the subject. To investigate a doctrine like mediumism requires a clear, open, and unprejudiced mind, and must be a great task. Mr. Garland has used an excellent method in presenting his subject. He has "talked off" the facts in readable style and frank manner free from religion, and has so far allowed the reader to draw his own conclusions from the facts presented.

I believe people nowadays are broad minded enough to accept truth as it is, regardless of the consequences to their beliefs or instincts. "The men of science who are most immediately concerned," as F. W. C. puts it in the August issue, can probably secure the most convincing facts, but the confirmation of their results by a man of Mr. Garland's standing is still more convincing as to the freedom from deception and fraud. I think you have done well to print the articles.

Fort Logan, Colo.

C. R. M.

WHO WAS MIKE?

From the Wanamaker days no one has stood by you more faithfully. I have gloried in the work that Thomas W. Lawson did for the plain, honest people of this country; through the

medium of your magazine he aroused in the minds of the untrammelled masses a demand for righteousness and decency so great that it has set both great and common people thinking.

I want to congratulate you on the August number; it's human, and appeals to me most decidedly, especially the article by F. Hopkinson Smith on Captain Scott, and its next neighbor, "The Mother-in-Law," by Mr. O'Higgins. I was greatly interested in Mr. Poole's story about "The Ship Must Sail on Time." Why didn't you give us an identified picture of Mike? I would trust my life and money to the man shown in the middle picture on page 178. These dock laborers deserve a better fate. Cut out the silly stories that so many of the magazines publish. Publish and illustrate the real human things more; things that we know and see in every-day life.

L. B. F.

Nashville, Tenn.

"THAT EUGENE WOOD FELLOW"

In your August issue you went and published an article by Eugene Wood. Do you know that he is the most impertinently personal writer that ever addressed the present generation with a microscopic exposé of all the tender, foolish, old-fashioned foibles and fancies of the generation now enjoying its semi-centennial? Why should he be allowed in the magazines to revivify that charmed, half-forgotten past of such as I, until the phantoms of our youth clutch our time-stiffened heart-strings and make choky lumps in our old throats?

I never see an article by that Eugene Wood fellow but I say angrily to myself, "Darn him, he's gone and written something else!" and then—well, you can't help reading it, can you?

Manchester, N. H.

M. B.

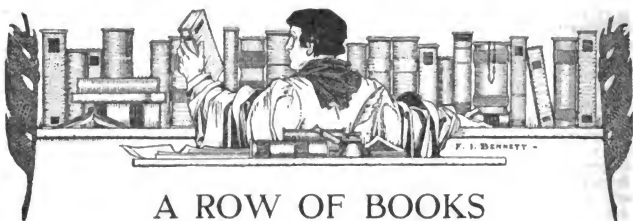
LIKES CAPTAIN SCOTT

I write in appreciation of "Capt. Thomas A. Scott, Master Diver." I am one of your "Lawson" recruits, and I trust I am out of the "awkward squad" by this time and able to enjoy a few thrills up my back again. Do you know that ferry-boat experience of the captain's left an awfully sweet taste in my mouth? I can't begin to tell you the pleasure that story gave me in bed, where I have had a splendid opportunity to read many stories of all kinds. I trust that if you have any more of that kind on tap you will not hesitate to let us have them one a month.

Thanks for a very pleasant afternoon.

C. B. Y.

Hartford Hospital, Hartford, Conn.



A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT

THERE is almost always a mixture of pleasure and surprise in meeting an old friend. "Why, Jim!" we exclaim, "how in time did *you* get here?" Of course, why Jim shouldn't be here as well as ourselves fails to appear, but the feeling is involuntary and rises from the unplumbed depths of our self-centeredness. Jim, however agreeable, has been an incident that we had looked upon as left behind. Those of us who, in the past, have been familiar and hearty admirers of Mr. Eden Phillpotts's stories of Devon will certainly greet his "The Mother of the Man" (Dodd, Mead) with a related pleasure and possibly with a similar surprise. Mr. Phillpotts has, for his generation, definitely placed the stamp of his interpretation on the literary values of Dartmoor. He has, to borrow a term from the vocabulary of the theatre, "created the part." Perhaps we have felt, in his more recent work, a not-to-be-wondered-at exhaustion of a soil fertile but overcropped. Perhaps in our eager pursuit of new gods we have assumed that his work was no longer, as the literary phrase has it, "current." In any case, his new story is one of the most rounded, consistent, and satisfying of the day's fictions. It pivots upon a woman's steadfast faith, born of self-knowledge, in the ultimate salvation of her son's character, and it focuses upon the small circle of an isolated community the rays of many divergent characters and opposing interests. Yet its most characteristic savor lies in the author's dramatic appreciation of Dartmoor's preservation of a sophisticated primitiveness and in the almost Elizabethan mother-wit of her yokels.

There is a widely prevalent notion that the purpose of criticism is to furnish its readers with opinions. As a matter of fact, what we really ask of the critical commentator is ideas. Whether or not these be valid, whether (as we are wont to say with unconscious egotism) they are "right" or "wrong," is an entirely secondary matter. If

we acquiesce in them, we have added to our stock or have had the pleasure, as we are prone to put it, of seeing our unspoken thoughts put fitly into words. If, on the contrary, we refuse to accept them, we reap the joys of disagreement and have added to our powers of intellectual resistance. This point of view being assumed, Mr. A. B. Walkley's volume of dramatic criticisms and of essays upon plays, players, and the stage, "Drama and Life" (Brentano's), will prove, in both directions, a stimulating and enjoyable companion. It is brimful of ideas. One may perhaps say, without overstating it, that it effervesces ideas, since these come to the surface and jump under the nose with exactly that familiar exuberance. Most of the papers are collected from the pages of the *London Times*. Many of them were written overnight, with the instant response to present stimulus that is demanded of the dramatic critic. It follows that Mr. Walkley not infrequently repeats himself and that some of his pet expressions and favorite authorities, by dint of familiarity, end by breeding an unmerited contempt. It will, however, be a carping reader who will not forgive even more serious faults to so intelligently yeasty a writer.

A large trout with which I recently scraped acquaintance told me that he had had an odd experience the week before with a fisherman who came down to his pool to fish. The man, he said, stood in full view on the sunlit bank and cast an outrageously artificial fly over and over and over again on to the same piece of water. The fly resembled nothing that lived in the neighborhood, and the fisherman was, to all appearances, deeply engrossed in his own aims and had no expectation of catching anything. At first, the old trout said, the performance seemed so silly that it rather irritated him. The man, he felt, must take him for a gudgeon. Then the rhythmic regularity of it all began to get into his fins, and the first thing he knew he

had taken the fly. And he assured me with a shamefaced earnestness that he had actually enjoyed the adventure. Those of us who happen to open the covers of J. C. Snaith's "William Jordan, Junior" (Moffat, Yard) are putting themselves in the way of a like hypnosis. The most unentomological fly in one's fly-book is nearer to nature than is the author's story. The least canny angler for popularity is more regardless of the rules of realism and of the rights of romance. Yet if the outrageous artificiality of this cross between a cockney novel and a mediaeval allegory begins by irritating us, the quaint rhythm of the text and the drama of its implications ends (to quote my friend the trout) by getting into our fins; soon, willy-nilly, we take the writer's fly and, somewhat to our own shamefaced surprise, we enjoy the adventure.

We had a mad-dog scare down our way this summer. It transpired, when the matter came to be investigated, that a dog down by the file factory had been acting in an unaccountable manner. He would sit for minutes at a time with a puzzled, introspective look in his eyes and then indulge in frantic efforts to reach the small of his own back with his front teeth. Failing in this, he would sit up, howl dismally, and begin over again. Some of us have since suspected that he kept a flea. However that may be, a small boy tied a tin can to his tail, and for three weeks every one dried the wash in the attic and hydrophobia was the one topic of conversation. I confess frankly that my sympathies were with the dog. And I am beginning, too, to feel sorry for the artistic temperament. It seems to me that having, not perhaps without excuse, long looked askance at its un-conventionalities of conduct, we have ended by tying a can to its tail and devoting most of our literary leisure to discussing its idiosyncrasies. One could name a score of examples from recent fiction. One is under a certain necessity of naming three from that of the present season, M. P. Willcocks's "A Man of Genius" (Lane), Anna McClure Sholl's "The Greater Love" (Outing), and Elma A. Travis's "The Cobbler" (Outing).

It is not without significance as to the trend of the times that each of these three novels is written by a woman, and that two of them are primarily concerned with women's share in the ripening of genius and with the feminine psychology of the collaboration. "A Man of Genius" is a story of Devon, by the author of "A Wingless Victory." It deals with a young artist's alternating dependence upon a domestic and an intellectual woman and, while exhibiting

much of the literary grace and introspective acuteness of its author, fails, by just the measure of its concern with the abnormal, to equal its predecessor's hold upon the heart. "The Cobbler" is a tale of the Hudson by the author of "The Pang-Yanger." It deals with a somewhat similar situation, but in a wholly dissimilar spirit, and achieves, by the sprightliness of its action and the familiarity of its surroundings, at least the lesser goal of being entertaining. In "The Greater Love" Miss Sholl, the author of "The Law of Life," seems to have been more inspired by a social thesis than by an artistic concept. The story has to do with a successful artist but an unmarried mother, whose concern for her daughter has come to overbalance her absorption in her art. The scene is in New England, the characters constantly promise to assume individual proportions and as constantly fail to disengage themselves from the subject of debate; and one finishes the last chapter with almost the expectation of seeing "Q. E. D." in place of the more customary "The End."

Curiosity is contagious, and ideas, like the measles, have a way of becoming epidemic. Indeed, we have all known so large a proportion of the community to be attacked by a theory that there were not enough immunes to nurse the sick or administer the last rites of common sense to the afflicted. The science of mental bacteriology, however, remains to be perfected. We used to hold that malaria rose in the evening mists. Now we know that it rises in the evening mosquito. But we still say that a subject is "in the air." At present psychology is raging, and as I believe that, under the conditions, a homeopathic treatment is indicated, I should like to recommend Professor Hugo Munsterberg's essays on psychology and crime, published under the title of "On the Witness Stand" (McClure), as a hair from the dog that has bitten us. It is not in its primarily intended capacity as a plea for the employment of psychological experts in the criminal courts to pass upon the weight of evidence and probe the minds of the suspected, that the volume will interest us. It is rather in its incidental explanations and examples of the methods and achievements of applied, as opposed to speculative, psychology. We have reached, in regard to this new science, an acute stage of wanting to know. Scattered through these pages are to be found clarifying answers to our unasked questions.

I once heard an old negro, on the witness-stand, in answer to a question regarding his ability to read, say, "Well, sah, I c'n gen'rally read readin' all right, but I can't always make

out to read writin'." There are, I take it, not a few of us who are hazily conscious of some such distinction between the reading of novels and the reading of plays. We can, so to say, read reading all right, but we cannot always make out to read acting. The truth, I think, is the same in both cases. We yield to no man in our knowledge of the alphabet, but we balk at the necessary exercise of the imagination. The game, however, is often worth the candle; not only for its inherent difficulties—as a sort of intellectual solitaire—but for its imaginative schooling and its objective reduction to their simplest terms of the springs of human action and the sources of emotion. At the moment, Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy's "The Servant in the House" (Harper) presents an alluring incentive to the trying of our skill. Dramatically, it is written in a round, legible hand; intellectually, it is at once daring and elusive. It envisages us, in concrete form, with some of the begged questions of contemporary religion and some of the half-allowed inferences of contemporary socialism. Yet, essentially, it asks, rather than answers, questions. It offers, therefore, in its printed form, both an easy exercise and an effective stimulant for the imagination. Moreover, it stands, for the nonce, in that position of precarious prominence that, on the one hand, threatens it with an early oblivion and, on the other, renders some familiarity with its content imperative if one desires to keep abreast of the literary current.

In one of the temples at Asakusa, on the outskirts of Kyoto, there used to sit two huge and utterly incredible idols. I have never been able to be quite sure of the matter, but one afternoon some years ago, as I stood looking at them over the bent backs of a score or so of devotees, I was almost certain that the right-hand one winked at me. After reading the latest books of two idols of our own literary temple, Mr. George Barr McCutcheon and Mr. Richard Harding Davis, I cannot help wondering whether, if one could catch their eyes above the backs of their audience, they, too, would not wink in solemn appreciation of the situation. Mr. Davis

and Mr. McCutcheon preside over shrines outwardly consecrated to divergent worships—Mr. Davis's to that of sentiment, Mr. McCutcheon's to that of sensation. Their latest books, Mr. Davis's "Vera the Medium" (Scribner) and Mr. McCutcheon's "The Husbands of Edith" (Dodd, Mead), are poor, but characteristic, examples of their respective rituals. Mr. Davis tells a story of almost unthinkable banality, but drapes it with shreds of accurate observation and veils it with a gossamer web of literary breeding. Mr. McCutcheon has picked the somewhat shopworn theme of a borrowed husband for the basis of his incantation, and relies for his effect, like the dancing dervish, upon sustained rapidity of incontinent movement.

OTHER BOOKS

"The Shoulders of Atlas" (Harper). A New England novel by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, less ambitious in scope than "The Debtor" or "By the Light of the Soul," but with much of the homely charm of her earlier stories.

"The Church and Modern Life" (Houghton, Mifflin). A discussion, by Washington Gladden, of the potential strength and present disabilities of Christianity as a possible, or, more properly, according to the author's point of view, of a sure-to-be world-religion.

"Through the Magic Door" (McClure). A personal and uncritically charming series of chats by A. Conan Doyle upon books, authors, and his adventures with the immortals.

"Tragedy" (Houghton, Mifflin). A volume written for a series of "The Types of English Literature," by Ashley H. Thorndike. It deals with its subject as a separate historical evolution, and its individuality lies largely in this specialization.

"Wolfville Folks" (Appleton). A new series of Alfred Henry Lewis's cowboy yarns, told with much spirit (and some Munchausen-like license) in a dialect that asks no odds of the Scotch.





UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

THE wagons of "the greatest show on earth" passed up the avenue at daybreak. Their incessant rumble soon awakened ten-year-old Billie and his five-year-old brother Robert. Their mother feigned sleep as the two white-robed figures crept past her bed into the hall, on the way to investigate. Robert struggled manfully with the unaccustomed task of putting on his clothes. "Wait for me, Billie," his mother heard him beg. "You'll get ahead of me."

"Get mother to help you," counseled Billie, who was having troubles of his own.

Mother started to the rescue, and then paused as she heard the voice of her younger, guarded but anxious and insistent:

"You ask her, Billie. You've known her longer than I have."

The stranger advanced toward the door. Mrs. O'Toole stood in the doorway with a rough stick in her left hand and a frown on her brow.

"Good morning," said the stranger politely. "I'm looking for Mr. O'Toole."

"So'm I," said Mrs. O'Toole, shifting her club over to her other hand.

A certain prominent lawyer of Toronto is in the habit of lecturing his office staff from the junior partner down, and Tommy, the office boy, comes in for his full share of the admonition. That his words were appreciated was made

evident to the lawyer by a conversation between Tommy and another office boy on the same floor which he recently overheard.

"Wotcher wages?" asked the other boy.

"Ten thousand a year," replied Tommy.

"Aw, g'wan!"

"Sure," insisted Tommy, unabashed. "Four dollars a week in cash, an' de rest in legal advice."

"Didn't I tell ye to feed that cat a pound of meat every day until ye had her fat?" demanded an Irish shopkeeper, nodding toward a sickly, emaciated cat that was slinking through the store.

"Ye did thot," replied his assistant, "an' I've just been after feedin' her a pound of meat this very minute."

"Faith, an' I don't believe ye. Bring me the scales."

The poor cat was lifted into the scales. They balanced at exactly one pound.

"There!" exclaimed the assistant triumphantly. "Didn't I tell ye she'd had her pound of meat?"

"That's right," admitted the boss, scratching his head. "That's ycr pound of meat all right. But"—suddenly looking up—"where the divvil is the cat?"

A tramp passing through the waiting-room of the North Western depot at Milwaukee spied a small enameled pin lying on the floor. He picked it up, looked it over in a careless way, and pinned it on the lapel of his coat. The same tramp, a few

moments later, was hit and knocked into unconsciousness by a switch engine in the freight yards, just outside the depot. The trainmen picked him up and telephoned to police headquarters for an ambulance.

"What did you say his name was?" came over the telephone from the desk sergeant.

"Don't know. The man is unconscious," replied the switchman.

"Any papers on him by which you can identify him?" asked the sergeant.

"Not a thing," phoned back the switchman.

"Does he belong to any lodge or union?" inquired the sergeant.

"Hold the line till I take a look," replied the switchman, and in a moment the desk sergeant was greatly surprised to receive this information:

"Yes; he is a Lady Maccabee."

"Can you tell me what steam is?" asked the examiner.

"Why, sure, sir," replied Patrick confidently. "Steam is—why—er—it's wather thot's gone crazy wid the heat."

Every employee of the Bank of England is required to sign his name in a book on his arrival in the morning, and, if late, must give the reason therefor. The chief cause of tardiness is usually fog, and the first man to arrive writes "fog" opposite his name, and those who follow write "ditto." The other day, however, the first late man gave as the reason, "wife had twins," and twenty other late men mechanically signed "ditto" underneath.

A woman entered a police station in Holland and asked the officer in charge to have the canals dragged.

"My husband has been threatening, for some time, to drown himself," she explained, "and he's been missing now for two days."

"Anything peculiar about him by which he can be recognized?" asked the officer, preparing to fill out a description blank.

For several moments the woman seemed to be searching her memory. Suddenly her face brightened.

"Why, yes, sir. He's deaf."

While building a house, Senator Platt of Connecticut had occasion to employ a carpenter. One of the applicants was a plain Connecticut Yankee, without any frills.

"You thoroughly understand carpentry?" asked the senator.

"Yes, sir."

"You can make doors, windows, and blinds?"

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"How would you make a Venetian blind?"

The man scratched his head and thought deeply for a few seconds. "I should think, sir," he said finally, "about the best way would be to punch him in the eye."

They were discussing the relative position of various countries as musical centers. Germany seemed to have the most votaries, much to the evident displeasure of one excitable Italian, who wished his own country to carry off the palm. "Italy is turning out the most musicians, and has always turned out the most," he cried. "Ach, Gott!" exclaimed a German present, "can you plame her?"

The English spoken by the "Pennsylvania Dutch," as the inhabitants of certain districts in the eastern part of the state are popularly known, affords some rare specimens of expression. A man who was passing a small house on the outskirts of "Sous Besselem"—that is the nearest possible spelling of the local pronunciation—heard the daughter of the family calling her brother in to supper. "George," she said, "you come right in, now; Pa's on the table, and ma's half et!"

A German peddler rapped timidly at the kitchen entrance. Mrs. Kelly, angry at being interrupted in her washing, flung open the door and glowered at him.

"Did yez wish to see me?" she demanded in threatening tones.

The peddler backed off a few steps.

"Vell, if I did," he assured her with an apologetic grin, "I got my vish; thank you."

Once Sir Henry Irving, while playing "Macbeth" in London, was somewhat disconcerted by one of the "gallery gods." He had reached the point where Macbeth orders Banquo's ghost to leave the banquet board. "Hence, horrible shadow, unreal mockery, hence!" exclaimed Irving in his most tragic tones, and with a convulsive shudder sank to the ground, drawing his robe about his face. Just as Banquo withdrew, an agitated cockney voice from high up in the gallery piped out as if to reassure Irving: "It's all right now, 'Enery; 'e's gone!"

"Hubby," said the observant wife, "the janitor of these flats is a bachelor."

"What of it?"

"I really think he is becoming interested in our oldest daughter."

"There you go again with your pipe dreams! Last week it was a duke."

Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

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31 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

WE feel like writing in a humbler vein this month. Something has happened since we last wrote for these pages that has been an eye-opener. The first batch of mail after publication day brought sixty-one letters about our covers. Out of the sixty-one there are three that, in a mild and pleasant way, speak for more artistic and more conventional covers; the other fifty-eight joyously adjure us to go ahead. They are practically unanimous in the assertion that half the fun of getting the magazine is guessing what the next cover is going to be. A common thought seems to run through all these letters—that anything approaching a uniform cover would please only a few of our readers all the time, but that changing the designs as widely as possible each month will please all the readers some of the time. That sounds like a bigger proposition to us. If only three out of sixty-one readers demur at our present covers it seems like an overwhelming vote in favor of going ahead on the present lines—improving as much as may be as we go along.

But here! Hold up a minute! Three out of sixty-one is about one in twenty—that's five per cent.; and if five per cent. of EVERYBODY'S family find that the covers violently disagree with them and write and tell us so, that would mean something over twenty-five thousand kicks during the course of the year. There's a prospect calculated to scare the publisher into hiding in the cellar.

The letters are coming in in batches by every mail. We wish you could see them. They bear the signatures of doctors, judges, farmers, ministers, manufacturers, traveling salesmen, stenographers, hotel-keepers, storekeepers, hard-working mothers of families, and ladies of leisure. This "straw vote" has

brought out some mighty interesting opinions from our readers, all warm-hearted and kind; and cropping up through all the letters is the suggestion that EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE is *their* magazine. We have wanted you to feel this way, and we have hoped you did—a good many of you; but we are rather abashed to find the sentiment so general. It makes us feel as though we ought to try to work a little harder, so that you can be perfectly sure that *your* magazine is the best magazine going, and, incidentally, we ought to try to win over, if possible, those other three readers who didn't like the covers.

Here are some of the letters:

FROM A TEXAS MAN

DEAR EVERYBODY'S: One of the elements of charm about EVERYBODY'S has been the covers. Many of them have been execrable. I have fairly shuddered to see my old friend in his bizarre clothes; and a month or two later would see letters in "Straight Talk" commending the very cover I did not like.

Tastes differ. When I have been fairly transported with the appropriateness of a cover some one else has howled. I pray you therefore continue as you have been. Please all of us *some* of the time. E. G. L. S.

FROM A FARMER

DEAR EVERYBODY'S: I received my welcome number of September EVERYBODY'S yesterday. I am a farmer living nine miles out in the country, but I want to get in on that "straw vote" about changing the covers. I have read about sixty EVERYBODY'S and seen that many different covers, and will have to say I have not seen a bad one yet, so take my vote for a different cover every month. I just read A. F. R.'s article about the August cover. I don't think A. F. R. is a woman, and if it's a man he must be a woman-hater, or else he don't have a

daughter of his own. When I first saw the cover the idea that came to me was that it is a farmer's daughter who is always yearning for good literature, sitting out on the lawn of a Sunday afternoon reading EVERYBODY'S.

Yours truly, E. H. A.

FROM A MERCHANT

EDITOR OF EVERYBODY'S: I think you will make a serious mistake should you decide to adopt a permanent style of cover for EVERYBODY'S. One of its greatest charms lies in its original, artistic, and appropriate covers. . . . The September cover is one of the most beautiful and the August cover one of the poorest you have had.

Very truly yours, H. T. C.

FROM A NAVAL MAN

GENTLEMEN: During my high-school years my surplus time was employed in a bookstore. Those magazines of the unchangeable cover were, I observed, "passed up" with but brief notice, and the few copies we handled were for regular patrons. For this one obviously paramount reason I would negative any proposal to place EVERYBODY'S in uniform.

Yours respectfully, E. B. D.

FROM A MANUFACTURER

DEAR SIR: I think that the constant change of the entire cover confuses the purchaser to some extent. My suggestion would be for the name to be always uniform in the two or three inches at the top of the cover. Then the remainder could be used for different ideas.

I am writing this as I find it difficult often to know just how our business is looked upon by those we deal with.

Yours sincerely, H. H. McN.

FROM A DRUGGIST

DEAR EVERYBODY'S: Peacocks have "beautiful tails." EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE has nice tales too. I suppose this is the significance of the September cover. I am with the crowd that wants a distinctive cover. If you want to change the picture every month why not have a distinctive border that would always remain the same? I never know whether to look for an old hat and brick, a bunch of firecrackers, or a bird's tail.

Yours very truly, C. H. R.

FROM "VOX POPULI"

DEAR EVERYBODY'S: I would keep right on giving EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE the prettiest, most artistic, original covers I possibly could. I would change them each month: but here is one thing I would also do—stop spoiling

these covers by making outlet boards of them.

This September number has a beautiful cover, but you spoiled it by printing across it an announcement of an article, the least important and least interesting article in the whole number.

I submit this as my "straw vote," and in doing so believe I also represent the choice of "Vox Populi," "Anxious Inquirer," "Veritas," "Constant Reader," and a host of your friends who look for you, buy you, and read you.

Yours, E. F. S.

FROM A BUSINESS MAN

DEAR EVERYBODY'S: Don't hunt up the "twelve handsome, artistic, dignified artists," nor yet arrange the "neat arrangement of brown paper and brown type" for the future covers of EVERYBODY'S, for it surely would not be our old favorite in such a disguise. I thought that the August cover was a gem, and called the attention of a good many to it. Keep on in the old way, giving us something new and striking every month.

EVERYBODY'S is a live wire. The August number was great, and the September (just in) looks it, and will prove it as soon as I have time to read it—that is, I *know* I could prove it "if old Bill Jones was alive."

Yours very truly, J. T. M.

FROM A DOCTOR

GENTLEMEN: In regard to covers. If five or six years of persistent reading of EVERYBODY'S has given me any idea of your object I would say that you wanted to reach everybody all the time. To do that you must be able to command a large news-stand business.

Now I am a "news-stander" myself, and when I tell you that I've reduced the problem of finding EVERYBODY'S in the shortest possible time to simply looking for the most striking cover on the rack you will know how I feel about a change in your cover policy, and how I think it would affect your object as I see it.

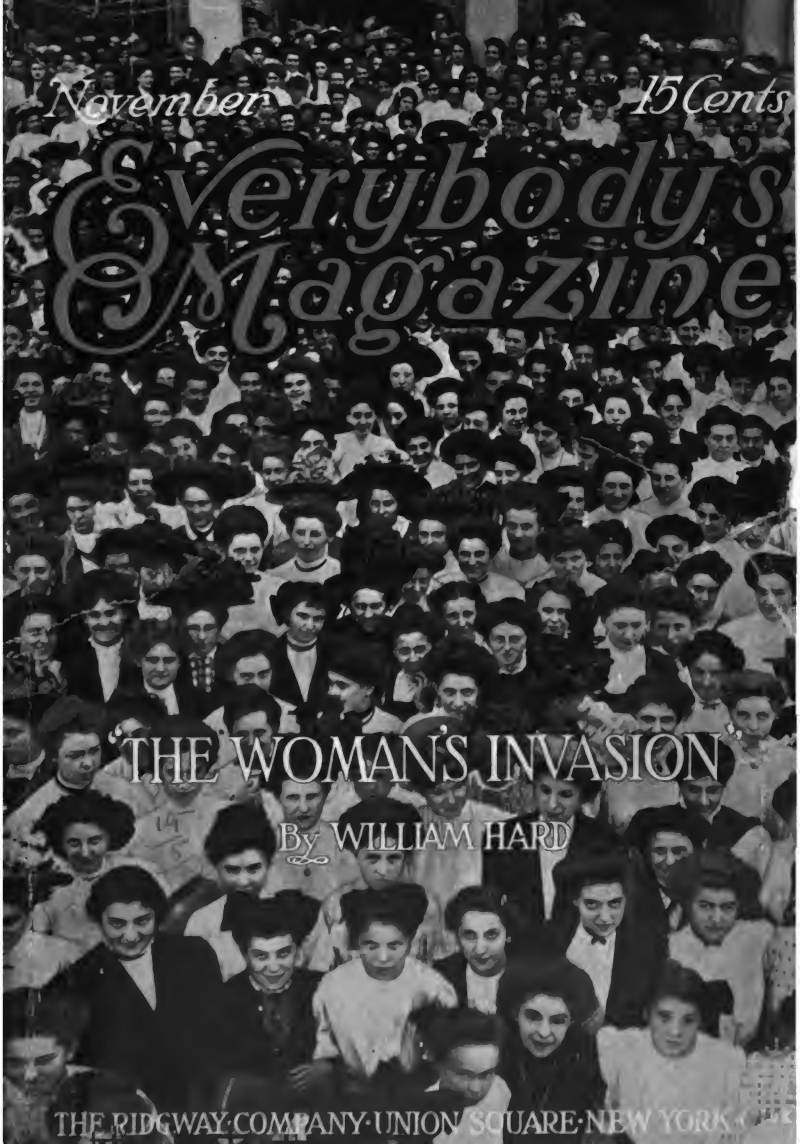
Very sincerely, R. E. T.

FROM A WESTERNER

DEAR EVERYBODY'S: Your covers are always suggestive and expressive of ideas. I considered your August cover fine, as it conveyed the idea you wished it to, "An Outing Number." I might say the same of every number.

Maybe we of the West are not capable of judging what should constitute a first-class magazine; but we of this "neck of the woods" say, "Let her go at the same old gait." She shows plenty of speed for us, and as she grows older may improve sufficiently to suit the most fastidious.

Yours very truly, W. W. T.



November

15 Cents

Everybody's Magazine

"THE WOMAN'S INVASION"

By WILLIAM HARD

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY · UNION SQUARE · NEW YORK



*now
Let
Them
Come*

**THE GUESTS ARE
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With Gold Medal Flour in the house we can have Sally Lunn or Gems or Muffins or Pop-overs, hot and good for Breakfast. The Bread, Rolls and Pastry will be a success for Lunch and Dinner. We are well prepared for guests.

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NOVEMBER



"A MAHOGANY-BROWN SKIN, SHADED
TO ORANGE, FOR THE LIVING-ROOM."

—*The Chronicles of a Chromatic Bear Hunt.*—Page 600.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XIX.

NOVEMBER, 1908.

No. 5



THE SATURDAY AFTERNOON PROMENADE OF GIRL COTTON-MILL WORKERS AT FALL RIVER.

THE WOMAN'S INVASION

By WILLIAM HARD; RHETA CHILDE DORR, Collaborator

EDITOR'S NOTE.—We began two years ago to gather the facts for this series of articles on the woman at work. The original investigations were made by Mrs. Rheta Childe Dorr, who obtained employment in certain typical manufactories and department stores, and lived among the workingwomen in our great mill centers. Dr. Weyl, an able sociologist, who had been connected with the United States Census Bureau, was engaged for six months supplementing the facts collected by Mrs. Dorr. Finally, ten months ago all this material was turned over to William Hard, who again went over the ground, interviewing labor leaders, manufacturers, and working folk—gaining a first-hand knowledge of this great subject. The importance of the conditions revealed cannot be overestimated; and in presenting Mr. Hard's articles we desire our readers to realize how thorough has been the research on which they are founded.

I. Fall River, an Outpost on the Edge of the Future

IN the year 1880 the army of women workers in the United States numbered 2,353,988.

Twenty years later, if that army had grown only in proportion to the growth of total population in the United States, it would have numbered 3,757,689.

But there had been recruiting stations scattered along the way.

At some of these stations, marked *Destitution*, penniless women had been forcibly conscripted.

At others, marked *Higher Standard of Comfort*, women, not absolutely penniless, had reluctantly, but still without actual coercion, enlisted for the purpose of supplementing the family income, because, while their mothers were contented with bare

floors and tin dishes, they themselves, with growing self-respect, demanded carpets and china.

Finally, at a third variety of recruiting station, there had been employed a full brass band which played a tune called *Economic Independence*, with endless variations; and a certain number of women, whose male relatives were bidding their highest to be per-

the Census, was sitting, it was found that the total number of women in the industrial parade in the United States was not 3,757,689, as it should have been, but 4,833,630!

In the course of twenty years there had been more than 1,000,000 statistically unexpected additions to the ranks!

Was there, in that time, any other social change more fundamental?



THE WOMAN IN THE FOREGROUND HAS WORKED IN ONE MILL IN FALL RIVER FOR FORTY YEARS AND HAS NEVER WORKED ANYWHERE ELSE.

mitted to support them, had been solemnly sworn in to support themselves.

From these sources came streams of fresh recruits to join the army of women workers on its march, so that in 1900, when the last private had filed past the reviewing stand in which Mr. William R. Merriam, director of

The Abstract of the Twelfth Census, when interviewed in its office at Washington, said:

"Fall River is the place for you to begin. Fall River is the greatest town in America for cotton; and cotton is the historic industry for American workingwomen. To-day in Fall River more white women are working, in proportion to population, than in any other place in the United States, except Lowell, Massachusetts, which is also a cotton town. *And in Fall River more white babies are dying, in proportion to population, than in any other place in the United States, except Biddeford, Maine, which is also a cotton town.* If you want to see the climax of female factory industry in the United States, go to Fall River."

But is there any connection between women working and babies dying? In the older countries of the world, where these things have had longer to work out, they think there is. But we shall come back to that later.

In the United States, as a whole, to-day, twenty-one women out of every hundred are working. But in Fall River it is forty-five women out of every hundred. And if you restrict the count to women between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-five, it is sixty-seven out of every hundred. And if you consider only the women between the ages of sixteen and twenty, you will find that in Fall River seventy-eight out of every hundred are earning their living. Moreover, American women have worked in factories for approximately a century, and in Fall River the accumulated consequences of that century can be studied. Indeed, the first three persons to operate power-looms for weaving cloth in Fall River were women—



WOMEN HAVE ALSO INVADDED THE CIGAR-MAKING INDUSTRY.



A NEW YORK ELEVATED PLATFORM AT HOME-GOING TIME.

Sallie Winters, Mary Healy, and Hannah Borden.

The best way to get a first sight of Fall River is to take the night boat from New York some winter evening, and to get up the next morning about five o'clock and ascend from the wharf into the town. You will then observe a transformation scene of a most thrilling sort, with a hillside for a stage, with the lamps of docking boats for footlights, and with a black sky for a proscenium arch. The stage is dark, and the ineffectual footlights on the boats make it seem darker by contrast.

But by half past five (they rise early in New England) little blurred lights in second-story windows, here and there along the winding, climbing streets of the town, begin to respond smudgily to the nodding, swaying lights on mast and gunwale down below.

By a quarter to six figures appear on the sidewalks. Male figures. Female figures. If you will go and stand near one of the big mills you will see these figures converging toward you down all the streets of the neighborhood.

The mill itself, at six o'clock, begins to open an eye or two. Not many. They are frugal in New England. Just one or two scattered gas-jets or electric-light bulbs, here and there, shining conservatively through crusted window-panes.

By five minutes past six the current of indistinct human forms setting toward the mill is a real current; not a trickle of drops any more; but a steady, united stream, which flows like a heavy liquid, silently, thickly, through the gate of the mill into the grounds, into the big door, up into the dimly lighted first-, second- third-, fourth-story levels.

For half an hour that current flows, deep, dull, dark. The only break in its color is that it is flecked reminiscently in spots with the cotton-fiber of yesterday, while every now and then a girl lifts above the surface of the stream a white face

which shows inhumanly like a larger cotton-fleck.

By twenty-nine minutes past six almost everybody is in the mill. But the mill is still dark. It is full of people, but it is dark.

The moment has come, however, for light, for power, for work, for the down-to-a-second and down-to-a-cent precalculated frenzy of modern manufacturing. At six-thirty precisely, not a second sooner, not a second later, there is a blinding blaze of light from every window in the mill; there is a belching clamor of machinery through the open door.

Then the door swings shut and absolute silence is restored to the street. So is absolute loneliness. The sidewalks are deserted. The night is still black. Everything is exactly as it was when you first stepped ashore from your boat, except that the enormous bulk of the mill has changed from gray to gold. But that is enough. Fall River is itself again. In that first minute of its work-day, from six-thirty to six-thirty-one, it is making two miles of cotton cloth, just as it will make another two miles of cotton cloth during every other working-minute till supper-time.

This is one of the scenes worth going to Fall River to see. The other takes place on Main Street on Saturday afternoon. It is very different. It shows the factory girl, not as an inhuman speck of matter in a whirlwind of ferocious efficiency, but as a real girl, whose attitude toward cloth, after all, is that while it may be something to make, it is still more emphatically something to wear.

The girls of the cotton-mills of Fall River perform a promenade on Main Street every Saturday afternoon. From half past one they walk, solid sidewalks of them, reaching half a mile to the north and half a mile to the south of the post-office, and plunging together in a kind of foam-crested storm-wave of hats just opposite the

post-office itself.

It is for them that the store-windows along Main Street contain dramatically colored and



A PORTUGUESE WOMAN OF FALL RIVER AND HER AMERICANIZED DAUGHTER

melodramatically postured wax ladies, on whose persons are displayed innumerable sets of furs, the muff and the boa going together under the following literally transcribed names and at the following attractive prices:

bought a set of "Isabella Aposom" from a deferential clerk in a department store gets back into Main Street and falls in with the other members of the weekly walking-club, she immediately becomes an object of the most intense social admiration and hatred to



THE SIX-O'CLOCK CROWD THAT THE NEW YORK SHOPS RELEASE.

Lynk Set.....	\$15.98
Lipsic Blend Squirrel.....	20.00
Isabella Aposom.....	13.98
Im. Ermine.....	6.98
French Coney.....	4.98
Russian Fox.....	18.00
White Mufflown.....	13.98

All of these, and more, to the extent of several thousand "sets," can be seen any Saturday afternoon in winter, along the sidewalks of Main Street, on shoulders that carry them with the ease and composure of long practice.

There are as many social complexities on Main Street in Fall River as on Fifth Avenue in New York.

When the weave-room girl who has just

Margarida Maria Rodrigues, who has just turned into Main Street from the big Portuguese settlement down Columbia Street.

For the Portuguese in Fall River are now supplanting the French-Canadians in the lower forms of mill-work, just as the French-Canadians undermined and elevated the Irish and English, and just as the English and Irish got in beneath the native New Englanders, took their jobs away from them, and drove them, defeated, upward, into the ranks of the middle class.

Six months ago, when Margarida Maria Rodrigues got here from Fayal in the Azores, her appearance consisted mostly of a vivid salmon-colored skirt and a comprehensive



FIVE THOUSAND GIRLS ARE EMPLOYED IN THIS FALL RIVER COTTON-MILL. THE APPARENTLY EMPTY ROWS OF MACHINES ARE EXPLAINED BY THE LOWER PICTURE WHICH SHOWS HOW THE WORKERS ARE CONCEALED.

purple shawl. She is now engaged, painfully but persistently, in making the transition from Portuguese to American conceits of dress.

Margarida Maria Rodrigues now wears a street-dress of a delicate, indoor cashmere and a delicate, indoor pink. The skirt is elaborately long and multitudinously flounced. The girdle is made of satin, and it is very broad. The neck is cut low, with promiscuous ruching. Around her shoulders there is a short, bright-blue Eton jacket. On her head there towers and sways an enormous, shirred, pink silk hat, branching into sprays of pink roses.

As she comes out from the department store, the sophisticated eye of the weave-room girl runs quickly, coolly, from that hat all the way, omitting no detail, down to the broad, black shoes which, as they move



forward, bring to light a pair of glad white stockings. And if you really want to know what pain is the most hideous that Margarida Maria Rodrigues endures in the course of the week, it is the look she gets from that weave-room girl who wouldn't think of touching a drawing-frame, but who knows how to run looms and gets twelve dollars a week for knowing.

The weave-room girl herself wears a neat brown tailored suit, plaited and pressed. And she wears equally neat patent-leather shoes, with brown spats and brown stockings above them. And her waist is brown. And

her furs are brown. And she may even have a trim, brown fur turban on her head. She is brown all over, including her complexion, with the exception of those tidy, shiny little patent-leather shoes. And she came from

Quebec as much as five years ago. And you will go far before you will find a sprightly figure of a woman.

Marie Eugénie Alphonsine Lacoursière and Margarida Maria Rodrigues are the industrial successors of Sallie Winters and Mary Healy and Hannah Borden. Are they better off or worse off?

Well, let us take the case of Hannah Borden and look at it, and then form some conclusions.

Hannah's father was quite a man, financially, in Fall River. He owned a lot of stock in the old "Yellow Mill," which was then introducing power-looms. Through his influence with the manager of the mill, Hannah got a chance to operate one of the new machines.

This brings us to the first change which has happened to the American factory woman. It is a social change. Physical toil, except in games of sport, is no longer regarded as appropriate for the daughters of prominent citizens in New England mill towns. Mill girls no longer number in their ranks daughters of clergymen, doctors, lawyers, and well-to-do farmers. And the change has been racial as well as social. The mills have ceased to attract not only the daughters of prominent citizens but the daughters of native New Englanders of all kinds.

Out of the 10,274 women cotton-workers in Fall River in 1900, there were only 345 who could say that both of their parents had been born in the United States. All the others were immigrants, or children of immigrants.

What this means in the way of increased distance between employers and employees, and in the way of increased bitterness, can easily be understood. Hannah Borden could meet the stockholders of her mill at supper. The modern factory girl can't.

Nevertheless (perhaps in consequence, through an antagonism which is unmitigated by social intercourse), the modern working-force demands, and gets, better treatment.

Hannah rose at four. She put up a package of food and walked to the mill. She began work, breakfastless, at five. She ran her loom from five to seven. She ate breakfast out of her package, from seven to half past seven. She ran her loom from half past seven to twelve. She rested, and ate dinner from twelve to half past twelve. She ran her loom from half past twelve all the afternoon and on into the evening. She quit work at half past seven. She reached home at eight. Next morning she got up again at four.

She had a thirteen-and-a-half-hour work-day.

The present race of mill-workers begin on Monday morning at half past six. They have an hour off in the middle of the day for dinner. They quit work in the evening at six. They have a ten-and-a-half-hour work-day on Monday, also on Tuesday, and on the succeeding days of the week till Saturday. But on Saturday they quit at twelve, noon. On Saturday they have a five-and-a-half-hour work-day. The total for the week is fifty-eight hours. *Hannah Borden's work-week was eighty-one hours.*

Now this improvement is due largely to the fact that women are working in the mills. The fifty-eight-hour week in the cotton-mills of Fall River is due to a state law. The state law is due to a concern, felt by the state of Massachusetts, for the physical welfare of its women citizens. The state law says that women shall not work more than fifty-eight hours a week. But when the women stop working, the men must stop working, too. The work done by men and the work done by women are so intricately related that when the women leave there is no reason why the men should stay.

What is true in Massachusetts is already true in European countries and will some day be true in every state in this Union. Women, entering industry, are still women, with bodies that can easily be wrecked, and the legislature, in every country in which the employment of women in industry has existed for any great length of time, has felt obliged to intervene in order to prevent, in some degree, the physical deterioration of its citizenship. If women are to be in industry, industry must be accommodated to their physical requirements, and when it is so accommodated, in the way of a shortened work-day, in the way of improved sanitary conditions, in the way of better safety-devices, in a score of other ways, why, then, not only the women themselves but the men and the children and the whole community and civilization itself will be improved and strengthened.

It is safe, therefore, to say that the presence of woman in industry will be one of the most effective levers ever found for lifting the weight of excessive toil from the neck of the human race.

Let us now leave the question of hours, and come to the question of working conditions inside the mills.

In the mills of Fall River, as in all factor-

ies everywhere, there has been, during the past hundred years, a constant sharpening of the intensity of the work. The *weight* of factory work has not increased. But the *strain* has. The old factory, with its slower and more cumbrous machinery, wearied the muscles. The modern factory racks the nerves. The consequence of overwork in the old factory was sheer fatigue and collapse. The consequence of overwork in a modern factory is nervous prostration.

The malnutrition and anemia so frequently remarked among factory girls by the doctors of industrial communities are not caused by their working harder or longer than their mothers (which they don't do), but by their working under greater tension. In the cotton-mills of Fall River you may still find plenty of actual physical exertion, plenty of actual physical discomfort. But running all through that exertion and discomfort, like the irritated fiber of a truly modern nervous system, there is an eager intensity that Hannah Borden never knew.

Hannah Borden operated just one loom. And there were not more than a dozen looms in her whole mill.

The modern girl weaver operates, on her own account, six, eight, ten, fourteen, twenty looms. And the other looms in the same weave-room stretch before her and behind her, "racking, clacking, never-slacking." Score after score of them there are, in rows so long that sometimes they merge indistinctly with the cotton-haze at their farthest onward reach.

The mere constant sight of that constantly agitated, choppy sea of looms has undoubtedly a nervous effect. And the ear is attacked even more sharply than the eye. "Racking, clacking, never-slacking," when applied to a loom, needs another rhyme; namely, quacking.

If you can imagine a gigantic and particularly raucous duck, a kind of super-duck, standing about as high as your shoulder and gifted with a correspondingly enlarged quack; and if you can imagine yourself in the middle of an acre of such ducks, with a low roof above you and all the windows tight shut around you; and if you can imagine all those ducks quacking simultaneously—you can get a faint notion of a weave-room.

It is possible, by the way, in a cotton-mill, to make an interesting comparative study of two very different kinds of noise. The noise of the weave-room is one thing; the noise in

the rooms where the speeder-tenders and the ring-spinners work is quite another.

The speeder-tenders are found usually at the farther end of the card-room, which is the first big room in the mill. The cotton in the card-room is still fresh and recent from the bales, and the air of the room therefore is likely to be largely cotton-dust. This dust eddies with the noise in the alleys where the speeder-tenders walk, between rows of high, narrow machines, which stand end to end, forming long, exact lines of noise.

Each side of the alley in which the speeder-tender walks is embellished with rapidly whirling bobbins, placed close together and ranged in rows at several levels. A speeder-tender may have 1,000 bobbins in the upper part of her machines and 500 in the lower part. And there are many other speeder-tenders in the same end of the card-room with her. And each bobbin, in each machine, in each alley, is whirling like a dervish at almost unimaginable speed, and screaming like the whistle on a peanut-stand.

Imagine a few thousand of those whistles in the same room with you, and you will have a more or less faithful conception of the noise in the speeding-frame end of the card-room of a modern mill. Instead of being a series of jerky bangs, as is the noise in the weave-room, it is a steady whirr. It is high-pitched, even, continuous. The noise of the weave-room is a fusillade of many noises in many keys. The noise of the speeding-frames is a single, blended, piercing monotone.

Passing finally among the ring-spinners, you will note the same high, shrill, evenly prolonged, interminable whirr. All three of the large groups of women workers in a cotton-mill are thus exposed, it will be observed, to extreme noise. This is true of all mills, good and bad. Noise seems to be part of the permanent character of speeding-frames, ring-frames, and looms.

But there are three other features of cotton work which vary in intensity from mill to mill. One of these features is dust. The second is heat. The third is moisture.

If all mills, in respect of these three features, were as good as the best in existence, there would be little cause for complaint. Certain manufacturers in Fall River and elsewhere have brought their mills up to a standard of sanitary excellence which, in view of the exigencies of the trade, cannot be too much admired.

Some dust, some heat, some moisture, of

course, there must be, even after the engineer and the architect have done their best. But when one observes how good some mills are, one feels that the owners of certain other mills ought to be first pilloried and then ostracized.

There are New England card-rooms in which the cotton-haze is so thick that you don't rub it out of your eyes. You pick it out. And you try your best to cough it out of your lungs, because it tickles, but you can't. It gets down and stays down in such quantities that you really, physically (as well as mentally), know it's there.

And there are New England spinning-rooms and weave-rooms which, for heat and moisture, are more like equatorial swamps than like work-rooms in the northern temperate zone.

This is not the testimony of one man alone but of all men who have visited New England cotton-mills. An English publicist, for instance, named Young—T. M. Young—made a tour of American cotton-towns not long ago on behalf of the *Manchester Guardian*. He was not a hostile critic. Quite the contrary. But he did not admire our sanitary as much as our commercial genius.

Referring to New England, he said:

"In the mills the air is, as a rule, very bad, and there is often no provision at all for proper ventilation. In many mills I have seen the condensed moisture streaming down the windows and clouds of water-vapor, almost scalding hot, rising amongst the looms from open grids on the floor."

Women who work in a weave-room of that kind are experiencing in New England the same debilitation which enervates the workers on the tropical, vapor-clouded rice-flats of Bengal.

And then, unlike the Bengali rice-cultivators, they have a sharp contrast of temperature ahead of them. You may see girl weavers going home in the cold New England evening with their drenched clothes clinging to their skins and their bodies shrinking under the sudden, necessary change from a tropical work-day to an arctic night.

The medical aspect of modern weave-rooms and spinning-rooms was most authoritatively described in a report made last year by the Massachusetts State Board of Health after a scientific study of the kind for which Massachusetts is distinguished.

"A weave-room," said that report, "with

poor light, unnecessarily high temperature, some dust, and an excess of moisture is not, from a sanitary point of view, a desirable room to work in. Neither is a spinning-room with considerable dust flying about, together with excessive heat and undue moisture. Add to these unhygienic influences two prominent factors which enter into health conditions of both weave- and spinning-rooms; viz., (1) want of cleanliness and (2) lack of provision for a plentiful supply of fresh air, and a class of rooms is represented which is conspicuously common among the weave- and spinning-rooms in this state."

Undoubtedly Massachusetts will soon have legislation which will bring all mills up to the standard now set by the best. *And this legislation will be another illustration of the change which is destined to be effected in industry by woman.* The main argument, the compelling argument, the unanswerable argument, for the passage of the law will be that it is necessary for the preservation of the physical health of the women workers, that it is necessary for the perpetuation of an undebilitated human race. *But when that law is passed it will benefit the men of the mill equally with the women.*

Let us now go back again for a moment to Hannah Borden, to a little incident which contains the whole answer to that ancient but still unburied question: "Why do women go outside their homes to work?"

Hannah, who was fourteen when she went to the mill, had already, at the age of eight, woven her first yard of cloth on an old hand-loom, or foot-loom, with big oak beams and bars and heavy treadles, *at home*.

She was a weaver before she went to the mill. Why did she go to the mill? Because the power-loom in the mill supplanted the hand-loom at home. Because her work had gone to the mill.

Hannah was a workingwoman before the power-loom was introduced. The power-loom changed the location of her work. Hannah, before she went to the Yellow Mill, was engaged in manufacturing. So were most early New England women. Manufacturing is comparatively a stationary occupation. The men went out into the fields and raised the crops. The women stayed at home and churned the butter and curdled the cheese and spun the yarn and wove the cloth and boiled the soap and molded the candles and braided the straw hats and bound the shoes,

besides sweeping the floors and making the beds and taking care of the children and cooking the meals. Manufacturing has always been within "woman's sphere."

Lucy Larcom, in one of the most touching of her poems, has drawn a permanent picture of a certain phase of pre-factory life in

"Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window, binding shoes,
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse;
Spring and winter,
Night and morning,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes."

When better methods of binding shoes had been contrived, women like Hannah had to bind shoes in factories instead of at home because the better methods were in factories. If they didn't follow those methods to the factories their occupation was gone.

Nobody in those days seemed to think that women ought not to go to factories. One of the main arguments advanced by statesmen like Alexander Hamilton for the very establishment of factories was that "women would thereby be rendered more useful."

The employment of women was an essential element in the success of early factory industry in America. In the garment factories of Boston, in the year 1831, out of 1,700 employees, more than 1,300 were women.

Scores of other illustrations might be given. They can all be summarized, however, in the statement that it is a debated question among industrial historians whether or not the *proportion* of women to men in the factories of America is any greater now than it was fifty years ago. We have more women in manufactures every year. So also we have more men in manufactures every year. Women, like men, are going to factories because there are more factories to go to, because a larger and larger proportion of our national work is being done in factories. And every time we do something in factories which has previously been done at home we get a new squad of factory women. Anybody who tries to stop an automatic industrial movement of this kind by preaching at it would have made an able prime minister for King Canute on the day when he ordered back the sea.

Women aren't going to factories just out of wilfulness nor because the trusts have impoverished the nation. They are going in obedi-

ence to the fundamental law which is industrializing human work, woman's as well as man's.

Having made this point, with the help of Hannah Borden (and it is the most important point that can be made about the workingwoman), let us return to modern Fall River and consider the question of wages.

Wages in Fall River ought to be higher, of course, but so ought dividends. In recent years the average dividends paid by the Fall River mills (counting in the extraordinarily prosperous year of 1907) have ranged in the neighborhood of six per cent. on the capitalization. And the capitalization, instead of being excessive, does not amount to two thirds of the actual value of the mills.

The year 1906 was an average year. In that year, if all the money paid in dividends had been divided among the workers, the result would have been an increase of something less than a dollar a week in each worker's income. Indeed, it may be bluntly observed that the wages of the mill-women of Fall River, compared with the profits of their employers and compared with the wages earned by factory women elsewhere, do not arouse the compassion which has been claimed for them.

Speeder-tenders in Fall River, at the time when the investigation for these articles was made, were earning from \$6 to \$12 a week; ring-spinners, from \$5 to \$10 a week, and weavers, from \$6 to \$13 a week, all depending on the skill and endurance of the operative and the amount of work available during the week. The fact is that cotton-women, along with shoe-women and certain other Northern factory women, are the aristocrats of the female factory world.

Moreover, the following facts need to be remembered:

The hall-bedroom working-girl is the exception. The working-girl who is living at home is the rule. And when she is living at home it is really very seldom that she is the sole support of the family.

In Fall River, in 1900, out of some 10,000 cotton-mill women there were, in round numbers, 2,500 who belonged to families in which there was one other bread-winner, 2,000 who belonged to families in which there were two other bread-winners, and 4,000 who belonged to families in which there were more than two other bread-winners.

The individual wage has no importance,

comparatively. The family wage is everything. It works out like this:

SPECIMEN ONE

Husband (loom-fixer)	-	\$15 a week
Wife (ring-spinner)	-	\$9 a week
Total		\$24

Four small children at home.

SPECIMEN TWO

Father (picker-man)	-	\$7 a week
Daughter (drawing-frame-girl)	-	\$7 a week
Total		\$14

Mother at home.

SPECIMEN THREE

Father (weaver)	-	\$11 a week
Daughter (spooler)	-	\$5 a week
Daughter (weaver)	-	\$10 a week
Son (slasher-tender)	-	\$13 a week
Total		\$39

Nobody at home.

SPECIMEN FOUR

Daughter (weaver)	-	\$13 a week
Total		\$13

Mother, two brothers, and two sisters at home.

The poorest girl in this list is the girl that is earning the most money.

Fall River is a really modern city. It has had factory women for a century. The Family Wage System has had time to develop. That system will develop to the same extent, ultimately, in all other industrial cities. And the consequence of that system is this:

If a family has several wage-earners it is well off. If it has only one wage-earner it is likely to be in straits. And wages, ultimately, get adjusted to the family basis; so that, if a family is to enjoy a decent income, its women members, as well as its men, must work.

The bright side of the Family Wage System is that certain families with many wage-earners have marvelous bank-accounts. *Fall River, among its cotton operatives, has all the opulence that the local financiers claim for it.*

The dark side of the Family Wage System, after wages get adjusted to it, is that if a family has to depend on the support of one member it is often on the verge of destitution. *Fall River, among its cotton operatives, has all the squalor that the local Socialists charge it with.*

Everything depends on which kind of family you choose to look at. If, being neither a financier nor a Socialist, you choose to look at both kinds, your conclusions will lack that unity and clarity which would entitle them to have a place in a consistent philosophy of the universe.

One thing, however, your observation of the Family Wage System will have taught you; namely, that after it once gets established, the pressure on women to work after marriage becomes exceedingly strong.

It is a pressure which is partly material, partly psychological.

A man weaver is earning twelve dollars a week. He has five children. His wife used to be a weaver. Will she go back to work? She will. And she may keep on working when she ought to stop. And the next baby may stand a good chance of dying at birth.

On the other hand, the impulse which makes a married woman continue to work in the mill may be far less urgent in the economic sense and simultaneously far more urgent in the social sense.

The spooler, for instance, in Specimen Three of Family Wages given above, is earning only \$5 a week. But she is living in a family which is earning \$39 a week. She is living on that scale. She is entertaining her girl friends on that scale. When she marries a man who is earning \$13 a week she needs pocket-money. The girl has been accustomed to work, and she has been accustomed to spend money rather liberally. She can't live on her husband's income, and she turns up pretty soon in her old place in the mill.

In the year 1900, out of 10,274 cotton-mill women in Fall River there were 2,815 who were married and 556 who were either widows or divorcees.

Now remember:

These Fall River women are women of a fine kind. They are highly skilled for women. They are well paid for women. They are intelligent, attractive, ambitious.

Remember also that Fall River is in Massachusetts, which protects its women workers as efficiently as any state in the Union.

Remember also that Fall River is the greatest cotton-town in the country, and that it more or less leads the way and sets the standard for the others.

Remember also that Fall River is most healthfully situated on a beautiful hillside with a splendid water-supply, and that it is not a very large city. It has a population of about 110,000, and there is no part of it which is more than ten minutes' trolley-ride from the open fields.

Remember finally that the men, as well as the women, of Fall River are of an excellent type. They are thrifty, steady, law-abiding. During their great strike in the summer of

1904 there was less disorder and there were fewer arrests than during summers when no strike was in progress.

All these things are mentioned in order to make it clear that the high death rate among infants in Fall River cannot be attributed to bad wages, to bad physical surroundings, or to bad human character.

Let us revert now to the Abstract of the Twelfth Census in its office at Washington.

The Abstract says:

In 1900 in the registration area of the United States, out of every 1,000 babies under one year of age there were 165 that died.

In Chicago, out of every 1,000 babies, 147 died.

In New York, out of every 1,000 babies, 189 died.

In Boston, out of every 1,000 babies, 194 died.

In Fall River, out of every 1,000 babies, 305 died.

The only higher infant mortality in the North for the year 1900 was in Biddeford, Maine, a cotton-town, where, out of every 1,000 babies, 311 died.

Just below Biddeford and Fall River, among Northern cities, came Lowell, Massachusetts, a cotton-town, the only town with more workingwomen, in proportion to population, than Fall River. In Lowell, out of every 1,000 babies, 276 died.

If Dr. George Reid, County Medical Officer of Health for Staffordshire, England, were shown these figures he wouldn't hesitate long before suggesting an explanation. Dr. Reid has divided his county into three parts for the purpose of studying the effect of the employment of married women on the death rate of infants. In the first of these three parts, in which less than six per cent. of the total number of married women are employed, the death rate of infants is 149 out of every 1,000. In the second part, in which from six to twelve per cent. of the married women are employed, the death rate of infants is 165 out of every 1,000. In the third part, in which more than twelve per cent. of the married women are employed, the death rate of infants is 193 out of every 1,000.

But it is not only a matter of the employment of married women. It is a matter which is bound up with the whole subject of the employment of women before as well as after marriage.

Compare Providence, Rhode Island, for instance, with Fall River.

Providence is only an hour's ride from Fall River. Its general climatic situation is identical with Fall River's.

In Providence, which is much larger than Fall River, there were, in 1905, 2,998 deaths. Of these 2,998 deaths, 656 were of children under five years of age.

In Fall River, in 1905, there were 2,109 deaths. Of these 2,109 deaths, 1,117 were of children under five.

Less than one fourth of the deaths in Providence were of children under five. *More than one half of the deaths in Fall River were of children under five.*

Why?

Well, out of every 100 women in Providence, twenty-five are at work. In Fall River, out of every 100 women, forty-five are at work.

Moreover, while Providence, being a larger city than Fall River, has 22,068 workingwomen, only 2,118 of those women are married. Meanwhile, in Fall River, out of 16,170 workingwomen in all trades, *there are 3,688 that are married.*

What can be done to check a situation of this kind?

Many things. Several will be suggested in a future article. At this point only one observation will be made. The historical facts recounted in this article have shown that it will be impossible to cope with the problem of infant mortality by the simple expedient of forbidding women to work. Women *must* work, because they are forced into it by an economic law which has been described. Even married women are beginning to be included in this law.

The United States Census Bureau says:

"From 1890 to 1900 the increase in the percentage of bread-winners was most marked for married women, the percentage for this marital class being greater by almost one fourth in 1900 than it was in 1890. In 1890 one married woman in 22 was a bread-winner; in 1900, one in 18."

It will be feasible to forbid married women to work for a certain period of time before and after childbirth, and it may even be feasible to forbid them to work at any time for more than a certain particular and special number of hours a day. But it will be forever impossible, in economic as well as in constitutional law, to prevent them from working, absolutely and arbitrarily.

The situation must be accepted. Women

are migrating, in search of work, from the home to the outside world. We have shown that the outside world is beginning to accommodate itself to the requirements of this new situation. Working-hours are being reduced. Working-conditions are being improved. There will be more reductions, there will be more improvements, in order to provide an outside world suitable for persons who are to bear and suckle children.

But is it only the outside world that will be accommodated to this new need? Will the home remain unchanged?

Love and marriage will remain unchanged, certainly. But we are not talking about love and marriage. We are talking about the home, about domestic arrangements, about the details of housekeeping.

Will those details, representing one half of woman's life, remain unchanged while the details of the factory, the store, and the office, representing the other half, are being profoundly modified to meet her demands?

Perhaps not. Perhaps housekeeping will become modernized. Perhaps some visitor to Fall River, city of power and beauty, will write an article about it in the year 1958, and will express himself as follows:

"In the year 1908 (it seems almost incredible), there was not a single day-nursery in Fall River. Though several thousand married women were, even then, employed in the mills and in the mercantile establishments of the town, their children remained at home, more or less neglected.

"It finally occurred to the local trade-unions that some better method of looking after the children might be devised.

"Accordingly they organized, on their own initiative, a cooperative day-nursery to which factory women were able to send their children for a no larger fee than they had previously paid, in their own homes, to the old women of the neighborhood who used to come in and look after the children most imperfectly, and most unscientifically.

"Meanwhile the work-day in the mills had been shortened to seven and a half hours, and the excessive heat, dust, and moisture which had formerly characterized most mill work had been greatly modified. This change made it possible for married women to work,

without injury, in the mills, although, for a while, they were forbidden by law to work for more than a half-day at a time.

"The first day-nursery of Fall River, established through trade-union influence, was followed by many others, some maintained under the guidance of the manufacturers, and some owned by the municipality. The origin of these nurseries, curiously enough, was soon forgotten, and women of all classes began sending their children to them for periods varying from two to ten hours a day. The individual home was supplemented by the social home.

"And, it must be said, it was usually a better home. Cooperatively, people could afford more light, more air, better food, and better nurses than they had been able to afford individually.

"The day-nursery has, like the public school, become an institution for the children of the whole people. It fills in the gap between the home and the school; and with its scientific food for extremely young children, and its clever games for somewhat older children, it does what most homes could never have done. It acts as a center of new and constantly improved ideas for both physical and mental education.

"Its origin, however, can clearly be traced to the factory woman. The problem of infant mortality had become so serious that it had to be solved, and it was solved. The co-operative nursery, which means cooperative parentage, supplemented and saved individual parentage.

"As a historical generalization, it may be said that the latter half of the nineteenth century saw the establishment of the principle that the work of women outside the home must be regulated by law, while the first half of the twentieth century saw, as a corollary, the establishment of the principle that the home itself must be socially developed and expanded."

Perhaps this will be written. Perhaps not. In any case, in every civilized country, the problem of dying babies is the next problem in the history of the modern woman. And it is a problem that will never be fully met until there are great changes both in the home and in the world outside the home.

THE SOUDAN

By W. L. ALDEN

Author of "Adventures of Jimmie Brown," "Drewitt's Dream," etc.

Illustrations by George Wright

THE Colonel of the Thirty-second Soudanese Regiment, quartered at Khartoum, had sent for Lieutenant Branscom, his youngest company officer. The Colonel was sitting in his shirt-sleeves, and his red Celtic face seemed to his companion to add perceptibly to the heat of the afternoon.

"Good evening to you, Lieutenant," said the Colonel, as Branscom entered. "Here's a billet for you. Ye'll take twinty men of your company, and start to-night for Birket es Said, which, so far as I can find out, is a misbegotten village somewhere in the west of Dongola. There's a nigger here who belongs in those parts, and says he'll show you the way. When you get there you'll keep a bright lookout for dervishes, though between you and me and the doctor here I don't believe there's a dervish left in all Dongola. Ye'll be the beneficent despot of the village, you understand, until such time as you're ordered to come back. Wait a bit! I forgot to say that you can take Sergeant Conolly with you. That's all."

"The moon will be up by two o'clock, sir," replied Branscom. "I shall be ready to start by that time."

"Good boy!" replied the Colonel. "I wish you all sorts of good luck. Keep a tight hold of your men when you get to Birket. If you can manage to serve out wives to the lot of them, that'll keep them quiet. But you know them well enough to know that they are not Tommies."

"Come round to my place before you start, Branscom," said the doctor. "I can give you a little quinine, and mighty little brandy. K. doesn't believe in sick men, and it's like drawing teeth to get any medical stores out of him. You take the quinine when you get the fever, and the brandy when you get a sunstroke, and when the typhoid gets hold

of you, go to bed and say your prayers. Come along with me. You haven't any time to lose."

It was a long, hot, and weary march across Dongola to Birket es Said, but young Branscom enjoyed every mile of the way. He was only twenty-six, and yet he was going to have what was almost an independent command. He would probably hear nothing from headquarters until the final order recalling him should arrive. He would be left to govern the village in his own way; to defend it against possible dervishes; and to make the natives understand that the rule of intelligence and justice had succeeded to the cruel despotism of the Turks, and the fierce savagery of the dervishes. This was indeed life. This was the opening of a great career. The stretches of yellow scorching sand; the fields of lentil and garlic; the dried watercourses; the sparse clusters of palms, were all alike beautiful in his eyes. He cared nothing for the heat of the day and the chill of the night. He was in a dreamland where all that is ugly and wearisome in waking hours had not only vanished, but had become nearly unthinkable. The wretched huts of the native villages had become picturesque in his eyes. The sharp and tireless barking of the native dogs, which had lacerated his nerves during the dull days and oppressive nights in Khartoum, were now only so many welcome sounds of joyous life. He sang to himself in low tones in chorus with the jubilant stars as his camel lurched on its slow way.

Branscom found that Birket es Said was a small village built in a palm grove that stood on the very edge of the Great Desert. A stream flowed through the grove, and hurried southward to join some tributary of the Bahr-el-Ghazal. Beyond the grove to the

north and east were patches of cultivated fields, and to the south the palm-trees made strenuous efforts to keep up with the swift current of the stream. They straggled along its banks, bending over as if wearied with the chase, gaunt and thin of foliage, as if suffering from a thirst that the stream would not pause to quench. One by one they gave up the chase and fell behind, and Branscom could see with his field-glass where the last palm-tree withered in solitude, and the course of the stream was marked only by a depression in the sand, bordered here and there with a gleam of verdure.

Every day there sprang up a strong breeze that blew toward the desert. It was like the land breeze that on quiet summer days carries the scent of hay, and flowers, and pine-trees, out over the placid and receptive sea. The trees all leaned toward the desert, and the rustle of the leaves was like the continuous murmur of a gentle surf. The heat, even during the midday hours, was not unendurable, and the air had a stimulating freshness which, in spite of the heat, recalled the cool breezes of the sea.

Branscom took up his quarters in one of the only two practicable houses in the place. His men lived under canvas in the *zeriba* which it had been his first care to construct. Not that there was any apparent danger from the scattered hordes of dervishes. It was reported that a band of stragglers from the field of Omdurman had passed near the village some time before Branscom reached it, but they had not attacked the villagers, and there was no reason to believe that they would return. Still Branscom was not the man to neglect any wise precaution, and as the *zeriba* was within a few paces of his house, he did not feel separated from his men.

The first months of Branscom's reign over Birket es Said passed pleasantly. He made himself familiar with the affairs of the village, and was gladly recognized as the incarnation of justice, a judge who could not be bought, who did not thirst after taxes, and who was not cruel even toward the old and the crippled. And Branscom enjoyed the confidence that the people placed in him. He enjoyed his work; he was proud of his men; he was not a little vain of his position. But it was not long before the shadow of loneliness that forever dogs the solitary white man in savage Africa touched him, and day by day grew broader and darker. He had only

three books with him, and he knew them by heart. While he was engaged with his daily duties the time did not drag; but when night came, and he had nothing more to do, he felt the world slipping stealthily away from him, leaving him stranded and alone.

It is true that Conolly, the sergeant, was with him, but he could not make a companion of him. Conolly was virtually an Irish-American, for he had spent most of his life in America, where he had lost much of his native brogue, and had gained much of the reticence, the persistence, and the hard severity of a certain type of American. He had gone back to Ireland to marry the sweetheart of his early youth, and had found her married to a rival. In a fit of anger and despondency, intensified by the whisky of his native land, he had enlisted in the army, where his abilities had speedily gained him promotion. He was an excellent subordinate, and Branscom felt an entire confidence in the man. It was certainly a comfort to know that a white man was close at hand. But beyond the necessary intercourse that sprang from their official relations, there was little that could be called comradeship between the two men.

When Conolly came down with a fever, Branscom nursed him to the best of his ability, and with a tenderness of which he had hardly suspected himself capable. But the man was doomed and he knew it. "There's just one thing I ought to say to you, sir," he said just before delirium set in. "If I don't pull through, and I'm pretty darned sure I won't, look out for that swine Mohammed, the corporal. He's a good soldier, sir, but a bad lot. Somehow he's got a hold on the men so that he can do pretty much what he likes with them. He's made them believe that he can turn himself into a wild beast whenever he wants to, and they think he's the biggest conjurer in Africa. I've kept a tight rein on him, but when I'm gone you'll have to do it yourself."

Branscom thanked the man, and told him not to bother about Mohammed, and to try to sleep. "Remember Mohammed, sir!" murmured Conolly at intervals during the night. When the next morning came he could no longer speak coherently.

Conolly died, and was buried at the edge of the desert, near the miserable Mohammedan cemetery, with its mounds of sand, and its two twin stones at the head and foot of each grave, where the examining angels sit and question the dead. As Branscom

marched his men back from the grave to the zeriba, the horrible loneliness of his situation bore down on him more heavily than ever before. The rustle of the leaves of the palm-trees took on a note of sadness. It was as if the wind had changed its key from the glad major to a moaning minor. Branscom found himself wondering if he too would follow Conolly, and what in that case would become of the men. He remembered the sergeant's warning as to Mohammed, and resolved to lose no time in studying the man. He sent for him that evening and told him that he was to take Conolly's place. Mohammed thanked him with dignity. He was tall, soldierly, lithe, and yet stately in his figure and bearing. He was a negro of the West Coast, who had served in a company of native Senegal artillery under the French flag, and spoke French with fluency. How it happened that he had drifted to Egypt, and enlisted in a Soudanese regiment, no one knew. Even with men of his own color he was reticent as to his past.

Branscom had hardly noticed the man until Conolly's dying warning had called his attention to him. He knew that Mohammed was a smart soldier, but he had thought of him merely as one of his Soudanese, and had scarcely distinguished him from his fellows. But now that he talked with him alone he noticed the extraordinary brilliancy of his eyes; the look of conscious power, of proud disdain, of fearlessness, that filled them. Branscom found it difficult to look away from those piercing eyes. The idea came to him that if he looked elsewhere the man might think he was afraid to meet his gaze. While he talked with him he felt a growing sense of oppression, as in a nightmare when one dreams of slowly suffocating under some terrible weight that presses on the chest. Fearing that he might betray himself by some outward sign of uneasiness, and even alarm, he abruptly dismissed Mohammed. When the curtain that did duty as a door to the room fell behind the retreating figure of the new sergeant, Branscom felt a shiver pass over him. He knew that he feared the man and hated him. He was at once ashamed and alarmed at this apparently groundless and childish pettiness.

From the day of the death of Conolly the change in Branscom accented itself constantly and clearly. The things that had in the beginning pleased and fascinated him grew tiresome, flavorless, vexatious. The

desert became his personal enemy. Every day he walked to the edge of that boundless expanse of sand and sun, and stood looking at the hazy, yellow, tremulous horizon that was as unbroken as the rim of the sea. He knew that three thousand miles of that hot, merciless sand stretched away to the westward to Cape Blanco. To his weakening nerves it was overpowering in its immense distances; its pitiless, malignant scorn of human life. He thought of the white bones of men and beasts that lay bleached and brittle all over its surface. The vastness of the desert maddened him. It was so useless, so intolerable, so devilish. And yet every day something seemed to drag him to the desert's edge, where he faced it as he would have faced an enemy—hating and fearing it, and fearing still more any failure to face it disdainfully.

Even the sand on which he walked under the palm-trees irritated him. It got into his boots, and he resented it as he would have resented a brutal familiarity. Once when he emptied the sand out of his boots on re-entering his house a sob broke from him. He swore fiercely, although as a rule he was exceptionally temperate in his language. He struck his clenched fist against the wall of the room and cursed the day that he had first seen the Soudan.

There was very little for his men to do, and in order to keep them fit and under discipline he marched them long distances every day. Nothing more monotonous than those long, dreary, aimless marches could be imagined. There was the glare of the sun; the featureless landscape, the sand under foot, and nothing else. At first the men, with the cheerful acquiescence of the Soudanese, seemed rather to like the daily march, but after a time Branscom noticed that even they began to lose their alacrity, and showed signs of weariness and even of sullenness.

The sun had never had any evil effect on Branscom, and he had passed through the whole campaign that ended with Omdurman without a touch of sunstroke. But now the sun seemed hotter than he had ever known it to be. A curious phenomenon troubled him. The wavering of the heated atmosphere seemed to have a reflexive influence on the solid ground. When he looked down on the earth under his feet as he marched it seemed to quiver and tremble as with a slight earthquake. He had to step carefully to avoid the appearance of staggering. And



"IF I DON'T PULL THROUGH, LOOK OUT FOR THAT SWINE MOHAMMED, THE CORPORAL."

this curious impression did not pass away when he returned to the shelter of the grove. His house seemed to sway as he sat in his chair by the window and looked across to the zeriba. At night his bed rocked under him. He said to himself that he was certainly going to be very ill, perhaps to die, as Conolly had died. The thought that he would be buried under the hated sand filled him with impotent anger.

One evening he became so afraid of his solitude that under some pretext he sent for Mohammed. The man came and stood before him with his eyes fixed on Branscom. There was no expression in them save that of inscrutable, indomitable determination.

"By the by, Mohammed!" said Branscom in an apparently careless way, "what is this I hear about your being able to turn yourself into a leopard?"

Mohammed smiled—a smile that showed his white teeth and made Branscom feel suddenly chilly. "Perhaps," said he, "Monsieur the Lieutenant has heard of the Leopard Society of the West Coast. I belonged to

that society when I was with the Frenchmen, and some people thought that we could change ourselves into leopards."

"Rum idea, that!" said Branscom. "Have you made the men here believe it?"

"I have made the men believe nothing that they did not believe before they knew me," replied Mohammed. "I do not say that I can change myself into a leopard, but I can change other people into leopards."

"Don't talk rot to me," said Branscom uneasily, for the man's eyes were on him, and he was already sorry that he had sent for him. "You'd find it a little difficult to work any such miracle here."

"I could make the Lieutenant into a leopard at this moment, if it were not too great a liberty," said Mohammed slowly. "Have I the permission to try?"

"Certainly," replied Branscom. "Go on! Let's see what you can do."

Mohammed came a little nearer to the young officer. He raised his forefinger and pointed directly at Branscom's face. He looked intently into his eyes, and Branscom



SUDDENLY THE BLACK SAID, "YOU ARE A LEOPARD! DOWN ON ALL
FOURS! DOWN INSTANTLY!"

found it impossible to turn away his head. Suddenly the black said, "You are a leopard! Down on all fours! Down instantly!"

With a sudden catching of his breath Branscom sank to the floor, where he rested on his hands and knees. "Now march!" cried the sergeant. "March round the room! March like the leopard that you are."

Irresistibly Branscom found himself compelled to crawl about the room. He moved with the stealthy, slinking movement of a wild animal that is trying to escape observation or is stealing toward its prey. He felt a distinct pride in the supple elasticity that seemed suddenly to have passed into his muscles. He glanced up at Mohammed and snarled viciously.

"It is enough!" cried the black. "Mon-sieur the Lieutenant will please take his chair again. It is ended."

Branscom came to himself as the man spoke. He sat tired and breathless, wondering at the magic of Mohammed, and angry with the man who had dared to put him to shame. But Branscom had a keen sense of justice. He knew that he had brought his disgrace on himself, and that Mohammed had only done what he had given him permission to do. All the same he hated Mohammed, and could have killed him gladly as he stood motionless, waiting his superior's further pleasure. Branscom dismissed him without a sign of resentment, but without daring to allude to the scene through which he had just passed.

But the magic of the negro sorcerer still clung to Branscom. The constant recollection of the degradation to which the man had so swiftly and unexpectedly reduced him would not be banished from his mind. He knew that Mohammed must despise him, and that it was morally certain he would boast to the Soudanese of what he had done. Worse than all, Branscom could not rid himself wholly of the influence of the hypnotism that had brought him to the level of the beast. He felt at times a horrible desire to crawl on all fours; to slink behind his curtains; to crouch as if to spring on his servant when the latter entered the room. He made hoarse noises in his throat when he was alone, such as he had never made before. Once he snarled like a wild beast at the orderly who had failed to clean his boots properly. The dread lest he should yield to some revolting, bestial impulse in the presence of his men,

and so lose at once and utterly their respect and obedience, never left him.

Meanwhile the earth never ceased to heave and tremble under his feet. He knew that this was an illusion, but it was miserably real to his senses. He tried to believe that it was due merely to some physical derangement, and that he was as sane as he had ever been, but there were moments when he knew that he was on the border of madness. His ever-increasing hatred of the desert; his loathing of the sand, which now closely resembled that which from boyhood he had felt toward serpents; the keen laceration of his nerves that was now inseparable from the moaning and rustle of the palm-trees, filled him with a horrible fear that he was on the point of losing control of his mind. At night as he lay on his bed in darkness and solitude he broke into sobs that he could not repress. He envied Conolly who had escaped from trouble—from the Soudan. Of course he knew that he could die at any moment, for his revolver was always ready, but he had been trained to regard the suicide as a coward, and whatever else he was, he knew that he was not yet a coward—not yet capable of betraying his trust.

Strangest of all, he no longer felt the oppression of solitude. On the contrary, he wanted intensely to be alone. Contact with his men, or with the villagers, was repulsive to him. He preferred night to day; he now kept his room constantly barred against the sunlight. Still, he did not falter in the least in the discharge of his duties. He drilled and marched his men. He listened to the complaints of the villagers. He wrote his reports, empty and featureless as they were in that still eddy of the Soudan, with his accustomed regularity. Only in one respect did he alter his habits. He no longer allowed his servant to enter the room while he was at his meals. It had become impossible for him to eat in the presence of another. Why this was he could not tell. He knew only that he had an undefined dread of the presence of his servant standing near the table, or moving about the room. He wanted to clutch his food with his hands, and escape with it to some place where he would be alone.

One morning Branscom had ordered his men to assemble outside of the zeriba in preparation for the daily march. They came together in a disorderly, chattering crowd, and when he gave the order to fall in, they did not move to obey him. He repeated the



HE SPRANG ON THE BLACK WITH A BOUND THAT TOOK THE
MAN WHOLLY BY SURPRISE.

order, but with no better result. Then Mohammed advanced in front of his comrades, saluted, and said, "Monsieur the Lieutenant! We are tired of this marching from nowhere to nowhere. We will do it no more."

"Silence!" cried Branscom. "Give me your arms and go to your tent under arrest."

Mohammed laughed. "Monsieur the Lieutenant forgets that he is one and we are many, and that there are no white men between here and Khartoum. We are men, and we will no longer be played with by a boy."

Branscom made a step toward the mutineer, sword in hand, but Mohammed raised his finger and pointed it straight at him. Branscom stopped in his tracks, as if paralyzed.

"You are not a man!" said Mohammed slowly. "You are a beast! Down on the ground and show the men how you can crawl. Down this instant, leopard!"

For a few seconds Branscom felt himself succumbing to the domination of the negro. His sword fell from his grasp. Already his hands were losing their power of clutch. With a mighty effort he pulled himself together, and sprang on the black with a bound that took the man wholly by surprise. He landed with his hands on Mohammed's shoulders, and his knees in his abdomen. The man went over backward under the impulse of the shock, and lay struggling on his back. With fierce snarls Branscom gnawed horribly at the negro's neck, sinking his teeth deep into the flesh, tearing at his jugular vein. The blood gushed over his face and breast. Mohammed howled with fright and anguish, but his comrades did not offer to come to his rescue. The fierce savages enjoyed the strange, bloody, inhuman scene. When it was over, and Mohammed lay dead, Branscom got on his feet, picked up his sword, and again ordered the men to fall in. They obeyed him instantly and began their march with grinning faces and a manifest admiration of their young officer.

Faint, dazed, and with his sight wavering, Branscom marched at the head of his men with uncertain and faltering footsteps. The earth reeled under him more violently than ever. The intensity of his rage against the mutineer had sapped his strength, and he knew that his power of endurance was nearly at an end. But he stuck doggedly to his task. The men should have their daily march if he died in his tracks.

His head was bent over and he saw little except the path under his feet. Suddenly, as he emerged from a slightly sunken defile between two hillocks, he came upon a squadron of the camel corps. He did not know the officer in command, but even with his waning sight he recognized the gaunt figure of the surgeon of the Thirty-second Soudanese.

Both detachments halted. Branscom saluted the officer in charge of the newcomers, and stood silent, swaying slightly from side to side.

"Are you Captain Branscom?" asked the officer wonderingly.

"I don't know," replied Branscom. And he repeated, as if to himself, "I—don't—know."

"How are you, Branscom?" cried the cheery voice of the surgeon. "Good heavens, man! What have you been doing? Why, you're blood from head to foot."

"I don't know," repeated Branscom. And then with a sharp note of agony he cried: "Take hold of me, somebody! Don't let me down on the ground again!"

The surgeon dismounted just in time to hold up the limp form of the unconscious young man. "Tie him on a camel and take him to his quarters as quick as possible," ordered the surgeon. "The man is dying."

He was dead before the swift-trotting camel reached the village. The next day they buried him by the side of Conolly. When the Soudanese had fired their volley over the grave, and the doctor and the officer of the relieving squadron were slowly walking back to the village, the latter said: "I suppose the poor chap died of the fever."

"So I shall say in my report," replied the surgeon; "but, between you and me, he didn't die of any fever known to medical science."

"Then what was the matter with him?" asked the officer.

"Just the Soudan," answered the doctor. "Sometimes we call it enteric, and sometimes sunstroke, and sometimes something else, but the real disease is the Soudan. It's a cowardly thing. It's afraid to attack where there are three or four white men together; but when it catches a white man alone, like that poor boy we just buried, it kills him as certainly as the plague or a dervish's spear. 'Died of the Soudan' is what ought to be put on Branscom's tombstone, if he ever has one; but it won't do to say so in a medical report."



The Chronicles of a Chromatic Bear Hunt

By REX BEACH

Author of "The Spoilers," "The Barrier," etc.

THE biography of the average big game hunter is a bitter hard-luck story.

As compared with his work, the twelve labors of Hercules were the initiatory stunts of a high-school sorority. If this were not so, we should have no bears left. The "silver-tip" and the Alaskan grizzly would soon be catalogued with the Dodo, the Populist, the Honest Senator, and other extinct species.

When Fred Stone* and I determined to go bear hunting we chose Alaska, for several reasons. First, it was farther away than any other place we knew of, except some one-

night stands in Arkansas and certain suburbs of Brooklyn. Secondly, there are lots of bears in Alaska, black, white, gray, blue, brown, and the combinations thereof; enough to match almost any kind of furniture or shade of carpet. And I had been kindly but firmly informed that my trip would not be considered a success at our house unless I brought back a mahogany-brown skin, shading to orange, for the living-room, and a large pelt, not too deeply tinged with ox-heart red, to match the dining-room rug. Fred was told likewise that the boss of his bungalow would welcome bear rugs of a French gray or moss-green tint only.

We began to hunt immediately upon leaving New York, and had secured some fine

* Fred Stone is the well-known comedian who, with Dave Montgomery, made a success in "The Wizard of Oz" and "The Red Mill."

specimens before reaching Chicago, but we killed most of our bears between St. Paul and Billings, Montana.

It was while dashing through the Bad Lands that Fred suggested bear-dogs.

"Great!" said I.

"They'll save us a lot of work."

"And be fine company in camp."

Accordingly we wired ahead for "Best pair bear-dogs state of Washington," and a few hours after our arrival at Seattle they came by express. They were a well-matched pair, yclept Jack and Jill, so the letter stated, both wise in their generation and schooled in the ways of bear.

"They are a trifle fat," we read, "but they will be O. K. if you cut down their rations. Both are fine cold trailers. Kindly remit hundred dollars and feed only at night." We were informed that in Jill's veins coursed the best blue blood of Virginia, and that though she was no puppy in point of years, her age and experience were assets impossible to estimate. This rendered me a bit doubtful for Alaska is not a land for old ladies on a diet, but Fred destroyed my misgivings by saying:

"Take it from me, she's all right. We don't want any debutante dogs on this trip."

Jack was more my ideal. He had the ears of a bloodhound, the face of a mastiff, and the tail of a kangaroo, while his eyes were those of a tragedian, deep, soulful, and dark with romance. When he gave tongue, we decided he was a grand-opera baritone.

One day in Seattle sufficed to augment our outfit with ammunition, fishing tackle, and a mosquito tent. I have long since learned not to carry grub into the north.

Two years before, at the height of the salmon season, I had made a trip through the Copper River delta in a wheezy, smelly fish-boat, and while tide-bound, with the North Pacific pounding on the sand dunes to seaward, I had gazed across thirty miles of flats up into a gap of the great Alaskan range toward long, low-lying streaks of white which slanted down out of hidden gulches on opposite sides of the valley, appearing to close the course of the river.

"Glaciers!" announced the smelly captain of the smelly fish-boat.

"Live glaciers?" I queried.

"Sure! On still days you can hear them 'working' clear out here. Chunks drop off the size of a mountain, and splash out all the water in the river. There ain't any white men ever been up there."

I spoke later with the smelly engineer, who was an old-timer in the country.

"They come together, they do, buttin' one another like a pair of rams, grindin' and squeezein' to beat the band."

"But how does the river get through?" I demanded, skeptically.

"I don't know. Maybe it jumps over."

The smelly deck-hand shed even a dimmer light on that mysterious valley by informing me that, in order to pass those glaciers, one had to work along a perpendicular face of ice, chipping footholds and clinging with fingers and toes at dizzy heights above the river.

My informants united on but one statement: There were a great many bears up near those glaciers, for it seemed there were rapids of some sort where the animals came to fish during the salmon time; so many of them, in fact, that the banks were seamed with trails and the rocks worn smooth by their feet.

I still had some eight thousand Alaskan miles to do that summer, so I could stay there no longer, but the determination to see those glaciers at close range and to examine those bear tracks had grown upon me steadily. I had told Fred of them, and it was thither we were heading now. Hence the mosquito tents, the ammunition, and the soulful bear-dogs.

For five days we ploughed northward on a typical ratty Alaskan steamer, a thing of creaks and odors and vermin. On a drizzly May morning we docked at Cordova, the town which has sprung up at the terminus of Mr. Heney's railroad. The road is not really Mr. Heney's, but belongs to the Morgan-Guggenheim interests, being destined to haul copper from their mines two hundred miles inland. Mr. Heney is building it for them, however, and everybody looks upon it as his personal property. It was hours before breakfast time when we arrived, but "M. J." himself was at the dock, for a purser on one of his freight steamers had apparently mislaid a locomotive or a steam-shovel or some such article which Mr. Heney wished to use that morning, and he had come down to find it. He was not annoyed—it takes something more than a lost, strayed, or stolen locomotive to annoy a man who builds railroads for fun rather than for money, and chooses a new country in which to do it because it offers new obstacles.

He welcomed us drippingly, with a smile of Irish descent which no humidity nor stress of fortune could affect.

"I'm sorry you didn't arrive yesterday," he

said, "for it looks as if the fall rains had set in." It was the 21st of May and this was no joke, for Cordova is known as the wettest place in the world.

"Bear?" said Mr. Heney. "Yes, indeed. We'll see that you get all you want." And from that moment until we left Alaska with our legal limit of pelts he made us feel that the labors of his fifteen hundred men, the building of his railroad, and the disbursement of millions of dollars were, as compared with our comfort and enjoyment, affairs of secondary importance. And when we described the tints of our wall paper and rugs, we got the impression that whether we needed bears lavender, bears mauve, or bears cerise, it was a religion with him to see that we found them.

As to guides, there were no regular guides in this neighborhood, since there were no tourists—every resident had to earn his money honestly. But there were fellows about who knew the woods—Joe Bach, for instance. He had just come in from a prospecting trip and might care to go a-bear hunting. So we descended upon Joe. Certainly he'd go. He didn't care to guide, however, as he had never "gid" any, but he'd show us a lot of bears, he'd carry the outfit, row a boat, do the cooking, chop the wood, build the fires, and perform the other labors of the camp. As for regular guiding, though, he guessed we'd have to see to that ourselves until he learned how. When we spoke about wages, he said he didn't think that sort of thing was worth money, showing conclusively that he was not a real guide.

He had a long, square jaw and a steady eye, which looked good to us, so we agreed to do the guiding if he would do the rest of the things he had mentioned—and see that we did not get lost.

As to those mysterious glaciers toward which I had been working these two years, Mr. Heney said we could not reach them yet. The Copper River delta was full of rotten ice, and the banks were so choked with snow that it was impossible to take an outfit up before the slews cleared. Out at Camp Six, however, a

number of bears had been seen, one, in particular, so large that no day laborer might look upon his tracks and retain a sense of direction. Only the section bosses could stand their ground after one glance at his spoor.

We were installed at Camp Six by 5:30 on the following afternoon and had unchained our dogs. At 5:49 Jack had found a porcupine. A man came running to inform us that he was "all quilled up," and so he was, his nose, lips, tongue, and throat white with the cruel thistles.

"Get them out quick, or they'll work in," we were advised, and somebody produced a pair of tweezers, with which we fell to; but Jack suddenly developed the disposition of a wolf and the strength of a hippopotamus. Followed a rough and tumble, which ended by our getting his shoulders to the mat on a "half Nelson" and hammerlock hold. Those quills which we did not remove from the dog with the tweezers we pulled out of each other after the scrimmage.

At 6:15 Jill notified us plaintively that she had retrieved a brother to Jack's porcupine and had taken a bite at him. By the time we had pulled the barbs from her nose our supper was cold.

"Well, it's a good thing for them to get wised up early," Fred remarked, wiping off the blood and sweat. "They'll know enough not to tackle another porcupine. They're mighty intelligent dogs."

We were still eating—time 6:44—when a voice outside the mess-tent inquired:

"Whose dog is that with his nose full of quills?"

We looked at each other, and Joe commenced to laugh.

"Are there any dogs besides ours around this camp?" I inquired of the waiter.

"No, sir."

It was nearly midnight before Jill ran down her second victim and raised us from our slumbers by her yells, but by that time we had become so dexterous with the pincers that we could feed each other soup with them, so we got back to bed quickly.



"SUPREMACY PROUD OF A SKIN WHICH DRAGGED UPON MY SHOULDERS, ITS POINTS TRAILING ON THE GROUND."



KIDNAPPED! THEODORE TAFT, AN ORPHAN, FORMERLY OF ALASKA, NOW OF THE NEW YORK ZOO.

The next day it rained. It rains every day in this country, but nobody minds it. In fact, the residents declare they don't like sunshiny weather, asserting that it cracks their feet. One Cordovan undertook to keep a record of the sunshine, summer before last, and failed because he had no stop-watch. Before setting out Fred called my attention to Joe's rifle.

"It looks like an air-gun," said he. "It wouldn't kill a duck."

Joe yielded the weapon up cheerfully for examination, and it did indeed look like a toy. Its bore was the size of a lady's lead-pencil, it was weather-beaten and rusty, and the stock looked as if it had been used to split kindling.

"She's kind of dirty now," the owner apologized, "but I'll set her out in the rain to-night, and that will clean her up."

My experience with Alaskan grizzlies has shown me that they are hard to kill and will carry much lead; hence, in close quarters, a bullet with great shocking power is more effective than one which is highly penetrative; but when we suggested adroitly to Joe that he use one of our extra guns instead of this relic, he declined, on the ground that his old gun was easier to carry.

Through miles of muskeg swamp we splashed toward the forest where the big bear had been seen. We sank to our knees at every step; low brush hindered us; in places the surface of the ground quaked like jelly. We were a mile into the thickets before the dogs gave tongue, and were off with us crash-

ing after them through the brush, lunging through drifts, tripping, falling, sweating. For ten minutes we followed, until a violent din in the jungle ahead advised us that their quarry was at bay.

Joe took his obstacles in the manner of a stag, finally bursting through the brush ahead of us with his air-gun in his hand, only to stop and begin to swear deeply.

"What is it?" I yelled, hip deep in a snow-drift.

"Have you got them pinchers handy?" came his answer.

For five days we combed those thickets and scoured the mountain sides without a shot, for those educated bear-dogs got lost the moment we were out of sight, and made such a racket that we were forced to take turns retrieving them. No sooner were they through with one porcupine than they tackled another, and when not waiting for assistance they "heeled" us, ready to climb up our backs at the faintest alarm.

"If we saw a bear they'd run between our legs and trip us up," declared Joe, disgustedly.

Deciding, finally, that this section was too heavily timbered to hunt in without canine assistance, we sought more open country, and the next high tide found us scudding down the Sound in a fast launch toward an island which for years has been shunned because of its ugly bears. Not a week before this a party of native hunters had been chased into camp by a herd of grizzlies.



THE GATEWAY TO THE GLACIERS. SECTIONAL PANORAMA OF PRINCE WILLIAM SOUND, ALASKA.

We skimmed past wooded shores which lifted upward to bleak snow-fields veiled by ragged streamers of sea mist. Into a shallow, uncharted bay we felt our course, past cliffs white with millions of gulls, under towering columns of rock which thrust wicked fangs up through a swirling ten-mile tide and burst into clouds of shrieking birds at our approach.

We anchored abreast of two tumble-down shacks, and, as the afternoon was young, prepared for exploration. Ahead of us, rolling hills rose to a bolder range which formed the backbone of the island. The timbered slopes were broken by meadows of brilliant green, floored, not with grass, but with oozy moss.

"We've got three guns in the party," said Joe, noting the preparations of Little, the owner of the launch, "so I'll take the camera instead of my rifle. If we see a bear, them dogs can't trip up more than two of us, which will leave one man to shoot and one man to use the machine."

For hours we tramped the likeliest-looking country we had seen, but the wet moss showed no scars, the soft snow gave no evidence of having been trod, so I suggested that we divide in order to cover more territory. Fred and Little, escorted by Jack and Jill, headed toward the flats, while Joe and I turned upward toward the heights.

Far above timber line we found our first sign, and farther on more tracks, all leading down the southern slope and not in the direction of our launch; so away we plodded, over crater lakes half choked and hidden under fifty feet of snow, skidding down crusted slopes, lowering ourselves hand over hand down gutters where the snow water drenched us from above. In time we left the deeper snows for thick brush, broken by open patches, and a ten-o'clock twilight was on us when we spied a fresh track. The moss had slipped and torn beneath the animal's weight, and the sharp slashes of the claws had not yet filled with seepage.

"He's close by," said Joe, shifting the

camera. "Gee! I wish I'd brought my gun instead of this thrashing-machine," and for the first time I realized that I had a new, small-calibered rifle with me, and had selected this day to try it, not expecting to have to rely upon it.

At a half run we followed down the trail, for there was no difficulty in picking it up wherever it crossed an open spot; but without warning the hillside ahead of us dropped off abruptly, and we emerged upon the crest of a three-hundred-foot declivity choked with devil clubs and underbrush, the tops of the spruce showing beneath us. Joe altered his course toward the right, when I saw, over the edge and not thirty feet away, a grizzled scruff of hair looking like the back of a porcupine.

"There he is!" I called sharply. "Look out for yourself!"

I stepped to the edge of the bluff, for after my first glimpse that angry fur had disappeared—and looked down directly into the countenance of the largest grizzly in the world! Halted by our approach, he had paused just under the crest.

I have seen several Alaskan bears at close range, but I never saw one more distinctly than this, and I never saw a wickedder face than the one which glared up at me. His muzzle was as gray as a "whistler's" back, the silver hairs of his shoulders were on end like quills, while his little pig eyes were bloodshot and blazing.

"What luck!" I thought wildly, as the rifle sights cuddled together, but in that fraction of a second before the finger crooks, out from the brush behind him scrambled another bear, a great, lean, high-quartered brute of cinnamon shade, appearing, to my startled eyes, to stand as tall as a heifer.

Now, I never happened to be quite so intimate with a pair of grizzlies before, and since that moment I have frequently wondered how they happened to impress me so strongly with the idea of a crowd. The woods seemed suddenly filled with bear, and involuntarily I swept the glades below to see if this were a procession, or a bear carnival of some sort.



"MR. HENEY WELCOMED US WITH A SMILE OF IRISH DESCENT."

That instant's weakness cost me the finest pelt I ever saw, for at my movement bear number one leaped, and as I swung back to cover him, I saw only a brown flank disappearing behind a barrier of projecting logs. At this distance I dared not take a chance on other than a head shot, so I jumped back, peering through the brush at our level, hoping to see him as he emerged.

Joe rushed forward to the edge of the hill as if about to assault the cinnamon with his camera, stepping directly between me and where I expected bear number one to show.

"Shoot! Shoot! Give it to him before he gets up here," he yelled hoarsely.

"Get out of the way," I shouted, with my eyes glued upon the vegetation at his back.

He was still screaming, "Shoot! Shoot!" when his voice rose to a squeak, for up through the undergrowth lunged the big cinnamon, nearly trampling him. The bear rose to its hind legs and snorted, while Joe did a brisk dance, side-stepping neatly from underneath his photographic harness and fairly kicking himself up and out of his rubber boots. Before either foot-gear or camera had ended its flight he had sized up the dimensions of every spruce-tree within a radius of forty rods, and was headed for the most promising.

I dare say my own movements were purely muscular at the time. I got out of his way to glimpse through my sights a brown rump over which the brush was closing, and remember deciding that with five shots in an untried weapon I didn't care to chance a tail shot, with that other big gray bear concealed within forty feet—particularly since Joe had staked the only available tree.

In the days which followed I cursed myself bitterly at the memory of those white-hot seconds.

"Gosh! 'mighty! If I'd only had a six-shooter," panted Joe, regarding me with disgust. "Why didn't you give it to him?"

"I wanted to get the big one first," said I. "The *big one*? You never saw a bear any bigger than *that one*, did you?"

"Yes; I tried to get a shot at the old gray one."

"Do you mean to say there was two of 'em?"

"I do! And the old gray one was in yonder all the time. He may be there now, for all I know."

As he picked up the camera, Joe said very quietly:

"I guess your eyesight was a little bit scattered. You ain't seen any bear for quite a spell, have you?"

I resented the innuendo, and began to declare myself vigorously, when he interrupted, "Come on! Let's get after them," and away we went up the mountain side, running till we were breathless, guided plainly by great patches of torn moss and heavy indentations. We ran up grade until I stumbled and staggered from exhaustion; we ran until my legs gave out and my lungs burst; ran until I feared I should die at the next knoll; and kept on running until I feared I might not die at the next knoll. Up, up, and up we went, until two hundred yards above, a moving spot amid the timber halted us.

"G-g-give it to him," gasped Joe. But the sights danced so drunkenly before my eyes that it is a wonder I did not shoot myself in the foot or fatally wound my guide. Then we were off again across sink-holes scummed over with rotten ice into which we broke, up heart-breaking slopes, and through drifts where we wallowed half way to our waists. In time the tracks we followed were joined by others, at which Joe wheezed:

"By g-gosh! You—were—right; there *was*—two! Come on!"

But having righted myself in his eyes, I petered out completely. My legs refused to propel me faster than a miserable walk, so I turned the gun over to him and he floundered away, while I flopped to my back in the center of a wet moss patch and hoped a bear would come and get me.

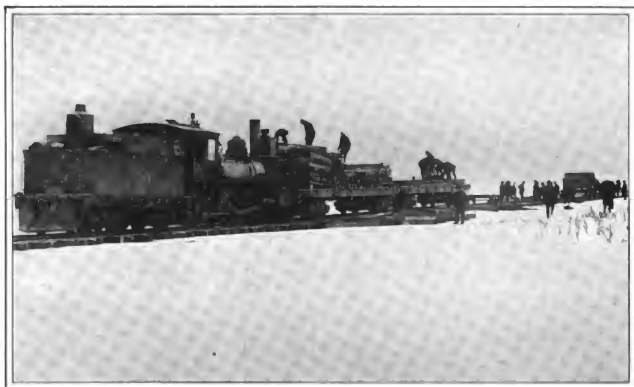
Ten minutes later I heard him empty the magazine, but as he reappeared I knew the shots had been long ones.

"Say! That old gray one made the brown feller look like a cub," said he, and we were miles away from the scene before he broke our silence to remark:

"You were wise not to shoot. If I'd 'a' known that big one was so close to me I'd 'a' tore my suspenders out by the roots and soared up over the tree tops."

Stone and Little, having covered the flats unsuccessfully, were rowing into the mouth of the creek when we slid down the bluff above the launch, but at my recital of our adventure Fred went violently insane, and was for setting out for the scene of our encounter at once. Eventually he was calmed, and we rolled up for a few hours' rest on the floor of the launch.

I was half roused by the coffee-pot sliding



IN PLACES MR. HENEY LAID HIS RAILROAD ON THE SNOW.

off the stove into my face. A few minutes later the ash-pan emptied its contents over me, and I awoke under a bombardment of dishes, oil-cans, and monkey-wrenches, to find the boat on her beam-ends in the mud, with every movable thing inside of her falling upon us.

Little was swearing softly in his underclothes and bare feet.

"The tide is out and she's standing on her hands," he explained. "Confound a round-bottomed boat anyhow!"

We stood on the starboard wall of the cabin



A ROCK-DRILLING CONTEST ON THE FOURTH OF JULY AT CORDOVA.

to dress, then walked ashore where there had been eighteen feet of water on the night previous, to cook our breakfast in the rain.

Up the hills again we went, determined to see at last what was in those bear-dogs of ours. For five miles we trailed our game, across snow fields where their tracks were knee deep, over barren reaches where it took all our skill to pick up the signs, till, without warning, the dogs gave tongue and went a-bristle. They were off, with us after them, the woods ringing to their music, the bears just out of sight through the timber.

It was during that hour that I proved to my own satisfaction that a two-hundred-pound man, considerably out of condition, can't out-

"Those are nice bear-dogs of ours," I ventured, at which my companion's remarks were of a character not to be chronicled.

"Kindly remit hundred dollars and feed only at night," he quoted. "Say, if those lap-hounds ever grab another shot for me I'll——"

"And I'll do the same," I declared heartily; and we shook hands over the compact.

We found Little at camp, clad in a pair of bath slippers, drying out his clothes, but Joe did not show up until nearly ten that night, and he came alone.

"Did you kill those college bear-dogs?" we inquired hopefully.

"I couldn't get close enough," he said.



"A FALLING TIDE LEFT US HIGH AND DRY, BUT HELD UPRIGHT BY THE CABIN DOORS WHICH WE USED AS PROPS."

run a bear. Perhaps it is because the bear knows the country better.

Half a mile farther on I found Fred panting and dripping on the other side of a stream.

"Where's Joe?" I called.

"At the rate he was going when I lost sight of him, he'll be due in Nome about noon, if his boots hold out," Fred answered sourly. "Where's Little?"

"Fallen by the wayside. How did you cross the creek?"

"I didn't! I ran through it. I'm wet to the ears."

"Did you get a shot at the bears?"

"No! About twelve miles back yonder those two picked up five more. Your eighty pounds of 'Mother Goose' dog had four tons of bear on the hike when I quit. It looks like they're heading toward the north side of the island, and if we take the launch around to Big Bay to-night we may be able to pick them up to-morrow."

It was high tide when Jack and Jill appeared on the bank, and as Joe boosted them over the rail they beamed upon us as if to say:

"This has indeed been a glorious day, and we'll make this bear hunt a success if it takes all summer." We forbore to saddle them with what lay upon our souls.

We anchored in Big Bay as a three-o'clock dawn crept over the southern range, to be awakened by another avalanche of pots and pans. The launch was doing her morning hand stand, and I found a streamlet of cylinder oil trickling down my neck. Fred had been assaulted from ambush by a sack of soft coal, while the cupboard had hurtled a week's grub into the midst of Little's dreams. Joe alone was unconscious of his bedfellows, which comprised the rest of our cargo; he was slumbering on his back, snorting like a sea-lion at feeding-time.

A mile of tide flats glistened between us and the shore; on every hand the hills were white with desolate snow. Having dressed stiffly, propped at various angles, we ate a cold breakfast, for the stove would not draw, and had it drawn we could not have held the coffee-pot against it; then Joe and I lowered ourselves into the slime overside, for Little had decided to stay with the launch until high tide, while Fred's heels were blistered so that he could not wear his boots. We went *without* the dogs.

At nine that night I staggered wearily out from the timber on to the beach. A mile of mud lay between the bank and the water, and two miles beyond that I sighted the launch. Fred and Little heard my shots, and by the time I had reached the low-water line they were under way. Out another half mile into the creeping tide I waded, until it was up to the tops of my boots. I was utterly exhausted, my feet were bruised and pounded to a jelly, every muscle in me ached. For fourteen hours Joe and I had shoved ourselves through snow, in places waist deep, crossing canyons, creeping up endless slopes till we had traversed the island and the open sea lay before us. Snow, snow, snow everywhere, till our eyes ached and our vision grew distorted.

We had found the tracks of those seven bears, but they were miles away and headed toward the west, whither we could not follow. We had become separated later and I had come home alone, ten miles as the crow flies, across the most desolate region I ever saw.

I had followed a herd of five bears for several miles, but had abandoned the chase when it grew late. One track I measured repeatedly from heel to toe of the hind foot.

It took my Winchester from the shoulder plate clear up two inches past the hammer.

Two hours after I was aboard we heard Joe's air-gun popping faintly. He, too, had followed those five bear tracks, holding to them an hour after my trail had sheered off. We had covered better than thirty miles of impossible going and were half dead.

The next day found us back at the cabins; for the north side of the island was too killing, and as Little had business to attend to, he left us, promising to send the launch back in ten days. Then followed as heart-breaking a week as I ever endured. Every morning we were off early, to drag ourselves in ten, twelve, perhaps fourteen hours later, utterly exhausted. Every noon we stopped to dry out over a smoky fire, for an hour's work on the slopes threw us into a dripping perspiration, which the chill wind discovered at the first breathing-spell.

Our feet were constantly wet from the melting snow, and the rain did what remained to be done. We stood barelegged and shivering in the snow, our feet on strips of bark, the while we scorched our underclothes and swore at the weather. Finally, on one particularly drenching morning, Fred and I struck and declared for rest. Our feet and ankles were so swollen that we hobbled painfully, while our systems yelled for sleep.

About noon Joe said this idleness palled on him and he guessed he'd take a little trip. If he didn't get back that night we needn't worry, as he intended to follow any trail he struck until he got a shot, if he had to sleep out in the rain for a week. He took no grub, his outfit consisting, as usual, of the hand-axe at his belt and the pop-gun between his shoulder blades.

"It'll be just our luck for him to get a bear to-day," said Stone. "It's the first time in ten days we've laid off."

"Maybe so," said I, "but if he shoots a bear with that child's gun and the animal happens to find it out, it may go hard with him."

Two hours after dark we heard a voice outside the cabin:

"Hey! What do you think of this?"

We hobbled out in our sock feet as Joe flung from his shoulders a great brown skin, the ends of which dragged on either side. The fur was deeper than a man's wrist, the ears were a foot apart, the nose was curled in a ferocious snarl above the long yellow teeth.

"See here!" He held up a cub skin. "There was two other little fellers, but they got away."

"What did I tell you?" Fred groaned. The fire of a consuming envy burned within us as we bombarded Joe with questions.

It seemed he had struck a trail on the other side of the range, and although it was twenty-four hours old he had followed mile after mile, running most of the way to cover before dark the distance it had taken the old one and the cubs two days to go. It was growing dark when he overtook them, high up on a mountain side covered with patches of gnarled spruce and wind-flattened bushes.

"When I see I was close to 'em I made a circuit up the hill so's to head 'em off," he explained; "but I underjudged her, and she must have snuffed me." He had told the first part of his story graphically, but at this point closed his narrative in a sudden, matter-of-fact way.

"Go on," we demanded, beside ourselves.

"Well, that's all. Just as I scrambled up where I could get a peek I see her right on top of me, coming full tilt, raring up on her hind feet every few jumps for a look. She must have snuffed me."

"Yes, yes. Hurry up!" we chorused.

"Her nose was curled up just the way it is now and she was roaring something fierce. She was so close I seen her eyes blazing and all her hair on end, but those cubs—say, you'd 'a' laughed at them cubs. They was snarling like dogs and all headed for my legs."

"Good Lord!" I ejaculated, sizing up the skin, which was fully ten feet long as it lay, "she must have looked as tall as a house."

"Yes, she looked pretty tall," Joe agreed. "Have you got anything to eat handy?" But we forcibly gouged the rest of the story from him.

"Well, she was so close on to me that I knew I had to get her—so I—did. But you'd 'a' laughed at them—"

"Where did you hit her?" we demanded.

"Oh, in the eye. See!" He laid his finger on a tiny hole half an inch back of the half-inch eye, which was still fixed in an ugly stare, apologizing as he did so. "You see, my footing wasn't very good and I was half dead from running or I'd have shot better and got her the first time."

"Then you had to shoot again?"

"Oh, yes; twice more. She fell at the first crack, and that give me time to reload.

When she riz up again I tried for her heart, but she throwed up her forearm, and all I did was to break her leg. Look! That give me a chance, though, for when she jumped at me the next time her leg give out and throwed her off, so I side-stepped her. But those cubs! Say, they was the funniest things!" He began to laugh. "I wanted to catch 'em, but they was too big. They was snarling around my feet all the time and I was kicking at 'em so's to get a shot at the old one. I had to knock this one down finally, which give me time to wallop the old lady in the neck. If I hadn't been so tired I'd have run down them other two, but they was too fast for me. I chased 'em half a mile, but somehow I couldn't get up to 'em. It's too bad she snuffed me."

Joe had returned, skinned the two carcasses, and packed the hides in through the deep snow, although the mother's alone was a heavy burden for a strong man on good footing.

The cabin walls were not large enough to hold the pelt, so our guide stayed in camp the next day to flesh and salt it, while Fred and I made another unsuccessful journey, covering twenty-five miles of the territory where he had been.

Three days later, when Little sent back the launch, we were ready to quit in disgust and head toward the Copper River glaciers, for the bears seemed utterly to have forsaken this island. We could find no fresh sign, we could discover no indications as to where they were feeding.

A mile from the mouth of the bay we ran hard aground, and a falling tide left us high and dry, but held upright this time by the cabin doors, which we had removed and used as props.

"I'm going over into those woods where Little and I went the first day," Fred announced, and Joe went with him, while I, disheartened, went fishing in the channel.

Having drifted opposite the mouth of a tiny creek without a strike, I rowed ashore and wandered aimlessly back into the open flat through which the stream meandered. It was the first time since landing in Alaska that I had been without my gun, and within three hundred yards from the shore I encountered fresh bear tracks. As I regarded them, a movement at my back caused me to whirl, and there, where I could have hit him with a stone, was my bear observing me curiously.

We looked each other over for several moments. We were both blonds, although his fur was a bit lighter than mine. When I moved, his hair rose; when he moved, my hair did the same. He was much the larger of the two. I matched him up with my dining-room rug, and he went all right. I must likewise have harmonized with some color scheme of his, for he took a step toward me engagingly.

Remembering that my hunting-knife was in the gunwale of the skiff and my rifle half way across the bay, I closed the interview and went after them. It was a nice cool day, and I hurried a bit. I felt light in the body and strong in the legs, which provoked in me a sudden disposition to disprove my previous theory that a two-hundred-pound man out of condition cannot outrun a bear. You see, this was the first bear I had encountered which really matched my furniture, and—in fact, there were sundry reasons why I increased my normal speed of limb.

To stroll means to advance carelessly. I strolled up to the skiff so carelessly that I nearly broke a leg getting into it, then headed for the launch. Perhaps a rear view had convinced the bear that my hair was too stiff, or that I was not sufficiently well furred for his use; at any rate, he did not pursue me, and in fifteen minutes I was back again and had taken up the trail. Two hours later I stumbled out of the woods, sweaty, smelling of blood, and supremely proud of a wet, heavy skin which dragged upon my aching shoulders, its points trailing on the ground behind me.

It had been a matter of a quick, careful search with the glasses, a brown blot creeping across an open meadow, a lung-bursting detour to leeward, and then a breathless descent of the mountain side, till a fringe of brown hair showed through the grass. There had been a quick guess at where the shoulder should be, a vision of snarling white teeth, and a great bulk lifting itself up toward me; another squint at a hairy chest between two huge forearms, and then three snap shots which were all too high and tore the sod as

the fellow went lumbering down the hill. Next, a sudden breaking down of the hind quarters, and twenty yards farther a loosening of all holds and a crash into the bed of a trickling gully.

As I gloated barbarically over the magnificent carcass, up from the woods across the bay came the sound of four quick, faint shots, "Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!" as if Fred and Joe were answering my recent fusillade.

It took me an hour to finish the skinning, and as I reached the launch I heard wild shouting across the mud flats. On the fringe of the timber we saw the two boys.

"Somebody's hurt," exclaimed the engineer, but those yells carried a different note to me.

"They've got a bear!" I yelled gleefully. "Fred has got one at last." And ten minutes later, while still a half mile distant, he began to tell me about it. I answered with my story, neither of us distinguishing more than the din of his own voice.

"I got—" came Fred's rejoicing, while the sun glistened on Joe's white teeth—"big grizzly—color—match—bungalow EXACTLY!"

I ran toward them, joining in a muddy war dance on the sand-bar which had so kindly delayed our departure.

We all talked at once, but my companion had more ground for joy than I, for this was his first bear, and it had charged unexpectedly at a distance of fifty feet.

"She was coming so fast when I saw her that I didn't have time to get scared," said Fred, "and it took four shots to drop her."

"He only had four shells in his gun," Joe chimed in, admiringly. "He could almost touch her when she fell."

"We came back for you and the camera. Get your gun quick and come with us; you never saw so many bear signs in your life."

"They've all left the hills for the flats," declared our guide. "That's why we've had such bad luck. We'll get a boatload before dark." So, taking time to gulp a mouthful of cold food, we headed back toward the thickets where Fred had disproved the old theory that your bear is a peaceful brute and will never deliberately attack a man.

The Chronicles of a Chromatic Bear Hunt will be continued in the December number.



TRYING IT ON THE DOG

By ELMER BLANEY HARRIS

Illustrations by May Wilson Preston

THERE'S many a slip between the ink-pot and the box-office. Even the graybeards among the dramatists now and then bag a goose-egg at some Broadway theatre, and the work of a year, perhaps a lifetime, goes into stock. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that I, coming green from the campus, stuffed like a Christmas gobbler with Aristotle, Kant, Boileau, should at my first shot miss the bull's-eye. In a way I resembled "Brick." "Brick" took eight years to graduate. At commencement, when his name was called, he rose, accepted his parchment, shook it in the face of the faculty, and cried: "Educated, by gum!" I was educated.

I shall never forget that first hot summer in New York. I had the buttons put on the inside of my trousers and bought a belt. My window looked down upon the "L" and acres of sizzling roofs. Here, in a roar and tumult which set the window-panes chattering, I perpetrated my first play. By what inspiration of modesty I made it one act instead of five I do not remember, but into that one act I crowded all I knew. So far as concerns theory, it was a masterpiece: it

began, it rose to a climax, it ended. Also, it had a plot. The only swear-word in it was "Sdeath!" With what I must have considered Swiftian humor, I named it "Excelsior": I was on the twelfth floor, with prospects of going higher.

Now it happened that I knew an actress who was out of a job. There is nothing unusual in an actress's being out of a job. The unusual part of it was that I should know an actress at all, for my father was a Methodist born in the pew. This actress and I dined at a restaurant in Sixth Avenue where one ate yards of spaghetti and drank something red with an edge on it. Her name was Lola. She was amazingly pretty, I thought, carried her head high, and wore her clothes well—and plenty of them. While she was waiting for a suitable part and a friendly manager, we read French together, and she taught me to recite that little *morceau* from Hugo's "Contemplations" which begins:

"I never gave Rose a thought.
Rose came to the wood with me.
We talked about something,
But I have forgotten what."

And ends something after this fashion:

"I didn't see she was beautiful
Until we emerged from the great,
deaf wood.
'So be it; let's not think of it any
more!' said she.
But, *since*, I think of it—*toujours*!"

When I had learned it backward and pleaded for another poem, she asked:

"Reggie, how old are you?"

"Twenty-two." A pause—a long pause. Feeling obliged to make conversation, I began: "Lola, did you ever hear of the '*Ding-an-sich*'?" Lola hadn't heard. So I launched into a dissertation on Kant, ending with a definition of Being, thence jumping to an esthetic analysis of the curve on a Greek vase. I must have been a wonder.

Little by little, Lola's manner changed, changed in a remarkable way. She began to counsel economy in my expenditures, scolded me for tipping too generously and for taking a hansom when a car would have done as well. She evinced an almost maternal interest in my clothes: helped me select the exact shade of Oxford gray for afternoon, corrected the block of my top hat, had me exchange some new-bought gloves for a size smaller, also a tie which refused to make up well, being cut on the bias. She went as far as my underwear, writing a note apprising me of a sale of linens at Wanamaker's, for summer comfort: she couldn't bear to see my face grow shiny in a public place. Nothing escaped her. If my hair needed trimming, she knew it before I did. "But," she admonished, "not much off the sides!" (My ears stick out some.) She made me discard an opal, and asked if my shoes pinched. The answer?—Mothering a broiler!

Not until she'd mothered me for some time did I tell her about my play. She pounced upon the idea with an excess of enthusiasm that elated me beyond words. Had we been anywhere but in a cab, I should certainly have hugged her. Nothing would do but I must read it to her that evening. She waited in the foyer of my hotel while I got the manuscript, and we whipped up to her flat on Ninety-first Street. The flat I remember distinctly: a dear little silken nest, perfumed, soft-lighted. Lola drew the curtains, arranged the drop-lamp, gave me a footstool, a cushion at my back, and I read my production with all the expression I had left after a two-year course in forensics.

Lola's applause was not as spontaneous as it might have been, and I reached for the ice-water. She clasped her hands back of her head and frowned at the ceiling. I lit a cigarette and waited. Finally she came over, perched up beside me, and ran through the manuscript thoughtfully, biting her finger.

"Dear boy," she said, as she reached the last page, "it's great. But it's not life."

"Art, Lola, is not life as it is, but as it *should* be." Believe it or not, that's what I said.

"In vaudeville—and that's the only place you can use a one-act play—they want humor. Now if you could just make them laugh——"

"It's not a humorous subject," I objected.

"Reggie, dear, life is not all sad. It has some humor, even at its worst. Humor makes it possible, sweetens it: it's the salt that keeps the sea fresh. Don't you see?"

I grew dogged. "There are no laughs in 'Ghosts.'"

"I know. I've played *Mrs. Alving*. But Americans don't want depressing, morbid revelations; they want joy and song."

"This is not a comic opera."

"Now, dear—I mean Reggie—don't lose your temper. I know what I'm talking about; you simply must amuse your public. Here, I've got a joke-book I've kept for years——"

"I don't want a lot of jokes pasted on my play like labels on a suit case. This is a 'criticism of life.'"

"But before you can criticize a thing, you must know it—and know it hard." Lola grew gentle as I grew brutal.

"Do you mean that I don't know life?" I demanded, a little indignant. "I've suffered!"

What answer she made, if any, I do not remember. But she looked at me with a certain wistfulness, and when I innocently touched her hand as I held the play open for her perusal, she colored, laughed uncomfortably, and, drawing away, returned to her chair. The movement, the little laugh come back to me now, with the breath of her hair, like mignonette, and a responsive thrill follows that stirs depths which then were— Well, the point is, she took the play and promised to see it staged.

Lola found no difficulty in interesting an agent who owned his own theatre. "Miss Lola Henrici forsakes the Legit. for Continuous in a one-act drama by Mr. Reggie

Forbes!" was one of the scare-heads from the *Telegraph* which I pinned on my wall under her picture, between prints of Molière and Goethe. The play was first to be "tried on the dog"—on an audience outside of Broadway. Then, if it got over, the star would be booked for periods ranging from three weeks to three years, and at as much salary as she could command. Two thousand dollars, I learned, was sometimes paid for a single act. My attraction, of course, would not receive that amount.

But suppose they paid seven hundred. My ten per cent. would give me seventy a week, two hundred and eighty a month, over three thousand a year. The sketch had taken a week to write. Relieved from temporary embarrassment by the seventy, I could easily before the year was over produce twelve acceptable short plays. Thirty-six thousand a year! I should soon be earning more than the president. And it is strange how elastic it made my step, how lowly my twelfth floor rear. Current events, such as failures in Wall Street or the departure of the fleet for foreign waters, shrank to proportions insignificant.

The rehearsals were like sitting by the

bedside of a sick child: I hoped it would get better. Lola had secured the use of one of the large theatres, and here we four—the valet, the hero, the star, and the author—met at eleven one summer day when the horses wore bonnets and the mirrors had got into their tights of mosquito netting—and the metamorphosis of written words into living, moving humans began. Oh, the thrill of it!—the marvel! What had I done? Caught an idea, on the fly—an idea, that impalpable oversoul of molecular brain-changes—and so propelled it through the medium of alphabetical symbols as to awaken a like vibration in the cranium of my cast, as I prayed it would in the cranium of my audience. O Introspection! O Psychology! O Mystery of Mysteries! O Fiddlesticks! Yet such were those darling sophomore days, when ambition was new and cheek youth-painted, and this glorious pageant of the senses was all Why, and never What nor How!

The speeches didn't flow. I can still see Lola in the golden glare of the foots, with the grass mats and canvas trees of the regular show heaped against the wall, contracting my "do nots" to "don'ts," dropping my "thats" and "whiches," and breaking the



I READ MY PRODUCTION WITH EXPRESSION.

blades of my beautiful, rhythmic periods, forged and tempered by the sweat of my brow, to make the characters talk in quick, short sentences, but without regard to repetition or balance. Mildly I demurred, but

Lola, in her sweetest voice, met me with the fiat that movement was all-essential. Obediently I bowed at the shrine of experience. But when the hero split an infinitive, I rose on my hind legs. I refused to see my baby carried head downward in this shiftless fashion. The rehearsal paused while I, as politely as possible, lectured the wrong-doer on the infrangibility of the infinitive. At this point the door-keeper, a solemn, wintry figure, withdrew into the shadow.

"And I should prefer 'I believe seriously to make this effort' to 'I believe to make this effort seriously,' because 'effort' is the important word and should, therefore, be placed where it has the most emphasis, which is at the end of the phrase. And why do you keep crossing all the time?"

"I can't stand in one position during the entire scene!" retorted the man, with some impatience.

"Mr. Forbes is quite right," agreed Lola. "You must have a reason for crossing: you will come over here to get the match-box. You occupy yourself with the match-box until I say: 'Harold! Harold——!' Then you say: 'Elizabeth, the rejuvenation of a naive delight in beauty for beauty's sake——' so and so, so and so, so and so, and cross back on my answer. And when the valet enters and says: 'Oh, sir, the press has denounced you!' you cross naturally to get the revolver. Now try it again, please, from my entrance."

I shall not give you the entire play. I should have done so then. I should have set you down on the street corner, in a drawing-room filled with people, in an elevator, on a tack—anywhere—and read you the

whole sixty pages with all the deadly purpose of the squab playwright. Now, however, for fear we might sometime meet, and having myself some respect for the dead, I shall spare you further excerpts from "Excelsior."

Finally the day of the try-out arrived—the great day. Everything was in readiness. The "props" were assembled, the "plots" compiled. I had bought a new suit and written a speech. Lola

had advanced the hero half his salary, and he had appeared in a clean shirt. Two newspaper men I had dined at some length, and I had received an inch of fine print in each of their papers. I had heard of *dying* by inches, but it works both ways. Then, at the eleventh hour, the valet resigned! It took Lola fully ten minutes to say what she thought of him. It was the best "copy" for a mad scene I had ever heard. Then:

"Reggie, you'll have to play that part yourself."

"I!"

"Yes, you. You know the lines, and I can't possibly find another man and get him up in them before train-time. The little hypocrite! The turncoat! Oh——!"

On the way to the Grand Central:

"Reggie, you must stop smoking cigarettes. You've smoked one after another ever since I gave you that part."

"Lola, I'll queer the show."

"Didn't you say you'd played in college?"

"Yes. but——"



SHE LEANED TOWARD THE MIRROR AND DIPPED HER LASHES INTO THE BLACK.

"Just put enough noise and speed into it and you'll do nicely."

I was almost sick with fear. The more I smoked, the worse I got. When I bought the tickets, I left a dollar on the window. Lola handed it to me with a perplexed frown.

"Boy, you're not going to your own funeral. Take a brace. You're shaking like a double order of wine jelly. And don't leave your money lying about when you're not making any."

"Thanks awfully."

"I think you'd probably feel better if you ate something. You've got me down here half an hour before train-time."

"Really, I couldn't eat a thing."

"Perhaps I could."

I apologized and hurried her across Forty-second Street, she chuckling at my stage fright and declaring if I pulled so I'd have to buy her a new arm.

"Where are you taking me!" she exclaimed, as we pushed into a bar, and a group of men with one foot on the rail turned, glasses lifted, and stared at this rumpiled vision of loveliness which I was kidnapping.

We backed out.

"Lola, what does he say when you sit on the hassock?"

"Who?"

What are you talking about?"

"The valet."

Lola laughed outright.

"Well, you ought to know; you wrote the play."

"Yes, but I can't remember a word. Everything is gone from me."

A bite, and we boarded the train. I did feel better, but in the sulphurous breath of the tunnel I had an attack of hay-fever. I wheezed and sneezed: was literally led to the slaughter by the "doze." It would have taken the tongue of Job wagged at both ends by the wit and bitterness of Heine to de-

scribe that journey. My eyes were full of tacks, my lips parched, my face, as I caught sight of it in the glass, was haunted and haggard. The only friend I had in the car was the water-tank at the far end, and after shaking hands with it five times I grew shy of the passengers. Lola was no friend of mine:

"Oh, Lord, Reggie, be still! Do you think you're the only one who's nervous?"

Now, if only she hadn't said that!

To add to the general gloom, it began to rain, and pollywogs of silver effaced the moving-pictures framed in the window. I tried to study my part: I couldn't. I got up. I sat down. I stared around to see if anyone was looking, and heard some one behind say:

"I wonder if they've just been married, or are just going to be?"

It was a little go-in-when-it-rains town, one of many that cling to the petticoats of a big city, hoping the next charter will take them in and supply gas-lamps. There were neither names nor numbers on the streets. We asked everyone we met, from the baggage-master to the barber, where the theatre was, before finding that humpbacked edifice. It stood next to a grocery where bushel

baskets of potatoes, pyramids of beets and cabbages lured market-ing house-wives. On the steps was a parcel of ragamuffins shooting craps. Above them stood an easel of photographs: this week's attractions! Lola, in the centre, chin on hand; around her, like the doves of Venus, The Sisters Pinko,



"OH, YOU CUNNING THING!" SHE EXCLAIMED.

The Colored Comedy Entertainers, Pillule, the Mind-Reading Dog. And across the top: "To-day! Bring the children to-day. Prize matinée! To-day!"

Now, I know Garrick and Mrs. Siddons as

well as if we had been to school together, and from our acquaintance I had familiarized myself with the glamour of the greenroom. But as I carried Lola's suit case to the cellar, my dreams got a tap on the solar plexus. We had to wade. The star gathered up her silks and heeled it along a pine scantling to dressing-room No. 1.

"Reggie, come in when you get dressed and I'll make you up," she said.

My dressing-room was a beach—spell with a *p* if you don't mind mixing your metaphors—where the theatrical tide had left stranded all the flotsam and jetsam of the profession: wafers of soap, grease rags, vaudeville ads, and a near-bald comb, its eye-teeth missing. And a gas-jet that had swallowed something whole hid its light under a bustle. There being neither nails nor hickory limb, I hung my coat on the door-knob and repaired to Lola's room.

How pretty she had made her table. And how pretty she herself looked, in her lace bodice and curls, as she leaned toward the mirror and dipped her lashes into the black. She threw off her dressing-sack and hooked her skirt.

"Reggie, you'll have to button me."

"Button you——!"

"Hurry, it's getting near. Goodness, how cold your hands are! Stop trembling—you give me the Willies! Try a hairpin. Oh, let the collar go. Here——!"

With sleeves rolled back, she massaged my face with cold cream, mopped it, chalked it with pink, and blotted it with *poudre de*

riz. Next, she combed out some *crêpe* hair, soldered it on parallel with my ears, and barbered it beautifully.

"Oh, you cunning thing!" she exclaimed, in admiration of her handiwork. "You'd make a lovely coachman. If any of the Astorbilts are in front, I'll lose you sure! Now button my boots."

"Lola, my mouth feels as though it had been dried out with a crash towel. What's that a sign of?"

"Ouch!" she cried, as I pinched her with the button-hook. "You're taking it off in chunks."

From an adjoining room, female voices:

"Say, I kin strike C without an effort. Send for A and I'll show you my C."—No sooner said than done.

"—Get the hook! Light on something! D'yuh call that C?"—"Say, I wonder who got the idea we could be a quartet?"—"Mabe, are you ever going to change that skirt?"—"No; it was wished on."—"Minnie, the guy in the monkey cage out front wanted to know how you pronounced your middle name."—"Tell him I don't pronounce it: I inhale it!"

"The Sisters Pinko," explained Lola.

"Do we have to play on the same bill with them?"

"Yes, honey. And it may do them good: if they'd only learn that rejuvenation of beauty speech of yours, it might help some. Now, for heaven's sake, Reggie, talk up loud."

"Shall I have to make a speech, Lola?"

"I don't think so." And she said it with a straight face.

The stage was cramped and populous.



"AND WHERE, OH, WHERE DID YOU PICK UP THE VALET?"

Here and there a shaft of light lit huddled heads, as the mechanics and stage-hands passed judgment on a sketch which was just then being done. At one of the entrances stood the author, not so intent on sprinkling an umbrella with a watering-can that he failed to laugh at his own jokes.

"Pipe the feller what wrote it!" whispered a scene-shifter in a green-striped sweater.

Just then, one of the actors, perspiring through his paint, sauntered to the door and, dropping his party smile and voice, hissed at the author:

"Where the hell's the will?"

The Colored Comedy Entertainers did theirs next. They were two, in a check so generous that it required both suits to contain the pattern. The distinguishing feature of their performance was the mouth of one, as mobile as a red-rubber band. I remember a line:

"Speakin' ob rain, Mista' Johnsing, how'd jew like t' go fo' a boat-ride dis aftahnoon?"

"I ain't much on de water."

"No' on de soap i-ther, hum?"

It went with a scream.

As I got better acquainted with our competitors, my nerves steadied, my predicament grew less dire, and I was able to observe and profit by my surroundings.

Pillule, the Mind-reading Dog, added, sub-

tracted, multiplied; told one young lady in the audience how many babies she wanted by sagely hesitating at twelve and finally choosing the cipher. Another scream.

While they were setting the stage for "Excelsior" the girl impersonator did hers before the drop, while a gray-haired woman

waited near a dressing-table in the wings. Off came the girl, panting from a dance. Off came her waist, skirt, and one pair of stockings, while the men standing round, hands in pockets, surveyed her with the detached interest of bettors inspecting a filly in the paddock. The girl herself, one ear on the music, so far as they were concerned was alone with the gray-haired woman.

"I'm going to cut that line; they never get it," she panted.

"I would, dearie."

"My kilt!"

With sure, quick fingers she changed to the Scotch costume, the woman tying her shoes while she dived into the jacket. A smudge of powder, a sip of water, and she was back, almost before the applause ceased:

"I loved a lassie,
A bonnie blue-eyed lassie,
She was pure as
the lilies in the dell—"

"Can't sing!" commented the man on the heater.

His companion, chewing gum, shook his head—spat.

"How do you like vaudeville, Reggie?"

I looked at Lola, her skirts clutched to protect them from the floor, and felt a shamefaced regret at having let her in for such an experience. I apologized.

"All in a lifetime," she replied cheerfully.

"This is only a

bad imitation of the real thing, but you can regard it as a college supplement. Are you gathering wisdom?"

"Lola, do you think they'll do anything to 'Excelsior'?"

The only consolation she offered was: "Watch and pray!"



"SAY, WHO GOT THE IDEA WE COULD BE A QUARTET?"

Out of deference to Lola, the management had saved our attraction till the last, save, of course, the motion-pictures. It gave us more time than we expected, and I began to feel quite cocky before the curtain rose; but when it did lift finally, letting in a flood of light over the tawdry "set," at war in every detail with the esthetic tastes of my hero, and exhibiting ensconced in the stage box a group of New York managers, there expressly to see Lola's act, my temporary composure departed. And the rest, even at this distance, swims in thin, hot haze.

My last distinct impression was of the leading man, clearing his throat and feeling his tie before entering, after which I had a touch of blind staggers. I accidentally set off the door-bell, which refused to be choked and had to be carried out into the alley and smothered, like a dangerous lamp. I fell into the room and dropped a breakfast tray—thank heaven, the audience thought it intentional. I opened my mouth, but no sound issued forth, and the hero said the line for me. Lola prompted me, but it was no go; I couldn't even repeat what I heard. When I came off, the man on the heater said:

"Say, kid, who wrote this skit?"

Even that failed to rouse me: I was in a trance, a nightmare. I had to sit down somewhere to keep my legs from giving way as after a long illness, and chose Lola's hat. I missed my next cue, and she had to come after me:

"Reggie, the newspaper, for mercy's sake!"

I tried to say, "The press has denounced you!" but Lola took the words out of my mouth, and then, in an aside:

"Don't come in again; I'll get the revolver."

If I hadn't written the play myself I should have thought that a threat. Thus excused from my last entrance, I began to recover. The first thing I noticed was that the stage-hands were acting like men at a circus: they were coming from the other side, from the loft, from the property-room, to see what I looked like. They stared at me in silence and walked away.

"Kin yuh beat it!" one of them said.

I peered cautiously at the audience: the New York managers had left; the box was empty—one of the chairs was tipped over, though I don't offer that as evidence. Poor Lola!

When the curtain fell, there was an oppressive silence in the house. Somebody's baby began to cry. There was an ominous rustle of programs. The agent who had secured the try-out came on the stage.

"Miss Henrici," he said, taking Lola's hand, which trembled a little, "you were charmin'; they never seen better actin' in this house. But where, in heaven's name, did you get the vehicle? 'The rehabilitation of beauty fer beauty's sake——!' Say, why didn't you let him kill himself as he wanted to? Your jokes went great [Lola's jokes!] but the rest of the dope——!" He concluded with an expressive rotary gesture near one temple.

"It was only an experiment," explained Lola, sweetly.

The agent gave a glance toward me and dropped his voice: "And where, oh, where did you pick up the valet?"

We dressed. As we entered the street, we saw the hero's coat-tails vanishing between two swinging doors.

I opened the umbrella, and we walked slowly back to the depot.

"Now, Reggie, listen. You've had a play produced; you've seen how the wheels go. There's only one thing more you need to learn."

"What's that, Lola?"

"Life."

There have been try-outs since, many failures, some successes. Through them all Lola has stood by. Invariably, when I read the plays to her, if she clasped her hands back of her head and frowned at the ceiling, they were sure to fail; if, instead, the laughter rippled from her lips, or the tears gathered beneath her lashes, their success was signed and sealed. Lola knew. I am now of a mind that the whole secret lay in that one word, Life. She is sitting opposite as I write, more mature, more gentle, more lovely than ever, despite these busy years. She puts down her book, looks over, hands folded beneath her chin, and asks me how it goes. And I remember again the little verse of Hugo's:

*"Je ne vis qu'elle était belle
Qu'en sortant des grands bois sourds.
'Soit; n'y pensons plus!' dit-elle.
Depuis, j'y pense toujours."*

Why?

Because we're married now.



"EZRA COLE, YOU'VE FORGOT I AIN'T GOT LONG FOR THIS WORLD."

A CONTRADICTIONARY CURE

By JOHN BRANCH

Illustrations by John Conacher

EZRA COLE stopped his horse in front of the Mason place. The house stood a long way back from the road, with the front door on the farther side, for it had been built before the road was laid out. It was a small house, and the dooryard was enclosed with a white picket fence to keep out the ducks that had the run of the pear orchard which stretched down to the road. The path from the house crossed a little wooden bridge over a brook that flowed between the trees.

Hiram Mason was laying a new plank in the bridge when Ezra Cole stopped in front of the gate. Ezra never came into the house, and he did not even stop unless he saw somebody outside. There was no reason for it. It was just Ezra's way. He was as shy as a boy, although he was almost sixty.

"How is she to-day?" he called. His voice was tenor, and he still sang in the choir. He fidgeted on the wagon-seat until the yellow horse started. "Whoa, can't you?" and

he pulled on the bit with a quick jerk. "Is she feelin' any better?"

The young man raised himself slowly from his work on the bridge and sauntered toward the gate. He did not speak. Hiram Mason never answered quickly. He was as moderate in all his movements as a man of seventy, though he was only twenty-seven. He came down to the gate and stood leaning his elbows on the top rail. He was rather short and thick-set, and his hair and skin were dark. He pulled a splinter from the rough gate-post and took it between his lips. Presently he spoke in a low, slow voice. "No, mother ain't no better." He paused again. "Some ways she seems worse." He showed no emotion, and yet nobody would have said he did not care.

"I'm sorry to hear you say it," said Ezra quickly. "I was kind of in hopes there might be a turn for the better by now, she's been sick so long. Stand still, won't you?" and he pulled again on the bit. "But I suppose

there ain't nothin' can be done. She's tried 'most everything, I expect."

"Yes," answered Hiram; "old Dr. Slocum put her through a regular course before he died."

"I expect she feels his death a good deal," said Ezra, "she'd had him so long. Has she ever tried the young feller that took his practice over to the Center?"

"No, she ain't never had nobody else," Hiram was gazing dully at the horse's feet. "She ain't taken no medicine since the old doctor died. She set a store of dependence on him, and he told her, after he had given her everything he could think of, that he didn't believe no dosin' was ever goin' to help her. He said he thought it all depended on herself and her own determination whether she ever got well, and so she's given up takin' things and just lays there doin' her duty, as she calls it, and settin' her will hard as she can on gettin' strong."

"She always did have a heap of resolution," sighed Ezra reminiscently. "She wa'n't never one to give in, not if she considered it her duty to hold out." He glanced wistfully toward the house. His eyes were blue, and his long hands worked nervously at the reins. "She had a terrible strong will," he repeated.

Hiram still stared at the feet of the horse. After a silence he answered: "I guess you'd say so if you had seen her lately. It seems as if she was more bound and determined every day and tried harder and harder to lift herself up from this. Sometimes it almost scares us, the way she does. She will lay there stiff and straight with her eyes shut tight and her mouth set and her hands clenched, just willin' with all her might to get well. She don't speak nor move till she's all tucked out, and sort of collapses all to once and lays limp and gaspin' for a spell. But the minute she's a little mite rested, she goes at it again hard as ever. She's weak as a rag, and she gets weaker the more she tries, but she won't give up beat. The other night we thought she was dyin', she got so low and all-gone, but before mornin' she was at it again just grittin' her teeth as determined as ever. She says she's bound to do her duty and get well, if there's any such thing. She says she couldn't rest easy in her grave if she knew folks was sayin' she might have lived if she'd only put forth more effort. But it's plain as day she's gettin' worse in spite of all."

Neither man spoke for a while. Then Ezra

asked, "How long is it now that she's been sick?"

"Ever since father died," replied Hiram, in his moderate voice.

"Yes, I know," said the other nervously. "She got all run down tendin' him through his last sickness. But what I mean is, how long has she been a-bed?"

Hiram calculated. "Almost seven months. But she wa'n't nothin' like this at first. She's wasted away to a shadder. I don't see how she can hold out much longer." He lifted his gaze from the ground and fixed it on the man in the wagon.

Ezra's blue eyes grew misty. He turned his face away quickly. "You'll have a lot of pears this year," he said presently.

Hiram did not turn toward the trees, but he took his eyes from Ezra's face and looked down again at the horse's feet. "Yes," he said laconically. He knew well enough how Ezra Cole felt toward his mother. Everybody knew. They had "kept company" years before and he had asked her to marry him; and she would have done it had it not been that her father made her believe it her duty to take Thomas Mason, who was his junior partner in the store at the Center. Ezra accepted his disappointment meekly, but he never married.

"All this comes pretty hard on Cora," he said after a pause. "Ain't she about worn out takin' care of your mother and doin' the work besides?"

"She gets pretty tired, come night," replied the young man, "but she's willin' and glad to do for her."

"I ain't no doubt of it," said the other hastily. "You got a nice girl when you married Cora Slade."

Hiram made no response.

"Well, I must be goin' on," resumed Ezra, slapping his horse. "Is there anything I can do for you over to the Center?"

"No, I guess not," said Hiram. "Much obliged."

But before the wheels revolved, the back door of the house opened with a little click, and a young woman came out. She wore a blue calico dress and she had red hair and a very white skin. She hurried down the path to the men.

"Good mornin', Mr. Cole," she said in a brisk, pleasant voice. She stood half a head taller than her husband. "There's no use, Hiram; we've got to do somethin'. Mother Mason's been sinkin' again. I worked over her and did what I could, but I ain't willin'

to let things go on this way without somebody takin' some of the responsibility. I know how set she is against havin' a doctor, but she'll have to give in and have one, there ain't no two ways about it. She'll drop off in one of these spells, and then what'll folks say? Why, Mr. Cole, you ain't no idea!" She laid her hand on the gate and looked up at him. "Mother Mason's worn away to nothin'. There's nothin' keeps her goin' but her sense of duty. She said this mornin' she intended to make an almighty effort to-day. She said she meant it should be the greatest she'd ever put forth, but when I went in a while ago with a cup of milk, I found she'd fainted and was just barely breathin', and I've been revivin' her ever since. She can't speak above a whisper now."

The young woman stopped and looked toward her husband, her brow knit with anxiety. Nobody spoke. Ezra bent the reins between his fingers. At last Hiram glanced up at his wife. "I'm beginnin' to think about as you do." He turned to Ezra. "If you'll tell the new doctor to stop here, I'll be much obliged."

It was a remarkably short time before the physician arrived. He came in his automobile. He was not a very impressive young man, but he had all the latest improvements that science could supply to make effective what small skill his inexperience had acquired. They said his father was well-to-do.

Hiram received him at the kitchen door and led him through into the parlor bedroom where the invalid lay. It was handier for Cora to take care of her there.

The young doctor's verdict was decisive, but not encouraging. He pronounced the patient in a state of utter exhaustion, and gave it as his opinion that she was too anemic ever to rally. He left a prescription, but he warned them that they must be prepared for the worst, and told them plainly that he thought it was only a question of hours.

When he had gone, Hiram stood looking out of the kitchen window. Cora sat in the rocking-chair near the table, crying softly. The clock ticked loudly. Presently the wife came and stood beside her husband. "Don't you think she ought to be told?" she asked. "You go in and I'll come in a minute."

Hiram walked slowly through the parlor. He found his mother lying straight and still, with her eyes closed. She was a little woman, and now that she was so thin, she hardly made a wave in the log-cabin bedquilt. Her face was shrunken, but her hair was black as ever.

Her jaw was square and her mouth firm. Her wasted hands lay on the coverlet tightly clenched. The window-blinds were closed, but the slats were turned a little.

Hiram took a chair to the side of the bed. He sat looking at his hands, waiting. But Martha Mason made no sign. "Mother," he said at last, "you have a right to know what the doctor said." She did not move. "That is, unless you'd rather not be told," he continued hesitatingly.

The woman on the bed opened her eyes. They were black, like her hair. "I ain't never shrunk from hearin' things yet, and since you had him come you might as well tell me what he said." Her words seemed severe and yet there was no displeasure in the gaze she turned on her son before she shut her eyes again.

Hiram swallowed. "Doctors make lots of mistakes," he began, "and I don't give up a mite, but he said we must be prepared for— for anything." He rested his face in his hands and swallowed again.

There was a silence, broken at last by a soft sigh from the bed. Hiram looked up quickly. He felt vaguely that something strange had happened, but he did not know just what. She was not taking it at all as he had expected. He did not know whether to be alarmed or not. Her hands lay open on the quilt. Her mouth had relaxed and her eyes seemed closed less tightly. She sighed again, and a little tremor ran through her slight frame. She turned on her side and lay in an easier position. She was not like herself.

The phlegmatic young man became nervous and began to speak hurriedly. "I ain't believin' a word of it, but we thought you'd rather we told you."

She opened her eyes slowly. "Yes," she whispered, "and he's right. I'm goin' to die. I was beginnin' to conclude as much myself. But nobody can't say I didn't make all effort to revive myself. I've done my duty and my conscience is easy. It just wa'n't to be, that's all. And what ain't to be ain't nobody's fault."

She saw her son cover his eyes, and reached out her thin hand to him. "You mustn't feel bad about it, Hiram, for I don't mind it a bit. It sounds an awful queer thing to say, but somehow I'm glad of it. I'm tired. Tryin' to get well is terrible hard work, and now I feel I ain't no call to try no more." She closed her eyes again and breathed softly.

Cora crept into the room and sat in a chair

at the foot of the bed, with her face bowed on the foot-board. Martha Mason felt the slight jar of the bedstead and opened her eyes. "Cora, you mustn't," she said; "you've always done your duty by me and you ain't got nothin' to regret." After a pause she spoke again. "Cora, you'll find everything in the bottom drawer of my bureau." Then she looked toward Hiram. "When I'm gone I wish you'd give Ezra Cole a little parcel with two letters tied to it that you'll find in the bottom to my bonnet-box under my velvet bonnet. And now you two go out and just let me lay. There ain't nothin' more that I think of."

Half an hour later Cora came softly to the door and listened, then she stole carefully to the bedside. When she went back to the kitchen where Hiram sat looking into the yard, she said, "Mother Mason's asleep."

The next day Ezra Cole came to the door. He would not come in. He said his horse would not stand. "Did the doctor come?" he asked.

Cora told him all the doctor had said. There was a piece of carpet laid on the top step and Ezra rolled the edge of it with his foot as he listened.

"She passed a comfortable night," Cora

went on. "She slept most of the time. Leastwise, she was asleep both times I went in to give her her warm milk. This mornin' she's quiet and peaceful. She says it's ordained she should go and she ain't goin' to oppose Providence. But she ain't sad a mite. She told Hiram she was tired and was glad her duty was done and nobody could say nothin'."

The man smoothed out the mat. "It's wonderful how decided she's always been."

"She spoke of you this mornin'," the young woman continued. "She said she hoped at the funeral you'd sing a verse of a hymn alone, like you do sometimes in the choir. I told her I guessed you would, that I'd ask you."

Ezra turned uneasily. Just then Hiram came in from the barn. "Good mornin'," said the older man hastily. "I guess my horse is gettin' restless," and he hurried out at the picket gate and down through the orchard.

Two days later he came again. Hiram opened the door to him. "I was goin' by, so I just stopped," Ezra apologized.

"She's alive," said Hiram, "and that's about all. She lays dozin' most of her time and don't move a muscle for hours at a stretch. She says she feels weaker and won't have to



"HOW IS SHE TO-DAY?" HE CALLED.



THE DOCTOR GAVE IT AS HIS OPINION THAT SHE WAS TOO ANEMIC EVER TO RALLY.

stay much longer. I never see anybody so resigned. It don't seem hardly right. But her mind's made up to dyin'."

"She's got a strong mind," remarked Ezra. "Maybe I'll be by again in a day or two."

He came the next day and the day after. There was no apparent change in the sick woman's condition. But the next week when Cora went in one morning with her cup of milk, she found her awake, and waiting for her.

"I feel as if I could relish a little mite of codfish, picked up in milk," the invalid said, in her faint voice, "and if I can relish it there ain't no reason why I shouldn't eat it. It can't make no difference now what I eat."

When her daughter-in-law brought it to her and bolstered her up, she said: "Just throw back one of them blinds, will you, so as I can see what I'm doin'."

She slept most of that day and did not ask for anything more, but the next day she ate more codfish and two dropped eggs, and by the end of the week she was taking three small meals a day.

"Yes," she sighed, "I feel considerable stronger. I suppose it's one of them rallies folks has so often just before the end. I think, Cora, if you'll prop me up, I'll set up in bed a while. I get sort of tired layin' flat all the

time. And I ain't no more call now to husband up my strength."

As the weeks passed she improved steadily. She ate more and slept less, and at last was able to let Hiram lift her into the armchair by the bed, where she sat rolled in blankets while Cora smoothed the sheets. It tired her a good deal at first, but she gradually sat up longer, until one day she said: "Hiram, I believe if you helped me, I could get out into the kitchen and set. It would be handier for Cora to wait on me there, and dyin' folks ought to make as little trouble as they can."

That day Ezra came to the back door to inquire. When Cora answered his knock she stood out on the threshold and held the door as nearly closed behind her as she could. "Yes," she said, in a low voice, "she's lots stronger. She's settin' in the kitchen here to-day. You could step in and see her if you cared to. But I want to warn you about one thing first. She don't think she's really any better, and I've come to the conclusion it's best not to let her know we think she is. It sounds funny, but I can't help seein' that it's her belief that she's dyin' that's curin' her. It lets her just lay by and rest. I think if anybody was to convince her that she is gettin' well, it would make her sick again. I've told Hiram so. He sort of laughed at first, but he's about come to agree

with me, and we don't neither of us say anything hopeful to her about herself, because we see that it don't do. We just humor her along."

A weak voice called from the kitchen. "Cora, is that Ezra Cole you're talkin' to? If it is, tell him to come in."

Ezra backed nervously down the steps to the ground. He took off his hat and turned it in his hands. Cora held the door wide open. He mounted the steps again and stood wiping his shoes elaborately on the mat. Then he came into the kitchen. "How are you feelin', Martha?" he asked.

Martha Mason looked up at him. "Why, Ezra," she exclaimed, "how gray you've grown! Be seated. Cora, fetch a chair. I'm real glad to see you. I wanted to see you once more and say good-by. And besides there was somethin'—Cora, I wish you'd get me my bonnet-box out of my room. How are you gettin' along, Ezra? You're lookin' well."

"I'm tolerable," he grinned awkwardly. "So's to be about, you know."

Martha did not smile, but she eyed him closely. "I think you look pretty well," she repeated.

"It seems you're gettin' better, too," he ventured.

She shook her head sharply. "Appearances is deceitful," she said. "I'm a dyin' woman. I read of a woman who was sick, much as I was, I should think, and all of a sudden she took a turn and picked right up and did all the cookin' for the family, but one mornin' they found her dead in her bed. I know what I'm to expect, and I'm resigned to it and don't ask no different, but I'm real glad to see you. And besides, as I said—Much obliged, Cora."

She took the box on her lap. It was covered with blue wall-paper. She lifted out

the bonnet and started to lay it on the kitchen table, but thought better of it. "Ezra, you just hold this a minute. Take it underneath and don't muss the strings." She took out a white lace scarf and then a brown-paper package with some letters bound to it. Having replaced the scarf in the bottom of the box, she relieved Ezra of the bonnet and asked Cora to take it back to her room. When the girl was gone, Martha untied the string that bound the two letters to the little package. "Ezra," she whispered, "I suppose you know what these be."

He tried to speak, but his voice choked.

She glanced up at him. "You remember writin' to me when you went to Boston? This is the letter. And this is the one you sent me when I visited my Aunt Rebecca in Concord. I've kept both of them, but I want you should take them now. And I want you should have this parcel, too. I told Hiram to see you had them, but I might as well do it now myself. You know what's in this box, don't you?"

"I suppose maybe it's that agate breastpin I got in Boston," the man stammered, "but I'd a good sight rather, Martha, that you'd—"

She interrupted him. "Yes, that's what it is. I ain't never worn it. I kept it in the same box it came in. I remember how pretty I thought it was. Seems like yesterday, don't it? I'm goin' to just take it out and look at it once more, and then I want you should put it in your pocket."

She loosened the second string and took out the dainty tuft of pink cotton and then very carefully lifted the brooch. She held it between her thin fingers and turned the striped stone to the light. Ezra sat rigid on his chair. He seemed unable to move. At length she replaced the pin in its box.



"HOW ARE YOU GETTIN' ALONG, EZRA? YOU'RE LOOKIN' WELL."

"A woman standin' on the brink of eternity ain't no right, I suppose, to be admirin' breastpins. It don't seem fittin'. But you know, Ezra, I always did take to pretty things." There was a suspicion of a sigh, but she soon spoke up briskly, "There, now you take that box and them two letters." She handed them to him.

"But, Martha," he protested, "just you keep them until——"

"No," she insisted, "you put them in your pocket."

Hiram came up the steps and opened the door. Ezra slipped the package into the pocket of his coat and turned nervously in his chair. Presently he took his leave.

It was more than a fortnight before he called again. Cora spoke of it several times, but the older woman said nothing. Once he met Hiram at the post-office, and inquired for them all. When Hiram told of it, his mother made no comment. She was able now to walk about the house a little, and one day as she stood by a window she said: "I believe if it wa'n't so cold, I'd step out into the yard. I'd like to set my foot on the ground just once more."

When spring came, she was much stronger, and went in and out as she pleased, and even helped with the housework. But she still tired easily and had to rest often. "It's my reminder," she would say, "and I'm resigned."

One afternoon, as she was lying on the lounge in the kitchen, she remarked suddenly: "Cora, I believe I ought to 'tend to that black silk of mine. It lays in my bottom drawer with the other things, and I'm afraid if it lays too long it'll crack. I must take it out to-morrow and fold it different. Maybe the best thing for it would be for me to wear it once or twice. Besides," she added, "I've got a sort of curiosity to hear the new minister, as

he'll likely be the one who'll stand over me."

The next Sunday was pleasant, and Martha Mason issued from the parlor bedroom wearing the silk. She had on her velvet bonnet with the little fringe of jet around the front. "Cora," she said, "I wish you'd tie this white scarf for me. I wa'n't never no hand at makin' a bow."

The minister spoke well, and everybody seemed pleased to see her. But there was one disappointment. Ezra Cole's place in the choir was vacant. After service they learned the reason. He had wrenched his ankle on some stone steps and had been laid up for several days.

When Hiram was helping Cora into the back seat of the carryall beside her, his mother said to him, "Hiram, why can't we just drive around by Ezra Cole's and see how he is?"

Hiram simply nodded.

When they reached the house, the two women went in while he sat with the horse. Cora stopped in the kitchen and talked with Jason Brown's oldest

girl, who came every morning to look after the bachelor's household, but Martha went straight through into the sitting-room where Ezra lay on the lounge, with his ankle bandaged and two canes on the floor beside him.

"We never heard you was hurt till this mornin'," she said, as she entered the room.

He tried to rise, but she would not let him.

"You must have been sufferin' some. You look kind of peaked."

Ezra lay back on the lounge. He seemed excited and a little dazed. "You look mighty pretty, Martha," he gasped.

She drew a rocking-chair nearer to the lounge and sat down, smoothing out her skirt. "I hope that Brown girl has made you comfortable," she remarked, grudgingly.

He did not answer, but his eyes never left her. "Seems to me," he said presently,



WHEN SPRING CAME, SHE WAS MUCH STRONGER.

"you ought to have a breastpin in that white tie. That agate one's in the drawer to the little table there. Try it, Martha. I think it would go real good with your bow."

"Them agate pins go with most anything," she agreed judicially.

She went to the drawer and put on the brooch. "It did need somethin'," she said. Ezra's face beamed.

She glanced round the room. "Susan Brown keeps things dusted up," she admitted, "but I don't like the way she's fixed the tidy on that rush-bottom chair."

"I wish you'd change it," begged Ezra.

She took off the offending tidy and rearranged it. "I never did like to see them tied on to one corner of a chair back. I want to see them spread out. There, I think that looks a lot better."

"I think so, too," agreed the man eagerly. "I wish, Martha, you'd fix all the things."

She looked critically around the room.

"I wish," he continued shyly, "that you'd stay here with me, Martha, and just fix all the things as you'd like to have them. You know it's what I've always wanted."

She turned quickly. "Ezra Cole, do you realize what you're sayin'?" But her voice was plaintive. "You've forgot I ain't got long for this world. I'm only livin' on a sort of reprieve, and I expect my call any day."

Ezra's blue eyes held her firmly, though he smiled uncertainly. "I thought maybe," he said, "lookin' at it one way, it wouldn't make so much difference on that account if you just waited here along with me."

Her breath came in a quick sob of surprise. "I suppose, puttin' it that way, there ain't no reason why I shouldn't. Except, Ezra," she added, and she smiled down on him, though her chin quivered, "except that maybe then I wouldn't be so resigned."

SONG

By ALFRED NOYES

WHEN that I loved a maiden
My heaven was in her eyes,
And when they bent above me
I knew no deeper skies;
But when her heart forsook me,
My spirit broke its bars,
For grief beyond the sunset
And love beyond the stars.

When that I loved a maiden
She seemed the world to me:
Now is my soul the universe,
My dreams—the sky and sea!
There is no heaven above me,
No glory binds or bars
My grief beyond the sunset,
My love beyond the stars.

When that I loved a maiden
I worshiped where she trod;
But when she clove my heart, the cleft
Set free the imprisoned god:
Then was I King of all the world,
My soul had burst its bars
For grief beyond the sunset
And love beyond the stars.



THE CITIZEN

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

Illustrations by Thornton Oakley

NEW life—new laws—new liberties; all these are strong meat for the alien; and Grabo was a Slav. He came, still dull and bewildered, drafted, like others of his kind, from some vile and crowded foreign slum; and of all this life, its laws and unfamiliar liberties, his mind as yet had no clear conception. For over there in that darkness from which the man had emerged, an age-old scheme of class repression breeds stupidity. Condemned there to unflagging toil, Grabo found no time to think—his mind submerged, drowned, by unending, killing labor. If the man used his brain at all, it was at the impulsion of a mere instinct, the instinct that drives men and beasts alike to find means of satisfying the fierce primal need of food, of shelter, and of warmth.

Yet back within the dim recesses of his mind still lived a vital *something*. In all the time before he came to the new country it had thriven there, unknown but writhing—a something boring to the surface like the slow pupa of a cabbage-moth. Grabo could not have named it—nor would he have dared, over there, even had he known it; for the thing was discontent, a low and sullen hatred of class and of the burden that class distinctions had thrust upon him. It is the thing that goes to make the man—the quality

that either leads to ambitious betterment or, once debauched, urges to the extremes of anarchy and crime. Grabo, a new man in a new world, bore in that crude mind of his the vital something to make him the one thing or the other, the desirable citizen or the undesirable.

They sent Grabo up to the mines. He was of the type from which they draw this labor stock: average in appearance, short and thick, dark-featured, sullen, unresponsive. Like the rest, he herded with the clan, as far removed from the uplifting influences of the new-world life as if he had never left his home; and in those first few months after his coming Grabo jarred no man's settled impression of his class by differing so much as a hand's-breadth from the many thousand others.

In the sullenness of his type, he looked about him warily, scowling and perplexed, filled with a growing wonder at nearly all he saw. A denned animal, suddenly released, cowers in that same momentary confusion. Time pressed along; and Grabo perceived that class restrictions no longer in the same degree hedged him about—that his fetters, in some miraculous manner, had been stricken from his limbs. Through some cause, as yet unknown, he saw that he and

others of his class possessed a new and incongruous liberty that they had never known before; but to define it, to determine its bounds and limitations, was still beyond him.

Labor, to be sure, was as much his lot as ever; even in this scheme of loose-limbed liberty he could not escape the primal curse of toil. But Grabo, so far, had not yet arrived at the open, blasting hate for labor that comes to many that labor only. He worked because it was the one sure thing he knew about, and was yet to learn from others to regard it as a curse.

But this liberty—what of that? When his fellows talked of it, each with his own disordered view of what this freedom meant, Grabo listened dully, inert and uncertain. He had no fixed beliefs—no definite idea of the true liberty of the individual. He could not assume that there was liberty for any one on a level with his own low class and kind. The great—the rich—the noble; they might know of liberty! But Grabo—*huh!* He hunched up his shoulders in contempt, still bearing himself cravenly, seeing but still disbelieving.

As time passed, however, the latitude allowed him finally impressed itself on his mind. He saw that his growing assurance of manner went unchallenged—that no foot was thrust out to kick him down—that he was permitted liberties that no man of his class had ever dreamed of in the country he had but just quitted. So he dared a little more; and the act, still unchallenged, brought him the astonishment of discovery. Cortez, alone upon a peak in Darien, saw no wider world reveal itself than Grabo, the Slav, saw in that moment of realization. And the knowledge filled him with contempt.

The pit in which he worked was a big one, set down in a valley between the hills. Day by day he labored there, sweating at the face of the coal, a loader after the machine. It was rough work, but work that Grabo knew. The coal, under-stepped by the chain-cutter, was blasted down in lumps; and the Slav, toiling and heaving, loaded it aboard the pit-wagons. Day in and day out he went below the ground, and in the long and growing gallery of his room within the coal applied himself to the unending labor like Sisyphus in hell below.

But labor Grabo did not mind. There was in him at this stage a kind of gross elation he had never felt before. This liberty he had found was not the cause. Instead, it was an

elation born of greed, of the lust of personal gain. All the promises of liberty he reduced to the same terms: what they all would bring to him in money; and he marveled at the wages paid. For over there where he had come from a day's wage was what any of his fellow workers here in a night threw away on their beer. It bewildered him, at first, just as the sense of liberty had bewildered him. Then came the greed of the once underpaid worker suddenly alive to the chance of undreamed-of riches. It was not enough that the pay seemed large; he strove to make it larger.

At that time, so far as his nature allowed, the man was almost happy. He found himself progressing; the comforts he enjoyed, rough as they were, far surpassed what he had known before; and he hacked and sweated at the coal, content. When others, dissatisfied, grumbled at the unkindly toil within the pit, Grabo only grinned. He had no fault to find with the work; and when these malcontents, going on, clamored against the wage-scale, crying that they were being robbed of an even due, he looked at them in wonder, failing still to understand. Were not the wages good enough? Were they not paid for all the work they did?

In answer, the others hunched up their shoulders, grinning, and told Grabo he was a fool. Then he learned, piece by piece, listening to their talk, something of the swindle of society—of the robbery and roguery they proclaimed was rampant even in this land of freedom.

He was awakened—astounded! The talk stuck in his mind fixedly, creating a feeling deeper and more energizing than all this prated freedom and liberty of the individual had ever created. In his dull sense, too, that vague unrest stirred itself anew. A low anger possessed him. He felt, after a while, that even in his recent satisfaction he had fooled himself. But just how he had been tricked he could not understand, nor could these others, even with all the phrases ready to their tongues, make it clear to his struggling mind. He had believed himself to be swimming the top wave of all that was fine and prosperous. But he learned now—and it was true, no doubt, since so many of them knew it all—he learned now that, with every heave of the shovel, with every stroke of pick and sledge, some unseen, thirsting system sucked away at his life's blood!—*huh!*—that he was being robbed of

nearly all his due, as if by some thief in the dark. Then craft came to him, the craft and cunning of the dullard, and Grabo set himself, by trickery and stealth, to recover some of this unknown all of which he was being robbed.

The coal lay in its measure, a thick vein, easily mined, and they paid, according to the wage-scale, by the ton, as the coal weighed when loaded in the cars on top. But, according to that same scale, the miner got nothing for the fine coal, the so-called slack, that passed through the inch-and-a-quarter screen. The merits of the case are neither here nor there—it is the custom, and owner and laborer alike seemed satisfied. But Grabo set out to beat them at the game. His pit-wagons, topped to the utmost, were so loaded that the heavy lumps lay in the back, in order that, when discharged upon the screens, they might carry along upon them a greater quantity of the slack. But, somehow, Grabo found it wouldn't work.

It wouldn't work because the game had been tried so long by others that they watched for it on top. Thus, when a pit-wagon came along loaded in this fashion, they dumped the coal more slowly on the screens; the slack had time to settle between the bars, and all this stealth was for naught. He found himself beaten, as it was sure he would be; and then he tried another way. He took to loading dirty coal—coal loaded along with the bone and the slate, which, by the labor-scale, he was required to remove. That extra weight helped a little—for a while. Then he was warned. He was told that if he loaded dirty coal they would dock him for the loss.

Said the pit-boss, an earnest Scot:

"Mint, laddie; we'll hae na mair of yer trimmin's. Ye'll ken what I'm tellin' ye!"

Grabo hunched up his shoulders, a sneer upon his face. "Me no 'stan'," he growled, hating the pit-boss because, in his higher office, he represented those who Grabo felt sure were trying to rob him. "Me no 'stan'. What for you make this business? Me load clean coal."

He kept on, the warning virtually unheeded. But a night or two later, going on top, he stepped over to look at the weigh-sheet pasted under the tippie—the record of the weights loaded by each man during his trick. Grabo saw that he was docked; and with a face flaming in rage, he hunched up to the pit-boss, waving his arms in the air. But the boss cared little for the demonstration. It

was a thing he was accustomed to; let them howl and wave their arms as they willed.

"I warnt ye," was all he took the trouble to answer; "if ye'll na load the good, clean coal, ye'll just hae to pay for it, my laddie buck. That—or ye'll git!"

Grabo's hatred took a higher leap. He went away, raging impotently at both the boss and the pit that employed him. But he knew, too, that he could load no more dirty coal; and his mind, growing keener in his anger, sought for other ways of trickery.

In all the pits of this bituminous district they employ miners known locally as "company-men," whose pay is fixed by the time of labor, and not by the weight of coal they load. In Grabo's pit, the company-men drove entries, or cleaned up coal left lying on the floor of the passages. One of these men was Grabo's crony; and a crafty scheme came to the Slav. He and this man sat over a pot of beer in a river grog-shop, and they cooked up a plan between them. The company-man, loading the entry coal, was to put Grabo's checks, one at a time, in each third car he loaded. Then Grabo would be paid for the wagon he had never loaded, and as the company-man was paid by the hour, the company would pay twice for that single car. It was a little scheme in high finance, thought out by lowly minds—only the thing had been done before.

For a month it worked. Grabo and his pal throve upon the ill-gotten proceeds of their craft—the Slav was getting on. For a while that uneasy something in his mind lay dormant and unstirring, and Grabo was almost happy again. But one day the pit-boss, coming to the tippie, halted long enough to help with a wagon that had jammed upon the dumper-chocks. He helped to get it back in place, and then stood by.

"Weigh!" called the top-man; the beam was tripped, and the coal shot out roaring on the screen. The boss, leaning over, picked off the brass check from its nail inside the pit-wagon, and, before dropping it into the long trough where it would roll down into the weighman's hand, carelessly looked at the number.

"Hey!" he cried, perplexed. He had seen the coal as it went down over the screen, and his shrewd eye had recognized it as an entry load. But here he held Grabo's check, and Grabo loaded no entry coal that he knew about. It was worth while to investigate; and the mine-boss set a watch.



RANCOR BIT WITHIN HIS BREAST LIKE A LIVING EMBER.

A week later, Grabo was working in his room, heaving the heavy lumps into a pit-wagon. The days past had been good for him, and the envelope drawn the Saturday before was the largest he had ever known. He grinned as he thought of it, and, leaning forward, was just pulling down a slide of coal with his pick, when he heard quick feet beat up the gallery toward him. Grabo turned, his face sullen and heavy, and gleaming with sweat. There came the pit-boss, his brows wrought into an ugly scowl, and long before he was within reach of Grabo, he began to wave a fist. He knew—he had found out; and he was in a rage, not at the clear dishonesty of Grabo's craft, but at having been so tricked.

"Out o' here, ye swine!" he roared, and shoved the Slav by the arm. "Oat o' here, I say! Git—on top, ye swine!"

Bewilderment, for a moment, held Grabo motionless. He did not understand. "What for you make me this?" he mumbled, staggering over the coal as the pit-boss shoved him again. "Hey! Me no like!"

"Me no like—what's that, ye scut?" mimicked the boss. "I'll show you soon enough. Go on top and get your time. Git—ye Hunky—ye frowsy thief!"

He gave the Slav hardly time to pick up his coat and tools, and drove him down the entry before him, shoving and cursing in turn. "I'll show ye, ye bilk—ye theevin' sojer!" he roared; and at the pit bottom, ringing down an empty cage, he shoved the man aboard and clambered on beside him.

They rose to the top, the air roaring about them as the cage hummed through the darkness of the shaft. There in the gloom, fury succeeded Grabo's bewilderment; murder boiled in his heart. His coat, dropping from his arm, fell to the floor; as he stooped, his fingers gripped his pick-handle, and, with the lust of killing alive within him, he gauged the little space between himself and the boss, and the effect of a sudden blow with the tool. But the chance passed. They shot out into the open, the cage came to its rest, the pit-boss leaped out.

"Git!" he roared again; and Grabo, with the undone murder raging in his breast, bared his teeth at the other and slunk away along the slope. Once, farther along, he turned his heavy form and, with a head wagging in the fierce wrath that possessed him, shook his fist toward the mine. There, in the dim penetralia of his mind that unrest again

quicken, touching him as if with fever. It was discontent—aye, but not the discontent that leads to betterment! Grabo looked about him at the hills, and hated. He gazed up into the profound depths of blue above, and hated, too. Rancor bit within his breast like a living ember when he looked upon the valley's smiling length—its homes, its trees, its far-away fields of green.

He trudged on, muttering, his head hunched down between his shoulders, and that unseen, vital *something*, quivering and writhing, at last was known! He knew it—aye—knew that in his class he was damned—that so long as class held him to that level it would ever be the same with Grabo! Malice and despicency boiled within him in a compounded venom. He hated himself, cursing his own weak impotency; and he hated *them*—the men that held him so. In all that turmoil of his brain, no hope came to him. He saw no escape. He felt in that dazed moment that he was doomed forever to the level of the under dog. And his inflamed anger spread itself over all his sense like a curse; again he hated broadly God's hills and trees and fields that, in their peaceful quiet, mocked him to his face.

Presently his rage turned from them, hunting an animate object. It lighted upon those unseen upper beings—those who lived on Grabo and his kind, the men that had robbed and cheated him! But a wrath like his could not feed upon creatures he had never known—would never know or see! He hated them, of course; but his mind needed a victim nearer at hand. *Huh!* He knew! There was this hireling of the oppressor—the man that had reviled and driven Grabo as though he were a swine! Shaking his fist at the sky, Grabo cursed the pit-boss with many foul and bitter oaths.

That night Grabo and the company-man, his confederate, sat in a river grog-shop, swilling themselves with beer. They were of the same stripe, the company-man as dull and sullen and black-visaged as was Grabo. "Rabbit," he was called in the mines—"Joe Rabbit," for so they had shortened a name that was otherwise something inconceivably Slavic. He and Grabo sat with their faces close together now, and as they talked, droning their gutturals in a low-pitched murmur of secrecy, their shoulders hunched up higher and higher until their heads were withdrawn like a tortoise's, each upon the corded column of his neck. And it was foul evil that they hatched.

Rabbit, too, had been driven from the pit. Like Grabo, he, too, had been vilified and abused; and malice lived in his breast. But it was malice unbolstered by any self-conscious egoism of class; he hated, unaware of alleged social wrongs that he suffered. Grabo and he put their heads together; and the mutter of their rage rose like the humming of an angry hive. They talked, and violence was determined upon in that talk. They would avenge themselves, and vengeance among minds of that primitive type means only bodily harm to its victim. Intelligence such as theirs could reach no higher; to kill or to maim—that was the scheme, and to do it cunningly and in the dark. Then, leaning back, they drained another pot of beer, and, with a last sly look about them, arose and walked out into the night. They had settled it—they laughed together softly. And on the day succeeding, Grabo and Rabbit were missing from the mine.

On the Saturday following, a brilliant dawn broke, promising a quiet summer's morning. The sun, lifting itself above the rim of hills that edged the valley's length, sparkled upon the fields; and in that untroubled calm of early morning every little noise of awakening day echoed on the air. The hoisting-engine of the distant mine aroused itself, its raucous exhaust coughing thickly; and then the whistle blew, calling the gangs to their labor. Little streams of men, like threading ants, passed down the hillside from the cottages; the rumble of the pit-wagons on the tippie followed, and you heard the roar of the coal as it was dumped, gushing, on the screens. The busy day had begun, but in the shelter of the brush upon the hillside two men lay together and watched with crafty eyes.

Just below the mine, the country road swings to the southward, crossing a narrow brook. A bridge of planks spans the trickle, and from that point on the slope only the hills and a stretch of houseless fields meet the view. It is a quiet and lonely quarter, though still within sound of the mine; and of a time before, a pit-boss had been murdered there. They had found his body at daybreak of another summer's day; and though the murderers were never known, the story seemed plain enough. Some one had stalked him from behind—one of his own men that bore him a grudge, no doubt, for there in the top of his skull was the hole driven by a pointed mine-pick—a full-powered blow that had let out

life and brains together. But all this had happened in the dark; by day you walked there unaware of peril in any guise under that clear sunlight. Danger might lurk there at night—that, or the stalking wraith of the murdered man. But by day—a day so clear and peaceable as this—it was inconceivable!

Yet there were those two men lurking on the hillside; and they were Grabo and Rabbit, the Slavs. Had you looked closer, you would have seen at their elbows the varnished box of a blasting-battery, its handle-rod up-lifted and fixed in readiness; and there, too, streaming away downward toward the bridge of planks, were its two insulated conductor-wires. Beneath the bridge of planks, the two terminated in a bundle of greasy yellow sticks, bound loosely like a sheaf of heavy candles—but no such candles as men light on the altars of love and human kindness. These two, lying hidden, had put them there; and at every noise within the valley they moved uneasily, peering forth from their shelter with fierce and bloodshot eyes.

For some time in the day they knew the man they both hated would cross that bridge of planks, bearing with him the pay-money. Two birds with a single stone! It would be a fine day's work.

There came first a farmer, riding in a loaded wagon. The pair that drew it, big and heavy, stepped with deliberate feet upon the planking; and the two watchers, their breath held, crouched flatly on the ground until those iron hoofs pounded to the soft ground beyond, dragging after them the swaying, clattering wagon. Then came a country boy, barefooted and lightly stepping along, his hat thrust back on his head, his freckled face upturned, whistling shrilly. It was grotesque, that roundelay piped with all its innocence so near to the coming ghastliness of a tragedy. Together, the two watchers scowled fiercely toward him, and then frowned with still more terrible intentness when the lad paused upon the bridge, staring a moment into the little pool below. They exchanged swift glances meaningly: what if, in his urchin inquisitiveness, he should see those two wires and hunt them to their terminal nest? Rabbit, with a significant gesture, reached out his hand to the battery-rod.

But the lad was unaware. He hung over the low rail, poring with boyish interest upon the small and active life of the pool below—the water-bugs flashing like skaters upon its mirror-like surface, a shoal of minnows that

darted here and there among the stones, a crawfish obtruding itself from its den below the bank. For an instant the lad moved irresolutely, his eye upon that crawling tenant of the brook; but at the movement the crawfish secluded itself in quick alarm. Then, thrusting back his hat still farther, the boy went on his way, piping, and Rabbit's hand withdrew from the fateful box.

After the country boy came a little priest of the Greek Church, his cassock flapping about his heels, reading a breviary as he walked. His broad, shovel-brimmed hat was drawn down to shade his eyes; and he passed along, his clumsy feet scuffling up the dust, alone with God and his duty. Pit-pat—scuffle—thump! his heavy clogs beat their measure on the planks; and the two, looking again, scowled contemptuously and then spat. They could still see his elbow going as he trudged along into the distance, making the sign of the cross.

On the heels of the little priest came a trio of Sicilians—a boy and two women—sacks on their shoulders, and looking to the fields for early greens. As they, too, came to the bridge, they halted, on the hunt for something or anything to bring to their catholic pot—a sprout of cresses, the crawfish, perhaps, or some surviving frog overlooked in former depredations. But the brook had long been stripped of its greens; the crawfish still hid itself in timid seclusion; and the last of all the runnel's frogs had long gone to that bourne of fricassees from which no frog returns. Screaming together like a flight of noisy grackles, the three clumped on up the road; and after them came an occasional other character, each in his way an accessory to enhance this drama's tragic tone, by contrast. A laborer went by, short and thick-set, a silly smile upon his lips, lurching drunkenly. A young girl in a sunbonnet followed, walking swiftly and with a basket of eggs on her arm. Probably thinking of the ribbon they would buy, she hurried on. A half-hour afterward passed an old man, bent and feeble, his stick smacking the ground before him. A long while later it was a peddler, bowed beneath a heavy pack, grunting as he toiled along, and sweating under his burden. Then, for a long time, none came by; the place resumed its wonted quiet and the two still watched.

Contrast—yes! Every-day life, with its multitudinous small concerns on the one hand; the farmer in the wagon intent upon his trade; the country lad in quest of amuse-

ment; the priest on some holy errand; the Sicilians clattering to the fields; the girl with the eggs, and a thought of pretty ribbons in her head—all engaged intently upon the small affairs of life, and all unconscious of the death that lay beneath their very feet. Up there on the slope, the twain lurking in viperous malignance were busied with no such trivial matters. Destiny was in their hands; they were trafficking, not with eggs and cresses, but with life and death.

There came, at last, a rattle of hurrying wheels. Grabo peered, and with an involuntary gesture gripped the other by the arm. His face—swart and thick-featured—changed as if by a convulsion; and Rabbit, seeing, knew, too, that it was the moment to make ready. He swung himself to his knees, still hidden by the screen of bush, and, with one hand raised to the battery's upright plunger, stared over Grabo's shoulder at the wagon.

It was a light vehicle, drawn by two horses, and two men were in it. One held a sawed-off shotgun between his knees and drove, the other—and he was the man they looked for—sat with his feet upon a leather bag, a carbine laid across his lap. They drew on rapidly, the horses taking the level at a smacking trot; then, as they came to the little dip that reached down to the bridge of planks, the pair were drawn down to a slower gait, and the wagon rolled leisurely onward.

Grabo's breath whistled in his lungs. His face, reflecting the passion of the moment, turned to a pasty sallow; his eyes, distended, fixed themselves upon the approaching victims, and swam with an unwonted brilliancy. In that moment the murder lust arose within the man to its height, boiled hotly—and then there came a change. The staring eyes blinked suddenly. They detached themselves, as if with an effort, from the destined prey, now half-way down the slope, and turned, troublously intent, upon that area of impending destruction. Then he shuddered, and a low growl broke from Rabbit's lips as the movement, sharp and sudden, jarred Grabo against him. To murder—to kill cold-bloodedly—to maim and distort and destroy! To kill craftily, and with no hot moment's rage to spur a passionate hand! There came to Grabo a cowardice bred of the instant's quick reflection. He faced the issue, realized the possibilities, and all his rage and malignant daring wasted from him, its store running out like the sands of an emptying hourglass. He could have screamed aloud.



HE WISHED HIMSELF AWAY FROM THIS—AWAY—FAR AWAY—OUT OF IT!

And in so inconceivably small a moment had the change come to him that when he looked again the victims were still only halfway down the slope, and the horses just lifting their fore feet from the ground!

Pity was in his breast—that, or something akin to it—a small and weeping regret. Then this passed; and, with a shudder, the cowardice born of his reflection swept him, again de-throning every other feeling. His nerves, quivering, made him feel as if suspended. He wished himself away from this—away—far away—out of it!

"Me no like!" he sobbed dryly, and the planks clattered as the team drew up on the bridge.

Rabbit knelt, poised and calculating. He watched till the body of the wagon should be above that blasting death. Then he would act; and his hand, gripping the plunger-rod, shook, anticipating.

"Me no like!" shrilled Grabo, and turned in appeal.

But in that instant the other, his face convulsed, struck!

Silence!—something wrong!—only the wheezing of Rabbit's breath as he lurched higher on his knees. Grabo thrust out his hand—even yet it was not too late. Rabbit struggled with the plunger-rod, jammed by his over-eager force.

"Me no like!" howled Grabo, and would have grappled with him.

But, with a clattering volume of thunders, the roar of the explosion burst over the quiet among the hills!

A spume of leoprous white vapors leaped from the area of the bridge! It jetted upward, streaked with inner lines of flame, and spread itself into the radials of a fan. A distorted ruck of timbering shot through the midst of it; the base spread out and obliterated in a rolling cloud of dust and hurtling debris all the area about its source, and echo followed echo, crashing like the fall of cliffs. Then the dust cloud began to settle widely.

Yet in that instant of chaos the two had seen, as in a lightning's flash, the wagon rolling on apparently intact.

They had failed! That moment's hindrance in the jamming of the rod had cost Rabbit his prey. The explosion, set off at the wagon's wheels, had hurled itself through a narrow area, sharp and precisely determined; and the team, just beyond it, had escaped as by a miracle. Out of the convolved and rolling blankness of smoke and dust, it emerged of a

sudden, its horses madly galloping and dragging a shattered hind wheel trailing like a hurt pinion.

Grabo leaped to his feet. He saw the white and terrified face of the pit-boss staring back over the buggy-top, and the horses going at a gallop. He looked down, and there was Rabbit looking too, an almost foolish dismay upon his features. Then a gust of air swirled the curtain of vaporous dust aside, and he peered an instant upon the gaping pit where once the bridge had been—a bridge whose splinters now rained in the fields beyond. Numbly, deafened by the splitting detonation, he gave one look about him, inert, bewildered, stupefied. Then he took to his heels and ran.

Time passed. In Grabo, far away, time and terror had combined to effect a change. He had escaped, for none suspected him in the matter of that summer's day. But however Grabo could escape detection, he could not evade the fear of it. They say in this district that your only good Hunkies are your scared ones—it was so with Grabo. His contempt for the liberty allowed him was gone! He had deduced, at last, in his slow and awkward calculating, the bounds and limitations of his freedom; and now that he had overstepped them the man had become afraid. So for many months—for a year—for other, longer years, Grabo comported himself with an exact and fearful goodness. In his fear came, too, a holy respect for law and order—a force that he had once derided and contemned, and wholesome carefulness now marked every act of his life.

He worked. He found himself another place in the string of river mines, and day by day sweated at the labor underground. Of his ugly, inchoate, and destructive class hatred, little was heard now. If, as of old, Grabo sat in the river grog-shops swilling the night's beer with his cronies, he spoke no more anarchy, nor yelled in a wild torrent of abuse those denunciations that once had been so ready to his tongue. He still believed in them, to be sure, but the growing respect bred of terror locked his lips, and if others voiced sentiments once his slogan, he scowled and lurched away, filled with a cringing shame. For what did they know of violence attempted against law and order? Had they ever tried it? Let them do so once, and then if they prevailed, if they beat the law, then Grabo might think it time to listen.

For knowledge had come to him as if in a flash of blinding light. The law! Contemptible, inert, incapable before this loose liberty it allowed? Aye! did it not seem so? But let them rouse it once! *He* knew! He knew its force! Without the law so much as having pointed a finger of suspicion toward him, he had realized its power and crushing potency if once aroused. He hated it, but, at the same time, he feared it, too.

As the years progressed, his field of view enlarged. He beheld the comfort and prosperity all about him, and again that discontent moved in his brain, revitalized and impelling, though in this period of his development any formalized ambition was still unknown to him. He lived, to be sure, with a certain settled object in view, but the goal was so debased you could hardly term the desire an ambition. It was the same low ideal that so many of his kind held—the desire of getting enough to pass their best years in slothful ease. But as time went on and he saw about him a group of his class and type uplifting themselves to unimagined places in the world, discontent leaped in his mind anew—a discontent that fed upon itself. Yet now only numbed helplessness went with it—envy without thought of violence.

He watched his fellows, speculating in amazement upon their growing prosperity, his mind stimulated into an unwonted clearness of perception. Thrift and quiet and content, he saw, were at the bottom of their getting on in life. But how was he, Grabo, to be thrifty and quiet and content with so little a store of anything for basis? He had worked and sweated and struggled; and what had he to

show for it? With a rueful face he counted up his savings, but all memory of his past debauches escaped him—the days and nights that had drunk up his savings with a thirst equal to his own. The grumbler, in the grumbler's way, forgot his own part in his own ill success; and going on from mine to mine, an unattached wanderer, Grabo was still some distance away from even that goal of slothful ease he had set out to reach.



"WHAT FOR YOU MAKE THIS BUSINESS?"
SHE DEMANDED.

There came to him at last a fierce and itching want to see the place of his long-past crime. He could not escape it, try as he would—he was a victim to the morbid impulsion that affects every violator of the law. It was the *Heimweh* of crime, and he could not evade it. So one day, drawing out his time, he slung his bag across his shoulders and set out upon his way to that valley mine.

Grabo, trudging over the hills, found many changes in the valley. He crept in there at dark and, like a night prowler, first turned his steps toward the place of his wrongdoing. It was as if he thought some limb of law and order, still active in its anger, might reach out and seize him, but the place, in the dark, was deserted. A new stone bridge replaced the one of planks, and above on the slope where he had hidden, a row of cottages covered the very spot where he and Rabbit had lurked.

Stealing along the dusty road, he crossed the bridge, halting a moment to peer about him in the gloom, and when a dog in the yards above barked shrilly, he hurried on in guilt. That night he lay in a field, but on the morrow the man dared to show himself.

All had changed. There were few faces known to him, for in these few years the

hordes had come and gone again, renewed in quick succession. For a day or so he kept himself hidden in a den among the blocks, herding with others of his kind, and then, seeing himself unknown, boldly ventured toward the mine.

Hate for his old bitter enemy had not wholly died in his breast. With a sullen mien he lurked about the works, spying at a distance for a view of the pit-boss. But time had made its charges there, too; he waited till the whistle blew at dusk and the gangs came forth, and still the boss was unseen. Grabo had no thought of doing harm, only he wanted to look again at the man whom he had so hated. For another day he hung about, and then he asked where the man was. The others shook their heads; they knew no such man as that working in the pit. Grabo wondered. He must make sure; he must be certain; for Grabo still feared the man, and it was largely on this fear of him, too, that his hatred of the pit-boss had lived.

Then, at length, he heard. The pit-boss had long before left the mine. Grabo grinned. It was well. The next day he stalked down to the pit-mouth and hired himself to work.

In the mine, Grabo became known again for unflagging strength and energy. He worked—and he worked hard. It was a prosperous year, and all about him he saw new and inspiring evidences of prosperity, even among his own class. One day Grabo counted up his savings, and the amount astonished him. It was almost enough to buy him that ease and aimless sloth he long had dreamed about, but somehow, now that he had nearly gained it, the prize seemed less satisfying than he had thought.

For time had continued to make changes in the Slav; his horizon, under the unconscious effect of the new-world surroundings, had greatly broadened. He knew what it meant, even with this store of savings, to go back to the old life—life that maintained itself on about what he had grown used to tossing away as waste. Over there his hoard might, indeed, buy him food and shelter—but what kind of a living it would be! Food and shelter—yes! and to the end of his days, but he turned up his nose at the thought of it. Again the gnawing discontent stirred within his mind, and in a new and more compelling way. It was active and unsleeping now; it never let him rest.

As of yore, he looked about him at those of his class that had lifted themselves in the world. They thrived in growing ease and content; and he learned, too, that the law safeguarded them in their rise in life. The knowledge brought him fresh bewilderment; and after that came a new respect for the law—a respect that was almost kindly. He saw that if he, too, comported himself as these others, the law would protect him as well. Of a sudden he withdrew himself from the orgies of the drinking-places, and even refrained from getting drunk on the saints' days. Everything he earned he saved, and in a year or so Grabo took to himself a wife.

It was the thing to do; they all did it. Two mouths, on what he spent impossibly, were as easily fed as one, and Grabo was filled with thrift. He must save, he told himself; that was how to win what he hungered for; and as his savings grew the thought of them and his new establishment filled him with a kind of comic self-respect. It was comic, at all events, if you contrasted it with the Slav's former ways of life, and he felt himself, in a small degree, a personage.

His wife was a woman of the second generation. Thrift stood out on her as squarely as the squareness of her squat and homely figure, and when she smiled you saw the influence of the new world's training in its open, guileless good humor. You forgot, indeed, as you watched her, that her waist-line was only a suggestion, or that culture had not helped to mold with its kindly hand her square and homely features—these things, and the uncompromising size of her feet, or her hands, blunt and so big, but yet so able. Her immigrant parents, too old to change to new conditions, had gone home eventually to the fatherland, but she had stayed behind.

Although she had lived here since a child, there was much she had to learn about the new-world life, but she was learning it and imbibing new ideas of respectability, one on the heels of the other. Grabo watched perplexed. She drove him, bewildered by it as by all her other notions, even to an intimate knowledge of soap, and he became acquainted at last with the true color of his own skin and with other radical innovations, such as orderliness and decency and a regularity of living. He walked, in these days, as one in dreams, but every day gaining new ground of knowledge and development. She, with the understanding of one that knew from experi-

ence, explained much that had been only a mystery to him before—the way his kind might get on in the world, for instance, or how much a man might easily make of himself, if he only had the courage to try. Grabo had always had the courage, only he had lacked the knowledge. But now he had come out from the by-path of darkness, and the highway was there before him. He had come, almost, if not quite, even to feel a respect for the employer that paid him his wage. But disquiet still nettled him, the chafing of the laborer who toils for others. He sucked at his pipe behind the stove, and grumbled.

Grabo's wife looked at him intently. On the fire a pot of herrings bubbled, filling all the cottage with their strength; there were soup and potatoes boiling alongside, and on the table a fine piece of savory cheese battled with the herrings for mastery. Standing up to look at him, she put one hand on her hip, and with the other wiped the sweat from her forehead, her brows wrinkled solemnly. Grabo stared back at her uneasily; then his eyes shifted. He was always bewildered by this woman, as he had been bewildered by so many other new-world influences, and he hardly knew what to think of her. Unlike other men in the blocks, he did not beat his wife, nor drive her like a bond beast in harness. There was a good reason for that, too—she wouldn't have let him, and he knew it, though how she would have prevented it had he tried, he couldn't guess, and didn't try to guess. It was very strange, too, that somehow he didn't care to beat her.

"What's the matter? What for you make this business?" she demanded suddenly. "I no understand."

Other women in the blocks would have said this differently—"Me no 'stan'," using the "me" for "I" in the same way in which they turned "he" for "him." It seemed curious to Grabo; even in her speech she was different from the others.

"What for you make this business?" she demanded, and Grabo wriggled in his seat behind the stove. The spoon, jerkily emphasizing, shot a drop of grease into his face, and he wiped it off, using the back of his hand, solemnly. What was it he didn't like? Grabo's wife demanded again.

He told her, sucking at his pipe, and swung around while he talked to put his stockinged feet on the table. "Hunh! You don't like, hey!" she grunted, and leaning over, with a

strong hand beat him on the toes with the stove-lifter. Grabo growled, removing his feet hastily to their proper place on the floor. "You no like, hey?" she repeated. "For what you no like? You no work this time any more—hey?" Yes, Grabo would still work, but he hated this unremitting, grinding toil only in the employ of others.

"Hunh!" she grunted, stirring the pot of herrings, "sometime you work for yourself—maybe!"

The suggestion dropped like a bolt out of the blue. Hey, what? Work for himself? It was an absurdity—madness. He turned his face away and spat over his shoulder at the window. His aim was poor, and again she menaced him with the stove-lifter. In his unregulated mind, still comprehending only vaguely, he had felt an admiration for his wife—a regard none the less effective for being silent. But this now was childishness; for had not Grabo learned that he and his kind are condemned to take the wage from others, to have their pottage from another's hand?

"Mebbe sometime we keep a store, hey?" she suggested calmly. "Then we work for ourself. Hey, what?"

Grabo looked at her open-mouthed. That was something which had not entered his mind before, and the daring of the suggestion left him dazed.

"How much you have in the bank?" she demanded. He told her, computing it on the ends of his heavy fingers.

"Pretty soon we keep a store, mebbe," she announced, and stirred the herrings briskly.

So it came about—in time. Grabo's thrift and energy and regularity had made of him a marked man in the pit. On Sundays and holidays he no longer got drunk for the mere sake of drunkenness, or for any other reason. If he drank at all, it was in moderation, because much drinking needs much money, and Grabo had none to spare. There were a pair of little Grabos now, a pair that looked as if they had been sawed off the same piece. As a first step Grabo got a raise. He was made machine-boss, with charge of all the cutters in the pit; and with the little Grabos in mind and his wife stirring him, he hired a farm of the company and kept a cow. Before very long it was two cows, and then another; and Grabo, at that stage, began associating with men of his own worth and good fortune, men that were saving and careful and prosperous, and growing thoroughly

content with all this new life and its laws and liberties.

Of the pit-boss who once had scourged him and driven him out like a swine Grabo never thought; or, if he did think of him, it was only an idle memory. Nor did he remember Rabbit, the Slav that had helped him so nearly to destruction. Sometimes he shook with a little terror, perhaps, at the thought of what he had done, at the peril of being found out now, when detection would mean so much to him. But years of safety effaced this, too, and then came the little store to claim his thought.

It grew steadily, prospering as did all the rest of Grabo's thrifty ventures. He had found the way, or had it been shown to him? He was content. If, of a night when the store was crowded with the class from which he had sprung, some disgruntled one raised his voice in contempt for this new life and its laws and liberties, what then did Grabo do? At first he hearkened idly, saying nothing. Then contempt succeeded, and presently anger.

"What for you make this business, hey?" he cried one night, confronting with a gleaming face a man who forever preached anarchy, and yet had not the courage to dare it. "What for you make this business? Look! you see Grabo? Me, Grabo, me tell you for what you make this business. You get droonk! You no work this time like me! You no *dobrij* [good], that's what! You no good! Mebbe you work like Grabo you no make this business. Dam' good place for Grabo, this America. You dam' loafer! You no like!"

For Grabo was content. The pupa of his discontent, evolving through its many stages and reaching its final form, had at last sprung away, had taken wing forever. It was gone—departed—vanished.

On a summer's afternoon he sat in the porch of his store, his legs, grown comfortably fat, stretched out in ease before him. He tapped out the ashes from his pipe, and leaned back against the building, his mind and body at rest, and in the Grabo of that moment there was none of the Grabo that had waited over there beside the hill, his mind filled only with rancor, malice, and greed. The sun shone down upon him, and he grinned lazily, satisfied.

There came along the road from the north a wayfarer, walking slowly, and Grabo, his

chair tilted against the porch, idly watched him. The man came nearer, and as he reached the store he took off his hat to wipe the sweat from his brow. Grabo, watching, saw his face, peered an instant at it in uncertainty, and then leaped to his feet; the chair overturned with a crash behind him. For he knew the man now; knew him as his enemy; knew him as one that had risen from the dead to mock him. There was no mistake. In the man's features, though changed by time, he saw his old enemy—the pit-boss.

The Scotchman had done well in the world; he had a hearty air of prosperity and ease. Grabo could see that, even in his reawakened hate and terror.

"What you want?" he demanded hoarsely, knowing that it was little use to flee if this man had come to hunt him down. The old pit-boss, startled by the hoarseness of his voice, stared Grabo in the face, and then dropped his eyes, unrecognizing. Resting against the railing he said something, and, at that, joy, as if with a thundering shout, sprang up revived in Grabo's breast. On trembling legs he tottered into the store, caught his breath, and then returned with the drink of water the Scotchman had asked for.

"Thanks, my friend," said the old fellow, handing back the glass; "I used to work away hereabouts, too."

Grabo leaned against the doorway. He heard his own voice speaking, and it seemed small and far away. "Mebbe you get you job by the pit again."

The other shook his head, smiling gently. "No, my friend, I'm just back for a look at the old place. I've a mine o' me own noo."

He held out his hand. "I thank ye, me lad." Grabo hesitated, thought swiftly, and thrust out his hand.

"Good-by"—and then came that borrowed hopeful expression of new life, a new world, and higher things. "Good luck!" added Grabo.

As long as he was in sight, trudging along the highway, trudging onward and out from Grabo's life, Grabo stood and watched him. Over the hill he passed, and out of sight, but gone, as Grabo knew, by the road that passed over the little bridge.

Then Grabo returned to his chair, drew in his breath deeply, and filled his pipe for a smoke. A long while afterward he smiled, and there was nothing evil in that smile.

THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE PHILIPPINES—A NATIONAL ISSUE

What the United States Has Done for the Philippines

By WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

Why the Philippines Should Be Independent

By WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

EDITOR'S NOTE.—On the issue of the national election, fourteen days hence, hangs the destiny of the Philippines. The two great parties are definitely committed to divergent policies. The Republicans favor the retention of the Islands, extending to the natives control of their government when educated to a knowledge of the responsibilities of free institutions. The Democrats have declared for early independence and an American protectorate. Above and beyond is the greater question of national expansion. Shall we abandon the work begun and rest content within our present borders; or definitely accept the far-flung consequences of a world policy? We are singularly fortunate in being able to present at this critical moment in the campaign the arguments of the two great proponents: Judge Taft in review and defense of what the United States has accomplished in the Philippines; Mr. Bryan on the menace of imperialism.

WHEN the Treaty of Paris was ratified, which ended the war with Spain and transferred the sovereignty of the Philippines from Spain to the United States, the latter not only acquired a legal title to the Islands but assumed a solemn obligation to the Philippine people to govern them justly and wisely and in a manner most conducive to their development and prosperity. The question as to the wisdom of the acquisition of the Islands was no longer an open one. That question was settled by the treaty which made them American territory. Whatever difference of opinion may have existed upon this subject before the treaty was ratified, there could be no difference afterward, at least in the forum of conscience, as to the extent of our obligations to the Philippine people.

Party lines were not drawn in the Senate when the vote was taken on the question of the ratification of the treaty. The senators voting evidently dealt with the subject from a purely non-partizan standpoint and as involving a great question of national policy, as

they should have done. Democrats were found voting for the treaty and Republicans against it, and vice versa. Mr. Bryan, the recognized leader at that time of the Democratic party and its candidate for president at the preceding election, appeared at the Capitol and was in conference with doubting and opposing Democratic senators, urging them to vote for the ratification of the treaty; and it does not admit of doubt that but for his efforts and influence the treaty would have been rejected.

It was doubtless because of these circumstances, as well as from motives of disinterested patriotism, that President McKinley appointed a non-partizan Commission, of which I was president, to establish civil government in the Islands. The course mapped out for that Commission will be found embodied in the admirable instructions which President McKinley gave it. The Commission was instructed to establish a temporary government—which should stand until the further action of Congress—in which the Filipinos were to have as much part as pos-

sible. Local self-government in provinces and municipalities, modeled upon American lines, was to be established as far as practicable. A general public school system was to be organized. A judicial system was to be created, the judges being reputable and learned lawyers; and all these great agencies of government were to be established upon such a basis as would adequately meet the real needs of the Philippine people. Shortly after the original Commission was created, three prominent Filipino gentlemen were made members thereof.

The Commission among its earliest acts enacted a rigid civil service law of general application. An act was also passed providing for a general public free school system and for the importation of a thousand American school-teachers. A provincial government act was passed which provided for the election of the governors of provinces by the vote of the councilmen of the various municipalities in the provinces. Contemporaneously therewith a law was enacted providing for the organization of municipalities and the election of *presidentes* (or mayors) and councilmen by popular vote. The Commission also passed an act organizing a judicial system composed of a Supreme Court and Courts of First Instance having general jurisdiction, sufficient in number promptly to administer justice. A Department of Justice was also created, providing for the appointment of an attorney-general, a solicitor-general and sufficient assistants, the attorney-general of the Islands being the head of this department.

At first it was necessary to utilize the Americans in a majority of the more important positions of the various departments of the government thus established. This was so because it was vital, in order to be of any real benefit to the Philippine people, to substitute largely American methods and ideas for the Spanish system which had theretofore prevailed. It is but the statement of a simple fact to say that no consideration of partizan politics at any time entered into the question of appointing the numerous officials and employees of the government. There were perhaps as many Democrats as Republicans thus appointed. This policy has never been departed from, and to-day the Governor-General of the Philippine Islands is a lifelong Democrat. The undeviating policy of the Commission, however, has been, as fast as vacancies occurred

which could be filled by Filipinos as well as by Americans, to give the former the preference. As a result of this policy, to-day three members of the Supreme Court of the Islands are Filipinos. The attorney-general of the Islands is a Filipino. Fully half of the judges of the Courts of First Instance are Filipinos. The governors of provinces and a majority of the provincial boards are Filipinos. All of the municipal officials and at least eighty-five per cent. of the officials and employees of the insular government are Filipinos.

In addition to all this, the Congress of the United States, by act of July 1, 1902, established a government to take the place of the Commission created by the President. This government was composed of the Governor-General—who was the Chief Executive—the original Commission, which was to be the upper house, and a Philippine Assembly, elected by popular vote. Under this act more than a year ago the popular Assembly was elected and inaugurated by me, as Secretary of War, in person. And this is the government as it at present exists in the Philippine Islands.

In the light of these undisputed facts, it is difficult to understand how the action of the Chief Executive, the Congress of the United States, and the Commission as above set forth can be denominated a disastrous experiment in imperialism. To characterize it thus is, to use the expression of Mr. Justice Bradley of the Supreme Court of the United States in a notable opinion, to be "inattentive to the truth." So far from its being an experiment in imperialism, it is an experiment, and a novel one, in preparing for self-government an undeveloped people who had for nearly four hundred years been under the domination of a medieval monarchy. The difficulty of this experiment is not lessened when it is considered that the Philippine people are divided into many tribes, speaking different dialects, having no common language or traditions, and of varying degrees of civilization. There is, it is true, a small proportion of the whole which is educated and possessed of considerable wealth and culture, but the great mass of the people is woefully ignorant and poor. It is from this small educated class that are drawn the Filipinos who are now filling the various positions in the government to the extent narrated. Without their influential aid real progress would be greatly retarded, if not made impossible. It is through them large-

ly that the mass of the people is being reached and made to understand the purposes and objects of the American people in their relations to the Filipinos.

While there is a considerable diversity of opinion among prominent Filipinos as to whether the Islands are now ripe for independence, all of those who maintain the affirmative of the proposition do so upon the assumption that the United States, after setting up an independent government, will in some form or other establish a protectorate over them. In the absence of such a protectorate, however, I think it is conservative to say that no intelligent and patriotic Filipino can be found who will say that independence would be a blessing to his people. On the contrary, they understand what an irreparable misfortune it would be to them and their people to be presented now with the fatal gift of independence without such supervision. A great majority of intelligent Filipinos appreciate, as do all other thoughtful men who have made a study of conditions as they are in the Islands, how impossible it would be for the Filipinos unaided, and without a strong arm to lean on, to maintain internal order, to say nothing of their inability to protect themselves from foreign aggression.

Any one who has given the subject serious consideration must appreciate that a people cannot be prepared for self-government merely by declarations of the rights of men, nor by the adoption of a constitution, nor by the promulgation of laws, however excellent they may be in the abstract. It is equally obvious that a capacity for self-government cannot exist where the great mass of the people is ignorant and unable to understand and appreciate some, at least, of the elementary principles of government; and that a popular government to be successful must be built upon knowledge by the people of the objects of government, respect for law, and a willingness to submit to the will of the majority—in short, that it involves the development of individual and national character, and that these characteristics are of slow growth and cannot be made to order. Finally, I think it may be truthfully stated that the Filipinos generally appreciate that what Americans have done and are now doing in the Philippine Islands is not a brake upon their legitimate aspirations, but an impulse given to their growth and development along safe and sensible lines.

An admirable school system which is already established, and is being steadily enlarged, gives promise of great things for the rising generation in the matter of education, and the increasing participation of Filipinos in all branches of the government is giving them practical experience in government and forming them for a still larger participation in their own affairs. But the crying need of the Filipinos to-day is for the material development of the vast natural resources of the Islands. They need capital to develop mines, woods, and fields; they need railroads; they need object-lessons which can be given them by Americans and others in all the various industries—in short, they need all those things which have so largely contributed to make this country what it is to-day. They cannot hope to receive the full benefit which must come to them from the investment of capital in railroads, manufactures, mining, and agriculture so long as there is any question of the permanent maintenance of a stable government in the Islands.

I cannot omit to say, furthermore, that they also need, and by every consideration of justice and fair play should have, the benefit of the American markets for their exports. Especially is this true in so far as it relates to sugar and tobacco. The effect of the change of sovereignty has been to deprive them of the Spanish market which they before enjoyed. And yet, notwithstanding the appeals made by President Roosevelt and myself in their behalf, and the strenuous efforts of many members of Congress, it has so far been impossible to obtain for the Philippine people free entry into our markets. This boon might easily be given with such limitations as not to affect injuriously any American interests; and it would be a gracious act on our part, and one which more than all others would tend to impress upon the Philippine people the altruistic character of our attitude toward them. Moreover, although I shall not at this time attempt to give undue prominence to this consideration, it would be the beginning of what I believe would be, in the not remote future, a large and mutually beneficial exchange of commodities between the people of the United States and those of the Philippine Islands. The Philippines are a long way off, and unfortunately it seems only too easy, so far as any thought whatever is given to them, to occupy our minds with academic discussions

as to whether they are now, and if not when they will be, fit for independence, passing by the practical questions which confront us and them and vitally affect their well-being.

It has been most unfortunate for the Philippine people that the question of their future should have been made a subject of political discussion and a football of partizan politics. This is hurtful in every way. It diverts the minds of the Philippine people from those questions of practical importance which press upon them now, to the discussion of when they will be ready for independence, thereby producing an agitation tending to breed distrust between Americans and Filipinos when there should be only sympathy and cordial good-will; and it deters much needed capital from seeking the Philippines. If it were possible, no greater blessing could be given to these people, for whose future we must stand responsible before the civilized world, than that both the great political parties of this country should, by mutual consent, pretermit the question of immediate independence and agree upon an indefinite and continuous policy of non-partizan government for the Philippines along the lines projected by President McKinley and wisely continued by President Roosevelt. This would be, indeed, to give them bread instead of a stone.

Aside from the disastrous consequences which would come to the Philippine people if independence were now granted them, and

leaving out of view our loss of national prestige because of our shameful abdication of duty, the idea which has been advanced in some quarters that, coupled with the granting of independence to them, the United States should establish a protectorate over them, or should enter into some international agreement with the other great powers guaranteeing their independence, is to my mind fraught with the most serious consequences. We already have a sufficiently large order on our hands in the assertion and maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine as applied to the American continents, and were we to assume the responsibility for an independent Philippine republic and warn all the great powers against interference with our bantling, we should be in effect still further enlarging the Monroe Doctrine. As a result, when internal disorder came, as it inevitably would come, we should find ourselves compelled again to intervene in Philippine affairs, the great work already partially done would be rendered worthless, and probably after much expenditure of blood and treasure we should have to begin where we began eight or ten years ago, or, should we decline again to shoulder the burden, to stand in the attitude of preventing by force other foreign powers from intervening to protect the interests of their people. Singularly enough, those who advocate this extraordinary policy at the same time are opposed to a larger standing army and think we are wasting money in building too many battle-ships.

Why the Philippines Should Be Independent

By WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

HONESTY requires that our policy regarding the Philippine Islands be announced. The Filipinos have a right to know; other nations are entitled to the information; and our own position would be strengthened by a declaration of the nation's purpose. So long as there is doubt there will be discussion; so long as there is uncertainty the Filipinos will suspect the worst, other nations will accuse us of insincerity, and our own people will be embarrassed in the advocacy of the principles of government which we apply here and refuse to apply in the Philippines. A republic cannot hold

colonies, for a colonial government rests upon force, while in a republic the government rests upon the consent of the governed. To say that the Filipinos have no right to a voice in their own government and in the shaping of their own destiny raises a question as to man's inalienable rights, and the citizens of a free country cannot afford to raise such a question.

If it is said that we can help the Filipinos by governing them against their will, I answer, first, that we can lead them better than we can coerce them—that we can better inspire them by our example than drive them.

To say that the situation in the Philippine Islands has been improved by the policy that has been followed, does not mean that a better policy might not have brought greater improvement.

But, secondly, even if it were certain that we could improve the Filipinos by denying them the right to control their own government, and by holding them in a state of vassalage, our nation cannot afford to surrender its ideals or to abandon its leadership among the nations. So long as we rule the Philippine Islands from without, the nation's voice cannot be lifted in favor of those principles of government which have given us our prominence and our prestige.

The third objection to imperialism—and this objection would exist even if it could be shown that imperialism would bring blessings to the Filipinos—is that the ignoring of fundamental principles in the Philippine Islands would react upon us. Every defense made of colonialism in the Philippines weakens the attachment of our people to the doctrines of free government just in proportion as that defense is accepted. There is in the human mind a tendency toward consistency, and one cannot permanently advocate two policies which rest upon antagonistic principles.

I hesitate to refer to the expense of colonialism, because an argument based upon money is inferior to an argument based upon morals or upon governmental principles, and yet it is only proper that attention should be called to the fact that the experiment in imperialism has been a very expensive one. Mr. Taft, in his notification speech, says that our Philippine policy costs only \$6,000,000 a year. He is guilty of a strange and unaccountable mistake in arithmetic. His conclusion is reached by the elimination of the most important items in our expense account. For instance, the army has been considerably more than doubled and the appropriations for the army have been more than trebled since 1897. What excuse, except imperialism, can be given for this increase in military expenses? Nothing has happened in the United States to make an increase in the army necessary, and we have no foreign dangers except those connected with the possession of the Philippines.

The same may be said of the increase in the navy. We are at peace with the world, and there is no reason why we should enter into a rivalry with the land-grabbing nations

of the Old World in the building of ships, unless we are going to enter into rivalry with them in the grabbing of land. The excuse given for the increase in the navy is that we have islands in the eastern hemisphere which we must protect, and some insist that we must have a navy two or three times as large as we have now. It might be sufficient answer to say that Japan knows how much it costs to hold the Philippine Islands, and that she would be very foolish to seek a transfer of that burden to herself in exchange for any trade advantages there might be there.

But let us, for the sake of argument, assume that Japan wants the Philippine Islands—although there is no reason to believe that she does—would we not be in a better position to defend the Islands if they were independent? If the Filipinos were in charge of their own government they could have an army and arms and ammunition. We, as a protector, could supply what they needed, and train the soldiers. The Filipinos would be willing to fight for independence, and when we remember how stubbornly they resisted us, we can appreciate the aid they would render us if any other nation should attempt to enforce sovereignty over them. By reserving coaling stations and naval bases, we should have all the advantages that we have now, without the disadvantages of our present position. And then, too, there is the likelihood, if not the certainty, that we could secure the neutralization of the Islands by agreement, and thus relieve ourselves from all expense or care.

The Democratic policy does not contemplate immediate withdrawal from the Islands, but it contemplates an immediate announcement of the nation's policy. When that policy is announced, all suspicion will be removed, all hostility will be ended, and the Filipinos will join us heartily in putting the government in such shape that our troops can be withdrawn and our officials brought home as rapidly as Filipinos can be selected to take their places. It may take a few years, but the progress will not be slow when our position is once announced. They will need Americans for counsel and for assistance, but those Americans will be voluntarily asked for and not forced upon them.

This settlement of the Philippine question is not only in harmony with our governmental principles, our national traditions, and our morals, but it is in harmony with our commercial interests. We can make our

harbors and coaling stations centers for the spread of American influence in the Orient; we can establish schools there and open them to the young men of Asia. These students, learning of our ideals, our good intentions, and our methods of government, will

go forth as friends of America to spread the gospel of freedom, and the spread of American ideas will be followed by an extension of commerce. In the life of nations, as in the life of individuals, God has linked advantage to virtue—righteousness exalteth a nation.

America's Record in the Philippines

By ELEANOR FRANKLIN EGAN

"I have read the following article of Mrs. Egan's with a great deal of pleasure, and fully concur in its statements. It is well worth the perusal of every one interested in one of the most interesting experiments in national altruism ever undertaken." William H. Taft.

EVERYBODY knows, or ought to know, the exact nature of the problem which confronted us at the close of the Spanish-American war: We suddenly found ourselves in the position of guardian of the destinies of nearly seven millions of people in a tropical, oriental archipelago, ten thousand miles from our national seat of government. Far from being a single and united people we found our wards to be an odd assortment of tribes and races of widely divergent characteristics, without a common language, or any means of intercommunication, and many of them not even partially civilized. We found a superior class, whose superiority is largely due to an admixture of foreign bloods, clamoring for the right to rule the so-called nation without themselves having learned the rudiments of the science of republican government.

We found a country filthy and diseased, a people absolutely untaught in the first principles of personal hygiene and unacquainted with the simplest rules of medical practice. Their ignorance of self-care was equaled by their ignorance along every other line. More than eighty per cent. of them was found to be absolutely illiterate. They spoke, and still speak, some fifteen or sixteen different Malay dialects. Knowledge of one dialect does not include an ability to speak or understand a single word of any other. These dialects are all so limited in vocabulary that none of them offers a means of acquiring knowledge of modern civilization.

We found the mountains of the Islands full of organized bands of professional thieves and murderers, who lived and preyed upon a people without means of resisting their depredations.

We found a great country without roads, bridges, or railroads deserving such names; without adequate postal or telegraph facilities. We found an archipelago, with its thousands of dangerous channels, almost wholly devoid of lighthouse service, and with only intermittent, insufficient, and extremely dangerous inter-island transportation.

And, probably worst of all, we found the people without title to the land they tilled and without incentive to any ambition that comprehended more than daily bread.

Let nobody seek to belittle the task with which America thus found herself confronted. Let nobody seek to belittle the achievement which America already has placed to her credit. It is unprecedented in the history of nations.

"Briefly stated, the American policy with regard to the Philippine Islands is to govern them for the benefit and welfare and the uplifting of their people, gradually extending to them, as they shall prove themselves fit to exercise it, a greater and greater measure of self-government."

Now the most prominent clause in this statement of policy is, for the time being, "the uplifting of their people." What have we done toward the discharge of this first obligation?

I believe that in this the work of the American medical corps comes first in order.

We found the sanitary situation in the city of Manila, which is in all respects but a larger example of conditions throughout the Islands, incredibly bad. There was nearly a quarter of a million people huddled together on swampy, sea-level land, without any sort of sewerage or other system for the disposition of waste. The water supply was inadequate

and filthy. There were no doctors—for the people—and no hospitals. Dangerous tropical diseases were rampant. Plague, smallpox, beriberi, leprosy, and other loathsome diseases were common, while such maladies as cholera, typhoid fever, and various forms of dysentery carried off thousands every year. Sixty per cent. of all infants born died before they reached the age of one year.

Among the first things that America did was to establish a Bureau of Science for the careful investigation of tropical diseases and their experimental treatment. Then the water supply was amplified and purified. A new reservoir was built in the hills about fifteen miles above Manila on the Maraquina River. It has a splendid watershed, entirely free from human or animal contamination, and a capacity for a sufficient supply of as good water as can be obtained in the tropics. In addition to this there is now a daily output in the city of Manila of more than 50,000 bottles of carbonated water, as well as a supply of more than 20,000 gallons of distilled water per day. We have built the finest cold storage and ice plant in the Orient. We are just completing a splendid system of sewers which embraces the entire city. We have built many hospitals and are building more, though even now, after only ten years, with a serious lack of funds, the hospital capacity is sufficient for the inhabitants under ordinary conditions. This would not be so perhaps if the work of the medical corps had not been so successful along preventive lines. Through their efforts the fear of frightful epidemics has been almost, if not entirely, eliminated.

Cholera, for instance, although for the time being it is probably endemic in the Islands, can never again make serious headway unless every preventive and destructive measure known to medical science should prove ineffectual. Moreover, the plague is no longer to be feared any more than it is in San Francisco or Seattle. Beriberi has been eradicated to such an extent that doctors can no longer procure cases of it for observation. Leprosy, which used to stalk the streets in its naked horror, is coming under perfect control, the authorities having been engaged for years in gathering up all those afflicted with this frightful malady for the purpose of segregating them upon an attractive island to the south of Luzon which has been set aside for their permanent occupation. Smallpox has been controlled by wholesale compulsory

vaccination, and a well-equipped hospital has been built on the outskirts of Manila for its treatment and the treatment of other contagious diseases.

Finally, there has been established a medical college for Filipino students, and it will not be long before its graduates will be found in all parts of the Islands, carrying to their own people the unfamiliar gospel of cleanliness and health.

Simultaneously, the general educational problem has been met and dealt with. It was inevitable that many mistakes should be made at first, but the wonder is that the American pioneers in this work did not become discouraged at the outset and call the whole plan an ideal impossible to realize. Here were more than six millions of people, speaking different dialects and scattered over three hundred islands in a tropical sea. Even Spanish, which in three centuries should have become the language of the people, was known to only about seven per cent. of them, and to this seven per cent. by no means perfectly.

The first thing to do evidently was to give these various clans and tribes a common language, a medium of communication, and to give them the rudiments of a common education through which they might learn to calculate to some extent their own personal worth, their civic rights, and the value of their efforts in the world. This is being done. It could not be done in ten years, although in ten years we have installed public schools in every part of the archipelago, and have at the present time nearly six thousand Filipinos who are themselves teaching the English language to the youth of their own various tribes. And these Filipino teachers were trained in the American high school of Manila.

In addition to this, we have started agricultural and manual training schools all over the Islands, and have also taken up the problem of educating the Philippine women along thoroughly practical lines, having established schools of domestic science, nursing, and other things for which women should be naturally adapted.

About the only work that has been done in the Philippines to which the American people have given sufficient attention is that of our army. We all know the brave record of our soldiers who went into those tropical islands and faced worse dangers than bullets in their successful endeavor to bring order out of chaos, peace and hopefulness out

of rebellion and misery, and concerted nationalism out of intermittent tribal dissension and civil strife. Now it is finished. Peace, bordering on placidity, reigns throughout the archipelago, and with peace has come such security of life and property as has never before been known in the history of the Islands.

The last notable work of the American army was the organization of the Constabulary Corps of five thousand Filipinos, who have freed the Philippines of the remaining bands of *ladrones*, or organized plunderers and murderers, and who are to-day engaged in patrolling all the Islands. There probably never existed a more efficient or more popular body of men banded together for purposes of establishing peace and order, and the people of the Philippines have a right to be, as they are, inordinately proud of them.

Material prosperity in the Philippines has kept pace with progress along other lines. The most important problem which confronted the pioneers of development, as it did the teachers in the agricultural and trade schools, was the difficulty of impressing upon the heart and mind of the Filipino a sense of the dignity of labor; for the better class Filipino has always considered any kind of physical effort degrading. But, in spite of this, there is to the credit of American capital and enterprise the making of deep-water harbors where no harbors were before; the perfecting of the coast survey and the light-house service, which renders navigation comparatively safe in all parts of the archipelago; the development of inter-island transportation, which gives the producer in all the Islands regular opportunity to market his produce; the building and maintenance of roads and bridges; the beginnings of the development of the country's splendid mineral resources; the construction and extension of railways, and the survey of new lines in various parts of the Islands; and, finally, the furthering of agriculture.

Successful agriculture is, of course, the foundation upon which the Philippine nation must build itself. And since the productiveness of the soil is almost unlimited, since almost anything will thrive luxuriantly that is given ground in which to root itself, there is no reason why the nation should not build itself strongly and arrive at a time in its history when its own resources will be such that it will no longer need the protection or guidance of any other people. This is the end we are striving for.

To quote from the report which Mr. Taft made to the President upon his arrival from the Philippines at the beginning of this year: "The efforts of the American government to teach the ignorant their civil rights and to uplift them to self-governing capacity finds only a languid sympathy from many of the *'ilustrados'*." In arguing that the Philippines are entirely fit for self-government now, a committee of educated Filipinos once filed with the civil governor a written brief in which it was set forth that the number of *'ilustrados'* in the Islands was double that of the officers,—central, provincial, and municipal,—and therefore the country afforded two 'shifts' of persons competent to run the government. This, it was said, made clear the possibility of a good government if independence was granted. The ignorance of the remainder of the people, admitted to be dense, made no difference."

I quote this for the purpose of emphasizing the necessity for general prosperity and education before we begin to talk about "granting the Filipinos independence and guaranteeing the neutrality of powers." The "guaranteeing" of such neutrality would be a simple matter compared with maintaining tranquillity, under existing conditions, in the Islands themselves.

Whenever it has been possible to appoint a Filipino to any public office, it has been done. And it has been done in spite of the fact that before the era of American control the Filipino knew nothing whatever of popular government. To quote again from Mr. Taft's report to the President: "Very little practical political education was given by the Spaniards to the Filipinos. No responsibility for government, however local or unimportant, was thrust upon Filipinos in such a way as to give them political experience; nor were the examples of fidelity to public interest sufficiently numerous among the office-holders to create a proper standard of public duty. The greatest difficulty that we have had to contend with in investing Filipinos with official power in municipalities is to instil in them the idea that an office is not solely for private emolument."

But the results we have already attained justify us, as a people, in believing with Mr. Taft that there is no reason why the success of our national policy of fitting the entire Filipino people for popular self-government should not eventually be realized.



"THERE'S NOT A JOB FROM BROADWAY TO THE MOON THEY WOULDN'T JUMP AT."

COWBOYS OF THE SKIES

By ERNEST POOLE

Photographs by Arthur Hewitt and Frederic Colburn Clarke

HE was standing out on a steel girder, with a blue-print map in his hands.

He wore brown canvas trousers tucked into his boots, a grimy jumper, a shirt wide open at the throat, buckskin gloves frayed by hard use, and an old slouch hat on the back of his head. His lean, tanned face was set in a puzzled scowl as he glanced now at the map and now downward at the steel frame of the building. I came cautiously nearer, looked over, and drew quickly back, *for there was a sheer drop of five hundred feet between him and the pavement.* A gust of wind blew the

map up into his face. He swore, leaned slightly out to brace himself, and impatiently struck the map open. Then he jammed his hat over his eyes and continued his looking and scowling.

This was on the thirty-fifth floor. The building, the "Metropolitan Life," was to rise fifty "tiers" in all, seven hundred feet, the highest of all the skyscraper cluster. Other Manhattan giants towered around us. To the north the *Times* building rose slender and white, the roof of the famous "Flat-iron" lay close below us, and down in the



COWBOYS THEY ARE IN JOB AND IN SOUL,
THESE MEN WHO WORK ON THE
PINNACLES.

Wall Street group loomed the "Singer," forty-seven stories, the "Hudson Terminal," the "City Investing," and a score of others, the largest office buildings in the world.

From our perch the eye swept a circle some sixty miles across, with Greater New York sprawled in the center. Northward over Harlem, the Bronx, and far up the Hudson; to the west across Jersey City and Hoboken out to the Ramapo Hills, Orange Mountain, and Newark Bay; southward down into the harbor crowded with vessels and tugs; and eastward over the end of Long Island out to the misty gray ocean, black here and there with the smoke of the ships endlessly coming and going.

Even through the noise of the wind and the steel you could hear the hum of the city below. And looking straight down through the brisk little puffs of smoke and steam, the whole mighty tangle of Manhattan Island drew close into one vivid picture: Fifth Avenue crowded with carriages, motors, and cabs, was apparently only a few yards away from the tenement roofs, which were dotted with clothes out to dry. Police courts, churches, schools, sober old convents hedged close round with strips of green, the Tenderloin district, the Wall Street region, the Ghetto, the teeming Italian hive, lay all in a merry squeeze below: a flat, bewildering mass, streets blackened with human ants, elevated trains rushing through with a muffled roar. And from the North River a deep shaking bellow rose from the ocean liner that just at this moment was swinging out into the stream.

Down there humanity hurried and hummed. Up here the wind blew fresh and clean and the details of life dropped off into space, and above me on the open steel beams that bristled up into the heavens some two hundred grimy men clambered about. Silent men in the roar of the steel, seemingly careless and unconcerned, in this every-day job of theirs up in the skies.

Between their work and the world below are two connecting links, the blue-print map and the beam of steel.

The maps represent long months of arduous labor by scores of engineers. First conceived as a whole by the architect, they are elaborated, enriched by his draftsmen; turned over to the building contractor, to be drawn over and over in ever-increasing detail, first floor by floor, next room by room, and finally beam by beam. There are hundreds of maps, and they bear a staggering mass of figures, intricate calculations as to the stress and strain upon every beam and rod according to "dead weight," "live weight," "impact," and "wind pressure." Here is careful figuring, checked and re-checked by many vigilant eyes. For human lives depend upon its exactness.

Meanwhile the iron ore has been dug from the Lake Superior mines; in the Pittsburg mills it has been blasted, the white-hot ingots have been rolled out into beams and plates, and, with the blue-prints as patterns, the beams and the plates have been shaped and trimmed into columns and girders and trusses, the rivet holes punched, and the rivets welded in tight—all but those connecting the joints. And when at last the maps and the beams, the brains and the matter, come together up to the skies, the maps show exactly where each mass of steel is to be fitted and riveted into the frame.

"All we do is to put 'em together," said the man with the blue-print. "Easy as rolling off a log, only rolling off wouldn't be pleasant. Look here," he added, "here's one of the girders just starting up."

There was a creaking and straining over our heads as the ponderous derrick swung round. Its "mast" of steel was lashed by cable guys to the center of the building's frame. Every week or two, as the building rose, it had been moved farther up. From the base of the mast the steel "boom" reached upward and outward, extending some twenty feet over the canyon below; and from the boom's upper end two cables, looking like mere silken threads but in reality one-inch ropes of woven steel, dropped five hundred feet to the pavement. Slowly the boom swung out to position, the cables grew taut and began to move. The journey had begun.

Looking over the edge I could see the girder leave the street, a twenty-ton beam that looked like a straw. Slowly, moment by moment, its size increased. Now you could see it swing slightly, and tilt. It was steadied by a guy-rope that curved out into the wind like a colossal kite string, and far down in the street a tiny man lay on his back with the rope wrapped under his armpits. A crowd stood round with upturned faces. The journey took five minutes in all. At last the beam rose to the rough concrete floor on which we stood. There were no walls around us.

A man beside me gave a sharp jerk to the bell-rope. This rope ran thirty-five stories deep into the bowels of the building. In his closet down there the engineer jerked a lever; his engine stopped. Up here the great girder stopped and hung motionless before us. An hour before I had been down with the engineer; I had been surprised at the strained look on his face as he listened for the stroke of the gong. But I understood now. Up here we could do nothing, powerless as so many monkeys. He had to do all the moving from his closet below. And lives hung on his promptness.

Another jerk on the bell-rope, an instant's



Courtesy New York Evening Journal

WITH ONLY A GLANCE NOW AND THEN
DOWN INTO THE TANGLE OF CIVILIZATION.



SILENT MEN, SEEMINGLY CARELESS AND UNCONCERNED, IN THIS EVERY-DAY JOB OF THEIRS UP IN THE SKIES.

pause, then the boom swung in and the girder came toward us. Another sharp jerk, and it stopped in mid-air. A man leaned forward, took a tight grip on the cable, and stepped out on to the tilting mass. It swung out over the street. Still another jerk on the rope, and it started on up with its puny rider. He stood with feet planted firmly in the chains that wound it round, his hands on the cable, his body swaying in easy poise. Once he glanced at his feet and the void below, then gave me a humorous wink and spat off into the universe.

For the floor two tiers above us the upright columns had already been placed,

pointing straight up, silhouetted against the blue vault above. Near their tops were the "beam seats," supports into which the girder was to be fitted. More and more slowly it rose and moved into position. The signals came now in rapid succession, till at last it hung just between the two columns.

Its rider crept out to one end. He might have been a fly, for all the effect his weight had on the balance. With his left hand clinging tightly to the steel, his eyes fixed steadily straight ahead, suddenly with his right hand he reached out, seized the column, and as the girder slipped into its seat he snatched the long tapered "spud wrench"



EVEN THROUGH THE NOISE OF THE WIND AND THE STEEL YOU COULD HEAR THE HUM
OF THE CITY BELOW.

from his belt and jammed it through two rivet holes. The mass was safely anchored. Back he crept to the other end, and there the job was repeated.

The new floor, or "tier," was now started. Later, when the columns and girders were fitted together on all four sides of the building, the flimsy wooden scaffolds would go up and the riveters would begin.

These riveters were already at work on the floor just above us. Up there on a platform three feet wide was a stout, fiery little forge where the rivets were being heated white-hot. The forge-tender plunged in his long, slender tongs, pulled them out with a flaming rivet

clinched in their jaws, whirled them round in two sweeping circles, let go—and the rivet went sailing a hundred feet, to be caught in a keg by a man who stood poised on a beam to receive it.

It looked easy enough. But had the catcher dodged back from the flaming thing flying into his hands, he would have dodged all the way to the curb below. Nobody misses up here, though—at least only once in a very long time—and between misses nobody thinks. If men stopped to think, the accident rate would be doubled. So all is done in an easy, matter-of-fact sort of way.

Once, just as the man with the tongs had



DOWN THERE HUMANITY HURRIED AND HUMMED. UP HERE THE DETAILS OF LIFE
DROPPED OFF INTO SPACE.



"MEN CLIMBING OUT OVER THE WATER, TAKING ALL KINDS OF DAREDEVIL RISKS—
THIS GAME BEATS THE CIRCUS."



BETWEEN THEIR WORK AND THE WORLD BELOW ARE TWO CONNECTING LINKS,
THE BLUE-PRINT MAP AND THE BEAM OF STEEL.

started to whirl them to toss off his missile, the man with the keg threw up his hand as a signal that he was not ready. And then, as though doing just what he had intended, the man with the tongs let the rivet fly straight up into the air with a throw so precise that a moment later it dropped down toward his upturned face. Like a ball player catching a "fly," he watched it come, made a quick step aside, caught it adroitly in the jaws of his tongs, and plunged it back into the forge, just as a bit of byplay.

On the outer side of the girder to be riveted, a narrow scaffold was hung by ropes from above. On this scaffold stood a man who received with his tongs the rivet, still flaming, from the man who had caught it in the keg. A moment later he jammed it into its hole, connecting the girder with a huge column. On the inner side a third man lifted a tool called a "gun," a ponderous pneumatic hammer, the compressed air that drives it coming through a five-hundred-foot hose from the world below. He held the

tube firmly against his stomach, while with a deafening rat-a-tat-tat the hammer began its fierce pounding, welding the red-hot end of the rivet flat against the steel. Meanwhile, looking over the beam, I could see the man on the scaffold outside with a "Dolly bar," one end pressed on the rivet head, the other end tight against his waist. So he held the rivet in place, taking the rapid succession of shocks from the stroke of the "gun" inside, his feet braced firmly on the planks, his body bent forward to meet the blows that were bucking him off into space. This is called "bucking up with the Dolly bar." On a three-foot scaffold out in the air!

Cowboys they are in job and in soul, these men who work on the pinnacles. Like the men on the plains, they come from all over the world. Americans, English, Irish, French-Canadians, Swedes, now and then an Italian. And in the New York gangs this year two full-blooded Indians are at work: cool-headed and sure, a stolid pair who have little to say, climbing about on the

dizzy heights, with only a glance now and then down into the tangle of civilization, into the land that once was theirs.

Some have been sailors in the past, in the days of the old sailing vessels. That was splendid training, but not half so exciting a job as this, for out on the sea a man climbs only a hundred feet or so into the rigging, and if he drops there is always the chance of falling into the waves, which are so much softer than curbstones.

I heard of one case, of a surly old salt who had come ashore some ten years ago, had spied a crew at work on the steel, had asked permission to go aloft, had watched the job with grim satisfaction—and the next week his ship sailed without him. But as the years went by, little by little the ugly part of the forecastle life dropped out of his mind; he saw the past in a rosy light. And he grumbled and longed for the good old days, till at last his companions profanely begged him to go back and try it.

He quit work that very night, and spent two weeks down along the East River, where sailing craft are still to be seen. He eyed them carefully one by one, and at last he shipped on a voyage to Rio Janeiro.

In the months that followed, the gang used to chuckle now and then at the picture of "Bill the Grouch" in the forecastle mess, cracking what few teeth he had as he gnawed on tough old pork and hardtack.

Four months passed, the building had reached the twentieth floor, and still no Bill. Then one morning his shaggy head appeared up the ladder. At the roar of derision that met him he only muttered soft maledictions. He went silently to work. And it took weeks of chuckles and grins to wring from him a word.

"Look 'ere," he growled at last, "jest you 'old yer bloomin' tongues! I said I'd try it, didn't I?—an' I did, didn't I?—an' that's all! It wasn't the pay, nor the grub that stunk, nor the bunks that ate a man alive—it was the bloody bossin' I got!" From his perch he looked off over Manhattan to the sparkling harbor beyond. "No more of the bloomin' blue sea fer me!" And that was the end of a sea-dog.

"Better recruits than the sailors," said an engineer on the Singer building, "are the boys from American farms. Here is how we get 'em: A big railroad bridge is being built over a river. The boy from the farm comes to watch it. He sees the men climb-

ing out over the water, using ropes for stair-cases, taking all kinds of daredevil risks. And pretty soon his jaws fall open, and he says to himself that this here game beats the circus all hollow.

"He ends by getting a job, an easy job at first, inshore, carrying the water-pail or shoveling sand. All this time he's watching the circus out over the river. He watches his chance; he gets out there himself, learns how to tie ropes and to sit on air. In a few months he is one of the gang. And then good-by to the farm. It's a roving life after that, from Maine to the Rockies. High pay, a free hand, and excitement every minute. It's rarely you'll find a man on the steel who isn't glued for life to his work. It's a kind of a passion.

"Some of our boys, bridge builders and skyscraper workers alike, are forever moving all the way from 'Frisco to New York. Often a bridge builder goes on a skyscraper job, and again it's the other way round. But the skyscraper work is the hardest, and it's getting to be more and more a trade all by itself."

Later I had a long talk with one of the men who directed the work on the "Singer."

"Cowboys," he said, "is about the right word. The more you see and hear, the better you like 'em. There's not a job from Broadway to the moon they wouldn't jump at. The higher it is, the windier, the more ticklish, the better. The only trouble is, they take *too many* chances. In our firm we check 'em up as much as we can. When the Singer building was half-way up I called in the foreman.

"'Look here,' I said, 'you've made a record job so far. Keep it up, finish it without killing a man, and it's worth a hundred dollars. We'll call it pay for good luck.'

"He got the money."

The danger comes not only at the spectacular moments. It is there all the time. The girders, before they are riveted tight, have a way of vibrating in a strong wind; the men walk along them as on a sidewalk, and more than one has been snapped into space. Here is a story I heard from a man on the Whitehall building, down at the tip of Manhattan:

"It happened like this: Mac had picked up a coil of rope an' t'rowed it over his shoulders an' was startin' out on a girder. This was eighteen stories up, an' the wind was blowin' guns straight in from the har-

bor, an' the girder wa'n't extra steady. So I yelled over to him:

"'Heigh, Mac! Why don't you coon it?' To 'coon it' is to get down on your honkeys an' straddle. But that wa'n't fast enough for Mac. He laughed kind of easy.

"'Well,' he said, 'if I go down I'll go down straight, anyhow.' An' out he walked.

"When he had about reached the middle, there came a gust of wind that hadn't stopped since leavin' England. An' Mac he was top-heavy because of the rope, an' when the gust caught him he leaned 'way out into the wind to balance. So far, so good. But you see he was leavin' on the wind, an' the wind let up so unexpected he hadn't time to straighten an' not a blamed thing to lean on.

"Poor old Mac. He went down straight all right, you bet."

In the same easy spirit of unconcern a man often jumps on a girder down in the street, when the foreman's back is turned, and rides on up with the load. And cables sometimes snap. In the airy regions above, when you want to come down or go up a few "tiers," it is far easier to grab a rope and slide, or go up hand over hand, than it is to go round by the ladders. Only now and then the rope is not securely tied. Up on the thirtieth floor of the "Metropolitan Life" I saw a man walk out on a plank that protruded some feet, the first plank of a scaffold to be built. He seized a rope that dangled from two floors above him, gripped it with only one hand, and then *jumped up and down* on the plank to make sure it was solid.

On the pinnacle of the Singer building a lofty steel pole was erected with a brass ball on the top. The foreman, who wanted that "hundred dollars for luck," used all the powerful words he knew to keep men from climbing up. But in vain. He could not be in all places at once, and time and again on returning he would find some delighted man-monkey high up by the big brass ball, taking a look out to sea.

But this is only half the story. As you watch them at work on the girders, clinging to massive steel corners, perched on the tops of columns, or leaning out over the street far below, it is *not the recklessness, but the cool, steady nerve* that you notice most. Under all the apparent unconcern you can feel the endless strain. It shows in the looks of their eyes, in the lines of their faces, in the quick, sudden motions, in the slow, cat-like move-

ments. Endlessly facing death, they are quiet and cool by long training.

Up on the "Metropolitan Life," some twenty-five tiers above the street, an enormous circle of stone was being built in as a frame for the clock. A dozen men were at work on the scaffold that hung outside, and projecting from overhead was the boom of the derrick that hoisted the massive stone blocks. Suddenly the cable caught, and the full power from the engine below was brought to bear on the derrick. All this in an instant, but in that instant somebody saw what was going to happen. With a quick, warning cry he made a leap from the planks to the solid steel beams of the building. There was a rending and tearing above, and, just as the last man leaped in to safety, the derrick crashed down, bearing with it the scaffold and part of the stone. One empty, breathless moment, then a roar from far below, and a cloud of gray dust came slowly drifting upward to the group of tiny men still clinging to the girders. For a moment longer nobody moved. Then some one broke the spell with a husky laugh, another gave an explosive halloo—and the gang set about repairing the damage.

Down in the city the evening papers ran front-page stories describing it all in vivid detail, with eloquent praise for the "hero" who, by seeing one instant ahead, had saved a dozen lives. But some days later when I went up to the scene, hero hunting, I was met with expressions of deep disgust.

"Naw," said a workman, "nothin' at all but a derrick an' a few planks an' maybe a little stone. Them fool reporters said there was 'giant blocks of it thunderin' down to the street.'" One of his eyes showed the ghost of a twinkle. "Jest to prove what liars they are, I saw that stone on the street below, an' there wasn't one chunk as big as your fist—nothin' but *little* pieces. . . . Hero? Hell! Was any one killed? Naw. Then leave it alone. We don't want any heroes or hairbreadth escapes in our business. What's the use of these yarns that get men to thinkin'? That's what smashes their nerve!"

"Queer what nerves can do," said a man I met in a steel plant. "I used to work on skyscrapers. I fell forty feet one day, and broke a rib, but I got up and went back to the job, because I knew if I didn't tackle it then I'd likely lose my nerve for good. It's the same in the circus with the boys up on the trapezes.

"That time it worked all right. But another time, in October, when night was coming on, I stepped into the air by mistake. I only fell about twenty feet then—down a shaft—but I broke a leg, so I couldn't go back up. And besides, the way it happened, unexpected-like in the dark, kind of got me. Anyhow, when at last the hospital let me out and I came back to the job, they had got to the fifteenth floor, and I was worse than a baby. I had no head at all. Twice I came within an ace of getting killed. At last I just missed killing one of the gang. And then I quit. Nerves is a mighty queer thing. You can shut yer teeth as tight as you please. No use. Nerves, you can feel 'em by hundreds from head to toe, all pulling tight. And then it's time to knock off fer good."

"Here's one thing you want to remember," said a foreman I talked with. "You climb up to the thirtieth tier and it strikes you all in a heap. You feel kind of worried over your health, and you forget that these boys have been rising tier by tier, getting used to it week by week. The thing that I hate worse'n poison is to take on a new man when we're near the top."

"Speaking of new men," he went on, with a twinkle, "comical things happen even up here, the same as in a theater. Sometimes in rush seasons there ain't enough hands to go round, and we have to take 'em green as the hills. I had one once, a kid from Vermont, a whale of a kid, with bones like a horse and eyes awful anxious to please—eyes that made you like him. He's one of the best men I've got now, but then he was green as God made him." The foreman stopped to chuckle.

"Go up to the eighteenth floor," I told him one day, "and bring down an old man." I was busy at the time, and when I saw the kid stare, I said kind of sharp that if that old man wasn't here in five minutes the whole blamed building would probably go to smash. This was just my way of making him hustle, but he thought I meant it word for word. He went up on the run, and in a few minutes he came down with a sputtering, clawing old feller held like a vise in his arms.

"He was the only old man on the floor," said the kid. "And he wanted to stop and argue about it, but from what you said I knew what it meant, so I just grabbed him and came."

"You see," the foreman added kindly,

noting my puzzled expression, "an old man happens to be the name of a tool we use."

"Another time I sent up a slow-minded Swede to get something. I forget just now what it was. The Swede forgot before he was up. He went wandering round on the beams trying to hunt up his thoughts. And about a half hour later he stuck his big red head out of a window three floors above me."

"Say," he called down, "what was it yo' want me do?" He held out a coil of rope, hoping that was it.

"Tie that rope round your neck," I yelled. You see, I'd been waiting some time. The Swede tied it round.

"Now jump!" You ought to have seen his face. It took him about twenty seconds to think it out. Then he yanked off the rope and disappeared, and about one minute later he shot down the ladder right by me on his way to the ground. We could see him down on the street, walking off fast, only stopping to look up and shake his big head. He had left his coat, but he never came back to get it.

"If a man stays green long," he concluded, "we can't afford to keep him. It ain't fair to the others. You see, in these jobs men depend on each other. A rope badly tied, a signal given too soon, a slip in a tight place, may send some other poor devil off into the open—head over heels."

Here's a story in point: A man named Dave McRay was working out on a 900-foot railroad bridge over a river. The bridge was built and the trains were already running across. McRay was down on a scaffold some thirty feet under the middle. His helper, a green country recruit, had tied the ropes that held it. There were two ropes, one from each end. The first rope the helper had tied round a wooden beam between the tracks, and next in a dreamy kind of a way *he had tied the second round one of the rails*. Then he slid down, and the pair began peaceably working.

Some moments later a train came thundering out. All of a sudden McRay heard a snort. He looked round, and saw the youth staring straight up at the track, with his mouth wide open, a calculating look in his eyes. His freckled face grew slowly white. McRay seized his arm.

"Say," he demanded, "wot's eatin' you?"

His helper looked round, gave one frantic shout, and dived for the river seventy feet below. Just then the train roared overhead, cut the rope in two, and down went McRay,

grabbing the scaffold tight. He hung by the other rope, and said a good deal. When the train had gone, he went up hand over hand to a steel truss, and from there, looking down, he saw the head of the youngster, who was swimming hard for the shore. He made some quick calculations. Then he climbed up to the track and ran like a deer. But by the time he got to the river bank his helper was already ashore and had lit out over the fields. The bridge never saw him again.

These airy crews are a generous crowd. They earn high pay. When working full time they make twenty-seven dollars a week, and, like their rough brothers out on the plains, they are quick to give of their earnings. On Saturday afternoons when they line up at the pay window, the Sisters of Charity are always there, and quarters and dimes jingle merrily into their little tin boxes.

Behind this generous giving is a superstitious belief that amid risks like these it is well to propitiate Fate all you can. For Fate is a relentless old machine, and when once its wheels begin grinding, no power on earth can stop them. The "Rule of Three" is centuries old. You may hear of it out on the ocean, in the steel mills, in the railroad camps, and down in the mines. And you find it up here on the jobs in the skies.

"Believe it?" said an old foreman. "You bet they believe it."

"Do you?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "all I can say is this: It may be a spell or it may be because of the way the whole crew is expecting it. But anyhow, *when two accidents come close together, you can be sure that the third ain't very far off.*"

The story of Patsy O'Day is only a rumor. The man who gave it to me could not even tell what city it came from. But rumors do not float so far without some wings of truth. Whether true or not, the same thing or something like it has happened time and again.

"Patsy O'Day had an ugly laugh, an' the more enemies he made the better he was pleased. The only thing he liked was his job, an' he liked it hard. When he was drunk he blowed off it like a ten-year-old kid, an' when he was sober the jobs he did ain't never been beat. Them's the kind that make a skyscraper stand in a gale of wind. His jobs were scattered all over the country. So were his enemies. He kept meetin' 'em wherever he went. An' when Patsy met an

old enemy he was as pleased as if he'd met an old friend.

"On this particular job, in two months he had made the whole gang sick of his eyes an' his laugh, all but Big Mike, the foreman. Mike was as quiet a man as ever bossed, an' fair, an' he treated O'Day like all the rest. An' this was tough on Patsy. He never quite enjoyed his job till he had every last man ag'in' him.

"I won't go into no details. You don't know enough to take in the fine points. But it's queer how those same fine points have traveled along with the story. It's them that make me think it's real. Anyhow, there was two steel columns stickin' up from the seven-teenth floor, an' a girder was to be planted between 'em, an' it was the devil's own job.

"It was a windy day even down on the street, an' *that means wind up here.* When the girder was hoisted, a man climbed up to the top of one column to meet it. He was just gettin' to work when a gust of wind took him off. He struck on a beam only one floor below, and by good luck a man was there to yank him in. So only his leg was broke.

"That wasn't so bad. Good luck rather than bad. But when a second man went up, an' the girder, blown for'ard suddenly, broke his right hand like as if it was paper—*then the gang knew what was gettin' ready to happen.*

"Now put yourself in the foreman's place. Nice job, eh, to pick out the third man an' order him up? Big Mike had a long look down into the city. When he turned back there was O'Day close behind him, lookin' up like a dog who is achin' hard for a scrap. Big Mike studied him a minute. No use denyin' that Patsy was the one for that job. There wa'n't a man who could touch him. So Mike nodded to go ahead.

"For about ten minutes nothin' was done on the floor. The whole gang was lookin' up, waitin'. Even the riveters turned off their guns. Only the wind kept up its tune.

"Patsy was leanin' out for the girder. All of a sudden he noticed the noise of the guns had stopped. He glanced down over his shoulder an' saw all the faces, an' he gave that laugh of his. It sounded uglier than ever.

"You made up yer mind to fix me, eh?" he called to Big Mike. "Been hidin' it all along, the grudge you got ag'in' me. An' now I'm to be fixed, eh?" Before Mike had a chance fer a word, Patsy laughed again,

this time long an' happy. You see he had the men an' the winds an' the steel an' about everything else in sight all ag'in' him, includin' that same old Rule of Three.

"So Patsy laughed, an' leaned 'way out as the girder swung in, an' with that amazin' snap of his he got it just at the one second when the thing could be done. The girder slid into its seat, Patsy jammed in his spud wrench to hold it, an' then he looked down again, an' he laughed an' laughed till the tears came out in his ugly eyes.

"An' it was part from the laughin' an' part from the gust of wind that came that he slipped, an' gave one yell, an' went down seventeen tiers before he struck.

"He had broke the spell, Patsy had, an' the work went on without even the smash of a finger. But they say Big Mike was sick that night. How'd you like to have been in his place?

"That yarn may not have been true, but it's real enough. If you don't believe it, ask some of the boys what they think of the old Rule of Three.

"But how'd you like to have had Patsy's job? That was real enough, eh? Kind of beats *your* job, don't it? The old rule an' the wind an' the steel all ag'in' him. An' he

laughed an' put it through. Patsy's job was better than Patsy. An' jobs like that you can find all the way to 'Frisco. *Them's the jobs that gives the backbones to skyscrapers.*"

So they are. While I was up on the "Metropolitan Life," twenty-five stories below us the offices were already completed, the business firms were moving in. In the floors between worked over a thousand men of a score of trades. But the men on the top looked down on these others as cattlemen out on the plains might look upon butchers and tanners. For only on top were the "real jobs," the jobs in the world's open places: riveting tight the mighty trusses and girders and beams, the whole "backbone" of the building, which reaches down unseen, seven hundred feet to the ground below, and far under the ground to the concrete base and the anchor rods that hold it firm to the solid rock of Manhattan.

Rough pioneers are these men of the steel, pushing each year their frontier line up toward the clouds. Wanderers, living for their jobs alone. Reckless, generous, cool-headed, brave, shaken only by that grim power of Fate, living their lives out fast and free—the cowboys of the skies.

To a Skyscraper

By a Workman Out of Employment

C OLOSSAL and austere! Through the sooty veil
Of the ebbing night thy uncouth form,
Steel-skeletoned, immune to Time and Storm,
Looms like a fragment from a world beyond hail.
Now gleams the day upon thy brow. The wan night
About thy breast creeps out to space. The winds kiss
Thy sounding dome, and from that harp of light
Loud rise the matins of the Metropolis.
Symbol of the age! The selfsame hand
That shaped thee grips my throat. But at the sight
Of thee, whom it wrought of the rolling sand,
Vanish all hatreds in the hope of future light,
And in my heart is the pride of the "Wider Clan"—
Man made thee Giant and I am a Man.



HE WORSHIPED FROM AFAR, AND I WAS CRAZY TO HAVE HIM SPEAK TO ME.

THE SEAT OF THE SCORNFUL

By EDWARD SALISBURY FIELD

Illustrations by Will Grefé

IF Dad had been a coal baron, like Mr. Tudor Carstairs, or a stock-watering captain of industry, like Mrs. Sanderson-Spear's husband, or descended from a long line of whisky distillers, like Mrs. Carmichael Porter, why, then his little Elizabeth (that's me) would have been allowed to sit in the seat of the scornful with the rest of the Four Hundred, and this story would never have been written. But Dad wasn't any of these things; he was just an old love who had made seven million dollars by the luckiest fluke in the world.

Everybody in southern California knew it was a fluke, too, so the seven millions came in for all the respect that would otherwise have fallen to Dad. Of course we were celebrities, in a way, but in a very horrid way. Dad was Old Tom Middleton, who used to keep a livery-stable in San Bernardino, and I was Old Tom Middleton's girl, "who actually used to live over a livery-stable, my dear!" It sounds fearfully sordid, doesn't it?

But it wasn't sordid, really, for I never actually lived over a stable. Indeed, we had the sweetest cottage in all San Bernardino. I remember it so well: the long, cool porch, the wonderful gold-of-Ophir roses, the honeysuckle where the linnets nested, the mocking-birds that sang all night long; the perfume of the jasmine, of the orange-blossoms, the pink flame of the peach trees in April, the ever-changing color of the mountains. And I remember Ninette, my little Creole mother, gay as a butterfly, care-free as a meadow-lark. 'Twas she who planted the jasmine.

My little mother died when I was seven years old. Dad and I and my old black mammy, Rachel, stayed on in the cottage. The mocking-birds still sang, and the linnets still nested in the honeysuckle, but nothing was ever quite the same again. It was like a different world; it was a different world. There were gold-of-Ophir roses, and peach blossoms in April, but there was no more jasmine; Dad had it all dug up. To this day he turns pale at the sight of it—poor Dad!

When I was twelve years old, Dad sold out his hardware business, intending to put his money in an orange grove at Riverside, but the nicest livery-stable in San Bernardino happened to be for sale just then, so he bought that instead, for he was always crazy about horses.

To see me trotting about in Paquin gowns and Doucet models, you'd never think I owed them to three owlish little burros, would you? But it's a fact. When Dad took over the livery-stable, he found he was the proud possessor of three donkeys, as well as some twenty-odd horses, and a dozen or so buggies, buckboards, and surries. The burros ate their solemn heads off all winter, but in May it had been the custom to send them to Strawberry Valley in charge of a Mexican who hired them out to the boarders at the summer hotel there. Luckily for us, when Fortune came stalking down the main street of San Bernardino to knock at the door of the Golden Eagle Stables, both Dad and the burros were at home. If either had been out, we might be poor this very minute.

It is generally understood that when Fortune goes a-visiting, she goes disguised, so it's small wonder Dad didn't recognize her at first. She wasn't even a "her"; she was a he, a great, awkward Swede with mouse-colored hair and a Yon Yonsen accent—you know the kind—slow to anger, slow to everything, without a "j" in his alphabet—by the name of Olaf Knutsen.

Now Olaf was a dreamer. Not the conventional sort of dreamer, who sees beauty in everything but an honest day's work, but a brawny, pick-swinging dreamer who had dug holes in the ground at the end of many rainbows. That he had never yet uncovered the elusive pot of gold didn't seem to bother him in the least; for him, that tender plant called Hope flowered perennially. And now he was bent on following another rainbow; a rainbow that, arching over the mountains, ended in that arid, pitiless waste known in the south country as Death Valley.

He wouldn't fail this time. No, by Yimminy! With Dad's three burros, and plenty of bacon and beans and water—it was to be a grub-stake, of course—he would make both their fortunes. And the beautiful part about it is, he did.

No doubt you have heard of the famous Golden Eagle mine. Well, that's what Olaf and the three burros found in Death Valley. Good old Olaf! He named the mine after

Dad's livery-stable in San Bernardino, and he insisted on keeping only a half interest, even though Dad fought him about it. You see, Dad didn't have the reputation of being the squarest man in San Bernardino for nothing.

My little mother's family had never approved of her marriage with Dad, but Dad poor and running a hardware shop or a livery-stable, and Dad with a fortune in his hands were two very different people—from their standpoint, at least; so as soon as Olaf and the three burros struck it rich, Dad sold his livery-stable, and mammy Rachel and I were bundled off to Ninette's relations in New Orleans. I didn't like it a bit at first, but one can get used to anything in time. Ninette's maiden sister, Miss Marie Madeline Antoinette Hortense Prévost, was awfully nice to me; so was grandmère Prévost. I lived with them till I was sixteen, when I was sent to France.

If I wanted to (and you would let me) I could personally conduct you to Paris, where, if you were ten feet tall and not averse to staring, you could look over a certain gray stone wall on the Boulevard des Invalides, and see me pacing sedately up and down the gravel walks in the garden of the Convent of the Sacred Heart. That is, you could have seen me three years ago. I'm not there now, thank goodness! I'm in California.

And just one word before we go any further. I don't want you to think for a minute that I came back from Paris a little Frenchified miss. No, indeed! I'm as American as they make them. When I boasted to the other girls, whether in Paris or New Orleans, I always boasted about two things: Dad and California. And I've an idea I'll go on boasting about them till my dying day.

Of course, when I returned from Paris, Dad met me in New York. It was a good thing he was rich, for it took a lot of money to get me and my seven trunks through the custom-house. It might have taken more, though, if it hadn't been for a young man who came over on the same boat.

He was such a good-looking young man; tall and broad-shouldered and fair, with beautiful light-brown hair, and the nicest eyes you ever saw. It wasn't their color so much (his eyes were blue) as the way they looked at you that made them so attractive. He was awfully well bred, too! He noticed me a lot on the boat (I had a perfect love of a Redfern coat to wear on deck), but he

didn't try to scrape acquaintance with me. He worshipped from afar (a woman can always tell when a man's thinking about her), and while I wouldn't have had him act otherwise for the world, I was crazy to have him speak to me.

Our boat docked at Hoboken, and by tipping right and left I managed to be the very first passenger down the gangway. I half ran, half slid, but I landed in Dad's arms.

My boxes and bags passed through the custom-house with flying colors. But my trunks—I couldn't even find them all. Five of them were stacked in the "M" division, but the other two. . . . Then there was my maid's trunk to look for under the "V's" (her name is Valentine). Dad and I were commencing at "A," prepared to go through the whole alphabet, if necessary, when the nice young man stepped up, and, raising his hat, asked if he might be of any service. He asked Dad, but he looked at me. "Oh, if you please!" I said, "I've lost two trunks. My brand is a white 'M' in a red circle."

"I noticed them in the 'R' pile," he replied. "I'll have them moved to the 'M's' right away."

"Now that's what I call being decent," said Dad, as soon as the young man had left us. "Did you notice, he didn't wear a uniform? Probably an inspector, or something of the sort, eh, Elizabeth?"

"Well—er—not exactly," I managed to say. "The fact is, Dad, he came over on the boat with me, and—"

Dad looked thoughtful.

"He never spoke to me once the whole trip," I added hastily.

Dad looked less thoughtful.

"It was nice of him to wait till I had you with me, wasn't it?"

Dad smiled. "If you think it was, it probably was, my dear," he said.

The nice young man did more than find my missing trunks; he found a custom-house officer, and, after asking me privately which trunks contained my most valuable possessions and how much I had thought of declaring, he succeeded in having them passed through on my own valuation without any undue exposure of their contents.

By this time Dad had grown very respectful. To see his little Elizabeth treated like a queen, while on all sides angry women were having their best gowns pawed over and mussed, was a most wholesome lesson. He

paid the thousand and odd dollars duty like a little man.

We'd been saved a lot of bother, and nobody hates a lot of bother more than Dad. So when the trunks were locked and strapped and ready to be sent to our hotel, Dad went up to the nice young man and said: "I'm Tom Middleton, from California, and this is my daughter Elizabeth. We're both very grateful to you, and if you should ever happen to come to California, I hope you'll look us up."

That's Dad all over!

I never saw anybody look so pleased as the young man. "My name's Porter," he said, "Blakely Porter. If my mother were in New York I would ask if she might call on Miss Middleton, but, as it happens, she's in California, where I intend to join her, so I shall look forward to seeing you there."

Then Dad did just the right thing. "What's the use of waiting till we get to California?" he said. "Why not dine with us to-night?"

Mr. Blakely Porter dined with us that night at the St. Regis. We dined with him the next night at Sherry's. He went to California with us in Dad's private car.

The more Dad saw of Blakely, the better he liked him. He liked his being a civil engineer; he liked the stories he told of Mexico and Peru. Why, do you know, Blakely had built two railroads already, and he was only twenty-eight years old! It was the more to his credit because his mother was a rich woman, and he was an only son.

But the thing Dad liked best about Blakely was the way he adored me. When we started from New York we were Mr. Porter and Mr. Middleton and Miss Middleton to one another; at Chicago it was Tom and Blakely and Miss Middleton. I became Elizabeth in Colorado (I made him call me that), and by the time we reached Nevada, Blakely and I were engaged. It seems a short time to you, perhaps, but, you see, we'd loved each other from the very first.

You never saw anybody so delighted as Dad was when we told him, for by this time he was almost as crazy about Blakely as I was. So we flew down the grade into California, little thinking there were any rocks ahead. Everything seemed settled; we were going to Santa Barbara, where Dad was building a little palace for his Elizabeth as a grand surprise (Blakely's mother was at Santa Barbara); we would take rooms at the same hotel; I would be properly intro-



MR. BLAKELY PORTER DINED WITH US THAT NIGHT AT THE ST. REGIS.

duced to Mrs. Porter, and as soon as the palace on the hill was completed—a matter of four or five months (it was now November)—Blakely and I would move into it. Only, first, we were going to San Bernardino on our wedding trip.

Wasn't that sweet of Blakely? When I told him about San Bernardino, and the

livery-stable, and the cottage where Dad and I used to live, he said he'd rather spend our honeymoon there than any place in the world. Of course Dad had never sold the cottage, and it was touching to see how pleased he was with our plan.

"You'll find everything in first-class condition," he said; "I go there often myself.

I built a little house in one corner of the garden for the caretakers. You should see that gold-of-Ophir rose, Elizabeth; it has grown beyond belief."

When we reached Oakland—where our car had to be switched off and attached to a coast line train—we found we had four hours to kill, so Dad and Blakely and I (it was Blakely's idea) caught the boat across to San Francisco.

What do you suppose that dear boy wanted us to go over there for? And where do you suppose he took us? He took us straight to Shreve's, and he and Dad spent a beautiful two hours in choosing an engagement ring for me. So when we finally landed in Santa Barbara I was wearing a perfect love of a ruby on the third finger of my left hand. I was wearing my heart on my sleeve, too; I didn't care if all the world saw that I adored Blakely.

We arrived at Santa Barbara in the morning, and it was arranged that Blakely should lunch with his mother and devote himself to her during the afternoon, but he was to dine with us in our rooms. Naturally, I had a lot to do, supervising the unpacking of my clothes, and straightening things about in our sitting-room so that it wouldn't look too hotelish. Then Dad wouldn't be happy till I'd inspected my new palace on the hill.

It was an alarming looking pile. If anybody but Dad had been responsible for it, I should have said it was hideous. Poor old Dad! He doesn't know any more about architecture than a cow. But of course I raved over it, and, really, when I came to examine it closer, I found it had its good points. Covered with vines, it would have been actually beautiful. Virginia creeper grows like mad in California, and with English ivy and Lady Banksia roses to help out, I was sure I could transform my palace into a perfect bower in almost no time. I was awfully glad I had seen it first, for now I could break the bad news gently to Blakely. If I were a man, I couldn't love a girl who owned such a hideous house.

But I didn't have a chance to talk house to Blakely for some time. When he came in to dinner that night he looked awfully depressed; he brightened up a lot, though, when he saw me. I had on my most becoming gown, and Dad had ordered a grand dinner, including his own special brand of Burgundy. If Dad knew as much about

architecture as he does about wine, they'd insist on his designing all the buildings for the next world's fair.

All through dinner Blakely wasn't quite himself—I could see it; I think Dad saw it, too—but I knew he would tell us what was the matter as soon as he had an opportunity. One of the sweetest things about Blakely is his perfect frankness. I couldn't love a man who wasn't frank with me. That is, I suppose I could, but I should hate to; it would break my heart.

Well, after dinner, when Dad had lighted his cigar, and Blakely his cigarette, it all came out.

"Tom!"

"Yes, my boy." (I think Dad loved to hear Blakely say Tom almost as much as I loved to hear him say Elizabeth.)

"Tom, I've got you and Elizabeth into a deuce of an unpleasant position. I've told you what a fine woman my mother is, and how she'd welcome Elizabeth with open arms, and now I find I was all wrong. My mother isn't a fine woman; she's an ancestor-worshipping, heartless, selfish snob. I'm ashamed of her, Tom. She—she—*she refuses to meet Elizabeth.*"

I never was so sorry for anybody in my whole life as I was for Blakely just then. I would have done anything to save him the bitterness and humiliation of that moment. As for Dad, he couldn't understand it at all. That Blakely's mother should refuse to meet his Elizabeth was quite beyond his comprehension.

"This is very strange," he said, "very strange. There must be some mistake. Why shouldn't she meet Elizabeth?"

"There is no reason in the world," Blakely answered.

"Then why——?"

"She probably has other plans for her son, Daddy dear," I said. "And no doubt she has heard that we're fearfully vulgar."

"Well, we ain't," said Dad in a relieved voice; "and as for those plans of hers, I reckon she'll have to outgrow them. Buck up, my boy! One look at Elizabeth will show her she's mistaken."

"You don't know my mother," Blakely replied; "I feel that I haven't known her till now. It's out of the question, our staying here after what has happened. Let's go up to Del Monte, and let's not wait four months for the wedding. Why can't we be married this week? I'm done with my mother and

with the whole tribe of Porter; they're not my kind, and you and Elizabeth are.

"Tom, I never felt that I had a father till I found you. Elizabeth, girl, I never knew what happiness was till you told me you loved me. My mother said she would never consent to her son's marrying the daughter of a man who has kept a livery-stable. I say that I'm done with a family that made its money out of whisky. My mother's father was a distiller, her grandfather was a distiller, and if there's any shame, it's mine, for by all the standards of decency, a livery-stable is a hundred times more respectable than a warehouse full of whisky. You made your money honestly, but ours has been wrung out of the poor, the sick, the ragged, the distressed. The whisky business is a rotten business, Tom—rotten!

"It was whisky that bought the ambassadorship for my mother's brother; it was whisky that paid for the French count my sister married; it was whisky that sent me to college. Whisky, whisky—always whisky!

"I never thought twice about it before, but I've done some tall thinking to-day. I'm

done with the Porters, root and branch. Elizabeth and I are going to start a little family tree of our own, and we're not going to root it in a whisky barrel, either. We're—we're——"

"There, there!" said Dad. "It's all right, Blakely, boy. It ain't so bad as you think. You ain't going to throw your mother over, and your mother ain't going to throw you over. I take it that all mothers are alike; they love their sons. Naturally, you're sore and disappointed now, but I reckon that mother of yours is sore and disappointed, too. As for our going to Del Monte, I never heard of a Middleton yet that cut and ran at a time like this, and Elizabeth and I ain't going to start any precedent.

"No, my boy, we're going to stay right here, and you're going to stay here with us. There's lots of good times ahead for you and Elizabeth, and, in the meantime, I want you to be mighty sweet to that mother of yours. She's the only mother you've got, boy. You don't know what it means for us old folks to be disappointed in our children. Now, don't disappoint me, lad. You be nice to that mother of yours, and keep on loving Eliza-



THE DUKE WAS PRESENTED TO ME THAT VERY AFTERNOON.

beth, and it will all come right, you see if it don't. If it don't come one way, it will come another; you can take my word for it."

As if Dad knew anything about it. He thought then that every woman possessed a sweet mind and a loving heart; he thinks so now. But one glimpse of Blakely's mother was enough for me. She had a heart of stone; everything about her was militant, uncompromising; her eyes were of a piercing, steely blue; the gowns she wore were insolently elegant; she radiated a superb self-satisfaction. When she looked at you through her lorgnette, you felt as if you were on trial for your life. When she ceased looking, you knew you were sentenced to mount the social scaffold. If it hadn't been for Blakely and Dad, I should have died of rage during the first two weeks of our stay in Santa Barbara.

It was a cruel position for me, and it didn't make it easier that before we had been there three days the whole hotel was talking about it. Of course, every woman in the hotel who had been snubbed by Blakely's mother instantly took my part, and as there were only two women who hadn't been snubbed by her—Mrs. Tudor Carstairs and Mrs. Sanderson-Spear—I was simply overwhelmed with unsolicited advice and undesirable attention.

Indeed, it was all I could do to steer a dignified course between that uncompromising Scylla, Blakely's mother, and the compromising Charybdis of my self-elected champions. But I managed it, somehow. Dad bought me a stunning big automobile in Los Angeles, and Blakely taught me how to run it; then, Blakely was awfully fond of golf, and we spent loads of time at the Country Club. And of course there was the palace on the hill to be inspected every little while.

Poor Blakely! How he did hate it all! Again and again he begged Dad to give his consent to our marrying at once. But Dad, as unconscious of what was going on round him as a two-months-old baby, would always insist that everything would come out all right.

"Give her time, my boy," he would say, "give her time. Your mother isn't used to our Western way of rushing things, and she wants a little time to get used to it."

"What if she never gets used to it?" Blakely would ask.

Then Dad would answer: "You're impatient, boy; all lovers are impatient. Don't I know?"

"But things can't go on this way forever."

"Of course they can't," Dad would agree.

"When I think things have gone long enough, I'll have a little talk with your mother myself. She's a dashed fine-looking woman, your mother—a dashed fine-looking woman! Be patient with her, boy, just to please an old man."

Poor Dad! Blakely and I were resolved that he should never have that little talk he spoke of with so much confidence. Ideals are awfully in the way sometimes, but nobody with a speck of decency can bear to stand by and see them destroyed. Dad's ideals had to be preserved at any price.

And so another two weeks passed. Then, one day, a comet of amazing brilliancy shot suddenly into our social orbit, and things happened. That this interesting stellar phenomenon was a Russian grand duke, a nephew of the Czar, but added to the piquancy of the situation.

The hotel was all in a flutter; the manager was beside himself with joy; bell-boys danced jig steps in the corridors; chambermaids went about with a distracted air—and all because the grand duke, Alexander Melovich, was to arrive on the morrow. It was an epoch-making event. It was better than a circus, for it was free. Copies of the *Almanach de Gotha* appeared, as if by magic. Everybody was interested. Everybody was charmed, until—

The rumor flew rapidly along the verandas. It was denied by the head waiter, it was confirmed by the chief clerk; it was referred to the manager himself and again confirmed. Alas, it was true! The Grand Duke Alexander was coming, not to honor the hotel, but to honor Mrs. Carmichael Porter; she would receive him as her guest, she would pay the royal hotel bill, she would pay the bills of the royal suite. Yes, Blakely's mother had captured the grand duke.

A wave of indignation swept the columns of the rank and file. They didn't want the grand duke themselves, but they didn't want Blakely's mother to have him; Blakely's mother, and Mrs. Sanderson-Spear, and Mrs. Tudor Carstairs. In a way, it was better than a comic opera; it was fearfully amusing.

The grand duke, accompanied, according to the newspapers, "by the Royal Suite and the Choicest Flower of San Francisco Society," arrived on a special train direct from Del Monte. Having captured a grand

duke, these "Choicest Flowers" (ten in number) were loath to lose him, so they accompanied him. They did more; they paid for the special train. Blakely's mother greeted them, one and all, in a most friendly manner. There was an aristocratic air about the whole proceeding that was distinctly uplifting.

And now began a round of gaieties, the first being a tea where real Russian samovars were in evidence, and sandwiches of real Russian caviar were served. Real Russian cigarettes were smoked, real Russian vodka was sipped; the Czar's health was drunk; no bombs were thrown, no bonds were offered for sale, the Russian loan was not discussed; the Japanese servants were not present, having been given a half holiday. Oh, it was a little triumph, that tea! Blakely's mother was showered with congratulations. The "Choicest Flowers" vied with one another in assurances of their distinguished approval.

Indeed, they were all crazy about it—except the grand duke. Blakely said the grand duke was bored to death, and that he had led him off to the bar and given him a whisky-and-soda out of sheer pity. From that time on the duke stuck to him like a postage stamp, so that Blakely had an awful time escaping that night to dine with Dad and me. He told us all about the tea at dinner, and I was surprised to learn (I hadn't seen him yet) that the duke was just Blakely's age, and, as Blakely put it, "a very decent sort." Not that there is any reason why a grand duke shouldn't be a decent sort, but Rumor was busy just then in proclaiming that this particular grand duke was a perfect pig.

The next day I had a chance to judge for myself. It seems the duke noticed me as I got into my automobile for my morning ride, and after finding out who I was, he sent for Blakely and demanded that I be presented to him.

Blakely was awfully angry. He said: "Look here, I don't know what you've been used to, but in this country, when a man wishes to meet a young lady, he asks to be presented to her. Not only that, but he doesn't take it for granted that she'll be honored by the request. Miss Middleton is my *fiancée*. I don't know whether she cares to meet you or not. If she does, I'll let you know."

The duke was terribly mortified. He apologized beautifully.

Then Blakely apologized for getting angry, and they became better friends than ever, with the result that the duke was presented to me that very afternoon.

The Grand Duke Alexander was short and fat and fair, with a yellow mustache of the Kaiser Wilhelm variety. It was rather a shock to me, for I had expected a dashing black-haired person with flashing eyes and a commanding presence. No, he wasn't at all my idea of what a grand duke should look like; he looked much more like a little brother to the ox (a well-bred, well-dressed, bath-loving little brother, of course) than a member of an imperial family. Not that he didn't have his points: he had nice hands and nice feet, and his smile was charming.

You should have seen his face light up when he found I spoke French. The poor fellow wasn't a bit at home in the English language, and the eagerness with which he plunged into French was really pathetic. Luckily, Blakely spoke French, too—not very well, but he understood it lots better than he spoke it—so we three spent a pleasant hour together on the veranda. Of course, in a way, it was a little triumph for me; the women whom Blakely's mother had snubbed enjoyed the sight immensely, and when she appeared, accompanied by Mrs. Sanderson-Spear and some of the "Choicest Flowers," and saw what was happening to her duke, she was too angry for words. Heavens, how that woman did hate me that afternoon!

The next morning six more "Choicest Flowers" arrived from San Francisco (rare orchids whose grandfathers had come over from Ireland in the steerage). The third son of an English baronet who owned a chicken-ranch near Los Angeles and a German count who sold Rhine wines to the best families also appeared; for that night Blakely's mother was to give such a dinner as had never before been given in Santa Barbara.

Under the heading:

SANTA BARBARA NOW THE MOST COSMOPOLITAN CITY IN AMERICA

an enterprising Los Angeles newspaper devoted a whole page to the coming event. Adjective was piled on adjective, split infinitive on split infinitive. The dinner was to be given in the ballroom of the hotel. . . . The bank accounts of the assembled guests would total \$400,000,000. . . . The terrapin had been specially imported from Baltimore.

. . . The decorations were to be magnificent beyond the wildest dream. . . . The duke was to sit on the right of his hostess. . . . Mr. Sanderson-Spear, the

Count Boris Beljaski, intimate friend and traveling companion of the grand duke, would appear in the uniform of the imperial guard. . . . The Baroness Reinstadt was



THE DOOR OPENED SLOWLY, AND THERE WAS—BLAKELY'S MOTHER.

Pierpont Morgan of Pennsylvania, who would arrive that morning from Pittsburg in his private car, would sit on her left. . . .

hurry from San Diego in her automobile. . . . As a winter resort, Santa Barbara was, as usual, eclipsing Florida, etc., etc. . . .

Blakely and I read the paper together; we laughed over it till we cried.

"It would be lots funnier if it wasn't my mother who was making such a holy show of herself," Blakely said. "Do you know, my dear——"

He was silent for a moment. When he did speak, there was a wicked gleam in his eyes. "By Jove," he cried, "I'll do it!"

"Do what?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing much. I'll tell you all about it later—if there's anything to tell. Now I must run away. Good-by, dear."

At four o'clock I received a telephone message from Blakely saying it would be impossible for him to come in to tea as he had planned. It was the first time he had ever broken an engagement with me, and I was a wee bit unhappy over it, though I knew, of course, there must be some good reason why he couldn't come. Still, his absence rather put me out of humor with tea, so I sent Valentine for a box of chocolates. When she returned I sat down with them and a novel, prepared to spend the rest of the afternoon alone.

The novel wasn't half as silly as some I've read—the hero reminded me of Blakely—and the chocolates were unusually good; I was having a much better time than I had expected. Then some one knocked at the door.

"Bother!" I thought. "It can't be anybody I wish to see; I'll not let them in."

The knock was repeated. It suddenly occurred to me that maybe Blakely had changed his plans and had come for tea after all.

"Come in," I called.

The door opened slowly, and there, standing on the threshold, was— Had I gone quite mad? I rose from my chair and stared unbelievably—at Blakely's mother.

"May I come in?" she asked in her even, well-bred voice.

"Why—yes," I faltered.

Closing the door behind her, she walked over to the fireplace.

"Won't you sit down?" I asked.

"No, I thank you. This is not an afternoon call, Miss Middleton, it is— But of course you understand."

I didn't understand at all, and her manner of saying I did made me furious.

"Perhaps I am very stupid," I said, "but I cannot imagine why you are here."

"Do you know where my son is?"

"I do not."

"You have no idea?"

"I have no idea where your son is, nor why you are here."

She eyed me intently. How cold and determined she looked, and how handsome she was!

"If I thought you were telling the truth——"

"Mrs. Porter!"

She handed me a letter. "Please read that," she said.

"I will not read it," I replied. "I must beg that you leave me."

"There, there, child, I didn't mean to be rude."

"You are more than rude, you are insolent."

"I am distracted, child. Please read the letter."

"Very well," I said, "I'll read it."

This was the letter:

"MY DEAR MOTHER: This will be handed to you at five o'clock. At that hour I shall be in Ventura, accompanied by the Grand Duke Alexander, and, as we are making the trip by automobile, it may be that we shall neither of us return in time for your dinner this evening.

"If, however, on reading this you will wire me at Ventura your full consent to my marriage with Miss Middleton, I think I can guarantee that your dinner party will be a success.

"I shall be in Ventura till six. Should I fail to hear from you by that time, we shall continue our journey toward Los Angeles as fast as our six-cylinders will take us.

"It grieves me more than I can tell you to employ this cavalier method against you, but my softer appeals have been in vain.

"While not a party to the plot, the duke, I find, is something of a philosopher; I do not look for any resistance on his part. If he does resist, so much the worse for him.

"Your affectionate son,

"BLAKELY PORTER.

"P. S. Please do not think that Miss Middleton has any knowledge of this plan. She has not.

"P. S. Remember! We leave Ventura for Los Angeles at 6 P. M. sharp."

"Mrs. Porter," I said, when I had finished reading the letter, "I am deeply humiliated that Blakely should have done this."

"Still, I suppose you would marry him if I gave my consent."

"I would not," I replied hotly. "I might marry him without your consent, for I love him dearly; but I would never consider you had given your consent if it were forced from you by trickery."

"You wouldn't?"

"I would not."

"But if he doesn't bring the duke back my dinner will be ruined."

"I will telegraph him myself," I said.

"Supposing he won't come?"

"Blakely will come if I ask him to."

"And you will do this for me?"

"No; I am not doing it for you."

"Then why——?"

"Because I can not bear to have Blakely act so ungenerously toward his mother."

"He has but used my own weapons against me," she remarked thoughtfully.

"Your weapons are quite unworthy of him, Mrs. Porter."

"The telegram must be dispatched at once," she announced, glancing impatiently at her watch.

"If you will call the office and ask them to send up a boy with some forms, I will think over what I wish to say," I said.

When the boy arrived I had decided upon my message. It was:

"BLAKELY PORTER,
Ventura.

"If you do not return at once with your captive I shall consider that we have never met."

"ELIZABETH."

I wrote it out on a form and handed it to Mrs. Porter. "Will that do?" I asked.

She read it at a glance. "Yes," she said, "it will do. Here, boy, see that this is rushed."

"I'm glad it was satisfactory," I said.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Porter."

"My dear girl"

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Porter."

Still she did not go. I realized her predicament, and was childish enough to enjoy it, for Blakely's mother could not bear to accept a favor from a social inferior. Had I been a child, she would have patted me on the head and presented me with a sugar plum. As matters stood she was quite at sea; she wished to do something gracious—she didn't know how.

To make her position more impossible, who should come stalking into the room but Dad—dear, unsuspecting Dad. When he saw Mrs. Porter he immediately jumped at a whole row of conclusions.

"Well, well, well!" he said. "This is a sight that does me good. I'm very glad indeed to see you, Mrs. Porter. Your son has had an idea that you were opposed to meeting Elizabeth, but I knew he couldn't be right. And here you are, calling on her. Well, well, well! Elizabeth, haven't you any tea to offer Blakely's mother?"

"Mrs. Porter was just leaving," I managed to say. "She has been here some time."

Dad beamed on us both.

"I told Blakely Elizabeth couldn't marry him until you consented," he blundered on, "but now I suppose it is all arranged. These children of ours are wonderfully impatient. I'm as fond of Blakely as if he were my own son, and you'll feel the same about Elizabeth, when you've known her longer."

"Don't let Dad keep you, Mrs. Porter," I said. "I'm sure you have many things to attend to."

Blakely's mother, who had been standing like one in a dream, now woke up.

"Yes," she said, "I must be going. I called informally on Elizabeth to beg you both to come to my dinner to-night."

"I told her we couldn't possibly come," I began.

"Nonsense! Of course we can come," Dad declared.

"It will quite upset Blakely if you don't come, and I shall be so disappointed."

"There, there," said Dad, "you're not going to disappoint Blakely's mother by refusing."

"No," I replied. "If Mrs. Porter really wants us we shall be proud to come."

"If either of you fails me it will make me most unhappy," she said, and there was a note of sincerity in her voice that was unmistakable.

"Thank you," I murmured. "We shall not fail you."

When Blakely returned with the grand duke he came straight to me. He expected an explanation; what he actually received was the worst scolding of his life. But the poor boy was so apologetic and so humble that I finally relented and kissed him. Just the same, I think the bravest thing I ever did was to go to his mother's dinner that night—and Blakely thinks so, too.

All this happened over a year ago; to-day Blakely's mother, now my mother-in-law, is devoted to me. But I don't want you to think because his mother found room for me on the seat of the scornful that Blakely and I sit there. No, indeed! We sit in the bleachers with the rest of the world, and are too happy for words.

Dad says it isn't so much where you sit as how comfortable you are that counts—and Dad's right.

Dear old Dad!

The "Shadow World" Prize Winners

Edited by HAMLIN GARLAND

Author of "The Shadow World," etc.

IF it had been the design of the editors of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE to prove that beneath the commonplace stream of human affairs there runs, even here in America, a mystical sub-current of psychical events, my own personal correspondence following the publication of "The Shadow World" would furnish sufficient evidence of its existence. I have received hundreds of letters from all parts of the country and from all ranks of society, filled with statements of the marvelous and calling upon me for explanation and guidance.

I have had several offers of cooperation from professional mediums, and nearly a dozen private psychics have volunteered to put themselves into my hands. But the most singular and interesting phase of the whole correspondence has been the testimony on the part of those who profess to be the *unwilling* mediums of the transmission of most disturbing communications. The number of these is astonishingly large, and they are by no means confined to women. I have also had many letters from the leaders of little circles (like my own Amateur Psychical Society) whose members for a year or two have been experimenting among themselves with perplexing results.

In short, the mass of my correspondence proves that side by side with the humorous, hustling, cynical America exists another world, a world of the Oriental type, a region of shadow, of vague abysses filled with whisperings of unknown intelligences, a world of mystery, inexplicable and occult.

But these letters, important as they are, were merely a by-product of the correspondence which followed the prize offer made by the editors of this magazine. The editorial office has been deluged with manuscripts entered for the contest; from every state and territory have come articles containing detailed statements of marvelous happenings. These have been accompanied in most cases

by affidavits testifying at least to the good faith and the reliability of the writers. Among the number are many accounts, long and vastly entertaining, of haunted houses and of the jocular doings of "poltergeists." Visions and premonitions predominate, but a great deal of evidence has developed which sustains the Italian scientists in their hypothesis that certain individuals are able to disengage from their organisms a temporary double, belonging (as Lombroso says) to the radiant state of matter. This fund of evidence makes it certain that the human body is a much more complex and marvelous machine than any of us had hitherto imagined it to be, and it has given all its readers a profounder realization of the essential mystery of life.

But, unfortunately, a very large part of these citations of portents, visions, telepathic communications, and "flights of the astral" is dependent for proof on memory. They are, in nearly every case, embodied in reminiscence, and though the good faith of the witnesses is not questioned, their papers do not come within the scope of the plan outlined by the editors, whose intent was to encourage practical experiment, and to further a cold, keen, calculating analysis of spiritualistic phenomena. They hoped that out of this competition a considerable body of new and absolutely authentic information might come. But though they have been deeply interested in all of these papers, which contain accounts of an immense number of suggestive, corroborative experiments, they find that very few of the experiments were conducted systematically, with careful notations at the time of the happenings. The contest narrowed down to about twenty-four papers, out of which six were finally judged worthy as prize winners. On account of limitations of space, only the first four, and these necessarily condensed, can be given. The final decision was reached after careful consideration of all the facts in each case

by a jury of five entirely unprejudiced readers, my own vote being counted merely as one of the five.

I

THE report which has taken first prize is one of the most remarkable stories I have ever read. The writer, "Fate Medley," is a woman of cultivation and high social position in one of our inland cities, and has furnished us with affidavits and references which establish her sincerity and good faith. The circle was private and composed of her own immediate friends, whose standing is equal to her own. The psychics were members of this circle, and in no case was a professional medium employed. The method is modern and free from any bias. Notwithstanding the amazing phenomena which these ladies and gentlemen produced, they kept a perfectly sane and wholesome attitude toward life. Tested from every point, this is a wonderful story, and was unanimously voted first place.

During the course of a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Emmett Leigh, at their town house, in ———, seven or eight years ago, the conversation chanced to turn upon the physical phases of psychic phenomena. Mrs. Edward H. Drayton expressed a wish that she might delve into the subject herself.

"Then why don't you?" queried our host. "In any assemblage of men and women, however small, may be found one or two, perhaps several, who possess unsuspected psychic force. If this is true, and I do not doubt it, you may be able, my dear Mrs. Drayton, to see something of psychic manifestation to-night, if Mrs. Leigh will be so good, after dinner, as to have this table 'cleared for action.'"

There was an instant and excited clamor of assent, and an hour later the dinner table had been cleared, and was ready for "action." The table, I should say, is a very massive piece of mahogany, beautifully polished and carved, which weighs nearly four hundred pounds.

The men and women who grouped themselves around it for this séance were all congenial friends, and the seats we eight took at that first séance became ours permanently during the following eight years of experiment, and we still retain them.

Our very first "sitting" gave such interesting results that we decided to continue our meetings. Our progress was not rapid, and in the first year the manifestations were restricted to the table itself—which would vibrate at times more rapidly than an induction coil; then it would seem as if unseen forces possessed it, which had the strength and power to draw it apart to its long possibility of extension and

suddenly to close it again. In that year, also, we received by raps and knocks, when the alphabet was repeated, many remarkable messages from those on the "other side," all of them correct in orthography and syntax.

One evening Mrs. Drayton impulsively asked: "If there are any spirits present, *won't* you tell me if there is not some way by which we may get quicker communication with you?"

"Yes," was rapped loudly and emphatically.

"Oh, thank you," she said; "and won't you be good enough to explain to us the method?"

Almost instantly the table seemed to be seized with a convulsion, so violent was the vibration that possessed it, growing in force till it was deafening. It lasted for fully five minutes; then the character of the vibration began to change. It became slower and more regular, and a distinct rhythm was established, which was accompanied by a sharp, ticking, staccato sound. So pronounced and unmistakable did this become that I cried out: "This is wonderful! Don't you understand what it means? It is an illustration of a telegraphic machine in operation, and I believe this is to be the mode of our more rapid communication."

As if to confirm my statement, one leg of the massive table was lifted and pounded three times heavily on the floor.

Directed by Mr. Drayton, Miss Hampton asked, "Were we right in assuming that the spirits would communicate with us by telegraph?"

"Yes," was the answer, by means of the alphabet, "if any among you understand the code."

"None of us knows the code, unfortunately," replied Mr. Drayton, "but if you will promise to come to-morrow night, I will bring an expert operator with me, who will interpret the messages for us. Will you come?"

"I will be here," was the response.

With that the meeting closed. The next evening the same heavy vibration was repeated, and finally this question was asked:

"Well, Drayton, why didn't you bring your operator?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon! I have been busy to-day and the matter entirely slipped my mind. But I will forget no more. Will you come again to-morrow night?"

"I will not," was the uncompromising reply. "I have no time for triflers; but I am sorry, for it was a great chance for your rapid development, and you would have gained much knowledge. You, none of you, are serious enough in this investigation. Be serious! be reverent, and with the material in this circle you will achieve results worth working for."

Never from that moment have we had any message from our unknown telegraph operator.

One evening I had taken dinner with the Leighs, and later, as we sat in the library awaiting the coming of the other members of the circle,

Mrs. Leigh amused herself by playing solitaire. Finally, when all had assembled, she finished her game and announced that she would never use that pack of cards again, for they were becoming worn. She opened a drawer of the library table, and placed them in the left corner, and then, closing the drawer, she idly turned the key in the lock. I had been watching her game and noticed that the special pack was of art cards, and of the "Good-night" series.

An hour later we were in séance in the dining-room, which was across a wide side-hall from the library, and the doors from each room, going into the hall, were closed. We had been receiving messages and other interesting minor phenomena, when, suddenly, we heard a rushing noise in the air and something fell on the table with a sound as if it had been thrown there from a distance.

Mr. Leigh said quickly, "It is singular that those cards could have moved so rapidly through the air and have fallen with such force on the table, and yet remain unscattered as they are."

"What cards?" asked Mrs. Leigh, to which our host replied: "Those which have just been thrown on the table," and he arose and switched on the light.

Then we saw on the table a deck of cards, face down, which was divided into two neat packs, the edge of one slightly overlapping the other. They were in front of me, so I lifted one pack and found that it contained exactly twenty-six cards and the bottom one was the King of Diamonds. The other pack also contained twenty-six cards, and its bottom card was the Five of Spades.

"They are your cards," I said to Mrs. Leigh, "the very ones you were playing with after dinner; here is that torn Jack of Clubs which you needed so badly an hour ago in your game, and there is the very Ace of Hearts, with the dagger which Annette inked through it," and I handed the cards to her for her inspection.

"They are certainly mine, or seem to be," she answered, "but I know that I put my cards in the table drawer, which I now remember that I locked."

"Then let us see," said Mr. Leigh, "if they are there," and we followed him into the library, opening both doors as we went.

Finding the table-drawer closed and locked, Mrs. Leigh said, "Of course, my cards are in here." Then she pulled the drawer open, only to discover that *the cards were not there.*

We were confronted by the startling fact that this old deck of cards had been taken from a *locked drawer and through two closed heavy oak doors*, and flung violently upon the table, and that they were not only arranged in two exact, neat packs, but that the deck of fifty-two cards had been evenly divided into packs of twenty-six cards each; and all this had been done by some strange unseen force. For there was *no one in the house that night but those in the séance.* No one had en-

tered the room; no one had left the circle; each hand of every one in the circle was accounted for by being clasped by the hand of a neighbor. It was, therefore, manifestly impossible for any one in the séance to have put the cards on the table without every one in the circle knowing it; for in the tense quiet and darkness in which we sat we were each instantly aware of the slightest movement or noise made by the others. And while we never went to extremes in insisting on "test" conditions (because we were merely investigating for our interest and pleasure and had no desire to "prove" anything to any one), nevertheless the very conditions under which we sat had been rendered strictly "test" by the unwritten rules we honored.

If any one of us moved in our chair, or changed the position of hand or foot, or if a woman's ring or bracelet struck table or chair, or any noise or sound, however slight, was made, the responsible person immediately explained it.

That night we also saw astral lights for the first time. And very beautiful they were. Many of us saw the same things at the same time—tiny dancing lights, like miniature moons; then drifting stars, in groups of three, and sudden, flashing crescent-shaped flames, which paled and glowed again, till the whole room became faintly illuminated. Then to my own amazement, against a field of opaque blackness, I saw a heart—a human heart, which shone with a pale phosphorescent sheen—entirely surrounded by luminous poniards, which followed the shape of the heart and the hilts of which were turned outward.

About a month after this, when the entire circle was in séance, Mrs. Kent, who was rapidly developing psychic qualities, especially clairvoyance, interrupted a very strong movement of the table by saying excitedly:

"Mr. Leigh, please go at once to the library; there is some one there who needs you."

"You are mistaken, Mrs. Kent; there is no one in the house to-night save those in this room, and I saw personally to the closing of the doors and windows, for I take every precaution against the possible annoyance of practical jokes."

"Oh, but you *must* go to him!" Mrs. Kent pleaded. "He has come so far and needs you, for he seems to be suffering."

"Certainly, if you wish it," said our host, rising from his chair.

He opened the door and we heard him cross the hall and open the library door. After a moment we heard him call to us from the library, asking us to come at once. We all trooped in wonderment to the library, where he met us at the door, which he held shut behind him. "Before I open this door," he said, "I request you, individually, not to become nervous at whatever you may see, and, at the same time, to tell me, each one of you, exactly his or her impressions."

Here he threw wide the door, and we entered in a body. But the instant we crossed the thresh-

old of that stately room we were assailed by a most frightful and horrible odor. It was simply awful, and unlike anything that could be imagined. Several were seized with sudden and acute nausea and fled precipitately. But the others remained, for we had seen a truly astounding sight. The lights in the library, in both halls, and in the drawing-room across the hall were all out, but the draperies at the great French windows in the library were drawn aside and the electric lights from the street shone in through the tall windows and illuminated that end of the room. Before one of the front windows, where the street lights were reflected in a great splotch of white light on the floor, was a luxurious, sleepy-hollow chair of dark green leather. Across this chair lay the figure of a man. His head hung limply over one arm, and his feet dangled over the other, and they were plainly silhouetted against the strong light. His attitude was that of either complete exhaustion or unconsciousness.

Mr. Leigh sprang across the room, but Mrs. Kent caught his arm, crying in the intense excitement she had exhibited from the first:

"Oh, please don't move, Mr. Leigh; he wants you near him, for your presence gives him strength; but if you go nearer to him he will vanish."

With the gentlest courtesy our host said to Mrs. Kent:

"This may be a genuine manifestation of peculiar character, or it may be that, in spite of my precautions, some one has gotten into the house; therefore, we must be sure of physical conditions before we can possibly admit psychic phenomena," and with those words he flooded the room with light.

The chair was empty. We examined the fastenings of every door and window to the house: they were all securely locked, and nowhere in the house was there the slightest evidence of any invasion. But when we returned to the library the appalling odor in the room remained, so we hastened to the dining-room and took our seats in séance again. Almost instantly on the table was sounded the signal for the alphabet, and the following message was received in the usual way:

"The manifestation in the library was a genuine psychic phenomenon. The man in the chair was an undeveloped spirit who needed assistance, so he was brought here. Though you may not know it, he really was benefited by his visit, and from now on his development will be rapid." But when questioned about the terrible odor in the library, our informant would deign no reply.

The phenomena, at this time, were advancing so rapidly and changing character so often that we met every evening. It was in the early autumn, and the next evening, when I entered the Leigh residence, I felt slightly chilly and remembered that I had forgotten to bring a wrap with me: so I glanced around to see if a certain scarf

of Mrs. Leigh's, which I often wore when I had forgotten my own, was in evidence, but it was not. Once again, before we went into séance that night, some trivial thing brought this same scarf to my mind. And this time I looked for it all through the lower floor of the house, and finally came to the conclusion that some one had taken it up-stairs. I did not mention it at the time to Mrs. Leigh, for she was engaged with some formal callers in the drawing-room, and when they left we went at once into séance.

The usual manifestations were taking place when Mr. Leigh went to "sleep," "psychologized" himself, as we knew he could do. We maintained absolute silence.

In ten minutes Mr. Leigh took a deep, indrawn breath, and we knew that he had "returned"; he broke the deep silence by asking Mrs. Leigh if she knew where her Scotch scarf was. (The very scarf that I had twice tried to find, and that, as I learned later, Mrs. Reed had also hunted. It was a Highland plaid silk scarf.)

"Yes," responded Mrs. Leigh; "it is up-stairs in the wardrobe in my dressing-room. When I returned from my drive, just before dinner to-night, I saw it in the hall, so I picked it up and took it up-stairs and placed it, with my hat and gloves, in the dressing-room, as I told you. It is there now."

"No," said Mr. Leigh, "it is not there now, for it is lying in a crumpled ball on the console in the hall. I have just seen it there."

"But you have not left the room," insisted Mrs. Leigh.

"It is perfectly true that my body has not moved from this chair; but all the same, when I was 'quiet' a moment ago, something attracted me to the library, and while there I distinctly saw a man of small stature run down the steps and through the hall into the library; when he discovered me there he waved the scarf at me mischievously, then he darted from the room, threw the shawl in a tumbled heap on the console in the hall, and disappeared through the front door. It is there now."

"I can't stand this suspense any longer," I cried. "Come, Mrs. Reed, let us look for the shawl in the hall," and, turning on the lights, we ran into the hall. The Highland plaid silk scarf was certainly lying in a crumpled heap on the console.

The next night, almost immediately after we went into séance, Mr. Leigh grew silent and went into a trance. In the tense quiet that we invariably observed when our host was in this state, we distinctly heard an unusual noise issue from the library. "What did it sound like?" asked Mrs. Norton of me, and I answered:

"It was metallic, as if some one had taken a knife from its sheath and struck a blow on the panoply of arms in there."

"Yes," was her low rejoinder, "it was just that."

When Mr. Leigh "returned," he said at once, "There is a dirk on the table."

But Mrs. Leigh immediately said:

"No, there is nothing on the table."

"I have just placed it there myself," he calmly announced, "for I went into the library, and as I took it from its sheath I accidentally struck it against something which gave back a loud noise. Then I returned here and put it on the table." At that he flashed on the lights.

And on the table glittered a particularly deadly-looking little dirk. No one had either left the room or entered it after we went into séance, and the knife was not on the table at that time, nor was it in the dining-room at all. Mrs. Kent and I had held Mr. Leigh's hands all the time. The knife had been brought from the library, where it always lay, and the amazing part of it was that it had been brought through two heavy doors, *which were closed*. But by what mysterious agency?

After the episode of the dirk, for many nights manifestations centered entirely about Mr. Leigh. This made our host take unusual precautions. He would request four extra people—a lady and a gentleman on either side of him—in addition to Mrs. Kent and myself—who always kept our places to his left and right respectively—to place their two hands over his hands and wrists, so that *each of his hands* was held by three pairs of hands; and at the same time he arranged that the circuit should remain unbroken.

With his two hands held thus by twelve other hands, we have frequently known coins, from silver dollars to twenty-dollar gold pieces, to be taken from Mr. Leigh's pockets. He always named the object that had been extracted. The things thus purloined would be held a few minutes, and then would be flung on the table in a manner which indicated they had fallen from quite a height. Sometimes, instead of a coin, it would be his wallet or his cigarette case or match-safe that was taken, and these were never in the least injured.

[All of these performances are singularly like those of a young man psychic with whom I sat last April, part of my experiments with whom were recorded in the September EVERYBODY'S. H. G.]

Sometimes Mr. Leigh would say: "Hold my left hand carefully now, for my ring is being taken off," and the owners of the six hands holding his left would say: "It cannot be—we feel nothing." But for all that the ring would be off, and when we flashed on the lights it was always found lying some distance away on the table. Once it was found on *my thumb*. I felt it the moment it touched me, and called out: "Mr. Leigh's ring is being put on my thumb," although at the time both my hands were holding his right hand, and the width of the table was between his left or ring

hand and my right. The other two people who were holding Mr. Leigh's right hand with me did not feel the ring being put on my thumb, although Billy Banks's hand covered mine at the time.

Again, one night, when our host was held in the grasp of those twelve human hands his coat was taken off. We found it, neatly folded but turned inside out, hanging over the back of a chair at the far end of the room.

[The psychic I have just mentioned went Mr. Leigh one better. While we held his hands his undershirt was taken off! H. G.]

Our circle had now attained its third birthday, and we felt we had seen some remarkable phenomena, but they paled into insignificance before the strangeness and weirdness of others just dawning. For already Mr. and Mrs. Drayton, who sat in séance to the right and left of Mrs. Leigh, and Mrs. Reed had mentioned several times that they had felt something brush past them under the table, and Mrs. Reed once insisted that the pet house-cat was in the room. To satisfy Mrs. Reed, the lights were turned on, but a thorough search of the room and butler's pantry failed to reveal the cat.

About this time Mrs. Reed's sister, Mrs. Park Herndon of New York, was visiting her, and she came constantly to our circle meetings with Mrs. Reed. She proved to be a decided acquisition, for she possessed wonderful mediumistic power. The first evening she "sat" with us the pins were unceremoniously taken from her hair and thrown in a little heap on the table, while her heavy, dark tresses were shaken down like a veil all around her. (Of course, at this time, both her hands were accounted for.) Her brooch was taken from her throat, and later was found pinned in the center of her bodice in the back, while her lace collar was found on the sideboard. On the same evening, too, her boots were unbuttoned, removed, and thrown with a loud noise across the room, while the thin silken stocking on her left leg was deftly removed and was found, neatly folded into a flat little roll, *inside the stocking on her right leg, down near her ankle*, while the hose fastenings were neither disturbed nor disarranged.

At the same time, a low, square stool on which Mrs. Leigh always rested her feet at table was hurled with a crashing noise against the wall, while an irresistible force pulled her suddenly out of her chair, and the chair itself was sent spinning away down the length of the room. Almost instantly Mrs. Leigh's silk skirts began to rustle, and she said that something was tugging at them as if determined to tear them from her. Then Mrs. Reed was heard to scream, and she declared that an animal, covered with soft fur, was butting at her *under the table*, like a goat. The lights were turned on, but nothing was to be seen.

The next night the experiment was tried of seating Mrs. Herndon between Mrs. Drayton and

Mrs. Leigh, for we had long ago decided that our hostess was our "sensitive," and we were eager to see the result of their being next each other.

As soon as the lights were off, Mrs. Herndon began to laugh excitedly and then to scream, as she called out that something was pulling her by the feet *under the table*. And she was literally dragged by her feet from her chair to the floor and under the table, where she was kept for fully five minutes; Mr. Drayton and Mrs. Leigh, who still held to her hands, exerted their whole strength to assist her to her chair, but it was impossible to move her. Then she called out, "Here I come," and she was shot out from under the table with a force that carried her and those still clinging to her hands far into the center of the room. She was not in the least made nervous by it and, after the first shock, seemed rather to enjoy it as an exhilarating sport.

During her visit of a month, she spent two thirds of her evenings in séance with us at the Leighs', and many times each night she was drawn under the table from her chair, and then shot forth with the precision and speed of a ball from a cannon.

[This seems to be a confirmation of the wonderful performances of Slade. H. G.]

And a most singular thing about this manifestation was that Mrs. Herndon's skirts were always carefully wrapped about her closely at her ankles, and were never disarranged in the slightest. But, for all that, there seemed to be danger of her head being hurt against some object as she came shooting out from under the table. So Billy Banks and Mr. Drayton and the remaining men of the circle tried to prevent her from being drawn down to the floor. But they were unsuccessful, and when she was shot up again, we broke circle and the six men took her to a far end of the room, and took hold of her firmly by the arms, in the full glare of electricity.

They might as well have tried to control a whirlwind, for suddenly the unseen force took possession of Mrs. Herndon and, despite their struggles, these six men were cast aside as so many straws, and the lady was carried some distance beyond them.

In the meantime, the members of the circle who sat to the hostess's right and left were receiving constant evidence of the developing power and strength of that something under the table which for want of knowledge we had christened "The Thing." It always made its appearance at Mrs. Leigh's end of the table, and rarely ever went farther beyond her than the second person on each side. It never came except when she was present, and it certainly followed her wherever she went and sat in séance—even when she was hundreds of miles from her home city. It possessed enormous strength, and had power, apparently, to change its shape at will, for it seemed

a different kind of animal to nearly every individual whom it touched. It could be *felt* and *heard*, but in the five years since it made its first appearance no one has ever *seen* it. Many unsuccessful efforts have been made to catch glimpses of it, and on one occasion a young surgeon, Dr. Barnes, who felt he had a plan by which he could not fail to see the mysterious and horror-giving "Thing," was invited in.

[The only possible explanation of this most extraordinary materialization of an animal is that the etheric emanations from the medium were modeled into these shapes by the subjective minds of the sitters. This is in accordance with the theory of De Rochas, who claims that the psychic is able to externalize his etheric self and model it as a sculptor models wax. H. G.]

Instead of joining in the circle, he requested to sit on the floor, *under the table*, at Mrs. Leigh's feet, and, as soon as "The Thing" came, he flashed his electric pocket-lamp full on it. He saw absolutely nothing, but at the same time he felt "The Thing" as soon as it made its appearance, and continued to feel it, for "The Thing" gave all its attention to the doctor in a fusillade of fierce blows. The young man was game and fought valiantly, but the odds were against him, and finally he retired from the unequal contest.

Personally, my experience with "The Thing" is limited to four occasions, and three of these were when I left my accustomed place, where it never ventured, to sit nearer Mrs. Leigh. The first time that it touched me it seemed like a huge gray cat; the second time, I felt that the heavy paw of a great yellow tiger was laid upon my knee; and the third time I was sure the long, slender forearm of a black monkey touched me. Why I should have got the effect of color each time I never understood. My fourth experience with "The Thing" was different altogether. Two young girls and I were visiting Mrs. Leigh for a week, and one evening we four women went into séance alone. "The Thing" came immediately and, after diverting itself with the others, it turned its attention to me by touching me with what seemed a man's enormous hand. I instantly repulsed it and, without breaking the circuit, I arose to my feet. Then two heavy hands were laid on my shoulders, and I was rudely forced down into my chair and, at the same time, an enormous man seemed to seat himself beside me. I would not submit to that, and I sprang up again, when, instantly, Mrs. Leigh became possessed of a strange and remarkable power, for she drew us suddenly up from our chairs and from the table to a distant corner, where the force seemed to expend itself and we were free. But I will never forget the sense of shuddering horror that possessed me each time that "The Thing"

touched me in séance. Sometimes it comes in full light at the Leighs' dining-table, and then it is not so terrible. Still, I never like it. Mrs. Leigh and Mr. and Mrs. Drayton do not object to it at all, but seem rather amused by it.

One remarkable incident must not be omitted. Judge George Nelson, a kinsman of Mrs. Leigh and one of the most distinguished criminal lawyers in the country, was taking lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Leigh one day, when he abruptly asked his hostess if all the nonsense he had been hearing of her "circle" were true, and added that he would like to see some of the fun.

"We will accommodate you," was her laughing reply.

We were all amusedly eager that night to see how this hard-headed interpreter of the law would receive "The Thing's" vigorous and uncereemonious onslaught. We had not long to wait, for at our second trial almost instantly loud knocks were heard on the table. Then "The Thing" caught Mr. Drayton by his trouser-leg and beat his foot up against the under part of the table until we who listened feared his foot would be pounded to a jelly.

"Why, Drayton," cried the judge, "why are you making all that racket? You will smash all the bones in your foot."

"No," answered Mr. Drayton, "my foot will not be hurt, but I am not making the racket, and I simply cannot control my leg. It is held up against my will."

"Against your will? Why, man, what the devil do you mean? Nothing could hold my leg against my will," fumed the irate judge.

"Hold on, judge, you don't know what you're talking about! You needn't be too sure," laughed Mr. Drayton, "for——"

"But I am sure," roared the judge. "I know I can at least control my own legs, and I—why, hello! what's this? Let go my leg!!! Why, Nell, Nell Leigh, some one is playing a joke on me! Some one—doubtless it is Drayton—is under the table holding my leg up."

"Judge," called Mr. Drayton from across the table, "I am in my seat, and my leg—can't you hear it?—is still pounding on the table. But you, judge, can control——"

"I say, Nell," called the judge, interrupting Mr. Drayton, "what is the meaning of this? A big dog is under the table! No—it's a wolf! No—it's a bear!" and with that the judge kicked vigorously and then fought valiantly. Between our paroxysms of laughter we heard the sounds of a great struggle, and then finally Judge Nelson pulled himself from the table, and exclaiming, "I wouldn't stay in this house a minute longer for my life!" ran from the room and dashed out of the house. The next day he sent word to Mrs. Leigh, telling her that he ran the night before from her house to the station, where he caught the late train to his country home at P——; that "The Thing" followed him all the way, got into bed

with him, and tormented him so that he finally had to sit up for the remainder of the night. Since then our circle has seen the judge no more.

For five years "The Thing" has been a regular visitor to our circle, and it usually monopolizes each séance. When it is not amusing itself with a never-ending series of mischievous pranks, a regular "rough house" is raised. The great heavy table is made to spin around like a top; a small side-table of old-fashioned mahogany, with drop leaves, is put through many stunts, from the banging of its leaves to its following the larger table in its mad dance around the room; chairs in the far ends of the room are overturned; knives, forks, and spoons are flung in silver showers from closed sideboard drawers; and a great bronze gong is rung.

When this clamor has reached its climax, a sudden silence falls, which is followed by a swift, rushing noise, and then we know that the marvel of marvels has happened. For Mrs. Leigh has been lifted bodily from the floor, placed on the table, and shot across it with great force and speed.

All she knows, Mrs. Leigh says, is that one moment she is sitting or standing at the table, the next she is on the table itself, and is being shot across it. On being asked what is her sensation when in transit through the air from chair to table, she answers positively that the change is so swift that she is conscious of no passage through the air. Mr. and Mrs. Drayton, who invariably cling desperately to Mrs. Leigh's hands when this manifestation takes place, say that she is lifted up with apparently no expenditure of force, just as a feather seems to be blown upward, and yet their combined strength has never been sufficient to prevent the manifestation.

Sometimes she is seated on the table tailor-fashion, and is shot across it, either backward or face forward. Again, she comes hurtling over, either lying full length, on her face, or, as often, on her back, and once, when she had been jerked up from her seat and the chair itself sent spinning down the room, she was lifted from the floor and placed upright on her feet on the table; and as she stood there with her head near the electric fan, a beautiful melody was played on the globes, somewhat after the fashion of the old-time Swiss Bell Ringers. Once when, after a long illness of Mrs. Leigh's, as we sat for the first time in séance, she was again lifted and hurled across the table, Mr. Leigh interposed, because he feared the result in her weakened state; so she left the circle and seated herself at the end of the room. A few moments later we heard the familiar rushing sound and, in spite of her being out of séance, Mrs. Leigh was borne ten or twelve feet through the air and forced across the table anyhow.

For years Mrs. Leigh has been a sufferer from rheumatism, and is so lame from it that frequently she is unable to rise from her chair without great difficulty and pain; it would be physically im-

possible for her, therefore, to lift herself so lightly and swiftly to the table, and this is proved by the fact that when the force which puts her there is withdrawn, as it usually is at the very edge of the table, she always has to be lifted down to the floor.

FATE MEDLEY.

II

THE winner of the second prize is a well-known business man in a Western city. The psychic was his daughter, and his assistant (who worked quite in the spirit of Sir William Crookes) was his son. The whole article is deliberate and careful. Its one weakness lies in the fact that it is written from memory.

Several years ago my son, who was a student at the —— University, was spending the evening in a schoolmate's home, when the little instrument called "planchette" was introduced, and, becoming much interested, he bought one the next day. We tried it that evening with vague results, amounting really to nothing, and I said, "There's nothing in it." Our daughter, a school-girl of fourteen, said, "Let me try it." To our surprise and suddenly increased interest, with her hand on "planchette" she could write on a sheet of paper about as rapidly and smoothly as if she held the pencil in her hand. As a matter of interest, my son and myself would remove some small article from our pockets unseen by her, hold it under the table, and ask "planchette" to write what the article was. The answer was promptly and correctly written.

We followed this up many evenings as a matter of interest and amusement, always in our own exclusive family circle. We asked, "Who is doing this?" and the reply was, "*Look at a photograph you have of a grade of boys attending the Intermediate School, in which your son appears.*" The "power," as I will call it for lack of a better name, indicated that he himself was in that grade of ten-year-old boys, and said he was now dead. *That was the only reason we ever had to think a spirit had anything to do with the manifestations.** Written communications in great number and variety were received, some claiming to be from dead and some from living persons, but as a rule all were of a trivial character.

So we progressed gradually to more wonderful manifestations. Let me say right here that in my judgment the most convincing thing was that, from first to last, every manifestation was in the bright light in our home during the day or night, and occasionally in the brightest sunlight. The results were always the same, the power never asking for darkness nor making any

conditions except that we were to turn our faces from the place from which any article was to be moved.

One evening we discovered on the mantel a pack of cards (something we never had in the house). We asked where they came from. The power wrote, "*I brought them.*" When asked, "Can you remove them?" it replied, "*Yes, if you will all look at a picture on the wall*"—specifying which one. In an instant the cards were removed to a table twenty feet away.

I had that evening brought home two small grip-sacks, two inches different in length, that my wife might make a choice. The heavy brown paper package had been opened and was lying on the piano, with the small grips side by side. The query was made, "If we put the cards in one of the satchels, and close it, can you remove them to the other?" The reply was, "*Yes, if all but Mr. F—— and grandfather leave the room and they do not look at the grips.*"

My wife, son, and daughter placed the cards in the smaller grip, closed the snap lock and end catches on both grips, my son buckling a school-book strap around the grip containing the cards, and then left the room, closing the door after them. Grandfather and I sat there without speaking, with all the gas burners lighted, both looking in the open grate fire. My nerves were so on edge that I would have heard the slightest sound. It so happened that all was still as the grave. Had a mouse touched the stiff paper on which the grips were I should have heard it. In about ten minutes the three returned.

There was not a doubt in my mind as to the experiment being an absolute failure, so much so that I did not even look up until my son said, "Where's that grip gone?" referring to the smaller one in which the cards had been placed. Looking up I noted that one was gone, the larger remaining. Investigation showed that the cards had been changed to the larger grip, and the smaller was lying on the floor under the piano and open. The strap was found an hour later, neatly coiled, lying upon a washstand in the upper hall. *It had certainly passed through a closed door to get there.* We tried many experiments with the cards, and they were removed from one room to another through closed doors many times. One evening, the cards being up-stairs, my son said, "I wish I had the cards without going after them." A sound was heard in the hall, where we found the cards scattered around the floor, as though they had been thrown down by the ever willing and obliging power.

My son, who contemplated making electrical engineering his occupation, was a sort of student-mechanic, and had a shop in the basement with a gas power-engine. To start the engine it was necessary to turn on the gas, light it with a match, and give the fly-wheel a few vigorous turns to start it. More than once, while my son

*The italics are mine. H. G.

was at school and only my wife and daughter were at home, the engine was started and necessarily allowed to run until my son came home, as neither knew how to start or stop it. The power was finally asked not to do that again, and graciously complied.

My son was an amateur photographer, and it occurred to him that there was a bare possibility of securing a negative through the assistance of the obliging power. When asked, the power said, "*Certainly, if you will tell me what to do.*" He was told that the camera would be focussed on a chair and the power was to push the button on the camera after my son had locked the door, placed the key in his pocket, and left the room. When asked by the power what kind of a picture he would prefer, not thinking it possible to secure any under such conditions, my son said, "Any old conglomeration."

He returned to the room in about ten minutes, and finding the camera had been sprung, he reset it and again left as before, and when he returned found it had again been sprung. He developed the negatives that evening, never dreaming he had a picture. When he found one showing, he said it made his hair rise on his head.

In one a thin, bony arm, bare from the elbow to the hand, appears, while the other represents the figure of a woman of middle age, clad in diaphanous robes, sitting in the chair, while the chair and the pictures on the wall show distinctly through the figure.

My son, being of an ingenious and scientific turn of mind, conceived the idea of making an elaborate test of the claims of the self-styled "control." As he is more familiar with the experiment and better qualified to describe the details than I, I have asked him to write it out for you.

He says: "The claim was made that objects were moved from place to place, in and out of locked closets, not by ordinary human methods, but by dissolving them in a secret liquid and then passing the dissolved objects through the closed door, and then by immersing them in another liquid restoring them to their normal form and condition. The experiment was designed to demonstrate the correctness or incorrectness of that claim. The control, through the automatic writing, was informed of the details of the proposed experiment and entered heartily into carrying it out on the lines laid down.

"A glass jar was sealed with cork and wax and a private mark stamped in the wax. The jar was full of a dilute solution of potassium sulphocyanide. Inside the jar, immersed in the solution, was a glass tube sealed at both ends. The jar had a strip of tin-foil pasted on the bottom, and this rested on two electric contacts. It was placed on the shelf of a locked closet. A closed circuit battery and the necessary wires actuated the armature of a relay placed in a

locked closet in another part of the house. From this relay wires were run to another battery and an ordinary vibrating electric bell. The keys of both closets were carried in my pocket during the test. The control was to put a piece of paper with a message written on it inside the glass tube immersed in the solution in the jar, without breaking the tube or in any way disturbing the seal or the apparatus. The purpose of the sulphocyanide solution was to reveal the presence of any iron, if such was contained in the secret solution claimed to be used by the control. Iron is present in many solutions, and the slightest trace of it would be revealed by coloring the sulphocyanide solution red.

"Nothing occurred until the third day. I was at school and my young sister and other members of the family were in the house. Suddenly the bell used in the experiment began ringing. It became so annoying that my sister resorted to her automatic writing, and asked the control to stop it. He said the experiment had been successfully carried out and he did not know how to stop the ringing of the bell. He was asked if he could not disconnect one of the wires at the battery in the locked closet. The ringing stopped instantly. Everything was left as it was until I returned from school.

"I unlocked the closet with my key and found the jar had been moved slightly so that the electric contact was no longer intact. The wax seal and one end of the glass tube were broken, but the solution was unchanged. In the tube was a folded paper containing a written communication. On the paper was what seemed to be a small drop of blood. I insisted on inspecting the hands of all in the family, and found no trace of any wound.

"I have related here exactly what happened, and while the results were negative, and not what was expected, yet enough was done to demonstrate that some peculiar force was exerted.

"Telepathy or mind-reading tests were carried on by my young sister and myself until great proficiency was attained. My sister was always the sender and I the receiver. Results were immediate and no mistakes were made."

And now, Mr. Editor, you may ask, "And what followed all this?" I answer, "Nothing." Here was the end. My daughter was young—barely fourteen, and after every sitting showed signs of weariness, falling asleep in her chair. We feared physical injury by continuing this, and perhaps feared still more that the story of our mysteries would leak out among our acquaintances and be talked about to the children's detriment, as the stories would surely be exaggerated.

For those reasons only we discontinued the manifestations. My daughter is now a happy

wife and mother, and never refers to the subject. Your articles in the magazine revived the old and seemingly only slumbering interest of my son and myself.

F. M. G.

III

REPORTERS are notoriously disinclined to ward any mystical interpretation of life, are, indeed, quite habitually exposing spiritualistic mediums. Therefore I take a peculiar pleasure in the following exposé, where the joke is on the newspaper expert. It is important to notice how closely this account, which has won the third prize, tallies with Bottazzi's experiments. The writer has furnished proper credentials, and, besides his skeptical turn of mind (which we like), has made good his claim as a careful and trustworthy observer. The article is lively and somewhat irreverent, but it has the ring of truth in it.

In 1901-02 I was a reporter and special writer on a morning newspaper in the city of Worcester, Mass. One evening, Jones, a fellow reporter, came into the office accompanied by a thin man of medium height, not more than twenty-four years old and evidently a foreigner. I looked up from my typewriter, and Jones asked me to stop working long enough to meet Mr. Karouse, a spiritualistic medium who was making some stir in the city. After we had been talking some minutes Karouse, who was a very pleasant and affable fellow, said:

"Mr. G—, I am told that you do not believe in spiritualism and that you think you could expose my 'tricks,' as you call them, if given the opportunity. Is that true?"

I was somewhat embarrassed. Karouse was not one of the bewhiskered, awe-inspiring class, but a very plain, ordinary, smooth-shaven young man, not much older than the writer. And he was making a fortune while I was making a living, and from the box-office standpoint alone I was inclined to take off my hat to him, faker or no faker. However, it was not exactly my part to back down, for I had made the challenge in Jones's hearing.

I admitted it, and the result of the conversation that followed was that a series of private sésances was arranged for my especial benefit. I was to have full directing power.

That night a party of six or seven of us, all men from the office, visited Karouse in his apartments. He greeted us cordially, being especially gracious to me. His apparatus consisted only of the cabinet. Trap-doors for the convenience of the "spirits" had been discovered in some raided houses in Providence, and as he showed us his cabinet I looked very closely at the floor. Noting this, Karouse smiled and asked:

"Are you looking for trap-doors?"

I replied that I was, whereupon he walked to another part of the room, pulled up a large rug, moved away the cabinet, placed the rug over the spot it had occupied, and pulled the cabinet back on the rug.

"That disposes of the trap-doors," he observed, laughing. "Does it not?"

But I was there to investigate and expose, and I dropped to the floor and pushed away the cabinet. Taking the rug firmly from the top and from underneath, I made sure there were no concealed rents in it. Then I admitted that that settled the trap-door proposition.

The medium's working suite comprised two large parlors with an archway between. The cabinet was located in the rear room, standing perhaps three feet away from the wall. Karouse offered to leave the light on in both rooms, but I told him if he could perform better without the light in the cabinet room to "douse" it. It had been my experience to note that better "effects" could be produced in the dark. He availed himself of this and turned out the gas, leaving the jet on, but well turned down, in the other parlor. Though there was no light in the cabinet room, we could see one another plainly, even to the expressions on faces.

Scarcely had the light been turned out when I felt some one touch me on the temple. I turned to see who had touched me, and there was not a man within three feet of me. Karouse was across the room. I gave no sign to the others that I had already been the victim of "spirit manifestation," waiting to see if one of them would not speak up to ask who was hitting him.

Finally all was in readiness. "Now," Karouse said, "we shall await the pleasure of our guiding spirit." Then, addressing his "control" by name, he said:

"If it be thy will, manifest thy presence and come to us."

In the silence that followed the spirit hand that I had felt before took my head in a firm grasp and turned it toward the cabinet. Out of the blackness of the cloth covering protruded a white hand and forearm. It was a slender arm and looked to be that of a woman. The hand twitched for a few seconds, then was still.

[Note that the author of No. 4 obtains precisely this same phenomenon through his friend, the professor. I have repeatedly secured the same results with K—. H. G.]

Karouse walked out into the front room, took from a table a small bell, with a black polished handle, that I had noticed, and, bringing it in, extended it to the spirit hand. The hand grasped it gingerly, shook it, and threw it with a clatter to the floor. When I had recovered from my astonishment the hand had disappeared.

"Mr. Karouse," I interrupted, "am I free to do anything I may wish?"

"Certainly," he replied. "Go ahead."

"Very well," I answered. "Can you call back the hand?"

"I will try," he replied.

I then asked all present if they had felt a hand touch or hit them upon the head or body. They all replied in the negative.

"Have you, Mr. G——?" asked Karouse quickly. I replied that I had been rapped with some force on the temple by some unseen hand.

"It is no more than I expected," he replied. "Naturally you would be singled out for manifestation. You will be convinced before we are through that there are spirits all about us."

Suddenly the hand appeared through the cabinet curtains. There was no movement of the cloth. The hand simply appeared without motion. It had no phosphorescent glare about it. It seemed to be a natural flesh substance. I rose from my chair and walked over to the cabinet. Picking up the bell from the floor, I handed it to the spirit hand, meanwhile watching it closely to determine if it were flesh and blood. The hand received the bell from me, shook it loudly as before, and threw it at my feet. It struck my leg with a force that convinced me that no spirit could hurl a bell in such a manner. Suddenly I made a quick motion to grasp the spirit hand with my own. But my hand closed over space and the white, mysterious hand was gone. It simply faded away. Karouse was standing behind me and to one side, perhaps ten feet from the cabinet. I turned to him bewildered.

"Your friend wishes to shake hands with you again," Karouse said, and his voice contained an unmistakable chuckle.

I turned back to the cabinet, and there was the white hand wiggling again before me in invitation to shake. The boys had gotten up from their chairs and were crowding about me. I put forward my hand, expecting again to close my fingers on atmosphere. But my surprise was great at being suddenly gripped by a hand as human feeling as any I have ever touched. That apparently frail, white, woman's hand gripped mine till I felt the power go out of it. Then it gave me a quick jerk forward that nearly pulled me off my feet from its suddenness. Before I had recovered it shot out, and I was released and thrown back against my friends.

By this time I was firmly convinced that a confederate was concealed in the cabinet. I said:

"Will you shake hands with me again?"

In response the hand appeared before the curtain. I waited not one second, but with a quick motion dropped my head and dived for the cabinet, grasping low where the ankles and shins should be, and fully expecting to go rolling upon the floor with the confederate, man or woman. But instead I dived into an empty

cabinet and sprawled full length on the floor—alone.

Karouse jumped to my aid and tried to help me to my feet. He said as I came up:

"I'll give you credit for being game, but I'm sorry, because the spirits are getting angry at you, and I fear they'll give you some harsh treatment before the night is over. I am losing control of my Indian spirit [his "control"]. He seems to be getting farther away from me."

I laughed at this, but I was the only one in the room that laughed.

"There's just one thing more I want to do," I said. "I want to go into the cabinet and then have the hand appear on the outside where the rest can see it."

Jones protested violently, but the medium parted the curtains and I entered the cabinet. After I was inside I said:

"Now let the hand appear." Of course I could see nothing, but in a few seconds I heard the bell ring without.

"Is that the hand?" I asked.

"Yes," came back the answer from some of the boys.

"Can you all see it?" I asked.

They chorused an affirmative. The bell went banging to the floor. That was all I cared to know. I was more mystified than before I went in. I then came out of the cabinet. They said that the hand "melted away" as I parted the curtains to come out. I then went scouting about the two rooms for "mirrors." I knew that a celebrated magician's "decapitation" stunt was done by the use of mirrors. But I could find none.

Karouse next took an ordinary chair and placed it with the back toward the cabinet. He then requested one of the boys to sit in it. He had been in it but a few seconds when the chair rose slowly from the floor until it was perhaps three feet in the air. Then it dropped suddenly, letting its occupant fall to the floor with a thud. After quiet was restored Karouse said that I could now sit in the chair if I wished. I sat in it in the same position as had the previous occupant. As I sat there waiting for the chair to rise I was struck a terrific blow on the side of the head. It was with an open palm, and it was sharp enough to bring from me, I fear, a "cuss" word.

"Did you get it, too?" asked Karouse.

I replied that it had been handed to me on no silver platter. Karouse said the spirits were evidently angry that there was a doubter in their midst, and he feared I might suffer real bodily harm if the work went on. But it was up to me to be a "hero" before my friends, and I insisted that the big show continue.

At about this point I began to ascend. The chair rose right into the air, carrying me with it.

"Going up," I said, trying to make a joke of it. But I did not stop going up at the point

where the other fellow was dropped. The rooms were high-studded, and I began to wish that I had slipped a parachute into my pocket. However, I held my body in readiness to jump to break my fall when the chair should drop from under me. But here a surprising thing happened. Instead of dropping, I felt myself suddenly whirled into space, and I landed clear out on the floor of the front room, the chair on top of my body. That none of my bones was broken is even to-day a marvel to me. I was thrown probably twelve feet. It was just as if a giant had picked me up, held me above his head, and thrown me into the next room.

As I picked myself up there was but one thought in my mind. It was this:

"I am hypnotized. I have not fallen, nor have I been thrown. I simply imagine this thing has happened to me. I am surely hypnotized."

I turned quickly to my companions.

"Did you all see me thrown?" I asked.

They described my aerial journey, and it tallied with my feelings to the point of reality. It then flashed across me that my office mates were also hypnotized and believed they saw the same things that I believed I saw. It was all very mystifying and creepy, but I ordered the séance to proceed.

Just as I spoke, something punched me full in the face. I fell to the floor as if hit by a sand-bag. Every man in the room saw it. But I was not hurt. The blow hurt as it struck me, but there was no sore spot on my face. Had a man hit me such a blow, my face would have stung for half an hour. Furthermore, I began to realize that there was not a sore spot on my body from my recent fall. It occurred to me that I could therefore undergo a repetition of the process. I requested that I be thrown again. But Karouse protested.

"Wait until to-morrow night. I'm really afraid to do any more to-night," said Karouse, lighting the gas in the room. Every one, I think, gave a breath of relief.

On the following night the performance of the evening before was repeated almost to the letter. I was thrown just as hard, cuffed on the ears, beaten with the spirit fist in the face three times, and knocked down once. I again held hands with the spirit of the cabinet and a moment later saw the hand fade into space as I attempted again to get familiar.

For six nights our séances continued. I spent my days reasoning and thinking, trying to determine upon explanations of the phenomena as produced by Karouse, and devising means to catch him in his "tricks." Until the last night nothing happened more startling than has already been told.

On the sixth night, however, I took in my pocket from the office a small bottle of red ink. When no one was observing, I smeared with ink the handle of the bell that the spirit hand was

accustomed to ring. The handle was of **black** polished wood, and the ink did not show upon it in the semi-darkness. I then called for the "spirit hand trick," and Karouse obliged me. Taking the bell by the flange, I handed the handle to the spirit hand. The hand took it, as was its wont, shook it, and threw it to the floor.

"Turn on the light!" I commanded quickly to the man whom I had every night stationed at the parlor gas jet.

"Now light this one," I bade one of the men.

The gas was lighted in the cabinet room.

"Now, Mr. Karouse, hold out your hands," I said.

Karouse held out his hands, and there was the right hand smeared up and down from fingertips to wrist with red ink.

"But what did that prove?" you ask. I ask it, too. *For all the time that the spirit hand was ringing the bell Karouse, the medium, stood in my plain sight, fully eight feet away from the cabinet.* It was a blind grand-stand play on my part that accidentally worked out. I was more mystified at the dénouement than at the process of the "trick." Vaguely I had suspected that the spirit hand and Karouse's hand were one and the same. But what right had I to think this, when it would have been impossible for the medium to touch the cabinet from his position in the room?

Still, in a blind way I felt that I had scored a point against him, and the rest of the men in the room thought so, too. Karouse could see that we thought so, and he became suddenly flustered and nervous. In a confused way he kept repeating that the red-ink incident proved his point and not mine. I asked him for an explanation, and he said:

"It is simply that I am in such close touch with the spirit in control that the ink, a material substance, was communicated through space to me, lodging upon my body in the same position in which it would have appeared on the spirit body had it been possible for the spirit body to accept the impression. Had you been able to smear the neck or the face of the spirit body, that identical portion of my body would have been smeared in the same manner."

[Here is an incident almost precisely like that wherein the etheric face of Paladino impressed itself upon a dish of clay—except that in her case there was no stain. The conditions absolutely precluded her reaching the clay with her ordinary material face. H. G.]

Later I told my experiences to a hypnotist—one, mind you, who scoffs at spiritualism, a very rare case. I told him my theory of the whole affair was that I had been hypnotized by the medium, Karouse. I told him how the thought came to me after I had been thrown with the

chair from one room to the other. His reply was:

"No, you were not hypnotized. For if you had been hypnotized, the thought that you were under a hypnotic spell could not have come to you while you were in the influence. It might have come later, but while you were being put through your 'stunts' your mind could not have become cognizant nor even suspicious of its hypnotic state."

So much for theories. I have had many, but they have each failed as a case-builder in some vital point.

G. W. G.

IV

THE winner of the fourth prize is a man in government employ, well authenticated as an officer, and his account of a series of experiments made by himself and a well-known professor present almost the ideal conditions. No professional psychic was involved, and the participants were all, seemingly, of deliberative temperament. The one point against it lies in the fact that the experiences date back some fifteen years. However, the writer, though inclined to the spirit hypothesis, evinces care in his story, and the results of his investigation, though negative in total outcome, afford some very singular and interesting confirmations of my own experiments. I have had several sittings with K—, and, although unconvinced at the time, I am inclined now to think his work a genuine exhibition of etheric hands.

In December, 1892, it was my good fortune to form the acquaintance of a leading professional gentleman of this city who was interested in psychical research. He and I, together with a common friend, a pharmacist, formed ourselves into a committee of investigation, determined to prove all things and hold fast to whatever truth might be vouchsafed us.

Our first experiences with the various mediums which our city afforded were far from satisfactory until we came in contact with Mr. K—. From him we received the first intimation that our friend the professor was possessed of the marvelous psychical gifts which were later on developed in our private sittings.

Acting upon the suggestion of K—, we at once commenced a series of sittings in the pharmacist's rooms. From the first we obtained table-tippings, rappings, etc.

The principal actor upon the unseen stage gave the name of "Jarvis James," but to all inquiries as to his earthly history he was noncommittal, invariably replying that it was sufficient for us to know that *he was* and *could communicate* with us in the manner he did.

After we had been sitting at the table for a week or more, Jarvis suggested that we sit at a curtain similar to that used by Mr. K—, claiming that he (Jarvis) could duplicate all the phenomena which are produced through K—, under the supposed direction of the American minstrel, George Christie, who has long since joined the great majority.

The curtain, or rather curtains, which we used were of black muslin. There was a plain black curtain with flaps, which was stretched across the corner of the room, falling to the floor. Its height when in position was about four and a half feet. In front of it were placed three chairs, and the sitters were seated with the medium, the professor, at the right. A second curtain was added after the sitters had taken their seats, which was pinned at each end of the first curtain, and also between each two sitters, thus entirely covering the persons sitting in front of the stretched curtain up to their necks; and when the flaps were pulled down over their shoulders nothing could be seen but the head of each. Before this last curtain was fastened over them the professor placed both hands upon the left forearm of the gentleman sitting next to him, one hand at the wrist and the other just below the elbow, while the second gentleman grasped the left hand of the third gentleman with his right, the right hand of the last named passing through an aperture in the second curtain, and being exposed to the view of all. Thus we formed what is known in spiritualistic parlance as a battery, at the same time establishing a test condition, for all the hands between the curtains were joined, and it was the duty of each to see that they so remained. All through our sittings strictly test conditions were adhered to. In the space behind the curtains there was placed a small table, and on this a tambourine, a bell, a pad of marked writing-paper, and several black lead-pencils.

The professor, the pharmacist, and myself had been sitting for some little time without any decided results, although we had felt and heard movements behind the curtain; they were very feeble, however, and it was quite evident that the elements in the battery were not of the proper kind to produce the desired results. So one night, after closing the curtain sitting, we decided to sit at the table and endeavor to ascertain through automatic writing the cause of our failure. Almost immediately after we had taken our places at the table the professor's hand was controlled, and there was written the following message: "Hello, folks. G. C." This we at once recognized as coming from Mr. K—'s familiar spirit, and, what was more startlingly convincing, the handwriting was the same as that which came through Mr. K—. I had retained many of the slips received at K—'s, and subsequent comparisons with these proved the correctness of my judgment.

After we were well under way I interrogated George as to the cause of our failure. He replied: "*K—has a patent on that. Ask your smart Aleck Jarvis.*" Upon my expressing some surprise that he should show such a hostile spirit, he remarked: "*Jarvis said he could duplicate our tricks. Now let us see him do it. G. C.*" To which I rejoined that I felt quite sure he misjudged Jarvis, and believed Jarvis would be very glad of any assistance Christie might be able to lend us. Christie answered: "*No. But he thought he could do it by himself without any help. When he asks my assistance I will help you out. G. C.*" I then remarked that I hoped they would shake hands and work together to give us something great. To which came the following: "*We will be here Monday night together. We shake hands. G. C. and J. J.*"

One evening, about 10 P.M., an elderly gentleman, a chance acquaintance of the pharmacist, appeared at the pharmacist's store, and astounded him by asking him if he knew anything about spiritualism. Our sittings always had been in secret, and the pharmacist in surprise inquired as to the reasons for asking such a question, to which the elderly gentleman replied that he had been thinking upon that subject all day, and, judging from what he had seen of the pharmacist that he was a well-read man, he had decided to come and put the question. So the elderly gentleman was invited to be present at our next sitting; and from the moment that he took his seat in the center of the battery the phenomena produced were of the most startling and suggestive order.

Hands were exposed to our view over the curtains; the instruments on the table were manipulated, keeping perfect time with a gentleman present who played on a harmonica; messages were written in response to suggestions or questions asked and thrown over the curtains, often being written in different colors, although there was but one kind of a pencil on the table behind the curtain, and that black in color; the writing and the tearing of the sheets from the pad were distinctly heard by all present.

Another man now appeared upon the scene, a friend of mine, who was a phonographer in this city. This gentleman was well up in all that pertains to legerdemain. In my many conversations with him concerning the phenomena produced through Mr. K—, he had always claimed that they simply fell under the head of very clever tricks. So after we were fairly under way I sent my phonographic friend an invitation to investigate what I had to offer.

At our next sitting the phonographer, accompanied by a friend of his, who is a physician, was present. During the interval of delay in starting, due to the absence of the professor, who had been detained by his professional duties, we discussed Hudson's "*Law of Psychic Phenomena*" pro and con. After the séance had

begun, the very first message which came over the curtain was to this effect: "*I use the professor's subjective brain as well as his subjective arm and hand. Jarvis James.*" This was so very much to the point that I suggested to Jarvis that he write us a book, to which he replied: "*Wait for the book.*" And then, almost instantly, there was thrown over the curtain a sheet of paper numbered 1, on which were written seventy-six words, and before I could finish reading this to those assembled, five other sheets, numbered from 2 to 6 inclusive, came over the curtain together. This message, an intelligent argument containing several hundred words, was written in less time than I could read the first sheet; the reading, however, was somewhat delayed, owing to the dimness of the light and the rather ragged writing on the first sheet. The subsequent sheets were more clearly written, indicating that as the writing proceeded the power became stronger, and so continued until the last sheet, when the writing again became uneven.

The original message, as received, is still in my possession, and it was received on the evening of May 29, 1893.

At this sitting Jarvis agreed to try to manifest at my residence when next we assembled. My wife, who was present, inquired of him if he were fond of flowers, to which he replied in the affirmative; whereupon she promised him a bouquet of roses when he came to our home.

On the evening in question, June 2, 1893, the party met at my house, and in arranging the articles on the table behind the curtain I placed among them an American Beauty rose. Immediately after we had gotten in working order Jarvis remarked that he feared somebody had forgotten the promise made to him at our previous sitting. This remark recalled to my wife's mind the promise of a bouquet; whereupon she took a bunch of white roses, which she had gathered before the opening of the séance, and passed them to the hand extended over the top of the curtain, and they disappeared. Then it was that Jarvis inquired if we would like some of his favorite flowers. And upon receiving a reply in the affirmative, he said: "*Wait until I go to Rochester, New York, for them.*" There followed a silence not exceeding two or three minutes, and then, with three ringing raps, there were thrown over the curtain three pinks, or carnations, one dark red, another light red, the third variegated, followed at once by a message which read thus: "*One for each of the three ladies present,*" which statement was correct, there being three women in the circle. I then asked Jarvis if he could not get another for a niece of mine, to which he replied that he had not the power necessary to make a second trip, but that he would try to transform one of the roses into a pink. No sooner said than done, and with three ringing raps there came over a fourth pink, this time a pure white.

The flowers in question were perfect of their kind, were preserved for many days, and the last one passed safely through the mail to my niece, covering a distance of 250 miles, as a memento of a most remarkable experience. After the séance was concluded, and the curtain had been pulled aside, it was found that the American Beauty had disappeared, but in its place there lay on the table a beautiful rosebud of a variety only recently introduced, the name of which I do not at this time recall, while the bunch of white roses was literally torn into snips, and lay scattered all over the floor in the rear of the curtain.

At this point our sittings were disturbed by gossip, and Jarvis decided to call a halt until fall.

Along about the middle of September we made a trial with the curtain, and Jarvis was on hand to receive us. The first message received was as follows: "*Here we R again. We come with Septembe—R and the oyste—R.*" But it was evident from the first that something was wrong, as he did not seem to be able to hold the forces, and the manifestations were decidedly weak. Jarvis, indeed, intimated that our curtain sittings were drawing to a close. Here he was questioned as to his identity, and his replies follow: "*I am not sure as to just what and who I am myself. I do not know whether I ever had an independent physical or bodily existence. I am the latent energy, a reserve vital and intellectual force. The professor can exist without me, but I cannot without him. I am the principal satellite of the professor; and that is all that I can say. Good night, and happy dreams. J. J.*"

[This is very suggestive. It would seem to be the subjective mind of the professor talking to itself. H. G.]

Our curtain sittings continued until September 25th, 1893, on which occasion Jarvis bade us adieu in the most abrupt manner. At this last sitting his first message was as follows: "*It seems good to be able to communicate with you again.*" This was followed by another to the effect that "*Our communion has been and must be short and sweet.*" And then after stating that the forces seemed to be disintegrating, that adverse influences were at work to frustrate his plans, he finally threw everything over the curtain, together with the following message: "*This, I am sorry to say, is our last successful meeting. We must drop the curtain. Good-by. Jarvis.*"

The announcement of the awards in the "Shadow World" contest will be found in "With EVERYBODY'S Publishers," page 719. Owing to the lack of space, the account of a recent séance with Mme. Paladino, which was promised for this number, has been postponed. In a later issue Mr. Gilman Hall, one of the editors of EVERYBODY'S, and Dr. Herbert R. Moody, of the College of the City of New York, will give their reports of this interesting experiment.—THE EDITORS.

On the evening of the 27th of September, 1893, we again assembled for a table sitting. By means of automatic writing, we got a message from Jarvis in response to a question as to the professor's mediumistic powers:

"The professor is not a medium except as he, in combination with others, furnishes the required qualities. He may sometime become one without assistance from others. A medium is not one person but a combination of forces. You each go to make up the requisite conditions, and in this manner you participate in the mediumship, and are thus mediums. J. J."

The sitting closed with the following:

"It would be well for you to scatter, no two together, and through other associates get new and better results. Your sitting together weakens the very powers you are trying to cultivate. You have misjudged my motives. It was only to protect you from imposition on this side and from gossip on that that I thought it best to discontinue our sittings. If you would follow my suggestion and form new circles with new associates you would get better results. This is the same old battery and the same ingredients, and they seem to be wearing out. Get new material, or, in other words, renew the battery. J. J."

And from that night to the present writing we have never again heard directly from Jarvis.

The professor has never permitted himself to engage in further experiments along those lines, due largely to the fact that they involved a serious drain upon his nervous system, and the additional fact (and this needs to be emphasized and impressed upon the minds of all investigators of these phenomena) that in opening the door to these unseen and unknown influences great and grave dangers confront the neophyte.

O. P. C.

And now in concluding this series of prize-winning essays, let the reader note that though these articles run the gamut of spiritistic phenomena, they represent but a small part of the immense body of testimony which the competing hundreds of manuscripts have brought to EVERYBODY'S office. No reasonable mind can fail to be impressed by the weight of this evidence. It profoundly deepens and widens the reach of the physical universe—even if it does not map out the geography of heaven or satisfy us of the return of our dead.

H. G.

The Players

IT has come to pass that, in New York, the theatrical season has neither beginning nor ending. So far as the greater part of the country is concerned, the theatres end their season with the spring. Traveling companies begin closing in April, and the end of May sees most of them disbanded. A few highly successful plays continue into June, but usually all of that month is dead, in a theatrical sense, as are July and August, unless there is a stock company in the city.

It used to be the same in New York, but now conditions are different. The spring productions are more and more important each year, and while those plays that have had long runs usually succumb to hot weather, and the theatres they occupied are closed during the dog days, the later productions often have vitality enough to last through the hot weather without a break. Last summer "Paid in Full" and "Girls" had this distinction, and "The Witching Hour" could have continued had not the actors demanded a month's vacation. With these spring productions overlapping the winter ones, with the increasing number of musical "summer shows," and with the many "autumn" productions made in the midst of the hot weather in the hope that they will run all the year, the theatrical season has become virtually year-long.

But if it is thus impossible to fix the opening with any exactness, it is at least noticeable that nowadays the season in New York is in full swing a month or six weeks earlier than was the case four or five years ago. This year, however, a great many important productions have been delayed until after the election. A lively political campaign makes the theatres suffer.

The explanation for the advancement of the important openings is simple enough. It is chiefly a recognition of the mercantile

buyer and of New York's popularity as a summer resort. The "summer shows" are supported principally by out-of-town people, supplemented by a considerable percentage of New Yorkers who will go to a theatre under any possible condition, if the show is talked about. But the August productions are for the great army of merchants and their employees from all over the country who are in New York to buy their season's stocks. They crowd the hotels; they swell the number of New York's transient visitors to 300,000. These buyers are inveterate theatre-goers, and the immediate harvest theatrical managers reap from them is enormous. If the merchants and their buyers are pleased, they become so many advance agents, from whose voluntary advertising the manager of the show has large returns when he takes his company on tour.

So far as the dramatic shows that continue through the summer are concerned, the problem is largely one of expense. These, with a small cast, or an inexpensive one, can make money even during the very hot weeks, when the audiences are bound to be small.

But the summer musical show must draw the crowd, and it will if it is good of its kind—which means that it must be very frothy, with many gaily caparisoned, energetic young women, as much fun as possible, and lively music. It seems to be especially important that, in these summer shows, which are all very much alike, the members of the company should have a vast amount of physical energy and opportunity to display it. It is extraordinary how many people are willing to pay for the privilege of sitting still in a very hot theatre, to watch the paid cavortings of other folks, whose activities must make them even warmer than those in the sweltering audience.



LILLIAN RUSSELL IN "WILDFIRE"



Photograph by White, New York.

MAE MURRAY IN "THE FOLLIES OF 1908."



Photograph by Strauss Studio, Kansas City.

GRACE GEORGE IN "GIVE AND TAKE."

"The Follies of 1908" is a typical summer show. It was a roof-garden entertainment that is now touring the country. Last season a similar conglomeration was presented on a roof garden without any thought of its lasting beyond the hot weather. It was decided to experiment with it in regular theatres, and it made so much money that the owners of it were dazed. This season's attempt to satirize those things which had engrossed public attention during the year was far more elaborate, and the entertainment is far better than its predecessor. As usual, vaudeville performers carry off the honors—really it is a vaudeville show with a chorus background. Harry Watson, George Bickel, Billie Reeves, Nora Bayes, Lucy Weston are all names familiar to those who like vaudeville, and many of them do the same things they did in the vaudeville theatres.

One of the features that stand out prominently in "Three Twins," is Clifton Crawford's monologue, which has placed him in the front rank of individual entertainers. Mr. Crawford first became known as the author of "Nancy Brown," the song Marie Cahill took up. While he was agreeable in musical comedy, it was not until he made his hit in vaudeville (a hit that more than trebled his salary) that he came to be recognized as a finished light comedian, with a genuine sense of humor and a delicacy and sureness in acting skill. For one thing, he is an evening-clothes comedian, and he really lives up to them.



Photograph by Hall, New York.

LOTTA FAUST IN "THE MIMIC WORLD."

There are in reality two stars in "Three Twins," the other being Bessie McCoy, who would be ever so much better if she never spoke at all, but merely confined herself to singing and dancing, especially dancing. In some mysterious fashion she has acquired the most awful travesty of an English accent, unlike anything ever spoken by anybody else anywhere. But when she sings "The Yama Yama Man," assisted by the grotesquely dressed chorus, one forgets her defects. It is a real novelty, that song, and it takes up most of the last act because of the many encores it always gets. Incidentally, there are other things about "Three Twins" that make it a real success. It is an adaptation of "Incog.," a successful farce written by Mrs. Pacheco several years ago, and it has capital situations that provoke real mirth. There are always welcome interruptions in the way of songs, which are tuneful, at least—familarly so. And there is one portrayal in addition to that of Mr. Crawford which is really remarkable—that of Frances Kennedy as a cheerful weeper. It is extraordinary how much humor she extracts from tears.

"The Mimic World" is also a typical summer show, but its world is not very big nor is its mimicry overwhelmingly amusing. Sometimes it approaches too closely to vulgarity. It seeks to present a series of burlesques of theatrical successes, of which the best are those on "Girls" and "The Thief."

In vaudeville they used to be known as "The Four Cohans." Now they are "George



Photograph by White, New York.

IDA BROOKS HUNT IN "ALGERIA."

Cohan and His Royal Family," so securely does kingship rest upon the youngest member of the now reunited family. "The Yankee Prince" is quite as lively, if not so tuneful nor so funny, as its predecessors. On the other hand, it is in ever so much better taste.

Of course, as in his other plays, Mr. Cohan clings to the melodramatic notion in this musical play, but he admirably curbs his blood-and-thunder tendencies, and it is good enough to be a real success even if Mr. Cohan himself were not the star.

His personal popularity would make almost any play a success. His really wonderful dancing, his fearsome nasal twang, and his familiar antics are greatly beloved of theatre-goers. As an author he has a genuine gift for satire and a sure sense of humor. As a composer he can always be depended upon to send forth melodies that will be whistled. But what is really best about young Mr. Cohan is his tireless energy. In any one of the different fields in which he has distinguished himself, as a comedian, as a librettist, as a composer, as a producer, and as a manager, he has won success that would satisfy any ordinary man who devoted himself exclusively to any one of these activities. But he finds time for all of them, and to do each well.

Although their combined age is not much more than sixty, he and his partner, Sam H. Harris, are real factors in the theatrical world. When Cohan was a youthful prodigy in vaudeville, Harris was a waiter on the Bowery. Later Harris became a manager of prize-fighters, and from that he graduated into the theatrical game. Now he

is recognized as one of the shrewdest and ablest of the younger managers.

Richard Carle, who is the only rival of young Mr. Cohan in the point of versatility, turned a French farce into a musical comedy that he called "Mary's Lamb" and that affords him opportunity to be far funnier than in anything in which he has yet appeared. Beyond the opportunity that Mr. Carle gave himself, the lamb is rather lacking in fleece, but Carle is funny enough to keep people from noticing the bare places. He

manages to stay on the stage the greater part of the time.

When "The Man from Home" came to New York, audiences immediately endorsed the Chicago verdict that it is one of the cheerfulest, wittiest, and altogether most delightful comedies presented in a long time. And people in New York and Chicago don't always agree about shows.

"The Man from Home" is bound to make Americans laugh, and to please them as well, no matter where they may be. Its real humor, which sweeps along in an unbroken chain, has substance in it. Its satire is at once so obvious that the simplest intelligence can grasp it, and so keen and penetrating, so sound in its underlying philosophy, that it commands the attention of persons with high and expansive brows. Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson may not have much skill as playwrights, but they know human nature and they portray it marvelously well. Also, they write brilliantly effective lines. They have at least one really dramatic situation in the comedy and several situations that have a certain value.



Photograph by Raquet, New York.

FLORENCE WALTON IN "THE FOLLIES OF 1908."



Photograph by White, New York.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS AND ADELAIDE MANOLA IN "ALL FOR A GIRL."

Furthermore, the comedy has the always dependable appeal to national prejudice. The hero is a shrewd, far-seeing country lawyer, wise and humorous, full of homely, witty anecdotes and illustrations—a sort of modern version of Lincoln. Above all, one feels that he is a man. The Russian grand duke, whom he meets through an automobile accident, recognizes this, and the two fraternize on the most familiar basis, the lawyer having not the slightest suspicion of the other's exalted rank. The *Earl of Hawcastle*, who is willing to have his boulder of a son marry

the foolish American girl because of her money, is drawn to suit popular notions. Of course there are English noblemen of that type, but the percentage is not so large as playwrights and novelists would have us believe. Still, English authors even up the score when they introduce American characters into their plays and stories. They are equally alive to the commercial value of national prejudice. In "The Man from Home" the brilliant Mr. Tarkington from Indiana and the able and forceful Mr. Wilson from Omaha are aggressively American. They



Photograph by The George R. Lawrence Co., Chicago.

ARNOLD DALY IN "THE REGENERATION."

contend, in the comedy, that as a living-place America is superior to every other place under the sun, and prove it conclusively by living abroad themselves.

It is finely acted, this play. William Hodge, the star, plays *Daniel Voorhees Pike* with a lazy, drawing simplicity and naturalness that are irresistible, and with the liveliest appreciation of the humor of the lines. In fact he is so admirable that he seems not to be acting at all—which is about the highest praise that can be given a player—and yet not a single point escapes him. Some five years ago Mr. Hodge attracted attention to himself as *Mr. Stubbins* in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"; but though he has done excellent things since, it was not until he came forth as *Pike* that he proved how fine his acting skill really is.

All of the parts are exceptionally well acted, and especially that of the son of the *Earl of Hawcastle*—the "silly ass" type of English bouncer, portrayed by Echlin Gayer. Usually this familiar rôle is made a grotesque, impossible burlesque, but Mr. Gayer makes *St. Aubyn* a human being. The smaller parts of the Italian servants are so real that they give more "atmosphere" than does the scenery.

Robert Edson specializes in many American rôles, and these are admirable characters for a player to be identified with. Latterly he has leaned toward dramas with a primeval setting or background. His new play is "The Call of the North," and the action takes place at the most northerly post of the Hudson's Bay Company. George Broadhurst made the play from Stewart Edward White's story, "Conjuror's House." The dramatization is wholesome and harmless, with some scenes of great strength and others that drag dolefully. Unfortunately, the really

strong scenes do not come in the right place, so that there is a sense of anticlimax.

George Broadhurst has fixed formulas, working along old-fashioned lines with modern material, and in "The Call of the North" it is not difficult to dissociate the work of the author of the story and that of the maker of the play. Mr. White knows the wilds and the spirit of the people who inhabit them. When he dominates "The Call of the North" it throbs with the strength of the elemental. In his story the chief interest centered in the clash between the factor of the Hudson's Bay

Company and *Ned Trent*. Mr. Broadhurst believes that no play can be really successful unless it revolves about the love of a man and a woman, which is true in a way, but unfortunately he seems to know only one method of expressing the idea, and in consequence usually makes the love interest uninteresting.

The playwright's characters are hopelessly urban, and therefore seem unreal. That which was expected to be the big scene is discounted in advance, and it seems purely artificial and theatrical, because of the futile effort to make

the love interest dominant. "The Call of the North" has all the elements of a strong play, but its handling makes it only passable. It will depend on the acting and the personal following of Robert Edson for financial success. But it is admirably acted. Mr. Edson has naturalness, intelligence, and sincerity. Also, he has the repose that comes from real strength. His art ripens with experience. The most remarkable acting in the play was that of a beginner—a girl of seventeen, Beatrice Prentice, who portrayed *Julie Bagneau*, a little French girl, and who is on the stage only a few minutes all told. She looked the *habitant*. Of all those on the stage none was made



Photograph by Moffett Chicago.

BESSIE MCCOY IN "THREE TWINS."

up so artistically, so faithfully. And she carried a scene, in which she learns of the murder of her father, with a strength and passion that took audiences by storm.

"The Traveling Salesman" is another of those lively entertainments which depend upon their incidental scenes, not too strongly related, and their bright lines to carry them. It isn't so good as James Forbes's former comedy, "The Chorus Lady," not nearly so good, but it is bound to make an appeal to a sufficient number of people to keep it running for a long time. Mr. Forbes has a gift of humor as well as of satire, and an extraordinary skill in making his characters individual and real.

Much of the success of "The Traveling Salesman" rests with Frank J. McIntyre, who plays *Bob Blake*, and who made such a hit last season as the fat boy in "Class-mates" with Robert Edeson. He has the unctuous humor that is usually associated with avoirdupois, and has also a naturalness, a keen appreciation of fun, and an offhand way of scoring his points that make him highly effective on the stage. The other traveling men are types, and seem to belong to the road. Gertrude Coghlan plays the heroine sweetly, which is all she has opportunity to do, while the *Mrs. Babbitt* of Sarah McVickar is exceedingly droll in its eccentricity.

If the whole comedy of "All for a Girl" were as good as the lines, it would be a very remarkable play, instead of being merely a very cheerful, very sprightly humorous romance. It is essentially an entertainment for girls of all ages, with a particular appeal to those whose thoughts are chiefly on matri-

mony, or rather on courtship. Rupert Hughes has taken a good, old, thoroughly tried notion of young people falling in love with each other while masquerading; has placed it in a very modern environment, and extracted from it about all the humor and interest possible.

It exploits Douglas Fairbanks as a star. He is a good-looking young man, with a wide smile, irrepressible spirits, and a consistency in his acting that passes for much greater skill than he really possesses. He attracted some attention in "Frenzied Finance," a farce that was short-lived, and made a big hit in "The Man of the Hour." He belongs to the type of actor that used to be known as the *matinée idol*, and his admirers were really excited when it was announced that he was to marry the daughter of the Mr. Scully who made a fortune in cotton, to quit the stage, and make soap. But he is back again, although he did marry Miss Scully.

In this comedy he is called upon to depict the extremely fashionable New York man. He wears very fine clothes with much grace, but he is smart in the sense in which the word is used in the country, rather than in the New York sense, which is something quite different. No one who knows would accuse *Harold Jepson* of being a member of the "smart set," as Mr. Fairbanks plays the character. On the other hand, Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh, as *Mrs. Van Espen*, is an aristocrat to her finger-tips, and her portrayal is a constant delight. *Adelaide Manola*, daughter of Marion Manola, the once famous light opera singer, is *Antoinette Hoadley*, the girl with ten millions, and she is very lovely and charming in the rôle.



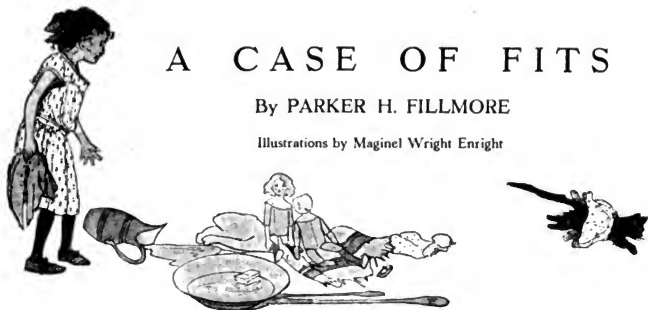
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THE "YAMA YAMA
GIRLS" IN "THREE
TWINs."

A CASE OF FITS

By PARKER H. FILLMORE

Illustrations by Maginel Wright Enright



IF I had my way," Aunt Allie began, emphatically, "not a child should be allowed an animal for a pet. All they do is torture them. It's an outrage!"

"Is that so?" the Blair father murmured, his attention divided between breakfast and a letter that had just come in. "What's the matter now, Allie?"

"It's Margery, of course. You'd know what it was if you would only listen to me. That unfortunate little cat! If Margery were a baby, I could excuse her. But a great big girl eight years old! I told you how she nearly choked it dressing it up in doll's clothes. I told you how she nearly cut its leg off trimming its hair. I told you how she nearly drowned it washing it in soap and water. And yesterday—yesterday—" Aunt Allie shut her lips and elevated her chin as though yesterday's conduct were too scandalous for words.

"You know very well, Nesbit," she continued, opening the attack, as it were, from another quarter, "I would do anything in the world for poor Kate. If my coming here and taking care of the children will give her a rest, I'm willing to come. Before her marriage I saved her in every way. She never had anything to interfere with her music and reading. And now—now—what with the worry of housekeeping and bringing up four children, no wonder she's on the verge of breaking down."

"From this letter," the Blair father remarked, dryly, "she seems to be feeling pretty well again. Last week she went to three bridge parties and four musicales."

"It isn't the twins," Aunt Allie went

on, ignoring her brother-in-law's insinuation. "They're quiet, well-behaved girls. And Henry's a good boy, usually."

Margery looked at her brother and sisters savagely. Katherine and Alice were eating their breakfast as though unconscious of the discussion of their elders. They reminded Margery of white rabbits, the way they munched, munched, munched, with blank, expressionless faces. Henry was a little better, for the intentness with which he was regarding his oatmeal showed that at least he knew something was happening.

"But Margery, Nesbit—Margery! And who's that nasty little boy she plays with? That Jones boy—Willie Jones?"

"Do you think this a good time to deal in personalities?" the Blair father ventured.

"As good as any, Nesbit. Besides, I never can get you in the evening. You always slip away. If I had any authority—but of course I haven't—I should not allow that Jones boy inside the yard. Just wait till I tell you the cruel—"

"It seems to me a trifle odd," the Blair father interrupted, "that a nature like yours, which sympathizes so keenly with all the rest of the animal creation, should so little understand the workings of the young human." The four young humans at the table instantly pricked up their ears. When a grown-up uses unintelligible phraseology like that, depend upon it he's trying to talk over your head. What he says, therefore, deserves attention. So the Blair father's meaning, if not his words, was very generally understood by the time he concluded. "Believe me, Allie, they repay a little kind-

ness far more than the most responsive dog or cat you've ever had."

"Cat, yes. It's just about that poor little cat I'm trying to tell you."

The Blair father, seeing his sister-in-law determined to speak, said no more.

"Yesterday morning Margery rushed in and, in the greatest excitement, dragged me out to see—what do you suppose? That unfortunate little cat in a fit! She and that Jones boy were dancing about, clapping their hands and shouting. In good faith the little Jones villain confided to me, 'Gee whiz! it was the best fit Pinkie ever throwed.' Such grammar, too! And think of their glorying in the poor little creature's fits!"

The Blair father seemed to be thinking, but only of his eggs. Undiscouraged, Aunt Allie went on:

"It seems that he has some young white rats, and he and Margery were amusing themselves dangling one of them by the tail in front of the cat's nose. Imagine the feelings of that poor little white rat! Oh, what wretches children are! They got the cat so excited that, finally, they had him walking round on his hind legs with his mouth open. Then the little Jones villain began dropping the rat a little way into the cat's mouth and pulling it back. One time he was not quick enough. The cat gave a jump and a gulp and the rat was gone—swallowed whole and alive! Ugh! It makes me shudder to think of it! A fit followed, of course! I got there before it was over, and the little Jones villain had the impudence to ask me if I didn't think the show was worth a white rat! If I had had my way I shouldn't have been long in giving them both a sound whipping—one that they would have remembered for many a long day."

"Did you try to explain to them?" the Blair father asked.

"Explain to them? I should have liked

to explain with the aid of a good stout ruler! They'd have understood that."

Margery, her breakfast untouched, had been staring at her aunt with hot, angry eyes. She spoke now in a tone of measured fury not pleasant to hear in a small girl:

"Aunt Allie—I—hate—you!"

Startled by the vehemence of the attack and insulted anew, Aunt Allie appealed to her brother-in-law with a tight lip and a cold eye which challenged him on his peril, as a father and a disciplinarian, to allow this fresh outbreak of savagery to pass unproved. But, as she might have known, his first words were directed against herself.

"Your untimely arraignment," he said, speaking rapidly and in the adult vocabulary, "has provoked the retort. On the part of the culprit it is an evidence not of incorrigibility but of candor and fearlessness."

Then he looked at his youngest daughter sternly. "Margery, you must not speak that way to your aunt. Apologize at once."

"But it's true, Father. I do hate her—she's so mean."

"Apologize at once! Do you hear me?"

"But, Daddy, it's true. You don't want me to tell a lie?"

Then the Blair father became oracular, as a man sometimes must in the bosom of his family:

"Listen, Margery: Little girls and other people as well cannot always be responsible for their feelings, but they are and they must be responsible for their actions. Perhaps you cannot help thinking things which you should not think, but you can help saying them. Do you understand me? So now, once for all, whatever you think about your aunt you must treat her

with respect always, because she is your aunt. And she's a kind aunt, too," he continued, hoping to add sentiment to reason. "Don't you remember how good she was to you when you were sick?"



THEY REMINDED MARGERY OF WHITE RABBITS.



WILLIE JONES CLIMBED THE CHERRY TREE.

"Yes, Daddy; but she's horrible to me when I'm well."

"And don't you remember how good she is to Mother when Mother's sick?"

"Yes, Daddy, but——"

"No more *buts*, Margery. Tell Aunt Allie you're sorry for what you said, and that you won't say such a thing again."

The apology, as satisfactory as apologies usually are, brought the discussion to a close, and breakfast ended in silence. The Blair father left for town, and Henry and the twins, ready for school, bade their aunt good-by with that air of sanctimonious propriety which the neutrals in any conflict naturally assume. If

they regarded Margery with just a shade of distant coldness it was because they realized that, for all practical purposes, hers was the losing side. Would it not be folly for unprejudiced neutrals to show sympathy for the losing side?

There were still a few days of school for Henry and the twins, but Margery's grade had been dismissed for the long vacation two days before. So Margery was left alone with her aunt. She stole out of the house as soon as she could and, with her kitten in her arms, climbed the old cherry tree in the back yard and settled herself comfortably in the little hut which she and Willie Jones had

built in a high crotch. There Aunt Allie spied her—the very embodiment of a dear, gentle little girl who could not possibly get into mischief for several hours at least. Aunt Allie looked at the clear sky, sniffed the fresh morning air, and wondered if she herself, unnoticed, might not slip off to the woods. Aunt Allie loved the outdoors, and this morning there was nothing to keep her in but the responsibility of Margery. Effie was sweeping up-stairs and would be busy all the forenoon, and the older children would not be home before twelve. Aunt Allie took one more glance at Margery, who, crooning softly to her kitten, looked safer than ever, and then, accepting the invitation of sky and air, went quietly out the front gate and away.

Timing its arrival nicely with Aunt Allie's departure, Willie Jones's head popped over the back fence and gave out a shrill, "Hoo-hoo!" which was answered in kind from the cherry tree.

"Where's your Aunt Allie, Margery?"

"Why?"

"I got a note for her. My mother's gone to town, and I'm going to stay to your house for lunch."

"Aunt Allie's in the house," Margery said.

But, as there was plenty of time to deliver the note, Willie Jones did not at once move toward the house. Instead, thrusting the envelope into his pocket, he climbed the cherry tree.

"Huh!" he began, at sight of Margery's kitten. "I thought she said Pinkie was going to be sick after that fit! Much she knows about it! Just listen to him!"

If volume of purring be any indication of health in a young cat, then Pinkie's constitution had not yet been seriously impaired. He was rumbling like a small engine, with a churning, muffled roar that sent faint, ticklish vibrations through Margery's body.

"Just listen to him!" repeated Willie Jones. "What'd your Aunt Allie say if she could hear him now? Aw, rats! She needn't think she can fool us, 'cause she can't! Say, Margery, you know Butch?"

Of course Margery knew Butch. Butch was the fat grocery boy who drove the wagon and who, if you didn't call him names, would sometimes give you a ride.

"Well, I was tellin' Butch about Pinkie's fit yesterday, and he says 'tain't nothin' at all. Kittens always have fits. And he says the easiest way is to give 'em a hunk o' raw meat. I don't want to waste any more

white rats, so I thought if you wanted to play circus this morning before Henry and the rest o' them come home——"

But the suggestion did not please Margery. "No," she said, firmly. "I'm afraid it will hurt Pinkie."

"Hurt nothin'! Don't you suppose Butch knows? They've got lots o' cats down there at the grocery."

"Besides, Willie, you know how mad Aunt Allie would be."

"Aunt Allie nothin'! How's she goin' to know? She wouldn't ha' known yesterday if we hadn't told her. Aunt Allie makes me tired, she does, the way she butts in."

Now Margery enjoyed a circus as much as any one, and she was tempted to consent.

"Are you sure Butch said it would be all right?"

"Course I'm sure. Didn't I ask him if fits hurt 'em, and didn't he say, 'Naw. Don't all cats have 'em just like kids have measles?'"

"But measles hurt," Margery objected, remembering her own experience.

"Yes, but you got to have 'em, don't you see? Why, I heard my mother say to Gran'ma once, 'I wisht Willie'd hurry and ketch the measles so's to be over with 'em.' So if Pinkie's got to have fits anyhow, we might just as well have the fun of seeing them."

There was something in that, and at last Margery went so far as to say that if she were only sure that Aunt Allie would not find out——

"Go in the house and see what's she doing," Willie suggested. "I'll hold Pinkie."

Margery went and soon returned with the news that Aunt Allie was not there.

"Then probably she's gone to town," was Willie's hopeful surmise. "Let's hurry and have our fun before she gets back."

In the ice-chest they found a large piece of lean beef from which it was a pleasure to hack off two nice juicy hunks.

"You mustn't feed 'em to Pinkie, Butch says," admonished Willie, when they were once more under the cherry tree ready to open the circus. "You must get him real excited and then let him swallow 'em whole."

So the white-rat tactics of the day before were followed. Again and again the hunks were lowered temptingly close to Pinkie's pink nose and as often snatched away, until Pinkie was quivering with aroused ferocity, working his whiskers and swishing his tail

like a young tiger, sending forth growls and roars that were delightful to hear and also a little fearsome. At the proper moment he was allowed to capture the hunks, which he swallowed in a manner that could not have failed to win the approval even of Butch. So ended the first act.

In the short intermission that followed, Pinkie, in the dejection usual after great exhilaration, essayed a languid toilet, and Margery took a peep through the house to make sure that Aunt Allie had not yet returned.

The second act opened with a brilliant high jump and a blood-curdling *yowl*, which gave unmistakable notice that the fit was on. It was quicker in coming than the white-rat fit and more exciting while it lasted. Backward and forward leaps, double somersaults, looping-the-loops, hardly describe the wonderful gyrations with which Pinkie entertained them. Up the cherry tree he went like a flash, down he fell with a thud, and then whirled round and round and over and over until Margery cried out in fright and alarm: "Oh, Pinkie, Pinkie, be careful! You'll hurt yourself!"

But Pinkie was not to hurt himself much longer. There was one last convulsion that tossed the little creature high up in the air, and then the performance was over.

When Margery reached the small, quivering body she found the eyes open and staring and the pretty kitten mouth twisted into a snarl.

"He's hurt! I'm sure he's hurt! Poor Pinkie, poor Pinkie! I don't care what Butch says, I won't let him have a fit again!"

She picked him up tenderly and, as she did so, the little head rolled limply back. The body was still now except for an occasional twitch, and Margery, with a new terror, seeing that the eyes continued their sight-

less stare and the mouth its breathless snarl, felt suddenly weak and sick.

"Willie!" she gasped. "I believe—I believe he's—he's dead!"

She knew death as most children know it—on hearsay, as a common enough occurrence, but one which does not touch them personally. She had seen a few dead animals and had known that they were dead. But this was different. How could it be possible that this limp, irresponsive mass was her own little Pinkie, who but a few moments before had been full of life and vigor? In a few moments more he would waken and frisk again, she declared to herself. But despite her vehement insistence, a dull something told her that he never would.

"And it was the fit that killed him! I know it was! Oh, dear—oh, dear—oh, dear!" she sobbed, in a transport of grief.

Willie Jones, poking a cautious finger here and there into Pinkie's soft fur, could offer no word of hope. But he did what he could to comfort.

"Aw, now, Margery, you needn't feel so bad. Butch says, he says—" Willie racked his brains to think of something appropriate for Butch to say. "Butch says, he says—why, he says when fits kill kittens, why, he says they'd die anyhow! It means they ain't strong to begin with, you know."

"Are you sure Butch says that?" Margery quavered.

"Of course I'm sure," Willie declared, stoutly. "Butch says if they're weak and sick they're going to die anyhow, and they might as well go in a fit as any other way. You just can't save 'em."

"But Pinkie didn't act weak or sick."

"That's just it! He didn't act that way, but he must ha' been or he wouldn't ha' died, don't you see? That proves it!"

"Do you really think so?"



WILLIE JONES COULD OFFER NO WORD OF HOPE.

"Sure. But see here, Margery, hadn't we better bury him before Aunt Allie gets back?"

Willie was right. They had better bury him before Aunt Allie got back. Margery roused herself from her grief to make ready for the funeral.

The preparations were simple. They made a pretty casket by lining a shoe box with pink tissue paper. ("Pink always was Pinkie's color," Margery sniffled.) Then, while they were selecting a site for the grave, Margery thought of a new detail.

"Before we bury him, I think we ought to put some crape on the door, don't you? They always do for real people."

Willie agreed enthusiastically. Pinkie was a nice kitten, as nice as any one. He deserved crape. Willie was doubtful on only one score: What if Aunt Allie—

"Well, we'll just have to watch, and, when we see her coming, snatch it off."

That settled, they deposited the casket, temporarily, in the stable and went into the house to hunt some crape. Now, because the zest of life was fast returning, it would be unfair to say that Margery had already forgotten her grief. It is true she set about the search for crape with spirit and energy, and the search, merely as such, brought back the sparkle to her eye and the laugh to her lip. But this is only as it should be. Her grief over Pinkie was genuine, yet, after all, Pinkies are not the whole of the game of life, and there is no way to find this out so quickly as by busying oneself with another part of the game—hunting crape, for instance. Call such busyness work, and, lo, a philosophy of life in a nutshell; for, depend upon it, work is as surely a small girl's salvation as it is a man's.

"Oh, I know!" Margery cried, with sudden inspiration. "Aunt Allie's long motor veil would make dandy crape!"

They found it in Aunt Allie's room. On a work table in the same place there was a straw hat which Aunt Allie was trimming for a garden party. It was to have lavender strings, one of which, Margery saw at once, would be just the thing with which to tie the crape. So they borrowed it also.

They draped the veil and the lavender net over the front door-bell, soiling both as little as possible, and then stood off to see the effect. It was simply lovely.

"That's what I call dead swell," Willie Jones said, heartily. "But hadn't we better put some flowers on, too?"

Flowers, Margery realized immediately, would be a crowning touch. So they picked a bunch of geraniums, red and pink, and stuck as many as they could around the knob of the door-bell.

"And now let's sit down under the syringa bush near the gate and see what happens," Willie suggested. "And if anybody says anything to you, you've got to cry like the dickens. Don't forget."

The first passer-by was a fat woman with a heavy market basket. Just in front of the gate she put down her basket for a moment's rest.

"Boo-hoo at her," Willie Jones whispered with a nudge.

"Boo-hoo!" roared Margery, just as the fat woman caught sight of the crape on the door.

"Sakes alive!" said the fat woman. "Who's dead now?"

"Pinkie!" sobbed Margery.

"Pinkie!" the fat woman repeated, looking more astonished than ever. "Who's Pinkie?"

Margery, boo-hooing away, paid no heed to this poser, so Willie Jones had to meet it as best he could.

"Pinkie," said Willie Jones. "Why, don't you know who Pinkie was? I thought everybody knowed Pinkie! Why Pinkie—Pinkie was—I mean—yes—you see—Pinkie," he declared, finally, "why, Pinkie was her little sister!"

"You poor little thing!" the fat woman said, with ready sympathy. "And you loved your little sister, didn't you? Now ain't that just too touchin'? But, say, little boy, she hadn't ought to be out in front to-day. 'Tain't proper. You keep her playin' in the back yard. That's a good boy. And here," she said, picking out of her basket two nice bananas and handing them over the fence, "here's something that'll comfort her."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Willie Jones, politely.

Then he led Margery toward the back yard, where they remained until the fat woman had passed on.

"I wish," remarked Willie, complacently, as, once more settled under the syringa bush, they finished their bananas, "I wish some one else would come home from market. That was great."

"But what'll you say if it's somebody that knows us?"

Willie wagged his head confidently. "Don't you worry. I'll fix that all right."



WILLIE AND MARGERY HAD THE PLEASURE OF FURNISHING A STARTLING SENSATION.

The next person was Butch, who came by driving the grocery wagon.

"Oh, gee!" he exclaimed, checking his horse at sight of the crape. "Who's dead a'ready?"

As he received no immediate answer, he tried again. "Is it Mis' Blair?"

Margery shook her head and nudged Willie to speak. As she had foreseen, Pinkie could not again be used, and Willie realized that he would have to sacrifice one of the family. His hesitation was not over the deed itself, merely over the selection of a victim.

"What's the matter with you kids? Can't you talk? Who's dead a'ready?"

"Margery's Aunt Allie," Willie replied with the greatest dignity.

"Oh, Willie!" Margery gasped.

"Boo-hoo," Willie whispered.

"Boo-hoo!" Margery wailed, obediently. "Aunt Allie! Poor Aunt Allie!"

"Why, you don't say so!" Butch exclaimed in candid surprise. "I thought I seen her this morning."

"Spect you did. She died very sudden."

"You don't say so!" Butch exclaimed again. "What'd she die of?"

"Fits," said Willie Jones primly.

"Fits!" repeated Butch. "You don't say so!"

"Say, Butch."

"Well?"

"Give us a ride?"

"Sure."

So Willie and Margery climbed into the grocery wagon and accompanied Butch on a short round of deliveries. Butch asked further details until he was able to tell a connected story in the various kitchens where he stopped.

The servants, and sometimes the members of the family, came out to question Willie and Margery, who had the pleasure that morning of furnishing a quiet neighborhood a startling sensation. Margery experienced a growing apprehension, and would have checked the free flowering of Willie's fancy. But he was irrepressible, and she had, perforce, to give tearful assent to each new adaptation and to boo-hoo at frequent intervals.

"Why, I never *heard* of such a thing!" Gladys Bailey's mother declared, as, in kimono and bedroom slippers, she hurried out to the street. "A fit?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Willie Jones, firmly.

"What did it come from? Did the doctor say?"

"From eating raw meat, the doctor says."

"Eating raw meat! Why, I never *heard* of such a thing! Did your aunt eat raw meat, Margery?"

"Boo-hoo!" wailed Margery.

"Of course she did," Willie Jones answered. "She used to eat it right down in

hunks without chewin' it. Butch used to bring her raw meat every day, didn't you, Butch?"

Butch, who, by this time, was beginning to think that he himself had witnessed the fit, gave ready assent. "Sure I did, Mis' Bailey. Why, just this morning on my first trip I took her a big piece of lean beef. 'Be sure it's lean,' she says to me. 'I'm particular about havin' it lean.'"

"Why, I never *heard* of such a thing!" the Bailey mother again informed them. "And did you see the fit, Willie?"

"Yes, ma'am. It was awful. She just dug her fingers and her toes into the cherry tree and scooted——"

"Her toes? Why, I never *heard* of such a thing! Was she barefoot?"

"No—yes—no—I mean not exactly barefoot. She wasn't barefoot—at first, I mean. But she jumped around so, you know, her shoes and stockin's come off."

"Came off! Why, I never *heard* of such a thing! I suppose I ought to go right over and see if I can be of any help."

Willie Jones earnestly assured her that this was unnecessary. "Everything's been done, ain't it, Margery? All the neighbors rushed in and fixed up everything. She's all ready to be buried this afternoon."

"Buried this afternoon! Why, I never *heard* of such a thing! Are you sure?"

"Of course I am. Ain't the coffin all ready? It's a white one with pink lining, ain't it, Butch?"

Butch swore it was white with pink lining and that he had seen it with his own eyes as, no doubt, he supposed he had. The Bailey mother again declared she had never heard of such a thing and would have questioned on had not Butch driven off, suddenly remembering that, fits or no fits, people had to have lunch on time.

It was the same elsewhere. On all sides their story was received with similar *ohs* and *ahs* of credulous astonishment. That power of holding an audience which a veteran labors years to acquire, Willie Jones seemed to possess by instinct. He did not appear anxious to talk, but, when questioned, answered quietly, directly, and with the open candor of a child too young to realize the horrors he has witnessed. Mrs. Newton almost went into hysterics at the vividness of his description.

"And when we got to her, her body was all twisted up and her hair was all mussed

and her lips was pulled back real tight so's you could see all her teeth, like this."

"Good gracious!" screamed Mrs. Newton. "How awful!"

"Yes, ma'am," Willie Jones assented. "And when they lifted her up, her head rolled back this way and her eyes——"

"Good gracious! How awful!" Mrs. Newton again screamed.

Willie soon found that his strength lay in a simple relation of facts. So long as he clung to facts he was all right. It was only with fancy touches like the shoes and stockings that he had trouble. And with a little judgment it was easy enough to make the proper selection of facts. The wonder was what an astonishing effect was produced by the mere substitution of one leading character for another. Here, ladies and gentlemen, are the facts of the case as plain and unexciting as an old black hat; and here, at one magic word, are rabbits and roses and goldfish hopping about in charming profusion. It was a delightful performance, delightful and at the same time so convincing that Margery herself began to be in some doubt as to just who had actually had the fit.

But after Butch had made his last delivery and, on his way back, had deposited them in front of Willie Jones's house, all such delusions, however pleasing and desirable, vanished away, and reality, wearing a stern and threatening front, tapped them sharply on the shoulder. Margery looked apprehensively at her companion.

"O-oh! But I bet she gives us fits now?"

"Aw, rats! What can she do to us?"

Willie's words were brave, but not to be taken exactly on their face value, for he added immediately:

"But mebbe we had better cut out lunch. Let's sneak into the house and get something to eat and then skip out to the woods."

They climbed the Blair fence, reconnoitered the kitchen, and, when they were sure that no one was yet about, slipped in. By searching the pantry diligently they found some crackers and milk. The crackers were few, but the milk was plentiful. After that they ate some sliced cucumbers which Effie had soaking in salt water. They had just finished the cucumbers when Effie, coming down-stairs to get lunch, broke in upon them. She lost her temper, of course, and a violent argument ensued. It waxed so loud that none of them knew that some one was coming until Aunt Allie stood before them.

"Oh, Miss Allie, what do you think? Them children have gone and eat up all——"

Effie paused, realizing by this time that Aunt Allie herself had something to tell. She was holding some ferns and wild flowers in one hand and in the other a tangled, knotted mass of white and lavender. At first she only looked at her niece and that young woman's companion quietly, calmly—one might say too quietly, too calmly. It is such a calm that precedes a tornado. Her victims, caught in the pantry like rats in a trap, made one weak, hopeless attempt to dash by Effie and, failing in that, slunk back a step and awaited the approach of judgment with sullen, indifferent faces.

"Ho!" Aunt Allie cried, at last, with a great explosion of breath, tossing upon the kitchen table the veil and the wild flowers. "How dare you little villains touch my belongings!"

Heavens! Was that all? The culprits exchanged a glance of astonishment and relief.

"I can't turn my back that you aren't in some new mischief! I've stood much, but I won't stand this! Listen to me, Miss Margery: *To-night if your father does not give you the spanking you deserve, I will.*"

To-night? What spandy-dandy luck! Why, to-night was hours and hours and hours away! Lots of things might happen before then!

"In the meantime, bed is the safest place for you. Effie, put Margery to bed. I'll attend to Master Jones. Come, sir, we'll see what your mother says about it."

"My mother ain't home," Master Jones protested very politely. "She's gone to town. I was to eat lunch here. My mother wrote you a note about it, and if you leave go one of my arms a minute I'll give it to you."

Carefully clutching him elsewhere, Aunt Allie gave him the freedom of one arm. Willie pulled forth the note, and Aunt Allie, opening it with one hand, read aloud:

"My dear Miss Gibbs:

"May I impose upon you to the extent of asking you to keep Willie to lunch? I am suddenly called to town and will not be back until afternoon.

"I trust he will give you no trouble. If he does, punish him in any way you see fit. . . ."

"Punish him," repeated Aunt Allie, "in any way you see fit." Do you hear that, my young gentleman? Well, I'll give you exactly what Margery's getting, and I shall ask

your mother to give you what she's going to get later. Effie, put Margery in her mother's room. I'll put Master Jones in her room."

"Gee! But ain't we gettin' off easy?"

This was the unmistakable meaning of Willie's look to his confederate. But that criminal knew too well the temper of the law not to hide her complacency in howls and struggles which promptly deceived her captors into the delusion that here was an instance where the punishment fitted the crime to a nicety. Willie Jones, by his ill-judged though more honest composure, as promptly labeled himself a hardened little reprobate.

Aunt Allie locked him in Margery's room with the significant warning that, if he kicked the doors, she would not wait for his mother's return. From the expression of her mouth, he rather thought that she hoped he would kick the doors. Margery, amid most doleful outcries, was quickly undressed and put to bed. It was not deemed necessary to lock her in, so she was able to slip out to the hall and, hanging over the banisters, to hear something of the excitement which shortly ensued down-stairs.

The twins brought home the first news of the morning's sensation. They came running into the house, calling, "Aunt Allie! Aunt Allie!" and the moment they caught sight of that lady: "Oh, Aunt Allie! What *do* you think? We met Butch at the corner, and he says—" Their voices dropped somewhat, and Margery, knowing without being told some of the things that Butch would say, pattered back to her mother's room and tapped lightly on the connecting door of Willie's temporary prison.

"Sst! Willie!" she hissed through the keyhole. "The twins know all about it! They just saw Butch. Oh! but I bet Aunt Allie's mad!"

"Let her be mad. I don't care. She dasn't do nothin' to me."

"But, Willie, don't you understand? She won't come up no matter how much she wants to, 'cause she has punished us once. She thinks she's punishin' us now! Oh, but we're lucky! If the twins had come in before she put us to bed, then—" And Margery's broken off *then* expressed such dire possibilities that she herself shuddered.

A violent ring at the door-bell hurried her out to the banisters again.

"It's Gladys Bailey's mother," she squeaked through the keyhole a few seconds later. "And she's so surprised! She says

she never *heard* of such a thing! Oh, I wish they hadn't shut the library door so quick."

The Bailey mother was merely the first of a number of callers that noon hour who kept Margery on a constant scamper between banister and keyhole. It was as though Aunt Allie were holding a reception, a rather boisterous one, too, for every one seemed to be talking and shouting at once. Each new arrival added fresh excitement until Margery was almost scandalized that the neighborhood ladies should make such a racket. It didn't seem altogether ladylike. The muffled roar and the occasional exclamations that ascended through walls and floors were bad enough, but every time the library door opened it was just awful. No matter what you say, they *were* all talking at once, and not in that low voice, either, which you are taught to believe is the mark of every true lady. They were simply shriekin' and hollerin'—that's what they were:



THAT CRIMINAL KNEW WELL THE TEMPER OF THE LAW.

"And he told it with a face just as straight——"

"And there she sat crying and crying, and when I said——"

"And every detail of the funeral, too! Good gracious! How——"

"And they bamfoozled that lout of a grocery boy until he swore——"

"I could simply see your writhings, the way they described them. Your lips drawn——"

And then fat little Mrs. Berry began to laugh, and she laughed and laughed as though unable to stop. But no one joined her. By this time they were all ready to go and were leaving together like the members of a euchre club.

"Oh, dear—oh, dear—oh, dear!" shrieked little Mrs. Berry, leaning against the front door for support. "I never knew of anything so funny!"

"Funny!" snorted one of her friends in amazement.

"To think," Mrs. Berry continued, when she caught another breath, "of two small children throwing a whole neighborhood into such an uproar! I was baking cakes myself and I got so excited that I let them burn to a crisp! Oh, dear—oh, dear—oh, dear!"

"I'm glad you think it so amusing," Aunt Allie remarked, icily, voicing, it was evident, the prevailing sentiment.

"Amusing, Miss Gibbs? Why, I think it screamingly funny! I don't know when I've laughed so hard. What *do* you suppose put it into their heads?"

"The devil, Mrs. Berry! The devil!"

What! If Margery had not heard it with her own ears she would never have believed it possible. To say that she was surprised at her aunt's language would be putting it mildly. She was shocked! If her father knew about it, Margery wondered, as she slipped back into bed, would he still consider Aunt Allie a proper person to take care of them?

Soon after the departure of the neighborhood ladies, when the older children had gone back to school and the house was quiet again, Margery began to feel faint pangs of what she supposed at first was hunger. They grew worse and worse until she felt that death from starvation would soon be staring her in the face. It got to be terrible. Finally, when she tried to sit up, she fell back with the worst pain in her stomach she had ever had. She would have cried out for relief or at least for sympathy had there been any one within ear-shot other than Aunt Allie. But as the sight of a person's death throes would afford Aunt Allie only so much pleasure and amusement, Margery kept her lips tightly closed and endured in silence. But every one is not so heroically constituted. Suddenly she heard a groan long drawn and full of suffering as dreadful, apparently, as her own. Then another, and another. Was Willie Jones dyin', too?

"Willie!" she called, weakly. But he did not hear.

She slipped painfully out of bed and half crawled, half rolled across the floor.

"Willie!" she said again, close to the key-hole.

This time he answered with a groan.

"What's the matter, Willie?"

"I guess—ugh! ugh!—I guess I'm—dyin'."

"Where at, Willie?"

"Stummick," groaned Willie.

So he had it, too. It? What was it? In the instant of acute vision brought on by a new paroxysm of pain, Margery seemed to divine the truth. Some of the symptoms were lacking, to be sure, but only such suffering as this could account for those others—the lips drawn tightly back, the eyes glazed and terror-stricken. Yes, she knew now what was the matter. And she saw herself and Willie Jones as they would soon be, and the spectacle was so pitiable that she wept. Any one would weep—even Aunt Allie. Yes, if her conscience were not utterly dead, Aunt Allie would presently have cause enough to be miserable. And that, when the time came, her remorse and self-reproaches should be greater, Margery decided to forgive her. Cost what suffering it might, she would forgive her.

Slowly and painfully she worked her way out to the stairs. Every movement was torture, but, gritting her teeth, she pushed on. Half-way down the stairs she could go no farther. The pains had grown excruciating,

and a cry, agonized and tremulous, formed itself into, "Aunt Allie! Aunt Allie!"

There was no mistaking the urgency of the call, and Aunt Allie came answering at once.

"What is it, Margery?" As she caught sight of her niece, with more concern she added: "Is anything the matter?"

By this time Margery was rolled into a tight ball, and she could not unroll if she would. She was moaning and whimpering, too, and only with great effort able to speak at all.

"I'm sorry—oh! oh!—what I did—this morning."

She had meant to say something entirely different; in fact, to forgive instead of beg forgiveness. But this was no time for fine distinctions.

"I'm sorry—oh! oh! —I'm dyin'."

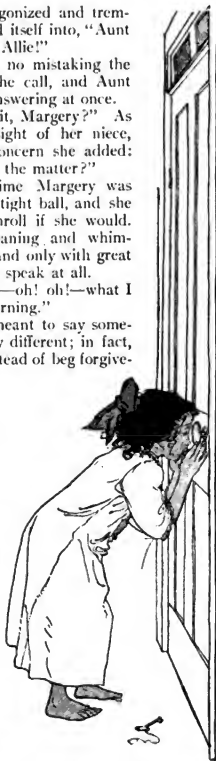
"Mychild, what is it? Tell auntie."

"I've got a—a fit—I guess. Willie Jones, too. Oh! Oh! I guess we—oh! oh! —caught it from Pinkie —this morning—when he—died Oh! Oh! Fits is—awful! I didn't know they—hurt—so."

A light was breaking on Aunt Allie. "Was it Pinkie?" she began.

She was interrupted by a titter from Effie, who had come up behind her. "Fits!" tittered Effie. "I guess it's cucumbers and milk!" And that recalled Aunt Allie to the present.

"You poor child!" she said, lifting Margery gently in her arms. "Is it your stom-



"SST! WILLIE!" SHE HISSED THROUGH THE KEYHOLE.

ach, dear? There, just a minute and auntie'll have you in bed. Effie, get some boiling water. Quick!"

Now, Aunt Allie never showed to such advantage as when there was sickness in the family. She was capable and clear-headed and, at such times, altogether gentle. It was surprising how soon she had Margery comfortable in one bed—that is, as comfortable as Margery could be before the peppermint was ready—and Willie Jones in another. And short as the time was until Effie brought up the hot water, it was long enough to think out several things. To begin with, Aunt Allie suddenly lost all feeling of anger and animosity. Suffering had somehow changed a brace of young monsters into two poor children whose instant relief was, at that moment, her greatest concern in life. Yes, they were only children, after all, mere mites of children as they lay there all crumpled up, their helplessness crying out to every feeling of motherhood in her.

Understand, though, Aunt Allie was not like her brother-in-law; she saw no fun nor amusement in things which were neither funny nor amusing, but, on the contrary, most reprehensible. But, though devoid of appreciation of naughtiness, Aunt Allie had too much common sense to miss the significance of the present opportunity. Hitherto she had failed signally to win the affection or even the respect of her sister's youngest child. Perhaps she had been too severe, too dictatorial. No matter about that now. She was to have another chance.

In the softened mood which would come with convalescence, Margery would be exquisitely responsive to the right words. And Aunt Allie had tried so many wrong words—not wrong in themselves, to be sure, but wrong when applied to this particular bit of humanity—that now she knew, as though by a process of elimination, what the right ones were.

Then Effie came with the hot water, and,

before you could say Jack Robinson, Aunt Allie had the peppermint and sugar mixed, and, my! didn't it feel good going down!

The twins were a few moments late for dinner. They had spent the afternoon at Gladys Bailey's. As they sat down they glanced from Margery to their father significantly.

"Gladys Bailey's mother says," began Katherine, "that she never *heard* of such a thing." As her father did not seem to understand, she added, "What Margery and Willie Jones did to Aunt Allie, you know."

The Blair father gave a mental groan. He had thought when he first came in that he detected a new feeling between Margery and her aunt. Margery was so affectionate and gentle and Aunt Allie so serene that he had wondered whether, by some good fortune, the breach between them had been healed. At Katherine's words the disagreeable scene of breakfast returned, and he feared the worst. But a surprise was in store for him and for Katherine as well.

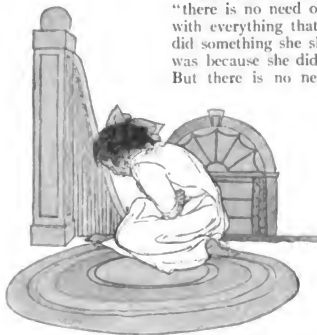
"Katherine," Aunt Allie said, firmly, "there is no need of bothering your father with everything that happens. If Margery did something she should not have done, it was because she did not quite understand. But there is no need of talking about it

any more, because she understands now. Don't you, dear?"

Margery looked at her aunt with shining eyes. She had hoped Aunt Allie in her sweet new kindness would go so far as not to tell her father, but she had not dared ask so great a favor. And here, unasked, Aunt Allie was granting it. All afternoon while they—the three of them, Aunt Allie,

she, and Willie Jones—had been discussing wild flowers and birds, yes, and cats, too, Margery had been asking herself whether she did not, after all, love her aunt. Now there was no question about it.

"And I won't tell him, either, Aunt Allie!" she cried, impulsively, and, in a lower voice, intended only for her aunt's ear, "What you said to Mrs. Berry!"



"I'VE GOT A FIT, I GUESS. FITS IS AWFUL!"

Forward, Citizens, to the Firing Line!

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Author of "The Greatest Trust in the World," "Soldiers of the Common Good," etc.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—We are told that all our exposure of municipal graft and political corruption represents only destructive criticism, and that we are not helping people to right the wrongs we have brought to light. In part answer to this protest comes forward Charles E. Russell, one of the ablest and wisest of the crusaders against greed and privilege, with some things that we and you might set about doing for the Common Good. Russell admits that he is actually doing nothing himself, and he declares that we, his publishers, and you, his readers, are also doing nothing. Then he tells in plain, practical terms just how we American citizens should begin to alter the system that is responsible for the evils under which we suffer. The thousands of correspondents who have written us inquiring, "What can I do?" will do well to read this big, broad-minded article. It is the turn of us citizens on the firing line.

IN a certain Western town, wherein I was once a sojourner, we had an acute attack of the frenzy for municipal reform that periodically descends upon every American community.

With the aid of a public utility company composed of our very best citizens, we had been installing electric lights. Another company had appeared in the field to compete with the first company. The subsequent events you would readily surmise without being told. Of course, the aldermen were bought like beef carcasses in the market, and, at last, just as openly and frankly. For a time the community patiently endured, as for a time it always endures. But when the buyers began to distribute the purchase price on the floor of the council chamber, the "cynical tolerance" of the American citizen broke down and the public protested.

There was a very honest district attorney, so honest that I wondered then, and have

often wondered since, how he ever came into the political game. He was an able lawyer, but personally a plain, unamiable, Captain Nares sort of man, that had no respect for eminent citizens if they happened, also, to be eminent crooks, and very little time for hand-shaking or miscellaneous converse. As soon as the storm broke, he started in to prosecute the bribe-taking aldermen. Good. The community vociferously applauded. The bribe-takers were mostly saloon-keepers and low persons, and ought to be punished. Then the district attorney got some ample confessions from his indicted aldermen, and on the strength of these he started in also to prosecute the eminent gentlemen that had given the bribes.

At this the community split into unequal factions. One faction desired the district attorney to proceed vigorously with all his prosecutions, no matter who might be affected; and the other desired him, for the fair name of the city and for other good and sufficient reasons, to drop the whole matter. I may observe in passing that in both factions the excitement manifested was wholly superfluous. The cases presently went to the Supreme Court, which threw all of them out.

But, of course (or perhaps, rather, I should say very strangely), the fate of the cases was not foreseen, and the two factions held that to try to influence the district attorney, one way or the other, was very important. It happened that while an elegant deputation representing the eminent citizens was whispering in the district attorney's ear some reasons why he should let up, a crowd of the lower orders stamped into his office to urge him to go ahead; and the two factions came into collision at the district attorney's desk, where they stood and glared at each other.

He leaned back in his chair, put his feet upon the desk, and expectorated—for, I regret to say, he chewed tobacco. Then he said:

"You fellows make me tired. A lot of you want me to send these grafters up, and a lot of you don't. Let me tell you something. I don't care what any of you want. I'm hired here to do a certain job. I'm going to do it. That settles that, and up they go if I can send them. But you that want to have them punished have just as little sense as those that don't. If you knew enough to walk through an open door you would know that it will do no good in the world to punish these men. It isn't their fault."

"Well, I'd like to know whose fault it is, then," gasped the spokesman of the punishment group.

"Yours," said the district attorney, and cut off another piece of plug.

"Well, of all things!" said the spokesman, and sputtered. "I like that. How is it ours?"

"THE CRIMINALS ARE THE COMMUNITY"

"Because," said the district attorney, deliberately, "you maintain a system that makes this sort of thing absolutely certain and inevitable. You can put one man in jail or one hundred thousand, and you can keep them there one day, or until they rot—and it won't make the least particle of difference. So long as you go on driving men to bribery, there will be bribery. The real criminals are the community. If you want to punish anybody, go and punish yourselves."

That was twenty-three years ago. Probably very few of us that listened to the district attorney that afternoon understood what he meant, but in common with the rest of the country we must since have had it driven into our heads. Certainly, a little review of our municipal history for the past twenty-five years is not calculated to send optimism soaring upon new flights. The account, summed up, is not alluring, but at least it has uniformity and brevity; also instruction, if we care for that. Suppose we take a look at it.

Practically every city in the country has traveled the same dull round. First, there has been a period of quiescence, in which the public utility corporations have obtained from the municipality a series of unfair and usually illegal privileges. Every citizen has known about these privileges, and has known, too, that they were obtained by corruption. At last the bribe-givers and the bribe-takers have become too bold or too monstrous in their dealings. Then there has been an ex-

plosion of public wrath, with a succession of humiliating exposures, the flight or confession of malefactors, some prosecutions (usually futile), a municipal house-cleaning, and after a time a gradual resumption of the old conditions. Careful inspection of these annals shows that such events are periodic; that they recur at practically regular intervals, like the progressive symptoms of an intermittent disease; and that they are practically universal.

Meantime, we began with the worst municipal government in the world, and we have it still.

Meantime, also, we have seen trial of a large variety of remedial prescriptions. Usually the outburst of public indignation has resulted in a new set of public officers, or a change in the party in power. Good citizens have vigorously demanded a strict enforcement of the law, and have praised and rewarded those public officers that have tried to further the prosecution of the offenders. Newspapers and magazines have stood stoutly for public morality; the clergy have joined in the admirable crusade; civic bodies have lectured us on our shortcomings. Meetings have been held and speeches delivered and resolutions passed. We have had much to hope for from various cures, from "an aroused public conscience," from "social ostracism" applied to the wrongdoers, from the ballot-box, and from this good man and that. All of which prescriptions proving of no avail, the basic conditions of corruption remain the same in all our large cities.

TIRED OF THE MUCKRAKER

We know these things perfectly well. It appears that we grow a little weary of having them brought to our attention. The muckraker becomes unpopular. There is a demand that he be suppressed. I am assured from many sides that we have reached the end of the "literature of the exposé" and the "literature of pessimism." For example, I quote a typical passage from one of many letters on this subject:

"The people of this country know well enough that many things are wrong. It does no good to keep on telling them about evil conditions. They know all they want to know about such things. Where all the would-be reformers make their mistake is that they never offer anything but destructive criticism. What's the use of merely trying

to tear things down? What is needed now is some plan to build things up. Why does no one suggest something that can be done to make conditions better?"

There is good reason to think that this and similar expressions in other correspondence represent a general attitude. Suppose, then, we contemplate for a time the constructive side of these matters. Suppose we put together a very few of the things that might be done to remedy existing evils, and see how they will look when they are joined for review.

OUR NATIONAL INCAPACITY

At the outset, let us exclude, first, those remedies that have any appearance of partisan significance or of any kind of doctrine or of propaganda, not saying whether they are good or ill, but merely relegating them to the region of campaign discussion; and let us exclude, secondly, the remedies that people in other countries have tried and found to be efficient.

The second exclusion is the more difficult because the natural impulse is to turn to the recorded experience of other men, and almost every other civilized nation has confronted, and in some measure solved, the problems that beset us. But I know that it is useless to refer in any way to the means by which this has been accomplished, because most of us agree that we, in this country, are not capable of using such means. We should do away with practically all of the corruption in our municipal and state affairs if we should abolish the public utility corporation; but, of course, we will not do that. We cannot. Other peoples can take their own affairs into their own hands and direct and manage them; but we cannot. Germans can, and Frenchmen, and the Swiss, and Austrians and Italians and Hungarians and Swedes and Norwegians and Englishmen and Danes and Bulgarians and Japanese and Chinese and New Zealanders and South Africans and any old nation except ours. We cannot do it.

We are of some inferior mentality so that we cannot do the simplest thing for ourselves, but must hire some one to do it for us, and let him rob us and run over us and maltreat us while he is doing it. After more than a century of free institutions and public schools, and some generations of the wisest instruction, the net result seems to be an average mind so far inferior to the average mind else-

where in the world that in public affairs it is childishly helpless and must put itself into the hands of a corporation guardian organized expressly for pocket-picking and second-story work.

How this general incapacity comes about, and why, I do not know; but it must truly exist, for I am daily assured of it by the wisest persons and those that could not possibly be in error about it. They tell us that it is all very well to show how efficiently foreigners manage their own affairs and provide their own public utilities, but of course nothing of the kind can ever be done in America, the land of universal education and intelligence. And such, I find, is the common judgment, and it must therefore be right. We can never win emancipation in the way the foreigner has won it. We can imitate other things from foreign lands—clothes, for instance, and spelling and pronunciation and forms of speech and ideas about social distinctions, and so on; but we cannot possibly imitate the foreigners' way of self-government. We cannot even learn anything from it.

I regard this as a finality, and we will, therefore, if you please, wholly disregard the suggestion that we can get along without a public utility corporation to pick our pockets and break our ribs. We are like the peaceful inhabitants around Doone Valley; we have become so used to the marauding of our robber Doones that we should cry out in dismay at the prospect of passing a day without delivering our tribute. But incapable as we thus proclaim ourselves to be, certain things remain that we can do, things that would lessen somewhat the scarlet shame in which we stand before the whole world. For instance:

THINGS THAT CAN BE DONE

1. *We can establish a standard of public service.*

Of all things that make an impression upon the American student of European conditions, the first is the high development in Europe of the sense of civic duty, a sense of which we seem to have little or nothing.

I mean it is like this: All about Europe are men, good men, intelligent men, glad and proud to serve the Common Good, and to serve it for no other compensation than the consciousness of service done; whereas in our country the sole basis of work for the community is the salary attached thereto.

The most conspicuous example of disinterested communal service is the London County Council, in many respects the world's model as an administrative body.

When an American comes to compare the London County Council with a band of "gray wolf" aldermen at home, he usually feels an impulse to bow himself to the earth in unutterable shame.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL—AN EXAMPLE

And this is so, whether he consider the efficiency of the London County Council, or its honesty, or its capacity, or its achievements. He knows that at home we have no such body of men. Not that we could not have such a body if we found the way to get it; surely, surely not because of any lack of material. Great Britain has no monopoly in efficient, honest, and capable men. We have as many of them as any other country has.

Only, in our country such men do not get into public life, and elsewhere they do.

I call your attention to a few simple facts about the London County Council:

The amount of actual work it performs much exceeds the amount of work performed by any other municipal body in the world.

Each member performs in any given year at least ten times as much work for the community as is done by any American alderman.

Its work is done without scandal, without grafting, without a boss, without a machine, and solely for the benefit of the community. Some of the work of its committees, involving long, tedious, and minute investigations and hearings, has been prodigious. London County Council reports on municipal problems are usually the standards in such literature. For thoroughness and accuracy they are unrivaled.

Yet, observe that the members perform all this exhausting toil without compensation. There are no salaries in the London County Council. The work is gratuitous.

So is it gratuitous in all the other similar public bodies in Great Britain and on the continent. The members of municipal councils, boards, and commissions serve for nothing, and are glad to serve for nothing, because they are thus contributing to the Common Good, which they believe to be the highest duty and function of man.

At once you spy a grave fault in this system. You say that it restricts public service

to the rich, whereas it should be shared by all alike. You say that a poor man cannot afford to give his time gratuitously to the public service. He must make his living. If he were to devote his time to the public cause he would starve. Therefore in this system public service is open only to the rich, and a governing body composed wholly of rich men would be a great misfortune to any community. Hence the system is condemned on its face.

But the odd fact is that in practice it does not work any such restriction. That is the thing to think about: it does not work any such restriction. Rich men and poor men sit side by side in the London County Council. There are about as many poor men as rich men there, and I am bound to say that scarcely anybody stops to consider whether they are rich or poor. Rich men and poor men sit together in every other municipal body in Great Britain. There are more poor men in the London County Council than in any American city council or board of aldermen that I ever knew anything about. Proportionately, there are many more poor men engaged in municipal administration in Great Britain, where such work is gratuitous, than there are in the United States, where it is paid for.

True enough, in the case of the London County Council, as in Parliament, some poor men that use for the public service the time that is demanded in earning their living receive some compensation from their labor unions. But as a rule, elsewhere, such men receive nothing and desire to receive nothing. And what is true of England is true, generally, of the continent. As a rule, men there serve the Common Good gratuitously in deliberative and administrative bodies, and are glad thus to serve it.

WHY WE DON'T SERVE THE COMMON GOOD

To sum up, we pay men and get poor service, and the British do not pay and get good service.

But this is not at all the mystery it seems on its surface to be. For instance:

You do nothing for the Common Good. I do nothing for the Common Good. None of us does anything for the Common Good.

You are willing to serve the Common Good. I am willing to serve the Common Good. All are willing to serve the Common Good.

Well, what is the matter, then?

Why, the matter is that, partly because of our own fault and chiefly because of an inherited custom, we have no chance. Instead of ourselves doing the work we ought to do for the Common Good, we hire some one else to do it for us, and, being done for money, the work is ill done and expensively done and inadequately done. And, because it is done for money, it is placed at once on the basis of sordid gain, and the door is opened for all corruption, and particularly for the bribes of the public utility corporation. Hence, behold the worst municipal government in the world.

On still other ground it is a bad practice, for see how much ability it causes to be lost from the public service.

You cannot pay to a first-class executive or organizing mind a large enough salary to secure its services for the public. But you can always secure its services for the public without any salary. For instance, you could not pay John D. Rockefeller enough of a salary to hire him as a public servant. But at almost any time he would have given freely his assistance to any public cause.

MR. ROCKEFELLER AND PUBLIC SERVICE

Suppose that when the project for the new Catskills aqueduct for New York City was first broached, the mayor had said to Mr. Rockefeller:

"Mr. Rockefeller, this community needs the advantage of your ability in organizing and directing a great enterprise of the utmost importance to the general welfare. In behalf of the community, therefore, and for the Common Good, I am going to ask you to take without compensation the head of the commission that will direct this work."

What would Mr. Rockefeller have said?

Of course, he is now beyond the age at which men ought to be expected to take upon them any exacting labor; but, supposing him to have been ten years younger, he would have accepted the place, and nothing in his whole career would have given him pleasure and satisfaction equal to the joy of that work.

And what would that have meant to the community? It would have meant the maximum of efficiency and the minimum of cost, without grabs, graft, or scandals.

No man will refuse to work for the community if he be asked to give his work (within reasonable limits) as a contribution to the Common Good. The most disastrous of our blunders is to assume that men will not work

for the public unless they are paid. Taking thus a low view of human nature in our relations to the public service, we need not be astonished that we get low-grade results. We proclaim in effect that the strongest motive in man is greed, and, while by means of a salary we are trying to affix that motive to the public service, we wholly overlook the logical consequences of our proclamation.

A STRONGER MOTIVE THAN GREED

As a matter of fact, the desire in a man to serve his times, to feel that his life is not without fruitage, may easily be a much stronger motive than greed. It is not merely a sentiment, and it is more than an instinct. In most men it is a kind of passion. To be sure, it is, for lack of employment, more or less rudimentary; but it will be found to be of full capacity wherever it has opportunity.

Instead of the truth being that men will do more for their own selfish interests than they will for the community, my observation has been that most men will do more for the community than they will do for their own selfish interests—if they have the chance. Half of the members of the London County Council could not be induced by any opportunity for personal gain, nor for the sake of any profit, to work half as hard as they work without compensation for the Common Good.

Of this general principle we are not without practical illustrations in our own country.

Savings banks in the state of New York are not operated as profit-making investments, but as benevolent enterprises for the sole advantage of the depositors. There are no stockholders, no dividends except to the depositors; none of the officers, except the cashier, receives any salary; and the law is so carefully framed that the officers cannot in any way control or divert the funds for their own profit. I think it probable that no executive of any extant savings bank in the state of New York has ever made a dollar for himself out of the operations of the bank. Yet all of these executives cheerfully give a very large part of their time, some of them give all of their time, to the conduct of enterprises from which they can derive no return in money. Indeed, I believe that one savings bank president, the late John Harsen Rhoades, materially shortened his life by his labors in behalf of an institution that, so far as his selfish advantage was concerned, meant nothing to him.

If you were to talk with any one of these presidents you would be rather astonished at the enthusiasm with which he speaks of the work of his bank. He believes that it is a useful thing, that it is of great value to the community, that it helps to spread habits of thrift and insures against penury in old age. Nothing else in his career equals, in his eyes, his wholly uncompensated labors for the savings bank; and the sole reason why these seem important or gratifying to him is that they are directed toward the Common Good.

No such satisfaction could pertain to any labor for hire, no matter how great the hire might be.

FREE SERVICE ON BOARDS OF EDUCATION

To take at random another illustration: observe that the boards of education in most American cities serve without salaries, and are usually of all public bodies most free from scandal and charges of graft. Yet membership in these bodies (as conspicuously in the New York board) entails a great deal of labor. Few persons have ever declined this service, notwithstanding the lack of compensation. In fact, it would not be possible with salaries to secure anything like the high order of ability that generally distinguishes these boards.

Ability can easily decline to serve for an inadequate salary; it seldom declines to serve for the Common Good.

Moreover, service is always a salutary thing. It blesses him that gives and the community that takes."

If old custom and tradition are hard upon us and we are still inclined to regard all this as visionary and impracticable, we need only to turn to the undeniable records of the universal experience that refutes us and vindicates the real human nature. Wherever the idea has been tested it has proved efficient.

When I was in the South Seas two years ago I long had for a traveling companion an excellent physician of the Scotch persuasion, who was taking a globe-trotting vacation. He is an able citizen, uniting when at home the functions of a busy medical practitioner with those of a member of the town council. The combination struck me as unusual, and I was moved to learn more about it. I found that my doctor had been six years an alderman, and was shortly to stand for reelection, about the outcome of which he was much con-

cerned. But he served, of course, without salary or other compensation.

The natural supposition (to an American) would be of some form of graft or perquisite concealed in the office. It appeared that there was nothing of the kind, and, indeed, I hardly needed assurance on that point, for it happened that I well knew the thriving Scotch town and how ably and cleanly it was governed. I made some calculations, based on what the excellent doctor told about council and committee meetings, inquiries, reports, and inspections that were required of him, and found that his official duties took up about one third of his time. I said:

"How do you manage that? I shouldn't think you would be able to do it."

He said:

"One can manage anything that one wants to manage."

With infinite pride and gusto he was wont to recite the improvements the council (had introduced, the improved municipal street railroad service, electric light, gas, water, markets, and what not. I said:

"Why do you bother with such things? I don't see where they help you in any way. You don't make anything out of them, and while you are puttering about the street railroads your practice must suffer. Why don't you look out for yourself?"

THE DUTY TO BEQUEATH

"Well," he said, "we inherited something. It seems to me we ought to bequeath something. I used to be mad about a big practice. I got one fee of £1,000. It meant much to me; I was, and am, a poor man. But I'll tell you—I never got any satisfaction from any source that compared with the satisfaction of thinking that our town is better than it was when I came to it, and that I had a hand in making it better."

I have never met a man on whom that idea would not grip if it only had a chance. The trouble is that with us it never has a chance.

As to the immense superiority of the public service abroad, I do not think it a feasible explanation to say that there is some essential difference between the moral fiber of men here and that of men in Europe. We have just as good patriots as any other nation has, just as good ideas, and just as good men.

But with us the good men do not take part

* in the public service and the bad men do. That is the difference and the only difference.

Then we went pretty far astray, did we not, when we established the idea that for everything a man does for the Common Good he must be paid? That idea does not work well in practice. It has a fatal defect in its terms. It totally eliminates the idea of duty. You cannot pay a man for doing his duty, because instantly thereupon it becomes no longer his duty, but merely a thing he has sold. You cannot compensate any man for discharging his sacred obligation to the republic. The moment you do that, you destroy all the sense of sacred obligation and all the inspiration and idealism that pertain thereto.

HOW HIRED PUBLIC SERVANTS WORK

Moreover, you inflict upon the community a certain reflex of immoral motive that is most pernicious. After the idea that for everything he does in the common cause a man must be paid, obviously the next logical suggestion is that the object of public service is aggrandizement. Wherefrom we get the warrant for the selfish and sordid course habitually pursued by nine tenths of our public officers.

Thus the post of alderman, we will say for example, is with us a salaried position. But the salary is invariably levied upon for campaign purposes. Being thus deprived of the compensation we have ordained for him as his absolute right, the man that fills this post is naturally the readier to listen to the corporation agent that undertakes to make up the deficiency.

That is the way it works in practice, this idea of hiring men to serve the commonwealth. Since the thing is wholly upon a money basis and not at all upon the basis of honor and duty, good men will not take the alderman's place for the salary attached, and bad men take it to make still more out of it.

All this is absolutely unnecessary.

Let us suppose we live in a typical American city of say 100,000 inhabitants. It has been through the great American epidemic of moral and municipal reform, and is just as badly off now as it ever was. It has a gang of aldermen chosen in the same old way and upon the same old basis. Some of its employees must devote all their laboring time to the city's business, and should be fully compensated therefor. But why under the sun should the aldermen and the other casual

employees be paid? Once or twice a month they meet for an evening to discuss the welfare of the community they are bound to serve. How is that kind of service to be paid for? They ought to be glad of a chance to be of so much use to their times, and would be glad if they had any chance.

In this typical city of 100,000 people there are probably 18,000 men that desire to have the public affairs honestly and efficiently administered. Every one of them, except the aged and infirm, is able to give some of his time in thus administering public affairs, and practically every one is capable of bearing a part in such an administration. Of these 18,000 good citizens that desire good government there are most assuredly twenty-five that are willing to establish for the rest of the community a standard of disinterested public service.

Then is it at all extravagant or unreasonable to suggest that the good citizens shall take up the work of public administration and do it without compensation? If they are not willing to do that much for good government, they cannot care very much about having government good, and their true place is with the corporation lawyers that simultaneously denounce corruption and handle the bribe funds. If they are willing, let them say so and take up any public work they can find to do, as aldermen, treasurers, commissioners, members of councils, boards, or in any other place where there is something to be done for the public cause; and let them do it as a man in a British city would do it. Let them do it themselves and cease to hire other men to do it for them. And if the foolish law insist that salaries shall be paid for such work, they can turn the salaries into a fund to support municipal lodging-houses or to abolish the bread line.

MISTAKEN PHILANTHROPIES

Let us have some one blessed thing done in this country on some other basis than that of dollars.

But at present we seem always to get hold of all these matters by the wrong end. We have some thousands of rich men that are willing to endow universities and found libraries and establish hero funds and subscribe to dubious philanthropies, but we do not seem to have any that are willing to serve the community by doing anything the community wants to have done. And this is the

more lamentable because some of our rich men have shown in the amassing of their private fortunes a considerable endowment of the very qualities that society most has need of.

CIVIC DUTY

Take organization, for instance. The principal lack in our municipal affairs is, after all, not so much a lack of honesty as of organization. In all our great cities, but particularly in New York, there is no discernible plan about any known thing, but we get on by sheer main strength and stupidity. Suppose we could utilize the talent for organization that Mr. Rockefeller possesses, or Mr. Carnegie. Nobody has ever stolen much from Mr. Rockefeller; he organized a system to prevent stealing. Nobody has wasted much of his time, and no part of the work he wanted to have done has been spoiled for want of coherency and design. He has never allowed anything to go to waste about his shop, and his enterprises have never been encumbered with useless material and useless men.

But he has had no monopoly of this order of talent; thousands of other men have been at least as liberally gifted. Under our present organization of society it is impossible for us to make anything like a full use of such ability, but at least we can get some of it, if only we can get the idea started that disinterested service for the Common Good is an honor and a privilege.

Why not? That is the view other people take of it. Why should not civic service in time of peace be just as much a duty to the republic as military service in time of war? And why should not the men that have taken most out of the community be under a corresponding obligation to return most? As a rule, the men that have competences have acquired or retained their fortunes through the public's assistance or endurance or good-will. It is but fair that they should make some return to the public good. If such a man can't do anything else, he can take an interest in public affairs and give his advice. There is not a mayor in the United States that would not be glad of the practical cooperation of an organizing mind like E. H. Harriman's or Judge Gary's. The idea of a rich man's going to work for the city in the capacity of alderman or city comptroller or city treasurer seems strange and comical to us, because we

are wholly accustomed to seeing our rich men devoting all their energies to augmenting their fortunes, and our public offices filled upon the one basis of greed and selfish advantage; but there seems to be no reason why they should not be filled, to some extent at least, by men that, having won competences from the public, are now willing to make return by using their faculties in the public service.

Of course we cannot compel them to take such an interest in the community if they have no inclinations in that direction; but unless they are willing to bear their share in actual public service, they ought to keep very still about corruption and misgovernment. And if they will not do their part, at least the rest of us can do ours. We shall never get good government by addressing polite assemblages in Carnegie Hall and the Auditorium. The only way we can get it is by all good men's accepting their full share of the work to be done and doing it on the one basis of service to their times and the community.

Therefore, the next time a governor or mayor or president has a commission to appoint, let us unite in a petition that the commission serve without salaries; and then let the governor or mayor or president go to any good citizen and say:

"Citizen, the republic, your mother, has need of you in this position."

And the citizen, I don't care who or what he is, will say:

"Ready!"

THE PEOPLE'S SHARE

2. *We can abolish the political boss.*

The obvious and simple way to do this is to give the people some real instead of only a nominal control over their affairs, by allowing them to nominate for office whomsoever they may please to nominate; to vote him into office if they wish, and out of office whenever they desire; to have such laws enacted as they may desire to have enacted, and those laws repealed that they may desire to have repealed; and to put these powers into their hands for use at any time.

The present arrangement merely offers every opportunity and reward for, every immunity to, corruption. We have political bosses that select all the candidates for whom we are allowed to vote and direct all the local legislation by which we are governed. The power that the boss uses corruptly he obtains corruptly. Therefore, by the use of corruption

on all sides of him, he is, in fact, the real ruler of our local affairs, and the instrument of most of our municipal dishonesty. But if the people were allowed to choose their own candidates and to control legislation and legislators, there would be no room for a boss. He could not deliver any legislation to the corporations, and he could not secure the nomination of any corporation agents. And the only step required to abolish his form of pest is to provide direct nominations, and thus shift the control of and responsibility for legislation straight upon the people, where it belongs.

And lest any one should think this a difficult or novel proposal, I refer to the recent example of certain Western cities, such as Des Moines and Los Angeles, where this entire program may be seen in full and, according to reports, highly successful operation.

THE FOUNTAIN HEAD OF MISGOVERNMENT

3. *We can clear our minds of the singular superstition that so long obsessed us concerning the public utility franchise.*

We used to believe that unless we granted to rich and undeserving persons charters to plunder us for long terms of years or forever, electric lights would not burn, street-car wheels would not revolve, coal would refuse to give out gas, and water to turn into steam. Further investigations in science have demonstrated that none of these beliefs is well founded. We can have at least as many, and at least as good, public utilities without franchises as we can have with franchises. Of course, so long as we endure the bosses that the corporations support, we shall have aldermen much disposed to create franchises and bestow them upon the corporations that support the boss. But that does not alter the fact that the franchises are wholly unnecessary, and, further, does not mean that we must submit to them. The histories of Chicago and Philadelphia show that there are ways to impress this upon even the most corrupt aldermen that ever sat in a council chamber.

And if we could once get rid of the franchise superstition, what an advance that would be! We should then see no more of such hopeless and mazy muddles as the corporations have made of the New York traction situation, nor the continual nullification of the people's efforts to obtain gas at a reasonable price.

Moreover, the abolition of the corporation franchise would go a long way toward solving

the problems of municipal corruption. If there were no franchises to be grabbed, there would be just so many fewer occasions for corporations to bribe aldermen, and so many fewer reasons for the corporations to finance the machines. About ninety-five per cent. of the cases of aldermanic and legislative bribery that have been investigated in the past twenty-five years have been found to have their sole source in a public utility company. I have not found any investigator of these crimes that still believes bribery can be materially lessened so long as the great source of bribery remains. My district attorney was perfectly right. It is the system, not the individual, that is at fault, and nothing is so pathetically hopeless as the various movements for better government that go fumbling around the edges of the question while the fountain head of misgovernment runs on. Certainly not the least good can be accomplished by sending the bribed officers to jail. Even if the courts would allow them to stay in jail, no good would be accomplished. One set of bribe-takers is succeeded by another. That is all, and ever will be all until we get ready to deal with causes and not results.

Moreover, for every case of bribery revealed there are at least one hundred cases that are never exposed. And since the number of actual cases undoubtedly increases under the present system, the effort to stop bribery and still retain the system is merely a huge joke.

ABOLISH THE MUCK

Therefore, the next time we have a franchise to grant to a public utility corporation, let us not grant it. Because, brethren, as a matter of cold fact, we can get that utility on an annual license just as easily as we can on a franchise for 999 years; and when we get it on an annual license we are its masters, and when we get it on a long-term franchise we are its slaves.

Here are three simple things we can do whenever we make up our minds to do them. There are many other things that might be done, some of them of much greater importance. But such other things are more or less involved in some phase of partisan political activity. These three things most men of all shades of political belief will agree can be and ought to be accomplished now.

The best way to abolish the muckraker is to abolish the muck.



STUFFY

By Walter Prichard Eaton

AS I passed down the road by Aunt Ruth Abbott's house I heard shrill voices within, raised in pleading and protest. "No, don't you urge me no more," I heard Aunt Ruth exclaim. "I got to get this front room swept before tea, and that's all there is, about it!"

Two women came out on the stoop. Aunt Ruth held a broom in her hand, and over her thin hair was tied a piece of white muslin. The younger woman wore a hat and silk mitts. Both began to talk to me at once. "Lucy wants me to go over to Susan Carter's an' see her new baby, and she knows Warren's comin' here to visit a spell and I've got to get my house cleaned and can't go, and——"

"Her house's clean enough for a weddin' or a funeral now, an' Warren ain't comin' till Monday anyway, and——"

"But I can't clean on a Sunday, Lucy Burditt!"

"You got Friday and Saturday, ain't you? I say you're jest downright stuffy!"

"I——"

"Oh, admit it, Aunt Ruth," I cried, and dodged the spy lunge of her broom.

"Well, there's worse things than bein' stuffy," said the old lady.

"I don't know what they be," said Miss Lucy.

"Bein' sassy, p'raps," retorted Aunt Ruth.

We laughed again, and I sat down on the step, prepared to enjoy myself.

"Callin' me stuffy," the old lady went on, "shows you ain't never known anybody who really was stuffy. You oughter known my second cousin Solon Holt and his sister Mary, and then you could talk."

"He lived up on the old Holt place on Big

Sugar Hill, didn't he?" Miss Lucy asked. "I disremember what he was like, though."

"Well, I remember what he was like!" said Aunt Ruth. "He was that stuffy he got married rather'n go up one flight o' stairs and bring some money down to his sister."

"Good heavens," cried I, "you win!"

Aunt Ruth stood her broom up against the morning-glory trellis and sat down on the door-sill. "It happened 'long about the time Solon was thirty and Mary was maybe a couple o' years older—leastways, she'd never admit it was any more."

"Deacon Holt dropped off sudden with heart failure one day, and o' course the farm went to the two of 'em. Solon an' Mary'd had to toe the mark, you can bet, while the deacon was alive, and when he died folks said the place would go to weeds 'cause Solon was dreadful easy-goin' an' lazy, and only fear of his father had kep' him in the furrow. But folks reckoned without Mary. Solon was merely out o' the fryin'-pan into the fire. He lost one tyrant in the house to find another, and he kep' right on runnin' the farm an' complainin' how hard he had to work. It was the best thing for the farm that he had Mary, but folks began to allow it was a bit tough on Solon, 'specially as Mary did most of the financceerin' and when Solon wanted any money to spend he usually had to go to her; and she wa'n't the kind that gave up easy, either."

"It was Solon's money as much as hers, wa'n't it?" asked Miss Lucy.

"Not when she had it in her pocketbook," Aunt Ruth grinned. "After a while Dave Buckstone, that used to run the old sawmill on Pelham Brook, set his eye on a timber patch up in one corner of the farm. It wa'n't much use to Solon an' Mary, or Mary thought it wa'n't, so they agreed to sell it for three hundred dollars. One day 'long about the first o' June Solon went down to the mill

with the deeds and got the money. He took it home, and seein' Mary wa'n't in the house an' he had some work to do down in the field, he took it up-stairs and locked it in his trunk. That was where the trouble started.

"When Solon come in for supper Mary was waitin' for him. 'Where's that money?' she said. 'Up'n my trunk,' said Solon. 'Go up 'n' get it,' said Mary. His answer must ha' been one of the surprises of her life, because nobody had ever suspected easy-goin' Solon o' bein' stuffy. But he had the family instinct all right, an' it riz now. 'I won't,' he said. 'Go get your half yourself if you want it.' 'Solon Holt,' said Mary—and I can see jest how her jaw snapped when she said it—'you go get me my money or I'll know the reason why!' 'I'll tell yer the reason now,' Solon came back; 'it's because I don't choose to. The money's safe in my trunk and the key's in my top bureau drawer. If you want your half you can go get it, but don't you dare touch my half, or I'll know the reason why!' And mild Solon, transformed so Mary hardly knew him, spoke up loud for his supper.

"Well, the dove o' peace didn't coo under the eaves of that house for a spell, I can tell you. Mary come down here an' told me all about it. She nearly biled over when she talked. She said she wouldn't touch the money because if anythin' happened to Solon's share he could accuse her of all sorts o' things, and I told her that was no way to talk about her own brother. But my man spoke right out in meetin' and said he guessed she really knew the reason she didn't touch the money was because that would be givin' in to Solon, an' that would hurt her more'n losing a hundred 'n' fifty dollars; and then she got huffy at us an' went back home. But she wouldn't go get her money out o' the trunk, an' Solon wouldn't give it to her.

"So you can see it wa'n't exactly what you'd call a happy household. But by 'n' by they both got sick o' talkin' an' scrappin', and settled down to sayin' nothin' at all, which was harder for Mary than it was for Solon. When she wanted anythin' down to the village she wrote it on a piece o' paper and put it under

his plate, and he conducted his end of the conversations in the same way. Meanwhile the three hundred dollars wa'n't drawin' no interest, which cut Mary up consid'able.

"One afternoon 'long in August, while Solon was off somewhere, as he was pretty often now when he wa'n't absolutely needed on the farm, there come up a spankin' thunder shower. You know how they come up over Big Sugar Hill, sudden-like, with first a dyin' of the breeze, an' then a cloud creepin' over the ridge till it puts the sun out, and two minutes later there's a flash an' a peal and then the rain comes. Well, Mary seen the storm comin', and bein' alone in the house an' skeered o' thunder anyhow, she was frightened 'most to death. She started down the road to Ezra Flint's place half on the run, but she hadn't got beyond that big maple by the sugarin'-house at the brook when she suddenly thought o' them three hundred dollars in the trunk. There come a terrific flash jest then, that struck a maple up on the top o' the hill behind the house, layin' a white scar down the trunk as a limb slivered off.

"Mary must 'a' been shiverin' like the treetops in the wind, for I never seen anybody as skeered o' thunder and lightnin' as she was; but she went back to the house jest the same. She climbed up the stairs, cryin', as another bolt sizzled down into the pasture outside, makin' the roots of her hair tingle; hunted out the key, took all the money—Solon's share's well as hers, for there was somethin' grim and jest about Mary like there was about the deacon—and ran out of the house with it. She hid it in a dry niche in the stone wall and ran through the rain to the Flints' with the whitest face, they said, they'd ever seen, so's they thought she'd been struck.

"Well, the storm didn't last long, an' Mary had the money back in the trunk an' the key back in its place in the drawer before Solon got

home to supper. She never let on to him about it, but Ezra told him next day, down to the store, and everybody laughed 'ceptin' him. He said, 'I wish to thunder the gol dasted money'd got burned to a cinder!'

"Twa'n't long after that Solon got a



SOLON WENT DOWN TO THE MILL
WITH THE DEEDS.

brilliant idea. How he ever done it I don't know. It'll always remain one of the mysteries. He didn't say nothin' to Mary about it, o' course—that was part o' the idea—nor to anybody else. But he began to be away from home evenin's, which would ha' roused Mary's suspicions, if she'd 'a' thought Solon capable o' such a thing. As it was, she s'posed he was down to the store playin' checkers, which was a favorite sport o' his. Oneday he hitched up the buggy earlier'n usual, an' put on his best Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes. Mary must ha' been dyin' to ask him why, but o' course she wouldn't, and he drove away whistlin' very cheerful and gay. 'Long about nine o'clock, Mary seen the buggy comin' up the hill in the moonlight,



THE DOVE O' PEACE DIDN'T COO.

an' there was two people in it, one o' 'em a woman. She went out on the stoop in amazement. Solon handed down a pretty gal who smiled and blushed. 'My wife,' said Solon, an' that was the first word he'd spoke to Mary in two months. Mary looked at him a terrible moment while the gal stood bewildered between 'em, and then she bu'st out, 'Solon Holt, you're a fool!' and turned on her heel an' went into the house.

"It wa'n't long before Mary learned that Solon's wife, who come from over in Pelham, had a will of her own, too. One of the first things she done was to go up to Solon's room an' get that three hundred dollars. She counted out half an' gave it to Mary an' put the rest in a safe place. 'Now you neither of you had to give in,' she said. 'I hope you can live in peace again.' But Mary couldn't live in peace in a house where there was two bosses, which was the really brilliant part of Solon's idea. He never had another idea to match it in his life. It was his masterpiece. One day I seen him drivin' Mary by in a wagon with a trunk on behind, and I hailed 'em. Solon was smilin' soft-like, to himself. Mary was goin' down to Springfield to keep house for her uncle, she said. She was tired of livin' in a little village like this, where there ain't no excitement. I bid her good-by,

thinkin' most folks would consider she'd had about enough excitement for one summer, an' heard Solon whistlin' as he drove on to the depot. That was the last I ever heard tell of Solon's bein' stuffy. But he'd showed that he could be if occasion required, which is what I s'pose Parson Scott means when he talks about reserve force of character."

Aunt Ruth picked up her broom. I glanced at the lengthened shadows of the lilac bushes across the yard and saw that the hens had deserted the dusty patches beneath them. There was no need to look at my watch, but I pulled it obviously from my pocket. "Aunt Ruth," I said, "I thought you were going to sweep the front room before supper? You'll have to hustle; it's a quarter to six now."

"Land o' Goshen!" cried the old lady, jumping up.

"Ump!" said Miss Lucy, "now what do you think o' that? Here neither of us got over to Susan's, and you might jest as well have gone as not!" And she flounced out of the yard.

I winked at Aunt Ruth, who winked solemnly back.

"Honest," said I, "don't you like Susan Carter?"

"Young man," she retorted sternly, "didn't you hear me say I had to sweep the front room?" And she put the broom away in a corner.

THE "SCHOLARD"

By F. H. Lancaster

SPRING weather in the South is weary weather. Languor laps the land. To eat, to sleep, makes men tired, very tired. To work . . . *Eh bien!* All along Bayou Bienville in April men felt but one way: that it would be so good just to lie down and die. Sam Santerre alone expounded patient philosophy:

"I reckon, me, better keep moving."

And to the other men this advice appeared

as futile as did everything else that M. Santerre fathered.

"I wish to know, me," M. Moise protested to the sheep magnate, "what we can do but keep mov'. Crops got to be plant'."

"And lambs and dog," said the magnate. He roused a little. "Sam told me dogs got most of his lambs."

M. Moise yawned. The dogs always did get most of Sam Santerre's lambs. "Sam works hard," he said listlessly.

"But look *how* he work," expostulated the magnate. "Look how he set up coal-kiln—straight as stick can stand! I was down dere one day and, *mon Dieu*, it made me mad. I said, 'Sam, what for you don't lean him a leete?'"

M. Moise shook his head and drew out some squares of corn-shuck.

"Maybe better try smoke," he proffered.

Each man according to his manner scattered tobacco in the curve of the shuck, and the prospect of a delicious smoke softened them both.

"Sam do work hard," M. Moise repeated kindly.

The magnate leaned sideways and scratched a match on the floor. "Sam's scholar," he said in a tone that left no room for hope.

Even now Sam was "keeping moving." First he brought a big, clean quilt and spread it carefully in the sanded dooryard; then an empty barrel, which he up-ended on the quilt—his great, gaunt figure stooping painstakingly over each task. Having arranged the quilt and barrel, M. Santerre brought a large basket of beaten rice, and climbing upon the barrel with it, began to pour it downward to the quilt; pouring slowly that the wind might winnow out the husks. It was at this juncture that Madame Sam came to the door to see what he was doing wrong, and saw that he was pouring the rice to the right and that therefore the wind struck the descending stream edgeways and did not winnow it well at all.

"*A la gauche*," she directed pleasantly, and went back to her coffee-making. She

had been the scholar's wife for many a year and had long ago ceased to wonder why he did things wrong. *Eh bien!* It had not been easy to feed that family of twelve; but now their oldest son, Bertrand, was coming manfully to the front—"My boy Bat," as the scholar called him in gentle pride.

And yet, as M. Santerre stood there pouring the rice through the wind, it was the thought of Bat that bothered him. He knew that Madame Sam was not making coffee for nothing; that there was company around there in the shade of the house; and who that company was he knew also. Bat was around there too, and when a boy quits his work at four in the afternoon and puts on his best clothes just because a girl has come to see his mother, it can mean but one thing. M. Santerre, scholar though he was, recognized the meaning and shook his head sadly in the flying chaff.

"Moise, maybe; but not his madame! No!"

Madame Moise's prejudice against the scholar and all his tribe was well known. She said that he was shiftless.

"And dere ain't better boy on bayou dan my boy Bat! I wish to know what Florence

t'ink 'bout das." In his sudden desire to see around the corner, M. Santerre leaned so far forward that the barrel tipped and tumbled him and his basket of beaten rice into the heap of cleaned rice on the quilt. The job would have to be begun all over again, but the scholar had seen. It was a pretty sight, too: Bat leaning forward in his chair, rolling a cigarette and teasing Florence about the handkerchief she was making, and Florence lifting the corners of her mouth and dropping her lashes, with the color of April in her cheeks. But yes; a pretty sight!

"I reckon, me, 'twon't be Florence say no. But Florence's mamma is Madame Moise. And me, I can't do no'ting. I always go make mess." He had never before realized that so keenly.

Lowering the basket to ponder the perplex-



WHEN A BOY QUITS HIS WORK AT
FOUR IN THE AFTERNOON.

ities of it all, he became aware that Bat was walking home with Florence—teasing to be trusted with that precious handkerchief. But no! Ma'm'selle Florence thanked him graciously, and they walked slowly. M. Santerre watched them out of sight, then returned to his winnowing. The basket was getting light; his arm-breaking task would soon be finished. *Mais, voici!* Before the job was done there was Bertrand coming home. He had not been invited in! M. Santerre had never stamped a foot for himself, but for his boy—His foot went through the barrel-head and he and what was left in the basket came down together in the big pile of cleaned rice. Somebody would have to do the winnowing over again to-morrow.

"Bat," the scholar began wistfully as they sat together on the steps after supper, "Bat, I reckon, me, I better give you a piece of land for build house."

"*Pourquoi, papa?*" Bertrand inquired without enthusiasm.

The scholar's finer feeling drove him to seek shelter in abstractions:

"You've got to have house before you can have madame. I don't want you to wait till you old man like I was before you make marry." He had been nearly thirty.

"Dere ain't no hurry," Bertrand returned briefly. He must have something harder to get than a house before he could be married, and he knew it with bitter certainty. He knew, too, that nothing he could do or say would move Madame Moise. Not until his father found favor in the truculent madame's sight—and what could his father do? The best Bertrand could do was to keep silent. The scholar sat silent also, cracking his fingers thoughtfully in the moonlight. What could he do to find favor in the eyes of Madame Moise?

"*Pardieu*," he exclaimed, "when I set up das next kiln I'm going lean him a leetle! Lean him a leetle, sho!"

He did, too. He leaned the sticks until they fairly fell over each other; until even the kindly M. Moise had to turn his eyes away from the sorry job and rack his brain for something else to talk about.

"I hear, me," he said hastily, "das we going have school on bayou dis year."

"Yes? Das fine! Fine t'ing for children, sho."

"*Eh bien*," M. Moise commented evasively. If that wretched mess before him was the result of schooling, he saw little cause to be enthusiastic over the proposed innovation. Bertrand put in a quick question:

"If we have school, Monsieur Moise, you going send all your children?"

Monsieur broke into a good-natured chuckle.

"Ha, Bat! Now what for you going ask me t'ing like das?"

Bertrand got red and swore at the steers. "Oh, I ain't going, me," he declared confusedly.

"Yes, sir; you going," his father spoke up promptly.

M. Moise shook his head. "It's going push you to make crop if you send your best man to school," he suggested practically.

"Das what I know," the scholar assented. "But I reckon, me, I can make out."

M. Moise looked at the gaunt figure leaning on the axe, and offered his hand in parting.

"I reckon, Sam, better come round to my house next Saturday. 'Most all de men going be dere to see sup'intendent when he come to fix up 'bout school."

"*Merci*," M. Santerre stammered in astonishment.

M. Moise was astonished himself at what he had done. As a rule M. Santerre was counted out, for he couldn't chop nor dance nor fiddle, nor bank a coal-kiln.

With lovers' hopefulness Florence and Bertrand awaited the meeting. Surely in a discussion of school matters a scholar must take a distinguished part. M. Santerre, knowing what was in their hearts, tore down the wretched kiln and set it up straight. His white head was growing whiter, his bowed back more bowed. Distinguished? In the scholar's gentle soul lay no desire to excel his neighbors. His aching desire was to be as like them as possible—and so win their respect for his boy's sake. Clean, gaunt, stoop-shouldered, and unobtrusive, he went up the steps to M. Moise's front gallery.



"I RECKON, BAT, I AIN'T MUCH GOOD."

M. Moise arose. "I'm glad, me, you come, Sam," he said, "glad, sho. When we have school den we going to have scholar."

M. Santerre winced; the richer men smiled indulgently; the poorer ones stared straight ahead.

When the superintendent had come, shaken hands all round, drunk coffee and praised it, pointed out how the school-house must be built and when and where, he proceeded to the most delicate move in the matter: the appointing of the board of trustees.

"As you are aware, gentlemen," he said quickly, "the laws of this state require that at least one member of the board of trustees shall be able to read and write." He turned to the magnate, but the great man was not looking at him; his eyes leaped to the next man, but the next man was watching the magnate. In the uncomfortable silence the superintendent's eye raced from man to man until it came to M. Moise. Then indeed was the strain broken by a good-natured:

"No, sir; I ain't no scholar, me. Sam dere."

"You read and write, Mr. Santerre?"

Cruel, when he was trying so hard to be like the others. But the scholar accepted the cruelty with the patient honesty of his kind.

"Yes, sir," he admitted gently, "I'm some scholar, me. I been t'rough fourth reader."

"All right! Then I appoint you and Monsieur Reneau and Monsieur Moise trustees for one year."

The scholar slipped down the steps and went unhappily home, and Madame Moise scarcely awaited the departure of the superintendent before she cried in scorn:

"Ha! I reckon, me, he can read and write."

From the window that looked on the gallery Florence replied sweetly:

"Yes; I reckon he can, me; Monsieur Santerre's scholar."

"Ha," cried madame in unwise heat, "maybe you reckon somet'ing else, eh?"

"Yes," said Florence, "maybe."

Now there are times when it is best to let a

'Cajan girl alone. When her eyes get bright, when her lips get white, her parents hold it wisest not to discuss a moot point. Madame Moise saw the signal dangerous but she could not retreat. The eyes of the magnate were upon her. She bluffed in shrill disdain:

"Ha! And what else you reckon, maybe?"

Florence's reply came very sweetly:

"I reckon if Monsieur Santerre can read and write, I'm going give Bat das handkerchief he's been beg' me for."

If Florence had not been furious she would never have said that! M. Moise covered his mouth with his hand. It was the magnate who met madame's startled glance of appeal.

"I reckon, me, you pretty safe," he said consolingly. "I don't reckon Sam can write so fine like he t'ink he can."

Madame laughed out from her heart.

"No," she agreed gaily, "I don't reckon he can write 't all." She turned to the furious Florence. "*Eh bien, m'amie*, when your Monsieur Santerre sign report den you can give your Bat das fine handkerchief."

For Bat that first month of school was a time of mixed heaven and torment. For Florence it was a time of torment entirely. If the scholar should not be able to sign the report! If Bat should learn of the unmaidenly behavior her rage had betrayed her into! She blew hot and cold with Bertrand until he would stand no more. The day before the first month ended he overtook her on the road home from school and forced her to face him.

"I wish to know, me, what I've been doing," he said grimly.

Florence's fight was all spent. "You ain't been doing not'ing," she replied in sober truth.

"Den what for you do like das?"

"Not'ing."

Bat stooped and looked into her eyes—and saw tears.

"It's your mamma? I go t'row her in bayou!"

"Non, non!"

"Den what it is?"

"Das what I can't tell you, Bat."

"You ain't got tongue, no?" He threw



"IT IS ALL RIGHT, MR. SANTERRE,"
THE TEACHER SAID PROMPTLY.

their books into a pile, covered his girl's quivering face against his shoulder, and said with quiet determination: "Now you going tell me."

M. Santerre was sitting bowed and weary on the top steps late that afternoon when Bat came swinging round the corner.

"I reckon, Bat, I ain't much good," he submitted dejectedly.

"You tired, papa. You been doing all work so I could go to school. Das ain't fair."

"It ain't das. I want you go to school. I want you learn to calculate. Das fine t'ing for man to know how to calculate. I ain't never know' how to do das."

"But you can write, papa," Bertrand declared, while his heart stood still.

"Yes, sir; I can write, but das ain't like—"

Bat interrupted breathlessly: "And you going sign report to-morrow, papa?"

"No, sir, I don't reckon, me, I'm going do das. I don't reckon I go to schoolhouse to-morrow."

"*Mais*, papa! Das sup'intendent say—" his voice went out.

"Das sup'intendent say das *two* trustees must be dere, and Monsieur Reneau tell me he going be dere and Monsieur Moise, so I needn't lose day from work, he reckon."

Bertrand jumped up. "Das Monsieur Reneau he don't want you to be dere and sign report when he can't," he said hotly. "He's done told Madame Moise you can't sign report and she done told Florence—"

"Ha?" said the scholar. "Florence, she—" He stopped.

Bertrand sat down. "Yes, sir," he said softly, "Florence— You going sign report, papa?—for me."

The old man gripped his boy's knee until his fingers found the bone. "Yes, sir," he said, "yes, sir; I'm going sign report for you. I'm going sign him fine, sho!"

The tense, eager crowd that poured into the schoolhouse that Friday afternoon scared the young teacher. Why were everybody's eyes so bright? Why did the grown people crack their fingers? Why did the children twist their toes? She decided to do her part and escape before they began to murder one another. With the bravest smile she could muster she presented her report to the board.

M. Moise smiled reassuringly. "I don't need to look at report, Miss May. If you say report is all right, I know, me, it *is* all right. You just write for me, if you please."

"And for me, *aussi*," muttered the magnate. He was looking at the scholar. The teacher's eyes followed him and the deep peace of that old man's presence was like balm to her flustered nerves.

"Will you witness the signatures, Mr. Santerre?"

The scholar bowed, rose, and came to her elbow: "Yes, ma'am; certainly, sho. I will witness"—he dodged the difficulty with the skill of the scholastics—"like you say."

The teacher bent her head, scribbled hurriedly, and handed over the report: "And will you just sign here?"

"And I will just sign here. Yes, ma'am, certainly, sho." He took the paper from her with a courtly gesture and carried it to where Bat waited, trembling, with a pen. The crowd caught its breath and held it. Every scratch of that laboring pen was heard. Could he sign it—this ineffectual old man who had ever been the butt of the bayou?

M. Santerre raised his head and looked at his boy, then he laid aside the pen, wiped his hand, took up the report and carried it to the teacher, his gaunt figure bending tenderly over that signature, his gnarled forefinger honestly pointing out the one blemish: "Das *let-ter*," he said in gentle pride, "das *let-ter* went over de line!"

"It is all right, Mr. Santerre," the teacher said promptly—very promptly, "it is all right, and I am a thousand times obliged to you."

Voila! Then there was a letting out of breaths and a loosening of fingers; then M. Moise smiled at the magnate and the magnate looked hard at the blackboard; then Madame Moise turned her back on Florence and Florence let Bat steal the handkerchief in her belt—a pretty handkerchief worked all round the edges, with pink and purple spots in the corners—; then a voice courteous and kindly, yet thrilling, could be heard saying: "And just whenever you want report signed, Miss May, you send me word by my boy Bat and I come sign report for you. Yes, ma'am, certainly, sho!"





UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

A REPUBLICAN orator concluded his speech with the announcement that he would be glad to answer any arguments put forward by the other side.

An old Irish-American citizen accepted the challenge.

"Eight years ago," he said, "they told us to vote for Bryan, an' thot we'd be prosperous. Oi did vote for Bryan, an' Oi've niver been so prosperous in all me loife, an' now, begorry, Oi'm goin' to vote for him again!"

A young lady whose beauty is equal to her bluntness in conversation was visiting a house where other guests were assembled, among them the eldest son of a rich manufacturer. The talk turned on matrimonial squabbles. Said the eligible *parti*: "I hold that the correct thing for the husband is to begin as he intends to go on. Say that the question was one of smoking. Almost immediately I would show my intentions by lighting a cigar and settling the question forever."

"And I would knock the thing out of your mouth!" cried the imperious beauty.

"Do you know," rejoined the young man, "I don't think you would be there!"

On a journey through the South not long ago, Wu Ting Fang was impressed by the preponderance of negro labor in one of the cities he visited. Wherever the entertainment committee led him, whether to factory, store, or suburban plantation, all the hard work seemed to be borne by the black men.

Minister Wu made no comment at the time,

but in the evening when he was a spectator at a ball given in his honor, after watching the waltzing and two-stepping for half an hour, he remarked to his host:

"Why don't you make the negroes do that for you, too?"

A Southerner, hearing a great commotion in his chicken-house one dark night, took his revolver and went to investigate.

"Who's there?" he sternly demanded, opening the door.

No answer.

"Who's there? Answer, or I'll shoot!"

A trembling voice from the farthest corner:

"'Deed, sah, dey ain't nobody hyah 'ceptin' us chickens."

An English farmer recently went into a restaurant in Liverpool and called for some bread and cheese.

"What kind would you like, sir?" inquired the waiter. "Cheshire, Yorkshire, or Gorgonzola?"

"Fancy name, that last," said the farmer; "I'll try a bit of that."

He thought it so tasty that he bought a pound, took it home for his wife late at night, and left it for her on the sideboard in the kitchen. Next morning he came in from his before-breakfast round and asked her if she had found the parcel.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I saw it there all right, and very good mottled soap it is, no doubt, when you know how to use it. But I couldn't make it lather very well when I washed the children, and after I'd done they smelled so strong

that I've turned 'em out for a breath of fresh air, just to sweeten 'em a bit before they go to school."

A judge in North Carolina was sentencing a big, loose-jointed negro who had been convicted of murdering another negro.

"George Earley," his honor said, "you have been found by a jury of twelve men tried and true to be guilty of murder in the first degree, for having killed, in cold blood, Moses Stackhouse, and it is the sentence of this court that on the tenth day of August the sheriff of Polk County take you to a place near the county jail and there hang you by the neck until you are dead, dead, dead! And may God have mercy on your soul. Have you anything to say for yourself?"

The negro shifted from one foot to the other and twisted and untwisted the old felt hat he held in his hands. All eyes in the court-room were upon him. Finally, rolling his eyes up at the judge, he said:

"Look y'here, jedge, you-all don't mean this comin' August, does you?"

After a scorching day's work old Ben Smith lighted his corncob pipe and sat down on the little wharf to rest. Near him lay an alligator, the visible result of his labors. A tourist from the North approached and loftily remarked: "Ah, I see you have an alligator."

No answer.

"It is amphibious, is it not?"

The tone nettled the old man.

"Amphibious, h—!" he growled. "He'd bite yer arm off before ye could say Jack Robinson!"

The other day a man walked into a barber's shop, deposited upon a table a number of articles which he took from a satchel, and arranged them with artistic care.

"This is pomade," said the visitor.

"I am well supplied," said the barber.

"This is bear's grease."

"I am full up with bear's grease."

"Here is some fine bay rum."

"Don't doubt it, but I make my own bay rum and put on foreign labels. Nobody knows the difference."

"Here is some patent cosmetic for the mustache."

"I know it is for the mustache, also for the whiskers, and all that, but I'm thoroughly stocked and reeking with cosmetic at present."

"Here are an electric brush, a duplex elliptic hair dye, lavender water, and a patent face powder."

"I don't want any of them."

"I know you don't."

"Then why do you ask me to buy them?"

"I did not ask you to buy them. Did I say anything to you about buying them?"

"Come to think of it, you didn't."

"I did not come here to sell anything. I only wish to let you know that I possess all the toilet articles that a gentleman has any business with. Now give me an easy shave without asking me to buy anything."

"Hurry up, Tommy!" called mother from down-stairs. "We're late now. Have you got your shoes on?"

"Yes, mamma—all but one."

One afternoon a young woman stepped up to the telegraph counter in a local department store, and in a trembling voice asked for a supply of blanks. She wrote a message on one blank, which she immediately tore in halves; then a second message was written out that was treated in the same way; finally a third was finished; and this she handed to the operator with a feverish request that it be "rushed." When the message had gone on the wire and the sender had departed, the operator read the other two for her own amusement. The first ran: "All at an end. Have no wish to see you again." "Do not write or try to see me any more," was the tenor of the second message. The third was to this effect: "Come at once. Take next train if possible. Answer."

Spurred on by newspaper taunts, possibly, a plain-clothes man of the Atlanta police set out one day to detect violations of the Georgia prohibition law. On Decatur Street he met an old negro whose appearance he considered "suspicious."

"Say, uncle," he whispered with a wink, "do you know where I can get some whisky?"

"I spec' maybe I kin git yer some ef yer gin me de money," replied the suspected one.

"Well, here is a two-dollar bill," said the plain-clothes man. "I'll wait in the alley here. Now hurry back."

"Yessah, boss, ef ye'll jes' hol' dis box er shoes fer me," and the policeman had the box under his arm before he knew it, while the darky shambled off down the street, turning the first corner.

Thinking he was on a warm trail and would soon have an important prisoner and witness "with the goods on," the sleuth waited in patience. An hour went by. He was getting tired. Two hours. Still no sign of the messenger.

Weary and discouraged, he returned to the police station. Suddenly he remembered the shoes under his arm, and decided to have a look. The box contained, carefully wrapped, a full quart bottle of corn whisky.

Everybody's Magazine

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31 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

We killed a bear. Do you remember the story we ran several months ago by Russell, about the convict labor system in Georgia? A convict who had experienced some of the horrors of that system and seen others, wrote us about them. We sent Russell down, and the story followed. Well, Georgia didn't waste any time finding fault with us for calling attention to the spot on her pretty gown. Georgia cleaned the spot off quicker'n scat—that's Georgia—and, looking up smiling, said, "What was that last remark of yours?" We didn't really kill the bear—Georgia did it, the men and women of Georgia, the Fred Seelyes, and others like him. All we did was to criticize. It was destructive criticism at that, but honest and fair, so the result is constructive. We are proud to have had a little share in the good work. Here is a letter, written before the legislature acted, that shows how a Georgian feels about it:

EAST POINT, GA., July 28, 1908.

A great many people no doubt imagine a large majority of articles such as Mr. Russell's "A Burglar in the Making" are printed merely to fill up space. Be that as it may, that particular article was, I believe, the spark that set off the powder that is now exploding in the legislative halls of the state of Georgia. Facts have been brought out in the investigations that make Mr. Russell's article read like a chapter from some love story. One ex-convict testified that he received 103 lashes because he fell down seven pounds of coal in his week's task. Another fact brought out was that a nineteen-year-old boy died of lockjaw during the Christmas holidays and that the camp doctor had refused to see him because "he [the doctor] was having Christmas and did not have time to visit convicts."

There is a bill before the legislature to abolish this "hellishness" after 1911. Why they cannot do it sooner is hard to say. If any one doubts the facts presented by Mr. Russell, let him send for the Atlanta daily papers for the past two weeks. Then he will wonder why Mr. Russell did not make it stronger.

V. V. M.

Russell has a story in this number of the Magazine, on page 701, which it wouldn't hurt anybody to read, a constructive story. He names three things which he believes we can and ought to do. You may not agree with him. Write and tell us why. Russell doesn't know everything, but he isn't exactly a fool, either, and he does love his brother man and he is proud of America, in spite of the harsh things he says. No one would be before him in making personal sacrifices for his country's good. Read what he thinks we ought to do.

WOMAN—HER PLACE

William Hard, who is doing such splendid work for the Magazine, first made a close alliance with us as the editor of the Chicago section of *Ridgway's Weekly* (we are able to speak of the Weekly now without shivering). To his intimates—and he has slathers of them—he is Billy Hard. At our first interview, wishing to get acquainted quickly, we asked Billy a lot of personal questions, among them: "Are you an American?" He replied with: "My father was American, my mother was English and Dutch, I was born in New York state, educated in India, and my home is in Chicago. Do I qualify?" He did. Hard is a soldier of the Common Good, competent

and willing to corporal an awkward squad, colonel a regiment, or general a division. Several months ago we commissioned him to make a thorough investigation of the whole subject of women working in offices, shops, and factories, and the effect on the health, the home, on industry, on women and men. It is an interesting and a vital subject.

The first instalment of the series you will find on page 579 of this number, under the caption "The Woman's Invasion." The serial has been very expensive in every way, and we should regret it if any of our readers overlooked it. Hard has brought to its preparation a real interest in the subject; he has great ability as an investigator, and rare skill in presenting humanly subjects that concern humanity.

The story is not a woman's magazine story; it is an EVERYBODY's story, because when women go out of the home to work the results affect all industry, all life, and the generations unborn. The treatment is simple, in no sense sensational, and the story breathes fairness and honesty in every line.

"SHADOW WORLD" COMPETITORS

The results of our "Shadow World" contest were surprising. When the offer of prizes was made, the most we hoped for was to stimulate some scientific investigations that might assist and supplement Mr. Garland's work. Instead, we received one of the most remarkable series of papers ever sent to an editorial office. Every day they came, thirty to fifty at a time, from every state and territory in the Union, and several each from Canada, England, Germany, and France. And one and all they bore the stamp of sincerity and truth. Many gave touching evidence of belief in communication with departed loved ones; priests and ministers trusted us with sacred confidences, and of all the papers, fully ninety per cent. was deeply religious in tone. And right here it may not be out of place to say that when hundreds of miscellaneous, unprofessional writers can turn out the good, clear, well constructed English shown in these compositions, there can be no question as to the success of our educational system. But to return to our subject: Where we had believed that studies in psychic phenomena were confined largely to a restricted cult or class, we found a widespread and diversified in-

terest. From all classes and conditions of people came extraordinary instances of thought transference, levitation, clairvoyance, and materialization.

Also, there was an almost unvarying demand for secrecy. Indeed, many of the most interesting cases were by their very nature impossible of proof. In addition, the great majority were experiences that had come unsought to the mediums or circles, and were not along the lines laid down for our articles. This made the selection of prize winners extremely difficult. A jury of five finally, after many days and nights of conscientious labor, eliminated all but twenty-four of the manuscripts. When these finally had been reduced to the lowest number on which a unanimous verdict could be reached, it was found that there remained one more than there were prizes, so an additional prize was given for this. Several stories of the "haunted house" type were also held, and the editors are now in communication with the writers of these, to secure permission to embody their accounts in a future number of the Magazine. Stranger than fiction, they were thrilling reading to us, and should make a valuable addition to proved psychic phenomena.

As usual, when we have asked cooperation from our readers, we have received it in generous abundance. Our hearts have gone out to many whose simple faith led them to open to us their most secret hopes and beliefs, and our gratitude is sincere to all for the patience and courtesy with which they have met the inevitable delays and disappointments.

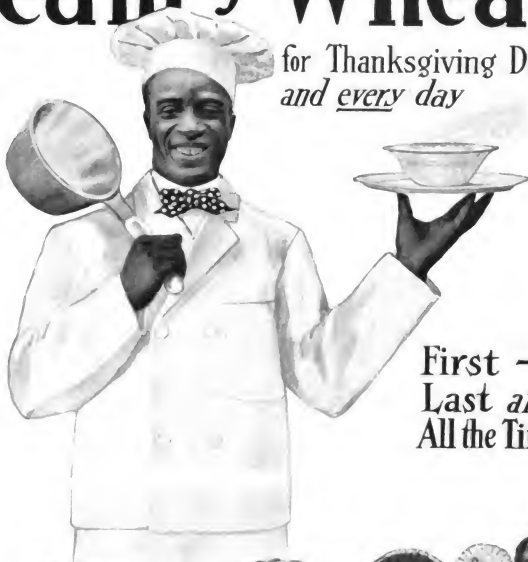
The successful candidates produced affidavits from themselves and others who had witnessed the phenomena described, and in addition we made, through outside sources, careful investigations concerning the standing and reliability of the witnesses.

The refusal of all but one of the successful competitors to have their names published was a disappointment, but we understand and respect their reticence, and abide by their decision.

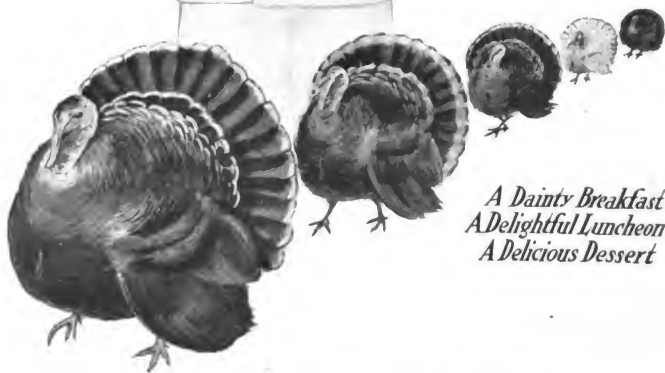
Mr. Garland came to New York to edit, and aid in the selection of, the prize winners. If you will read his comments in this number you may gain some faint idea of the mystery, of the strange unknown, that seems to lie just at the border line of our understanding. And you must come to feel that, whether spiritual or physical, there is something in our make-up more marvelous than the materialists care to concede.

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TOILET AND BATH





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"THE LONG HILL THAT GIVES ONE A GOOD FAST MILE STRETCH."

—*To the Country for Christmas.*—Page 744.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

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THE SUNDAY LADY OF 'POSSUM TROT

by JOHN L. MATHEWS

PHOTOGRAPHS by ARTHUR ELDREDGE

THERE is a man in middle Georgia who is so generous and so kind to those who need his help that his fame has spread through fifty counties. Not long ago, as he stood at his dooryard gate, there appeared before him a ragged, dust-begrimed urchin whose clothing, cast off by his elders, would scarcely stay on his emaciated frame. Freckles triumphed over dirt upon his face. His feet were bare. He wore a tattered straw hat, and twin tears gullied his cheeks as he spoke.

"Air you Mr. Jim Heath?" he asked.

"Why, I reckon I be, sonny," said the kind-hearted man.

"Then, suh, I done foun' you," said the boy. "I be'n a-trompin' mo'n five weeks git-tin' heah. I come f'om the mountings. A man passed th'ough up there an' tole we-all about what you done foh boys. I be'n wantin' to learn, an' when I heard you was good to boys I sot out an' tromped, askin' the way. Some folks sent me the wrong ways an' some sent me right, but I kep' on askin' an' now I found you. Mister, I'm jes' a-hungerin' for knowledge."

The good-hearted man felt a suspicious moisture around his own eyes as he listened to the story.

"Son," he said, opening the gate, "you go into the house and tell the lady you come to stay. I reckon you found a home."

Hungering for knowledge! Aye, and as that boy hungered for it so do thousands of others like him hunger in those forest-clad mountains of the South which stretch across Virginia and the Carolinas and deep into Georgia and Alabama. Their isolated cabins on the mountainsides are near no

schools. Libraries, even single books, all the things requisite for the attainment of knowledge, are far from them. And yet that racial instinct which has always stirred the Anglo-Saxon and the Scotch-Irishman, that demand which has driven these races upward toward higher civilization, is strong in these people and eager for expression. Here and there, along the edge of the mountain country and even in the heart of it, are isolated schools established for their benefit, most of them, however, affecting hardly more than the region immediately at their doors—Lincoln Memorial University in the Cumberland Gap, Berea College in Kentucky, and others in Virginia and the Carolinas. But for hundreds of miles there are no such schools, and there is no way of aiding the boys and girls who dwell in those waste reaches; for them nothing is left, if they would seek after learning, but to seek it through some kind-hearted man or woman, by "tromping down out of the mountings" by whatever road fate may lead them.

For the state itself the education of these mountaineers is a very difficult problem. There are large areas of the Appalachian chain so thinly populated that it is impossible to maintain in them any regular form of government. The individualistic tendency of the mountaineer, inherited and developed, makes him wary of anything at all approaching cooperation in governmental work. The tillage of the mountain farms brings such scant return that the entire cash receipts of a family may be much less than a hundred, or even fifty, dollars in a year; and each family becomes a unit by itself, rais-

ing and living upon its own corn and hogs, spinning and weaving its own clothes, and buying only sugar and the few other importations which the mountains will not yield. Under such circumstances, even could enough children be collected to make a school, it is impossible to organize a taxing body which can support the teacher without virtual extortion. And as the mountain roads are often impassable, and the cabins isolated for weeks at a time, the scholars cannot be kept together. All these conditions have prevented the development of the school system.

Besides, the character of the mountaineer has held back the hand of charity. In spite of its ignorance there is no prouder race in America than this of the Southern mountains. But it is often the sort of pride which refuses to allow the son to know more than his father; the pride which will not ac-

cept charity, though, having a chance to pay its share, it will work to the death to carry out any plan to which it has pledged itself. It is a pride often misdirected, but when turned into the right channel it will lead a mountain boy far on his path to better things.

This is to be the story of some such boys who have sought the way out and have found it. It is not to be the story of that single tattered boy from the "mountings," nor of the kind-hearted man who welcomed him, but of the hundreds of other boys, hungering for knowledge, who have found the path which leads down 'Possum Trot into the Flat Woods. And it is the story, too, of the woman who stands there by the road to help them on, the much beloved Sunday Lady of 'Possum Trot.

'Possum Trot is in upper Georgia: a musical little brook which comes down out of the mountains, collecting from a hundred

sweet-water springs: flowing through the hard and the piny woods; past half-tilled cotton fields, whose curving terraces follow the hillsides in a vain endeavor to prevent erosion; tumbling over rocky ledges, flowing more gently through deep trout-pools, and by the doorsteps of hillside cabins—half-chinked and ill-kept structures—and at last falling into the Ostanaula and so by the Coosa coming to the sea. Where the road to Rome crosses the branch there is a growing cluster of cabins and cottages, surrounding a neat frame schoolhouse, and this, too, is called 'Possum Trot. But the Lady takes her title from the mountain stream, because the little branch is emblematic of another stream, a river of life, flowing from pure water sources in the highlands into the larger river of progress and purpose and so into the sea of accomplishment;



THEIR ISOLATED CABINS ARE NEAR NO SCHOOLS.

a stream which runs its course because of the miracle she has wrought and the great sacrifice she has made.

She came to 'Possum Trot from a big mansion on the edge of Rome, a fine old Georgia place. No life could have been more different from that of the mountains than that which was prepared for her. With an income sufficient for her needs, permitting her to dress well and to go upon those traditional visits and to those merry house-parties which make much of the gaiety of Southern life; with the work of the house left entirely to negro servants so that she need not turn her hand to it; with more than usual beauty of person, grace, and intellect, so that she was dominant wherever fortune placed her, she might have gone on her way as other Southern girls have gone and are going, through a long and merry round of dances, visits, teas, and receptions, to marriage; and after marriage to more teas and visits and dances and receptions until old age should come. She might have taken up a charity for a hobby, after the society way, and given her spare time to it.

But there was stirring in her continually a demand for work. It impelled her to discipline herself, to take up long courses of study, and to follow them rigorously. It made her discontented with her easy life. Out in front of her home lay the Flat Woods, extending in lovely undulations from the lesser hills to the mountains; and over beyond these rose the peaks of Mount Lavender and many another of those abrupt, tree-clad hummocks of the southern Appalachians. In between, almost under the eye of her dwelling, was a little log cabin, old and abandoned, sheltered under an immense yellow pine, secluded, quiet, restful. It was



MISS MARTHA BERRY, "THE SUNDAY LADY."

just such a cabin as might have been duplicated a hundred times in a hundred-mile drive through the mountains; but the lowlands know little of the mountains, and at that time the Sunday Lady knew little of the mountaineers. This cabin charmed her eye one day, and with enthusiastic labor she turned it into a den of comfort, a place for idling and for working, for inviting her soul and enjoying the peace and quiet of the dreamy wood. But it was this little cabin which was destined to bring her face to face with the great work of her life, this which was to place her on a plane of understanding with those other cabin dwellers on the distant mountainsides.

So through the long afternoons, just within the cabin door, sat Martha Berry, from whose mind no subject could have been farther than that of turning missionary to the mountain folks; to whom no possibility could



TO-DAY, IN THE OPEN FOREST, STAND HANDSOME BUILDINGS ERECTED BY THESE BOYS.

have been more absurdly impossible than that she, a young lover of luxury, should give her life, her fortune, her entire time to the founding and care of a school for boys.

Yet, as she dreamed, her fate was stalking her. It came upon her in the guise of some little children, strolling through the Flat

Woods one Sunday, and halting to peek at her in shy curiosity. It came in a prompting to call them and speak to them. She learned that they were mountain children from 'Possum Trot. They had never been to school. They did not know how to read. They had never heard of Sunday-school. And as for

the wonderful traditions and stories, from the Bible to Grimm, with which every juvenile mind should be stocked, they knew not one of them. She gathered them about her in the little cabin and through the long afternoon read and talked to them, while they turned fascinated faces toward her and listened, almost breathless, lest at any moment a breeze might blow their happiness away. The next Sunday they came again, and



THE BOYS ARE BRINGING ABANDONED COTTON LANDS TO THE POINT WHERE THEY PRODUCE TWO BALES TO THE ACRE.



BOYS WHO HAVE SOUGHT THE WAY OUT AND HAVE FOUND IT.

brought their brothers and sisters, and a few weeks later behold Miss Berry, behind old "Roney," the Sunday-school horse—so they call him in the mountains—driving away up the road to 'Possum Trot to meet ignorance half-way, to meet the boys and girls and their elders; going out to the fork of the road to greet them and to cheer them on; going out to 'Possum Trot to found her first school and to dedicate herself to a life of hard labor.



EACH BOY MUST EARN, BY HIS DAILY TWO HOURS OF FIELD WORK,
HALF OF HIS SCHOOL EXPENSES.

Two years later one might have seen this same young woman, with a new light and a new beauty in her face—the light and the beauty of self-sacrifice and of devotion to a cause—sitting upon a pile of lumber in a little clearing in a dense wood, superintending a number of carpenters who were rapidly erecting a ten-room house; or one might have seen her balancing herself across scantlings or scaling precarious ladders, to give closer attention to details.

The two years had brought new problems and new work. Starting out with a girl's eager ambition to teach the beloved Bible stories to the mountain children, she had found that this was but the beginning of things she had to teach, and not alone to children but to their elders. Only so far could they go as she would go with them. They could not read for themselves. Appalled at their ignorance and their helplessness, stirred by their eagerness to learn, and

moved almost equally by the menace to the state of these uneducated people, she went to work first to supplement the Sunday-school with a day-school. The county school-board consented to hire a teacher for 'Possum Trot, and later, when Miss Berry had erected the buildings far back among the hills, for several other schools. But the meager pay for a few short months of school, the many difficulties to be overcome, and the hardship of teaching in the mountains made it difficult to obtain teachers. To make it easier, Miss Berry added to the pay the county gave and lengthened the teaching year from her own income.

It soon became evident, however, that these day-schools could not be maintained. The natural reluctance of the illiterate to have their children better educated kept many children away. The slightest excuse was enough to keep at home those who were enrolled. There was no way of enforcing discipline, and the attendance was scant and irregular.

But while the day-schools were failing—and yet were accomplishing good—Miss Berry herself was learning something of the magnitude of the task into which she had unwittingly stumbled. She learned that the mountaineers needed to be taught discipline and the dignity of labor; and then the dignity and possibility of a better life. They needed to be dragged up out of their poverty and isolation to a condition in which they would themselves support schools and roads and would begin to lean toward community feeling instead of individualism.

To attain this end, there was but a single course. They must be taught and inspired to till better their scanty fields so that the crop would better reward their efforts; they must learn how to make the earth produce other things than cotton and hogs and corn. The work which would give them these things would in time benefit the state and the nation, too; for of all the crimes of poor tillage which have aroused the workers toward conservation, all the reckless clearing of timber, burning of soil, washing away and erosion of fields, all the process of robbing the land of its fertility by endless successions of the same crop, the worst examples are to be found among these mountain dwellers. This Miss Berry came to know, and so, having passed from the Sunday-school to an experiment with a day-school, she saw that this was but a trial step from which she must move forward to an industrial school.

When she saw that, and, further, realized that it must be a boarding-school or it could not hope to keep up attendance and to discipline the pupils, or give opportunity to teach them by association and example, she hesitated long between the boys and the girls. Her inclination was toward her own sex; and surely the mountain girls needed her. But the necessities of the case won for the boys. They could live on plainer fare; they could put up with more hardships at the start; and, perhaps most important of all, they could do a greater part of the work of the school themselves.

Over in the Flat Woods there was an eighty-acre tract which her father had left her on his death. It was a sort of memorial to him, as she regarded it, and never to be parted with. Now, however, it offered the site for beginning operations. So she incorporated the Berry Industrial School, deeded the little forest to it for a home, and depleted her little capital to provide funds for a ten-room house. Miss Edith Brewster, a Leland Stanford graduate, came to aid her, and with the help of loyal friends the little building was finished and filled with make-shift furniture, collected chiefly from neighboring attics.

It was a more difficult task to find boarding pupils than to fill a Sunday-school room. Back into the mountains for twenty miles went the Sunday-school horse and the Sunday Lady, seeking recruits. In an unkempt cabin in the far hills she found two boys, boarding themselves and paying two dollars a month tuition to a snuff-dipping old drone of a superannuated schoolmaster to teach them Greek. They had not yet mastered arithmetic. These two she corralled, and one other, on the promise of a complete literary and industrial education for fifty dollars a year, board included. School was to open on a Monday, in the middle of January, 1902. On Saturday morning a ramshackle rig drew up before the building and out climbed a boy, holding an old trunk in his arms. He had heard about the new school and had come to try it. He was the first volunteer pupil. Another showed up on Monday, and the school opened with one building, five pupils, and two teachers, and about eighty acres of forest lands.

One might have seen the Sunday Lady in the school yard the next morning giving a first lesson in the dignity of labor. In the center of a clearing was the big iron

kettle—after Southern fashion—mounted upon bricks, while a fire blazed or smoked underneath it. Near by were two tubs on a bench, and a pile of dirty clothes; while in the offing—distinctly an “offing”—were the five boys whose extra clothes were to be made like new.

“Now, boys”—this from the Sunday Lady—“we will all wash the clothes. I will show you how, and after this each boy will wash his own.”

The boys demurred. “No, ma’am,” said the eldest. “I ain’t never seen no mankind of no kind do no washin’; and I ain’t goin’ to do none.”

“Very well, you may stand and watch while I do it,” she said sweetly. Into the tub went the unaccustomed young arms, while the boys looked on in embarrassed silence. They fidgeted from foot to foot while she scrubbed and wrung and twisted in unfamiliar exercise. At last as she bent, wearily resting, beside the tubs, the oldest boy was overcome by tardy shame.

“I ain’t never seen it done,” he announced defiantly, “but I’m a-goin’ to wash them clo’es, Miss Berry.”

“Very well,” she agreed. “I will leave you to show the others.”

She went away and left him to manage the younger boys, while she rested her tired back and cried with the relief it all meant. The great struggle had been fought and won. In the new school the tradition was established that the boys should do the scrubbing. Below that there was nothing. Even cooking would thereafter be a matter of course.

So, with the boys won to her plan, she set about building out of nothing a school which to-day has no superior among the agricultural colleges of the country for the practical efficiency of the work it does. She secured a school-trained farmer to take charge of the out-of-door work, while she and Miss Brewster planned that indoors. They regulated the work of the boys by the clock, and divided it into periods. They provided that two divisions of two hours each must be spent in the class-room and one division in the field; for it cost \$100 a year to keep and teach a boy, and each one must earn in this two hours a day the fifty dollars’ worth not covered by his tuition. As a matter of fact, only half of the boys paid anything at all, and the rest earned their entire keep, or an equivalent, working at odd hours upon the farm or about the buildings. The same proportion holds to-day.

From the five pupils thus first brought together, the little school grew as rapidly as circumstances would permit. About twenty boys finished the first year, and then, money being furnished from outside in small instalments, the boys, under the direction of a carpenter, erected other buildings and made room for more boys.

Six years have elapsed since the first opening of the school in the woods, and the school now numbers 150 pupils. To-day, in an open and carefully kept grove stand more than half a score of handsome buildings, all but the poorest of them erected, under a carpenter’s guidance, by these boys, most of whom have before coming here seen nothing more pretentious than a log cabin.

Out beyond the grove, reached by fine macadam roads—also built by the boys—stretch some hundreds of acres of well-tilled fields, all old abandoned cotton lands, which, when taken by the school, produced less than half a bale of cotton a year. On these the farm instructor and the boys are practising that careful cultivation which is necessary to the preservation of our soil values, and, by means which are entirely possible for the mountainside farmer, are bringing them rapidly to the point where they produce two bales to the acre. A good, large dairy barn, and a milk-house, both built by the boys, shelter a herd of ordinary cows and a fine-blooded Jersey bull—an outfit which at the same time provides a profit from its operation and proves a school in stock-raising. Steadily improving the grade of the stock, and keeping careful record of the quantity and quality of each cow’s milk and the cost of her keep, the boys learn the difference between profitable and unprofitable cattle.

Hot-beds and truck-gardens—things unknown to the mountain country—spreading peach and apple orchards, a canning factory, now being enlarged, for taking care of the surplus production of summer fruit, a woodworking shop and manual training-school, a steam laundry operated by the boys—all these are among the enterprises on the edge of the woods; and out in front, facing the entrance, are the lecture-halls, the dormitories, and, in front of all, a big, white-columned recitation and library building with a well-selected stock of books.

All this represents an investment of \$100,000, besides what has gone to running expenses. And the story of that \$100,000 is as wonderful as the tale of the school itself.

For in all her struggles Miss **Berry** has never actually asked for help. She has traveled uncounted miles around the country, telling the story of her boys wherever she could find some one to listen. She has told quaint instances of their devotion, their ignorance, their helplessness, and has left to those who heard to do what their consciences dictated. As a result, this school has never yet received a gift of \$1,000 at one time, and but three times has it received \$500. Most of the money represented in the ground and buildings and that which goes to keep the boys has come in fifty dollars at a time, or even in five and ten dollar instalments, and much of it in dollar bills. Letters come in every day with as little as fifty cents in them, and there has never been a month in the history of the school when the next month's keep was assured in advance.

In consequence, not only have the boys worked hard, but all the teachers have had to sacrifice their material interests for the sake of those whom they teach. Salaries of thirty dollars a month are taken by those worth five times as much, because that just suffices for the necessities of life. And as for the Sunday Lady herself, it is on record that one year the boys of the school, by working overtime and out of hours, amassed a sum exceeding \$4.50, which they presented through a committee to Miss **Brewster**, with the request that she buy Miss **Berry** a new skirt in place of the one to which she was then reduced. They have done more than that, these boys. On the fifth anniversary they, with the teachers and the alumni, presented to the school \$250, representing more than twice that many days of hard and patient labor. And wherever they have gone out of the school they have carried the spirit of hard labor and sacrifice which has been instilled into them by the example of their teachers. So it has come about that even the University of Georgia and the Technological School of the state vie with each other in securing Miss **Berry's** graduates, because of the spirit one of them instills into a class.

The young man who graduated this year at the head of his class at the University of Georgia, editor of the college paper, president of the Y. M. C. A., already well known through the state as an orator and as a speaker on matters of public interest, is one of those two boys whom the Sunday Lady brought down out of the mountain cabin to

be her first pupils. And his story is the more remarkable because, having learned at the washtub of the industrial school that any labor that is clean is manly, he has paid his way through school with whatever work came his way, even by waiting on table. He has done this in the South, where such work is relegated to negroes, and has set a new standard in his college without losing his own caste; and through his example the results of the struggle of the Sunday Lady at 'Possum Trot will go increasing down through the years.

The school to-day maintains a regular six years' course, two years of preparation for those boys who come ignorant even of their alphabet, and four years of a college preparatory course. So thorough is this that graduates enter the State University without examination. The school day begins, for those told off to light the fires, at four in the morning. The cooks, who are also pupils, arrive on the scene soon after, and breakfast is ready at six. From that time on the day is divided into regular periods, giving each boy at least four hours in the class-room and two in the field. There is no task about the place which is not done by the boys.

They work in a very different spirit from that first encountered in the mountains by the Sunday Lady when she came to 'Possum Trot. At that time, when she wished to establish her Sunday-school in an old log schoolhouse, the first day was rainy, and the audience shifted about to avoid the streams which came through the leaky roof.

"We'll have to come up here some day and mend this," said Miss **Berry**.

"No'm," said an old mountaineer. "Hit done rained now. Hit mout not rain ag'in for a month."

"Yes, and hit mout rain next Sunday," said Miss **Berry**, with a ready adaptation of the dialect. "We will mend it Thursday. Lemonade for those who work."

Lemonade! The word went like wild-fire through the mountains, where there were few who had even seen the fabled beverage. It brought a crowd to 'Possum Trot on the appointed day, but not many were willing to try the real labor. They stood about expectantly until it became evident that Miss **Berry** meant what she had said, and that no one would get even a taste till he had earned it. Then one tried it, and found the lemonade good. Thereupon there was a scramble for places at the work, and the roof was soon

rebuilt and the whole building "slicked up."

"I never seen no woman mend no roof before," said the old mountaineer wonderingly. But if he came now to the Berry School he would see stranger things every day, and would find mountain boys cooking, scrubbing, ironing, making beds, and with equal facility following the plow.

How thoroughly the lesson of economy and sacrifice has been impressed upon them was indicated by this conversation overheard by a teacher at the kitchen door. The head cook was berating an assistant.

"You peel those 'taters thinner," he said.

"Aw, go on. They ain't your 'taters. I'll peel the 'taters as thick as I like."

"No, you won't, either. You peel those 'taters thin or I'll bust your head. They're Miss Berry's 'taters, and she said we got to be careful and not waste anything, 'cause we're awful close to the edge of having nothing."

I have called them boys. In my own fancy, when I went to Rome, they were to be youngsters of fifteen to eighteen, of the size and kind of ordinary urchins. Instead, I found the forest peopled with stalwart young giants, twenty of them more than six feet tall, at least one of them six feet three, and strong in proportion. Yet they are boys for all that, overgrown but under-nourished, mentally as well as physically.

The story of the Berry School has been one of growth and progress. Latterly the state has taken notice, and has established a series of schools of agriculture, modeled on Miss Berry's practice, in each congressional district. But it has left her corner of the state all to her care. The department of agriculture at Washington has taken account of the good work she is doing in teaching these mountain lads real farming and real forestry, and is cooperating with her. And the mountain people for a hundred miles back in the hills have heard of her and come down to see and to try to get place for their boys in the school, so that every year twice as many are turned away as are admitted, and as many are admitted as can find cots in the corners or bunks on the floor.

How far the fame of the Sunday Lady has spread now it would be hard to tell. But in the early days, when the school was new, she had an indication that it was traveling fast. She announced a Christmas tree for the school. A Christmas tree! Never had

the mountains actually seen such a thing. On Christmas morning, when Miss Berry peered from her windows, the grove before the house was filled as far as she could see with people and with ramshackle wagons and buggies. The "mountings" had come to see the tree. Amazed, she quickly ran over in mind the scanty presents—just enough for her pupils. Hastily dressing, she emptied her treasures from trunk and drawer, and put into a pile all the ribbons, kerchiefs, pins, and whatever could be made a gift. Her brother was away, but she pre-empted his neckties, handkerchiefs, socks, and stick-pins. She rifled the rooms of the other members of the family with equal impartiality, and at last had something on the tree for every one. Then she went out to greet her guests.

"Where do you all come from?" she inquired.

An old woman took the pipe from her teeth and answered her.

"Well, miss, ol' Sal thar's come f'om right smart ways back in the mountings. She heern about your tree, so she started day befo' yistiddy and walked all the way."

Miss Berry's fame is still spreading back there, and, as it spreads, the boys come from farther and farther back, tramping down in their ragged clothes, to be dressed and fed and filled with the knowledge for which they are hungering. A more manly, self-reliant, hard-working class of boys it would be impossible to find than those who make up the school. And as the Sunday Lady has been faithful to her work for, them, so have they been faithful to her and have entered as sincerely as she has into the work for their own uplifting.

Away back there in the mountains, by the head of a little stream which enters 'Possum Trot far above the road from Rome, there is a cabin desolated by death. And on the mountainside, in a neatly kept enclosure, is a white stone, seldom visited except by the father and mother of the boy who lies beneath it. But the legend on that stone, which might to the passer-by seem ludicrous, is, in the mountains, sincere and earnest, and might well be written over the lives of many more of those who are still struggling ahead. For there is chiseled into the stone the words: "*He was faithful unto death; by request of Miss Martha Berry.*"



THE KING'S PREROGATIVE

BY ROWLAND THOMAS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. FALLS

I · A CERTIFICATE OF GENUINENESS.



THIS is to bear witness that Kilauea was a King of the first water, every cubic inch of him. I stake my standing as a poor and honest writing-man on that statement.

I do not pretend to have known many Kings intimately, but the few—

the half dozen, more or less—whom I number among my acquaintances I have studied all the more closely for the rarity of the opportunity, and I flatter myself that I ought to know what are the kingly attributes *par excellence*. They are three.

The first is a certain disdain for things which render life interesting to little people who are not Kings.

"Chamberlain," Kilauea used to ask languidly each morning when he had taken his seat on his lofty throne, "what's doing to-day?"

And the Chamberlain, bowing very low, would answer, "Y' Majesty, if it meets Y' Majesty's gracious approval, it is planned that to-day Y' Majesty's court should do this—or that."

And whether the Chamberlain suggested this, or that, Kilauea's comment was the same. "Heavens!" he would mutter. "That!" (Or "This!") And then he would

yawn, prodigiously, with regal insolence, in the faces of the discomfited Chamberlain and court. Try as they might, the Chamberlain and the court never succeeded in discovering anything that really amused their King. But they never allowed that to worry them, for—

The second attribute of Majesty is a certain (properly condescending) consideration for the little people who cannot be interesting, because they are not Kings.

"Never mind," Kilauea would murmur, when he had done yawning. "Go ahead and do it. Never mind me. After all, one thing's no stupider than any other thing." In that way he put the Chamberlain and the other courtiers at their ease, making them feel that their good intention, at least, was appreciated.

The third attribute of Kings is a certain calm assurance that Kings are always interesting, to everybody but themselves, just because they are Kings. You will notice that Kings enough, observing the dullness of their courts, have pitied themselves for being Kings, but very rarely a King, observing his own dullness, has pitied his courtiers for being his. And Kilauea never had thought of doing such a thing. He considered them extremely fortunate people.

So on all three counts he merits a place among the most regal Kings in history.

"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity—save Me!" he cried often—or might have cried it, had he not found it *ennuyeux* to cry anything at all.

Most things are *ennuyeux* when one is a King. If you have any illusions on that point, read the next chapter.

II · A KING AT HOME



THE throne-room was a great dusky cavern of a place that morning—for the shutters were half drawn—and the air lay heavy and fragrant in it, and very still, and yet it was all a-tingle with the thrum and tinkle of primitive stringed instruments.

Two *hula* girls were dancing before Kilauea's court. They were a pair of slim young brown things simply gowned—so far as they were gowned—in flowers, a pair of South Sea dryads, very probably, newly escaped from the imprisoning column of some tall palm. At any rate they were straight and graceful as tall palms themselves, and while the music throbbed about them they swayed their responsive bodies in the immemorial postures of their dance.

Around them the court of Kilauea sat cross-legged on the floor and watched, for the *hula* is a fascinating dance to watch, albeit a certain naïve freedom in the postures of its devotees, a certain ingenuousness in the underlying plot of it, might give alarm to the highly cultivated sense of impropriety of—of such a man as Mr. Anthony Comstock, let us say. But this was farther east of Suez than Mr. Comstock's warning voice, so far, has had power to carry, and the unenlightened courtiers were apparently quite unalarmed as they sat looking on.

Indeed, that free, unaffected, simple, sensuous dance seemed merely natural expression there, and quite in keeping with its setting. For a bit of fairy-land lay outside those half-screened windows—a landscape magically golden in its sunshine, magically green in its verdure, and magically soporific in its whole effect.

In the foreground an avenue of spreading fan-palms held out gently fluttering streamers to the trade-wind, and the wind lifted them a little way, with a sleepy rustling, and let them fall, and lifted them and let them fall again, unendingly. A line of surf, airy and luscious as frothed nectar, murmured eternally on the bright strip of beach beyond the palms,

the beach where throngs of foolish stranded jellyfishes evaporated in the sun at every tide and left throngs of supererogatory ground-plans of themselves on the sand to mark their passing. And out beyond the anchorage where the dingy whalers lay was the open sea, the blue, dimpling, sparkling sea where white-caps glinted coolly on the long rollers while through the livelong day hours of golden sunshine alternated with the tempering mists of trade-wind showers, and through the sleep-long night stars like great blobs of yellow flame crackled softly overhead.

And the hurrying years stood still in Kilauea's realms. There was no summer or winter, seed-time or harvest, there. It was all and always beautiful, as unchangingly beautiful as one of Mr. Belasco's most beautiful thoughts, the thoughts that make your breath catch, they are so unusually beautiful.

In such a scene as that imagine, if you can, the flowery *hula* girls swaying in the immemorially naïve and graceful postures of their dance, while the trade-wind rustled in the palm-trees and the surf lapped on the beach and the sweet, heavy air throbbed faintly to the throbbing of the strings—imagine that and you have the atmosphere of Kilauea's court that morning, as completely as if I had had a poppy-stem for a pen and a pot of some gallo-tannic infusion of poppy-juice to dip it in; the finest sleepy, drowsy, dozy, forever-almost - waking - up - and - always - just - nodding - back - again atmosphere that ever flowed softly round a lazy man and brought his anemic energies a painless death. You'd think, wouldn't you, that nothing could be less *ennuyeux*—I love that word—less *ennuyeux* than that? And now observe the innate Kingliness of Kilauea.

High above it all he sat lopsided on his throne, twiddling eloquent thumbs in mute disdain. It seems incredible, but to him that green and golden landscape with the magic air of Lotos-land poured round it made no appeal. He sat in the midst of it as unmoved as ever critic was before the unveiling of Mr. Belasco's most unusually beautiful thought of the season.

To him those swaying dryads meant no



TO HIM THAT COURT WAS MERELY A COLLECTION OF UNMITIGATED BORES.

more than the third pink and yellow person from the prompt end of the chorus means to you as you sit in the stalls and gaze at her impersonal blandishments. To him the court sitting crosslegged there—the polychromatic court which would have been a feast to unaccustomed democratic eyes hungry to behold an autocratic monarch, even a brown and fat one, throned in majesty—to him that court was merely a collection of unmitigated bores.

It seems incredible, but it is so. You must remember that you are now beholding a King at home. For him the salt of life has lost all savor, and so he sits there, blasé, magnificent, disdainful, a King in every cubic inch of him, if ever there was one.

But he is not destined to sit so till the end of time. Otherwise I should not bother to write about him. A photograph would be biography enough.

III. A HIDEOUS DOUBT ASSAILS THAT KING

SUDDENLY, in the midst of the music and the dance, a disconcerting thing occurred. The King moved slightly on his throne. His

jaw dropped slowly, and his lips shaped themselves into a great letter O. He inflated his chest. His cheeks puffed outward and

upward till his eyes were creases in the blank expanse of his face. And then his jaws approached each other slowly in a series of short jerks and, as they came, "Oh-ho-ho-o-ha-a-hum!" said the King. A moment after that he opened his eyes and looked about him contentedly. He had yawned. It was the only satisfaction Life still held for him. And he did it beautifully.

But it was very disconcerting. Often as it happened, the King's yawn was so prodigious, so truly royal in its completeness, that it brought constantly a fresh surprise. The court, somehow, never could get used to it. And now the tinkle of the music ceased. The swaying dryads stood poised like two elfin figures in soft bronze. The deep and placid breathing of the audience was broken by a little universal gasp of surprise and—admiration, possibly. All eyes were centered on the King.

He did not heed them. His chest was swelling with another mighty breath. He raised his thick arms from his sides and stretched them out in a horizontal plane. He flexed them slowly till his clenched fists rested on his head. Slowly, yet irresistibly, his jaw began to drop, his lips to round themselves, his cheeks to obliterate his eyes. Then with a bold and regal gesture he stretched his arms straight out again, and while he twisted slightly on his throne that imprisoned breath oozed slowly out. "Oph - ho - o - o - o - haaaa - ah - hum!" That was the noise it made when Kilauea yawned at his full capacity.

Then another disconcerting thing occurred. While the King still sat there with closed eyes, enjoying to the full his only pleasure, the delicious afterglow of a perfect yawn, something happened which made him forget it and sit up very straight and open his eyes and stare about him. It was a simple thing enough, but very disconcerting.

For an instant the crepitation of imitatively gaping jaws, or something very like it, had been distinctly audible in the throne-room, and a rustling, as of sleeves on outstretched arms. It sounded very much as if the court had yawned. And it looked very much as if the court had yawned and was striving desperately to conceal the fact, as well it might strive! The altered demeanor of the fat-paunched, heavy-jowled Chamberlain, who was accustomed to sit, grandiosely dignified, on the step of the dais at his monarch's feet,

was most suspicious. It seemed as if some internal agony convulsed him. His eyes were glazed, his teeth were set, his chin protruded, his lips were pursed, his diaphragm was heaving, his Adam's apple working up and down. It looked exactly as though the Chamberlain was striving gamely to gulp down something long and hard which would not down. And you may have noticed how long and hard a yawn is when you try to make it turn about and go back where it came from.

The other courtiers displayed precisely similar symptoms. The old and fatuous, the young and jealous privy councilors, the resplendent admirals and gilt-cased generals, the chancellors and judges and the beaux, were gulping with pursed lips and the desperation of dismay. If the comparison were not too undignified, I should tell you frankly that Kilauea's court, at that moment, resembled nothing else so much as a chicken-yard surprised in a battle with a horde of unusually stubborn angleworms. Even the splendid sulky young captain of the guard, hunched bolt upright in a corner, was rigid with the struggle, and so were those elfin *hula* girls as well. Kilauea gazed about him with growing certainty. And with growing anger, too. The thing was disgraceful, any way you look at it. A dull red glint began to glow in

Kilauea's eyes.

"Chamberlain," said the King suddenly, in a pleasant voice, an awfully pleasant voice, "you are an authority on the customs of this my court. Tell me, what would be the penalty for one to pay who presumed to—to yawn in the Presence?"

The Chamberlain turned a sickly greenish-yellow. He had heard that awfully pleasant voice before. His fat knees shook under him. He opened and shut his mouth several times, tentatively, and at last it yielded him a thin flow of words.

"D-death, Y' M-majesty," he stammered.

"Ah," said his Majesty meditatively. "Death." His voice seemed to enfold the word caressingly. "Tell me, Chamberlain," said the King, "what sort of death do the immemorial customs of my court, the unwritten laws of Tapu, prescribe for an offense like that?"

"The m-most unc-comfortable sort, Y' M-majesty," stammered the wretched Chamberlain. "He should be th-thrown to the sh-sharks. Ahh-hh-h!" The exclamation



was involuntary. A wave fell just then, on the bright beach beyond the palms, with an unusually liquid plash.

"Death by the sharks," said the King slowly, in that caressing voice of his. He smiled at his trembling Chamberlain. "And now perhaps you'll tell me," he suggested, "how, knowing the penalty, you found courage to—to—to do it."

A worm will turn, you know. "I didn't," said the Chamberlain, with the boldness of desperation.

"You did," said the King. "I saw you."

"You didn't," retorted the Chamberlain, more desperate still. "Y' Majesty's eyes were shut."

The King looked sheepish in spite of his anger. The Chamberlain had him there, and he was a just man. But he had one refuge for his dignity, one always open to men—if it's polite to call them men—in his position. "Ananias!" he hissed, all the direful pleasantness gone from his voice.

In spite of his fright the Chamberlain looked puzzled. "I beg Y' Majesty's pardon," he ventured.

"Liar!" snapped the King, and smiled. The word had restored his self-assurance, that most necessary attribute of Kings. "Death by the sharks," he mused, looking down at his courtiers with those redly glinting eyes. "Death by the sharks to all who presume to y—to—to do it in the Presence." His voice was thick with an anticipated pleasure of some sort.

There was a breathless pause. The throne-room was very still, so still that the sound of a cook frying spluttering fish in the distant kitchen of the palace was almost painful in its intensity. It was a dramatic moment.

The spell was quickly broken. The *hula* girls still stood poised there, pathetic, drooping little elfin figures. But suddenly one of them lowered her outstretched foot to the floor. And then she raised a slender, exquisitely modeled hand and laid it on her pouting lips. And then, delicately and unobtrusively, as any truly considerate lady

would in the Presence of Majesty, but still quite frankly, she—yawned! "Gee, Liz," she whispered, behind her exquisitely modeled hand, but still quite audibly, "ain't this the slowest gang?" (Those are not the exact words she used, but the nearest equivalent our English speech affords.)

"Fierce," her companion responded sympathetically. "And I've swallered my *bunga*, too." And then she, too—yawned.

The court, forgetting its terror for itself, forgetting even Outraged Majesty on the throne, gazed at them, at their audacity, aghast. But the girls were quite unabashed. They were used to being gazed at. Yielding to a common impulse they—yawned again, in unison.

There was a sound from the throne, as of a heavy body moving slightly. It creaked, to speak plainly. And then the courtiers remembered and turned blanched faces to their King, waiting for the thunderbolt to fall. It was another dramatic moment.

But what a change was there, my—readers. The King was staring at those *hula* girls in fascination, and the face was the face of one they had never seen before. Anger and cool disdain, the mockery of smilingness and the flat placidity of boredom alike had faded from it, and it had become as the face of a little child. The frightened appeal of a little child was in it as the King gazed questioningly, anxiously, hopelessly, second after second, minute after minute, at those *hula* girls, and the girls and the court gazed back at him.

"Y' Majesty," the Chamberlain ventured to ask at last, "is—is anything wrong?"

"Nothing that you can remedy," said the stricken monarch gently. He waved a dismissing hand. "Go away and leave muh," he commanded. "Leave muh to muh sorrow."

And so, unwillingly, wonderingly, they went. "Gee, Liz," whispered the irrepresible *hula* girl to her companion as they disappeared, "warn't it fierce the way he rubbed? I thought me skoit was crooked, sure."



These sweet peas make swell skoits, don't they?"

"Nasturtiums is sweller this season," her companion sniffed.

But Kilauea did not hear them. Alone in his throne-room he faced the situation. A hideous doubt had suddenly assailed him, a doubt, I fancy, that no King ever faced before. "Do I," Kilauea was asking, shudderingly, of

himself, "do I bore them as much as they bore me?"

And remembering—could he ever forget it?—the frank and naive testimony borne by those innocent little *hula* girls, the only answer he could get was "Perhaps."

That was the situation he faced. It was something fierce.

IV. A KING A-MUCK-RAKING



"PERHAPS!" That was the best verdict Kilauea could find for himself in a case which touched the very foundations of his standing as a King. For a King who doubted for an instant his sufficiency to interest all comers would cease, *ubique aliter*, to be a King. He would fall, *gravitate ipsius*, into the same class as a

superannuated vaudeville performer or a pitcher whose arm has gone back on him for good. He would be a Has-Been, and all Kings are, *ex officio, de necessitate, de jure, and de facto*, Is-ers. They are always It.

And Kilauea, when he should have routed his suspicion with a good round kingly "No," could manage only a tame "Perhaps," for whatever may have been his faults, he was an honest man. I hope the extreme fierceness of his position is clear to all.

It may have been a week afterward that he summoned that meeting of his privy council which caused such a stir. His subjects wondered why he called it, as his councilors wondered, too. For the only question the King offered to their judgment had but one possible answer, as a child might have foreseen. It was a puzzling occasion, all around.

In the first place the King did not look like himself. His face was drawn and haggard—he must have lost fifteen to twenty pounds on his cheeks alone; his chest was shrunken, and the old proud swell of it, its innate chestiness, had vanished; his great, broad, beautiful, fat back was bowed like the back of a hod-carrier; his eyes, when they could be seen, had lost their direct and haughty challenge. But for the most part Kilauea gazed fixedly at the council-table.

His manner was changed, too. It was flurried, anxious, almost timorous. And he spoke in a low, hurried, broken voice. No

wonder the courtiers gazed at their King in mute surprise. He hardly seemed a King at all.

But a still greater surprise lurked in the King's first words. For the councilors were hardly seated when Kilauea, without looking up, addressed the Chamberlain thus. "My Lord Chamberlain," said he, "have I any reason for suspecting that as a King I am a failure? That I fail to inspire in my court the—the tone which Louis Quatorze inspired in his, that I fail to impart to it all the—the zip which Charles the Second imparted, and to create the air of—of *bonhomie* which George the Third knew so well how to create? In short, My Lord Chamberlain, do you find my court, do you find—me, the—the least bit—dull, and—and stupid? Have I the misfortune to—to—bore you?"

What a question to ask! Any one who ever saw a King would know the answer to it.

"Stupid!" cried the Chamberlain. "Dull! Dull? Stupid?" The Chamberlain's surprise was so great that in a maze he got heavily to his feet and took an oratorical attitude. "Y' Majesty," he began, "I am both surprised and—pained. I ask of Y' Majesty's gracious self, I ask of Y' Majesty's council, assembled here, I ask of the—Worlrd! Can it be dull, can it be stupid, to bask in the countenance, the shining countenance, of Kilauea! Can it be dull, can it be stupid, boresome, *ennuyeux*, anything but liveliest satisfaction, to behold, with feelings of unmixed admiration and justifiable, wholly justifiable national pride, the greatness of our King, the King of the Greater and the Lesser Islands, the Lord of the Pacific, of forty-nine volcanoes, of sixty-seven lakes, of four hundred and thirty-four ponds, of nine hundred towns and villages, of two hundred and twenty-one thousand cocoa-palms, of—" The Chamberlain was safely off on the oration he had delivered at the last celebration of Kilauea's birthday. There is no need



of repeating it here, for it was typewritten in full in the next issue of the *Court Gazette*.

Long before it was finished Kilauea was looking up at his Chamberlain with shining eyes and a re-inflated chest. He was himself again, a King *redivivus*. All might yet have been well with him, but—

Kilauea was in the grip of his curiosity, a fatal curiosity. He would make one more experiment, and be reassured forever.

"My Lord Master of the Rolls," said he, "do *you* find it dull or stupid here?" This time he put the question lightly, smilingly, as if it were a jest.

The Master of the Rolls smiled at the merry

"CAN IT BE DULL, CAN IT BE STUPID, TO BASK IN THE SHINING COUNTENANCE OF KILAUEA!"

absurdity of the question. "Stupid!" he echoed. "Dull! Dull, Y' Majesty? Stupid?" Ordinarily the Master of the Rolls was not a ready speaker, but now an inspiration seemed to come to him. "Y' Majesty," he said, rising to his feet, "I ask Y' Majesty's gracious self, I ask Y' Majesty's councilors, here in council assembled, I ask—I ask the sun, I ask the moon, I ask the stars, I ask the royal palms of Nuuanu, I ask—I ask of forty-five volcanoes, sixty-seven lakes—" there is still less need of repeating all he said.

When he had finished Kilauea's eyes were not shining, and his chest again had lost its chestliness. "My Lord Keeper of the Fish-Ponds," he asked dejectedly but gamely, "do *you*—"

"Stupid!" ejaculated the Keeper of the Fish-Ponds, promptly as if the King had

touched a spring in him. "Dull! Dull? Stupid? I ask Y' Majesty's—" Why go into detail? You all have imaginations, I hope.

Long before the last councilor—there were eight of them—had finished with what he remembered of the Chamberlain's oration, Kilauea's question was answered, for he was a man of ordinary intelligence. For all practical purposes he had his verdict, and it was "Guilty!" Imagine how he felt.

But he was a brave man at all times, and now the mania of investigation was on him, and he would pursue it to the bitter end, no matter whose reputation was involved. Few, even among our most determined magazine-writers, have ever shown such heroism as that, for it's generally some one else whom they're investigating.

Kilauea looked his councilors squarely in the eyes. "If there's one truthful man in my realms," he said simply, "I mean to find him. My Lord Chamberlain, is there such a man?"

"Y' Majesty," the Chamberlain replied, "there is one other, besides the members of Your Majesty's council. He is a Swineherd, and Y' Majesty must have heard of him. He is notorious for his truth——"

"Where does he live?" Kilauea demanded.

"In the grove of Pilopal," said the Chamberlain, "behind the hill Koogaagaoguogoi-guoguugak, where the waterfall Lillollallallululululul——"

"Enough," said the King hastily. "I know the place."

"—ulululul," the Chamberlain finished, "comes down and the wind sighs always in the branches of the pine-trees."

"I know it," said the King. "You may all go now, if you like. And thank you all ever so much for coming," he added with a thoughtfulness he had never shown before.

And so he was left staring at his empty council-table. At last he raised his eyes. "I am going," he muttered doggedly, "to find out for sure. And Heaven help me," he added, "to bear it, if it's true."

Late that night the solitary figure of a large fat man might have been seen—for it was a moonlit night—puffingly climbing the steep road which leads to the hill Koogaag—to

the hill with a long rocky name, where the waterfall Lillollal—the fall with a long splashing sort of name comes down, and the steady trade-wind sighs in the branches of the trees of Pilopal.

It was the King, going out alone to learn his Fate. Far in advance of him a single regiment of cavalry jingled and clattered, far behind him a single regiment of artillery rumbled and skidded. Alone through the night and the solitude, up the steep and rocky path, the irresistible impulse of investigation led Kilauea on, dogged and dogged.



V · THE DOUBT BECOMES A CERTAINTY



UST after sunrise the King found his Swineherd. He was sitting beside a little fire in the open, a very lank young man with tattered garments and tousled hair and a pair of the clearest, calmest, most straightforward eyes imaginable. Well enough for a Swineherd, of course, but rather

an insignificant person for a King to have taken all that walk for.

"Well," said the King disappointedly, looking down at him, "you're the leanest Swineherd I ever saw. Honesty has hardly been a fattening policy, with you."

"I never claimed it was," said the Swineherd calmly, "for me or anybody else. By the way, you're the fattest King I ever saw."

Kilauea opened his eyes. "How do you know I am a King?" he demanded.

"By your infernal nerve," said the Swineherd calmly. "Sit down and have some breakfast. There's no more than I need

myself, but there's a fool tradition about being hospitable."

Kilauea stared at him haughtily. "I am not in the habit of intruding—" he began.

"You've intruded already," remarked the Swineherd, "so you might as well go the whole hog. Sit down."

That was too much for Kilauea. "Thank you," he said meekly. "I will. This mountain air gives one an appetite—"

"Why don't you eat then?" the Swineherd mumbled, his mouth full of *poi*.

"Now," said the Swineherd, the minute the dish was emptied, "what do you want?"

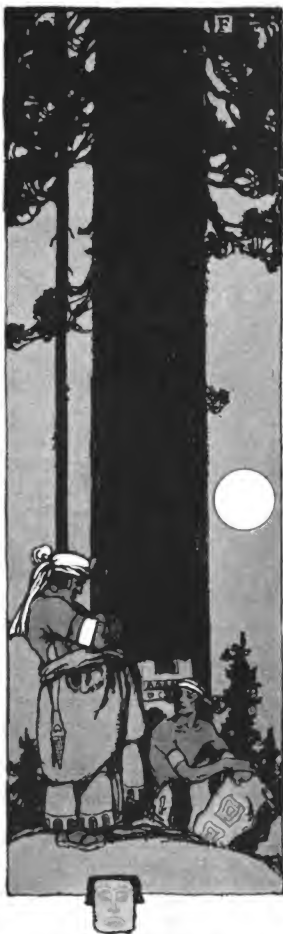
Kilauea was quite taken aback by the abruptness of the question. A certain—modesty—oppressed him, too, now that he was face to face with his Fate. "What makes you think I want anything?" he fenced.

"Fat old men like you don't climb high hills like this for fun," said the Swineherd.

"By Jove," said the King, looking at him admiringly, "I like you, rather. You're so beastly frank."

"I haven't discovered any particular reason for liking you," said the Swineherd. "But that doesn't matter. What do you want?"

And then, in a gush of confidence, the King told the Swineherd the story of the yawn. "And



"SUPPOSE I DO BORE PEOPLE, WHAT DO I CARE? IT'S ONE OF MY PREROGATIVES AS A KING."

looking back," he concluded, "I remembered that it wasn't the first time, by a long shot, that I had heard that noise around me when my eyes were shut. And so it was brought home to me that perhaps I—I bore my courtiers as they bore me, that I might after all be just as—as stupid as I've blamed them for being. What do you think?"

"I can't tell," replied the Swineherd.

"Why not?" asked the King.

"Because I haven't seen any of the courtiers," said the Swineherd. "But I tell you what you do," he added, touched, perhaps, by the disappointment in the King's face. "You stay up here with me to-day, and by sunset, I expect, I can tell you pretty nearly how stupid you are."

"You seem to take it for granted," said the King, with a touch, the merest touch, of his old hauteur, "that I *am* stupid."

"Naturally," said the Swineherd grimly, "considering the fool questions you ask. Come on."

And Kilauea meekly followed him. There was something primevally forceful about that Truthful Swineherd.

That night at sunset, on a high cliff that overlooked a magnificent panorama of sea and shore, with the thin mountain air sweet and sharp about him and

the tinkle of the waterfall Lillollallallullululululululul in his ears, the King sat to listen to a Swineherd's judgment on him.

"I tried you with the leaping-pole across the earthquake crack," said the Swineherd dispassionately, "and the first go you broke the pole. I can leap twenty-seven, eight and three quarters with it and come down lightly as a soap-bubble on a baby's head. I saw then that your forte was not amateur athletics. I tried you," said the Swineherd, "at killing pigs, and the first thing you cut your thumb. I can dress off a hog in three minutes and forty-five seconds from the first squeal. I saw then that your talent was not productive work. I tried you with a meditation on the glory of Nature and the insignificance of Man, and you went to sleep. I saw then that your gift was not meditation. I tried you," said the Swineherd, "with a contemplation of the splendor of the sunset above yon sleeping sea, and you sat and killed mosquitos and counted the bodies of the slain. I saw then that your endowment was not contemplation. I have tried you with conversation, and you talked about your troubles, I have tried you with silence, and you yawned. If," said the Swineherd, yawning himself, "you have any forte, gift, endowment, talent, genius, except your truly kingly nerve in obtruding your company on me for a whole day, I have yet to discover a trace of it."

His voice was stilled, and Kilauea drew a deep, long, shuddering breath. "You mean," he asked, barely breathing the words, "that I *am*—stupid?"

"If you don't mind," said the Swineherd wearily, leaving the King to draw his own conclusions, "or if you do mind, for that matter, I'm going to sleep. I've put up with about all that's coming to me to-day, I guess."

And so the sunset faded and darkness gathered over shore and mountain, and the night-wind soughed mournfully in the branches of the grove of Pilopal, while Kilauea sat there motionless, listening to the tired breathing of

the Truthful Swineherd. He had his answer, and he faced a disillusioned Future. Let's not talk about it.

The moon had risen when suddenly Kilauea lifted his head. In the moonlight his face shone bright, triumphant. He rose, with a very bold free swing for so obese a man, and it was evident that for some reason or other he felt himself every cubic inch a King once more. He strode over to the slumbering Swineherd and kicked him in the ribs.

"Wake up, truth-telling animal," he commanded. "Suppose I *am* stupid, what difference does it make? Suppose I have no gift, forte, talent, genius, or anything else, who ever heard of a King that did? Suppose I *do* bore people, what do I care? It's one of my Prerogatives as a King."

The Swineherd sat up. For the first time that day he seemed interested. "Fattest of Kings," he said, half admiringly, "I didn't think you'd have the sense to see that. You're not so absolutely stupid after all. And now," he added suggestively, cuddling down again, "you must be in a hurry to get back to your palace. Good-by."

Kilauea straightened to his full height. "It's not good-by," said he. "No wretch talks to me with your insolent truthfulness unscathed. Back to my palace you shall go, and be a courtier, and sit there, and yawn there, and be bored to death, that I may never again have a doubt of my Prerogative. Come."

So commanding was Kilauea's tone, so regal his bearing, so withering his haughty glance, that the Swineherd, I think, would have followed him unquestioningly. At that moment Kilauea was, beyond cavil, a King.

But to remove all doubt he sat down, with his whole enormous weight, on the wretched Swineherd's chest. He drew a silver whistle from his bosom and blew on it, and from the distant grove of Pilopal, where his escort was bivouacked, clanging trumpets answered him. There we will leave him.



VI · MORAL



HIS is a republican country and each of you is, in his simple democratic way, a King. Therefore each of you may be more closely touched by this story than you think. Parson in pulpit, editor in sanctum, poet in—wherever our poets keep themselves—*pater familias* reading paper aloud at fireside, interesting young man entertaining bashful maiden, captain of industry explaining secrets of success, orator on platform, stump, or scaffold—to each one of you there comes at times an esoteric yawn, a troublesomesuspicion that after all you may not be

quite as interesting as you thought you were.

Very probably you aren't. But never mind that. Go on with your unfinished thought or with your unfinished sentence, paragraph, rondeau, scherzo, quotation, appeal to Reason and the Constitution, whatever may be your favorite substitute for thought. Suppose you do bore us. Only sit fast, as Kilauea did, and you have us, as he had his Swineherd. We acknowledge your Prerogative, for, being Kings ourselves, sooner or later we shall ask your acknowledgment of ours.

It's a beautiful thought to carry out into your daily life, that of our necessary Mutual Toleration. It ought to come to you with redoubled force after reading this story.

A SAINT'S HOURS

By SARAH N. CLEGHORN

Her Matins. IN the still cold before the sun,
Her brothers and her sisters small
She woke, and washed and dressed each one.

Tierce. And through the morning hours all,
Singing above her broom she stood
And swept the house from hall to hall.

Texts. Then out she ran with tidings good,
Across the field and down the lane,
To share them with the neighborhood.

Nones. Four miles she walked, and home again,
To sit through half the afternoon,
And hear a feeble crone complain.

Vespers. But when she saw the rising moon,
And lakes of shadow on the hill,
Her maiden dreams grew bright as noon.

Benediction. She threw her pitying apron frill
Over a little trembling mouse
When the sleek cat yawned on the sill.

Compline. In the late hours and drowsy house,
At last, too tired, beside her bed,
She fell asleep—her prayers half said.

To the Country for Christmas

by Emily Post.

Author of "Woven in the Tapestry," "The Flight of a Moth," etc.

IT was the nineteenth of December—I know it was the nineteenth, because it was one of the glad days. There are three glad days in every year: the days on which the children come home from school for Christmas, for Easter, and for the summer holidays. Also there was a snow-storm. I remember that particularly, because of two women who sat next to me on the ferry-boat as I was coming over to meet the children. They were talking of the weather (resourceful topic!) and they were not taking it at all philosophically. One of them hated snow—she did not see why there had to be any; it made the streets abominable, and was of no use to anyone. I had been thinking but a moment before what good coasting there would be, and I was hoping, furthermore, that it would freeze hard and make skating for the children!

Still, the snow question might be an open one—certainly in the city it does little except block traffic and slush over the trousers or petticoats of pedestrians. And these women, I reflected, probably had no children looking out of the car windows and delighting in the snow, as I knew mine were doing. Then I heard a deep sigh, and the second voice exclaimed: "I wish Christmas was over! *Detestable season!* The stores are a jam, and I never know what to buy people."

The first shrugged her shoulders. "I am not going to bother about presents at all. It's too much of a nuisance."

"I agree with you! I have told every one not to give me anything, as I am not going to give them anything—but even so I have a discouraging list."

"Are you going away for the holidays?"

"Oh, I suppose I must go to my sister's. They make a great deal of Christmas. Personally, I think her children would be far better off without it. They always eat more candy than is good for them and are sick the next day. Where are you going?"

"Nowhere. I shall stay at home. My daughter is going to the Dodds', who are opening their house for the two weeks. Imagine taking that trouble!"

"Oh, but my dear, that is nothing! The Stevenses have rented our Westchester house just for the holidays. Did you ever hear of anything so crazy?"

By this time the ferry-boat had reached the slip, and I hurried out to secure a hansom, but as I drove across town I found myself vaguely wondering about several things. Was I getting dully old-fashioned because Christmas still held enchantment for me? Was I quite mad because I had the day before moved my own household out to the country for three weeks? Was Christmas an old and stupid custom that had better be let go its way with Hallowe'en and St. Valentine's?

Full of the conversation of the two philistines—they were philistines! I will have it that they were—I neared Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street. The snow dulled the rumbling of vehicles; the air was filled with those sounds that in themselves proclaim the season: the bell-reins that a fakir was jingling, the tin horns of another, the squeak of toys, mingled with the roar of the elevated, the cracking of whips, and the scraping of a snow-shovel.

"Ten cents! Ten cents, here y'are!" A tin frog jerked across the sidewalk, with a vigorous swinger of clubs threatening it; a

horseless conveyance of yellow enamel, with a driver in red and blue, sped round and round, encircling all sorts of wiggling and trundling and hopping objects displayed in a dazzling array—tawdry perhaps, but most delectable. Not even the gaunt girders of the elevated could make the street gloomy that day!

At railroad stations, on ordinary occasions, one notices a hurrying mass of individual units, but on such a day as this the station platform is the scene of an impromptu reception. People nod and stop to exchange a few words, invariably the same: "Waiting for your boy?" or, "Is your boy at St. Mark's?"—or Pomfret, Groton, St. Paul's, or one of a half dozen others, as the case may be. Another difference that no one could fail to note is the gladness in every face, the emotion close to the surface, the expectancy that is of the heart more than of the mind. The laughter is light and easily produced. Who cares that the pavement of the station is chillingly cold? The women wrap their furs more tightly about them, the men hold their hands deep in their pockets and tap their shoes on the flagging. There are sisters and aunts and cousins as well, looking less continually, but

still eagerly, at the clock signs. Suddenly a megaphone voice rings out! The chattering groups are silenced.

I know that these printed letters cannot convey the effect, or the thrill, of that resonant long-drawn cry, "S-ai-nt P-au-l's Sch-oo-l on track number-r e-leven-n!" Then comes the grinding rumble of the heavy train swinging into the station, the iron gates clang open, and the St. Paul's parents and friends surge toward the track named.

Almost at once the megaphone voice rings out again, "S-ai-nt M-ar-k's and P-om-fret Sch-oo-ls on tr-ack number-r four-r!!" The second train, ponderous and snorting, drives its nose in under the great roof, whose domed sounding-board now echoes a distant murmuring roar—the school cry of boy's voices, "St.-Paul's! St.-Paul's!—St.-Paul's!"—the "Rah! Rah! Rah!" growing louder as the St. Paul's boys come up the passage on a run. Then a new cheering is taken up, and from the second train-way comes the cry of "Pom-fret! Pom-fret! Pom-fret!" And through the lower gates pour the boys, the little ones to have their heads quickly lost to view under arms and furs, as each mother gathers in her own. The bigger ones, more casual, cry,



IT WAS AN IDEAL HOUSE FOR SANTA CLAUS

"Hello! Mother, there you are!" But whether they greet us with hugs or hello's, the joy of the welcome makes one of the glad days of our lives.

For from the time of meeting at the train, until that other day, which is not at all joyous—that day when it seems that all the lights have gone out, and that the tide has gone down so low that all the sands are bleak and bare—but why write of that when they have only just come home! And the last of my sentence, anyway, was that the holidays—every

going?" I asked, and nearly all replied, "To the country!"

In this expression is the keynote of a growing change in American social life. Of course there were always people who had substantial country homes, but until recently (comparatively speaking) city people left town for three or four months at most; and the majority went to summer resort hotels. When the autumn came they packed their trunks and returned to the city.

Thirty years ago people were only beginning to have "summer cottages." Those built at Bar Harbor at that period cost twenty-five hundred to four thousand dollars apiece! Big houses they were, too, so it may be imagined that they were not exactly suitable for winter. There was one chimney, which served for the kitchen on one side, and for the fireplace in the living-room on the other. There was no cellar, but merely an air-space, and the luxury of one bathroom, on the ground floor at that, was rare. Most people had big wooden tubs (like those used for clothes), painted blue outside and white inside. On a windy day the houses shook like paper and the cold came in through the door-frames in gusts.

We must surely have grown very prosperous in the intervening years, for the same people who then lived in just such bungalow shacks, ornamented with peacock feathers

and cattails, now live in great stone or marble houses with decorations taken bodily out of palaces abroad and filled with objects of such splendor that it would seem impossible for the genii of Aladdin's lamp, given the treasures of



A PASSAGE LIKE A LONG
PERGOLA ENCLOSED
IN GLASS.

hour, every minute, every second, ought to be glad!

The first words of my youngest were: "Where are we to spend Christmas? In town?"

"No," I answered. "In the country."

"Oh, gee; that's great!" At least what my son's phrase lacked in distinction was made up for in enthusiasm. Other boys that I knew came up to shake hands. "Where are you





GREAT HOUSES WITH DECORATIONS TAKEN BODILY OUT OF PALACES ABROAD.

the world to choose from, to add a single touch. And with the evolution in our "summer cottages" has come a change in our division of seasons. We now spend six months in the country, and it is no unusual thing to open the town house for only three or four months.

Still, the Christmas country house-party (which seems to be a phase of to-day) did exist twenty years ago. At least, I can remember Christmas at a certain very big house overlooking Long Island Sound, a brick and frame building with verandas enclosed by glass and an enormous hall, and with the biggest fireplace that I had ever seen. The dining-room had high-backed chairs that seemed to stand in solemn military file against the wainscot, and on the table, I remember, were pink fluted finger bowls of a fine ribbed glass. And there were hot-house grapes and *marrons déguisés* and iced cakes, which Thompson, the butler, used to save for us children when we had supper in the schoolroom.

On the day before Christmas each afternoon train brought to this house a new group of cousins. It was a four-mile drive from the station, and we children were crowded

into a sleigh, with innumerable express-boxes packed around, underneath, and on top of us! The sound of the sleigh-bells, and the long white road up the hills, our own noisy chatter, and our speculations as to what could be in this and that particularly delightful looking package—are the impressions that I keep most vividly in mind. In the huge hall great Christmas logs blazed—probably they blazed every afternoon, but those especial logs in that especial fireplace are indissolubly connected in my mind with Santa Claus and the twenty-fifth of December.

Our stockings were hung on a cord stretched across that high chimney, so high that we taller ones had to lift the little children up. Their eager but incompetent baby fingers always softly pushed the pin all crooked—and then we had to pin it for them. And then, standing as close to the fire as they were let, they looked wistfully up the yawning space, a good three by five feet—oh, there was no doubt that Santa Claus could get down that chimney all right. We were all sent to bed early—No wonder!

For the preparations below were in every way up to the expectations of the young persons blinking and listening, and a few



GUESTS AT SOME OF THE LONG ISLAND HOUSE-PARTIES GO "SCOOTERING."



of them whispering in twos, above.

It was an ideal house for Santa Claus, and I remember sitting on the window-sill one night with a cousin, who could no more sleep than I, and looking out across the gleaming fields, white under the winter stars. We

both gazed long over the billowing hills for a sight of the sleigh—driver, reindeer, and all. We were not such little children, either—but with such a moonlit scene spread before us, it took very little imagination to hear the sleigh-bells and the hoof-beats on the roof. In the morning there were queerly lumpy stockings and piles of presents. Such presents as they were, too! And then came the sleighing to a small country church, and the mid-day dinner, and the long afternoon skating and coasting.

I remember one Christmas, though, when there was no snow. We were quite at a loss what to do with ourselves until some one suggested coasting down-stairs on tea-trays.

Have you never tobogganed down a good long flight of steps on a japanned tin tray? Try it!

At dusk they lighted the tree in the stable. There was another smaller one at the house later, but the big one was for the children in the village, to each of whom were given two presents, one of clothing, and one a toy, besides nuts, oranges, and candy. I remember the array of dolls and tool-chests, tin kitchens and grocery-stores, go-carts and skates piled along one side of the harness-room; the other side was equally heaped with caps, gloves, mufflers, and jackets. The smell of woollen things and of the tin and paint of the toys to this day is almost as strongly associated with my thought of Christmas as is the aromatic spruce.

Now there are country houses innumerable far more pretentious than the one described. A dinner to-day with twenty guests would seem poorly served with only a butler and one footman, assisted by the parlor maid! Good old Thompson, who used to save us dessert, would certainly look antiquated were he to appear between the portières of a modern drawing-room in loose-fitting clothes and white cotton gloves, to an-

nounce urbanely that "dinner is served."

In a way I rather miss those white cotton gloves that Thompson and James, his assistant, wore; just as I miss other old-fashioned customs, such as the guests' stopping for their candles at the foot of the staircase. Electricity has robbed us of that quaintly charming procession of men and women up the stairs of a great country house, each carrying a lighted candle. In the house on the Sound there used also to be enameled canisters of hot water placed on the wide glass tops of the washstands before luncheon and dinner; and in the morning a tin tub, painted, like the canisters, to match the wall-paper, was brought in and filled with water either hot or cold. Nothing ever has been invented that was more uncomfortable than a "hat tub," and the private bathroom that every guest at a great house now takes as a matter of course is a luxury we would not dispense with; yet it is true that there is lacking in our modern service a certain personal attentiveness that the older had.

To-day, visiting in a big country house is like stopping in a hotel. Your name is

A year or two ago we spent Christmas in one of those country houses that represent the last word in modern luxury, though, incongruously enough, they are still called "cottages."

We did not arrive until noon on Christmas day. It was a sparkling day of sun and stillness, with the boughs of the evergreens weighed down to the breaking point with snow, and rocks and gullies barely indicated under the deep quilt of white. Notwithstanding the snow, we found at the station many more motors than sleighs. At least a dozen big gasoline cars were chugging their chained tires through the drifts. In the bend of the road a few deer stood immovable and tawny among the brown tree-stems.

We reached the house at about half past twelve. It was a pile of white granite that glistened in the morning sunlight like the snow that padded every slope and ledge. The entrance hall was of white marble, and two footmen in plush and powdered hair stood by the open door. Our host and hostess—the latter just coming down-stairs for the first time that morning—hailed us with the usual



COUNTRY HOUSES THAT REPRESENT THE LAST WORD IN MODERN LUXURY ARE, INCONGRUOUSLY ENOUGH, STILL CALLED "COTTAGES."

written on the outside of your door, and this seems to furnish the household with about the only clue to your identity. Over the electric-bells are printed lists showing what will be the results of various numbers of rings.

"Merry Christmas." Other guests, who had come earlier in the holidays, and were now gradually beginning to make their appearance, joined in the greetings. A few of the younger ones had been



THE BOYS AND GIRLS WERE ALL AT
THE TOBOGGAN-SLIDE.

out. There was skating on the river. One young man had been skeeing, another had been snow-shoeing, and another group had been coasting. But the older women were still in their rooms, and the few men who had come down were lounging about smoking and reading the papers.

We were told that our rooms were in the annex and were given their numbers. From the hallway of the main house there was a passage like a long pergola enclosed in glass that led to the annex—or properly named, the palaestra. This is one of the innovations in the modern country house. It is no longer considered enough to provide guests with food, lodging, and good company—or is it for want of the last-named that some hosts feel it incumbent upon them to

furnish special amusements? In this particular home we traversed a long gallery, which leads into the "riding-ring," a tan-bark-covered enclosure, two hundred feet square, roofed with glass, which they use for indoor riding and jumping in bad weather. They sometimes use it also for polo practice, though it is too small for a game.

A corridor crosses one end of the ring, and beyond that is the entrance to a long building of two stories in which there is nothing but guest rooms. The house is run in every way like a hotel; each bedroom, furnished in mahogany and chintz, has its adjoining bath and a room for the visiting maid or valet, and one or two have sitting-rooms. At right angles to the guest quarters and occupying a second side of the riding-ring, like an ell, comes a big billiard and lounging room, then the swimming-pool, which is forty feet long and sunk in a broad white marble floor, and furnished like a conservatory, with parrots and other birds among the palm-trees, with fountains, and long low divans upholstered in white rubber. There are also Turkish and Russian baths, and a Swedish *masseur* and *masseuse* are in attendance. Adjoining the pool is the gymnasium—as perfect, except in size, as any at our colleges. Then there are racquet and squash courts, an indoor tennis court, and an artificial ice skating-pond.

We had barely time to find our rooms, turn around, and go to luncheon. There was nothing very suggestive of Christmas at that meal, excepting the table decorations of holly and mistletoe.

After luncheon we all took care of ourselves. There was everything conceivable to do, both indoors and out, therefore the host and hostess's duty was ended. On that particular day nearly every one agreed that the weather was too heavenly to stay indoors. Most of us went out, the women in short, rough country clothes, the men in



THE ESSENCE OF THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS IS TO
BE FOUND IN THIS LOW-ROOFED FARMHOUSE.



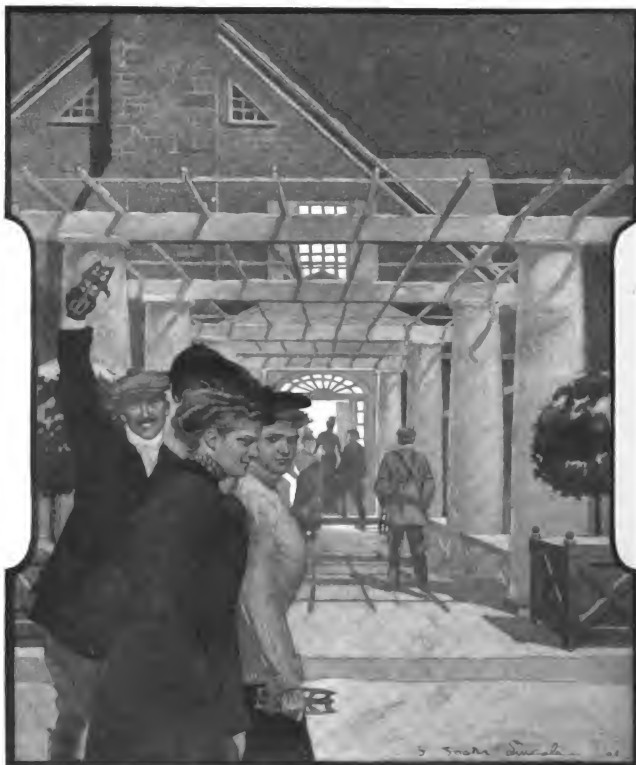
Photograph by A. R. Dugmore. Copyright, 1908, by Doubleday, Page & Co.

TOO HEAVENLY TO STAY INDOORS.

knickerbockers. A few looked dubiously at the snow-drifts and gradually settled around the bridge-table. The girls and boys were all to be found at the toboggan-slide or on the long hill that gives one a coast of a good fast mile stretch. I found myself "hitching" with my own children before my second protest was more than weakly framed, and the sport continued uninterrupted till tea time. It was too far to go back to the house, so most of us stopped at the near-by country club, merely to snatch a piece of toast and a cup of tea, and

then dashed out again to skate until time to go home and dress for dinner.

They were a trappy looking lot of people that trooped through the guest corridors; to reappear an hour later, metamorphosed into butterflies! Sweaters and short woolen skirts had been changed for low-cut dresses of satin or elaborate gauze; diamond and pearl collars had taken the place of fur boas. Across the tracks that had been left by wet galoshes trailed bespangled trains. And with the change of clothes came a perceptible change in man-



MOST OF US STOPPED AT THE NEAR-BY COUNTRY CLUB.

ner, a certain ceremoniousness that belongs to the dinner hour. The picture of the procession, headed by the host with the lady of honor on his arm, entering the dining-room, was quite different from that of these same people swinging, striding, sauntering into the same room for lunch. As a special concession to Christmas the boys who had been graduated from sailor to Eton suits, and the girls who were old enough to wear their bows at the

back of their heads, instead of on top, came to the table. But they were a demure little group, and sat unnoticed by most of the grown people.

In the center of the table, which was a huge circle, was a Christmas tree. And besides its trimming of glittering ornaments one could discern small, neatly tied packages in among the diminutive electric globes that are encroaching upon the prerogatives of the

wax candle. Also there was a toy or an appropriate trifle at the plate of each guest, and with some of these there were verses. And if they were personal—even very personal—nobody cared.

Some of the guests were important personages. There was, for instance, a particularly imposing lady who had a crown of diamonds surmounting her elaborate head-dress of snow white hair. She was the wife of one of our foremost statesmen, and next to her was a portly gentleman whose fringe of hair (what was left of it) was as white as her own. He is quite a somebody, this gentleman, and wears on his coat lapel a little red ribbon given him by a foreign republic. Do you think their conversation was remarkable for its brilliancy? Not a bit of it! The lady had a rubber frog which she was hopping across the table-cloth, and the gentleman—he was portly, remember—had a little pet-dog collar with a lot of tiny bells on it, and he was shaking the bells and laughing in delight at the verse that he had found pinned on the collar:

"Run and skip and jump a bit
And then perhaps this belt will fit."

At dessert the host rose and made a Christmas speech. It was a very nice speech, making up in spirit for what it lacked in diction, and every one was in a beautiful humor and every one applauded and looked pleased—especially the children. And then the host took the presents off the tree, which was set on a stand with a swivel so that he could turn it around to reach them. They were small personal things of gold, set with semi-precious stones. Sleeve buttons, waistcoat buttons, gold pencils, parasol handles, fans, and gold chatelaine trinkets were some of the things, I remember.

After dinner there was a dance. The big hall was cleared and musicians arrived. Automobiles and sleigh-omnibuses brought guests from other houses and dinner parties. It happened, however, to be a glorious moonlight night. Some boy or some girl made a suggestion—and that was enough. Galoshes went on over satin slippers, long fur coats over pinned-up trains, and half of the younger people piled out-of-doors! Every now and then a group returned to dance a few times around the room in fur coats and then dash out again. "Why dance?" said one. "We can dance in town as well as here. The

coasting is wonderful to-night!" "It's simply great," cried the whole chorus, and they were off.

Whether the house be such as I have described or whether it be a small frame cottage, the households grouped around a country club spend Christmas in much the same way. From the smaller houses the guests go to dinner at the bigger ones or at the club-house. After dinner they dance, or if the night is fine they go out again. In the country clubs as well as in private houses, the musicians play on clear Christmas nights to a half-empty ball-room; and the Christmas dance, instead of being a conventional ball-room picture, is likely to present a conglomerate effect of men and girls in outdoor clothes, who come in from time to time and dance merely to get warm before going back to the slide or the ice. As for the majority of the older people, they spend Christmas night just as they spend every other: playing bridge.

With these pictures of country houses in mind there is one other picture that comes quite as clearly before me, and though it is not one of wealth and extravagance I am saving the description, like the plums in the cake, for last.

It is a picture of a farmhouse, long and low and painted white, with green shutters, and the little front porch stands but a few feet back from the roadside. It has many counterparts scattered all through the country. The rooms are low—so low that a tall man, standing, may with ease lay his palms on the ceiling. The floors are of wide, knotty boards distinctly undulating from half a century's warp.

This particular house shelters a large family—so large that it is out of all proportion to the father's earnings. Within, there is a certain homelike effect of comfort which at first sight might suggest ease, especially in the living-room, with its red walls, its well-filled book-shelves, and its cheery open fire. And, should you arrive at tea time, there is even a hint of luxury in the brightly shining massiveness of the silver tea-service.

But if you go farther than the first impression, you soon become aware of the need of many, many things. Put your hands out on the red rep sofa and you touch the spiral of a spring that has pushed through all the padding to the outer covering! The furniture edges are all worn quite away. The carpet is through in great brown places, as a desert is

pictured on a map. The furniture coverings are as much darned as the stockings of the small girls and boys. Neatness, care, thrift, but privation greet you on every side.

Yet one Christmas that I spent there was the brightest, the merriest, the happiest I have ever seen. I have known many Christmases in the splendid old house on the Sound, I have spent others in such houses as the great one that I have just described, I have spent some in the city as well, where every gift that can be imagined was showered in golden profusion, but the essence of the spirit of Christmas—without which it is like any one of the other three hundred and sixty-four days—is surely to be found in this low-roofed farmhouse that contains "The Little House of Joy."

Up in the mother's room is kept a tin bank. In shape it is square, painted like a house, with a red tin roof, and a wide tin chimney through which the pennies (and they *are* pennies, generally) are dropped. They call this money box "The Little House of Joy," for in it is saved the fund that gives the family at least one day of gladness out of a long gray year. Every penny they can spare goes into the little house. Every time any luck comes their way, every time anything good happens, they put a little money into the fund. Then at Christmas it is all taken out, carefully counted and divided, each taking his share to buy his Christmas gifts.

Whether it is the name they have given to their savings-bank, or whether the name of the bank has itself grown out of the custom, there is one unbreakable family tradition—that the little house shall bring complete, unalloyed joy. On their "one day" the father straightens his stooping shoulders, and the mother's look of care vanishes with the Christmas dawn. It is their day of days, to which they look forward, and upon which they afterward look back, as the jewel set in the dull metal of the ring of the year. Every small present, bought after long, whispered, mysterious con-

ferences, is wrapped and wrapped to be disguised as much as possible, and each is slowly unwrapped by the receiver, all with a delight as keen as though the bit of twine and paper held the magic purse, at the very least.

And like the big house on the Sound, this little one has also its tree, to which are invited the children of the village. To be sure, they cannot ask very many, and only the little ones. Neither do they stand on one side and hand out gifts for which the children bob their curtsies in embarrassment, presently scuttling away, still shy. The family soon make their guests at home, as they romp through follow-my-leader, hide-and-seek, and blindman's buff. And when the tree is lighted it is a close-sworn fraternity that gathers around the glittering cone, singing, not dirging, the Christmas hymns.

You who read this may think their Christmas gifts, their Christmas festival slim and meager; but you forget the gift that is the chiefest in their little house—the gift of joy. Whatever your estate may be, if your Christmas has been as glad as theirs, then you do not need sympathy. Let sympathy be rather for those, if there are such, who, having everything, have nothing.

The two women on the ferry and all like them can spend their Christmas by themselves; they can play solitaire or bridge, or take a nap and get over the day as best they may. To those who don't love children, who feel no thrill at the thought of small, white-robed, bare-footed figures, still warm and pink from their cribs, tip-toeing through the dark, quiet house with soft, hushed breath and starry eyes, to see if Santa Claus has *really* come!—to those, I say, to whom the children's saint is merely a delusion, it matters little *where* they spend the children's day. They are blind, they are deaf—worse, they are empty-hearted, for they have never known the password to "The Little House of Joy"—which is: "Merry Christmas!"



The Outlook for Plain Folk

By EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

Author of "Social Psychology," "Social Control," "Sin and Society," etc.

THE movement toward democracy is world-wide and tidal. It has gone on for a century and a quarter, and invaded every home of white men. Even seventy odd years ago Sydney Smith could liken its opponents to Dame Partington trying to sweep back the Atlantic with a broom. It may be dammed for a decade; for a lifetime, never. Universal suffrage, confesses a critic, "has the majesty of doom." Race is no barrier to it. Yesterday it was English, or Danes, or Germans that made the great stride forward. To-day it is Japanese, Persians, Turks. To-morrow it may be Hindoos, or Chinese, or Burmans. Even the "changeless East" thrills with the electric impulse, and presently for a sample of "Oriental" government we shall need to look to Zanzibar or Borneo.

Universal and irresistible as it is, this rise of the peoples is no mysterious fiat of Destiny. It is the outworking of certain causes. The causes being there, the thing had to come. We look for the democratic trend to continue, only because the forces that have made for democracy persist, and are being aided by new forces. To be sure, we can see only to the crest of the next ridge. Is there a Valley of Shadow beyond? Who knows? The conjunctions of to-morrow may conspire to bring on an eclipse of the common man. But the future of the undistinguished many, *so far as we can peer into it*, is brighter than the past.

Socially, democracy insists that the grading of folks on the basis of birth or rank or calling or cash is coarse and barbaric. It does not deny that men are as gold, silver, and copper in relative worth. But it wants men rated, not by place or trappings, but by essential things—wisdom, character, efficiency. The application of these higher standards always humbles the exalted few, and gives more dignity and consideration to the busy people who make the world go round.

Politically, democracy means the sovereignty, not of the average man—who is a rather narrow, short-sighted, muddle-headed creature—but of a matured public opinion, a very different thing. "One man, one vote" does not make Sambo equal to Socrates in the state, for the balloting but registers a public opinion. In the forming of this opinion the sage has a million times the weight of the field hand. With modern facilities for mind influencing mind, democracy, at its best, substitutes the direction of the recognized moral and intellectual *élite* for the rule of the strong, the rich, or the privileged.

The general causes of democracy are apt to be overlooked by Americans, because so much of our own democracy roots in a single unique condition, namely, *access to free land*. Think of the bracing and equalizing influence of the gratuitous distribution of a vast public domain to actual settlers! Is it any wonder the spirit of equality grew up out of recurrent frontier conditions and spread eastward? But now, alas, free land is gone, and henceforth our fate will be that of transatlantic societies. If men are cheapening there, they will cheapen here. If the people win here, it will be for the same reasons that they win in Switzerland or Finland.

What are these reasons?

One is that light is flooding the social deeps. In 1800, the average inhabitant of the United States had had eighty-two days of schooling. Alexander Hamilton had this sort in mind when he brought his fist down on the table and shouted, "The people, sir, the people is a great beast!" So did Roger Sherman when he said, "The people immediately should have as little to do as may be about government." So did Elbridge Gerry when he declared democracy to be the worst of all political evils. So did John Adams when he demanded a separate representation for "the rich and the well-born." Hence they joined to interpose an

electoral college between the people and the presidency, and the legislatures between the people and the Senate. In 1900, the average American had had 1,046 days of schooling—more than twelve times as much as his great-grandfather—yet Hamilton's sneer is still flung at him, and he is held unfit to choose a United States senator or pass upon an act of his legislature!

The fact is, the common people are no longer "masses," nor do they behave like mobs. They have broken up into individuals. There is no real likeness between a deliberate referendum vote in sparsely settled Oregon and the offhand, tumultuous decision of six thousand Athenians met in their *agora*. Heavy Tories dub this "the era of crowds"; but that is just what it is not. For crowds and mental epidemics go to the Middle Ages, to Russia, to the Orient. Ours is the *era of publics*. Between the rule of the mob and the sovereignty of public opinion there is all the difference in the world, for the one enthrones the worst selves of the people, the other their best selves. Nevertheless, privilege screams the old taunts, and hurls at the pondered public opinion of to-day the worn epithets of the crowd psychologists—"hysteria," "frenzy," "delusion," "fanaticism," "clamor," and "impulse."

SOAP AND DEMOCRACY

Soap and water are befriending democracy. Of the personal habits of the masses down to the middle of the last century, the less said the better. The followers of Jack Cade and Rienzi were, literally, "the Great Unwashed." A gentleman had some excuse for crying "Faugh!" and holding his civet-scented handkerchief to his nose. The common people lost quickly the respect of those of their number who had won through to cleanliness and refinement. "Good breeding" referred to baths rather than to manners. When, sixty years ago, street-cars were introduced, it was predicted that no gentleman could endure to ride in them.

How is it now? The street-car is so popular with all classes that the cab can hardly find a foothold. Besides the triumphant progress of the private bath-tub—thanks to cheap city water—the cities have been installing municipal baths. Last year thirty-four American cities supplied more than eighteen million free baths. And the movement is in its infancy, if we consider what England and Germany

are doing. The effect will be the narrowing of the esthetic space between those with social position and those without. Class distinctions will count for less when they turn merely on whether you have an automobile, or keep a servant, or dress for dinner.

NON-PARTIZAN RELIGION

On the walls of old Roumanian churches are to be seen frescos of the Last Judgment, in which kings, nobles, and bishops are being led off to hell, while St. Peter welcomes a throng of peasants to paradise. This consoling prospect of redress was a soporific that kept the people quiet while they were shorn. The earlier prayer-book of the English Church defines "duty toward my neighbor" as including "to order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters." No wonder the titled rake surmised, "God will think twice before he damns a person of quality!" To-day, through his twenty thousand village "popes," the Czar can drag his peasants with the story that the St. Petersburg massacre was worked up by Japanese spies. Without the enlivening prick of competition, a centralized ecclesiastical machine at last betrays the people to the Powers that Be. The religion a hierarchy ladles out to its dupes is chloroform. How cheering, then, is the fact that many Western peoples have already escaped the grip of centralized churches, and that there is no prospect of their ever again falling under priestly dictation. In all the forenoon lands, the end of clericalism is in sight. Religion, of course, will live, but not as a prop to the authority of a dominating class.

That scarcity enhances value is as true of human beings as it is of fancy stock or fast horses. Now, there are signs that folks will soon cease to be a glut in the market. In what time a babe grows to manhood, the birth-rate of Italy has fallen a tenth, of Hungary an eighth, of Germany and Holland a seventh, of France and Scotland a sixth, of England a fifth. But not from hard times, mark you. For why should the baby crop of Australasia have shrunk a third? Why should the proportion of children among Americans have fallen a quarter in forty years? No symptom of pressure, this, but of release—release of women from the home "sphere," of wives from the yoke of husbands, of married couples from the injunction to "increase and multiply." The unlooked-

for promptness with which the millions have developed a sense of responsibility in this matter of family bids us hope for a Golden Age when the specter of overpopulation will be laid forever.

Tell a Celestial gentleman of a myriad of Chinese wiped out by plague or flood, and you get the bland comment, "Plenty Chinamen left!" Such contempt is natural wherever overbreeding has cheapened humanity. In the teeming Orient common people seem as little considered as clay pigeons at the shooting traps. Being a grasshopper in the eyes of others, the individual ends by being a grasshopper in his own eyes. Hence, in the East, pessimistic religion, crouching obedience to rulers, wifely submission, subordination of self to family or community, frivolous suicide, meager philanthropy. The West, on the other hand, is already the region of dear men; with a slackening output of babies, human beings will become still dearer. The Black Death, by sweeping away a third of the English people in the fourteenth century, so enhanced a man's worth that serfdom came to an end. On the same principle, a lighter birth-rate will give the common people not only more economic value, but also more social and political value.

THE PROMISE OF LEISURE

The let-up in the struggle for food and the springing up of a population of iron slaves—the machines—to do man's bidding, hold out the promise of a broader margin of leisure for all. Few realize how much the political nullity of the masses has been due to their intense preoccupation with the stern task of earning a living. Of necessity, they have been too engrossed with their work to lift their eyes to the common weal. But who can doubt that, ere long, all elements in society will have time to read, to think, to consult together, to organize? This cannot but make them abler to win and to retain political power. Popular intelligence has always proven an embarrassment to ruling classes, and they throw what obstacles they can in the way of it.

Moreover, it takes leisure, and well-employed leisure, to fit the plain people successfully to take part in government. The appalling crudeness of their ideas has again and again defeated well-meant attempts to give a larger share of control to the workers. Unless such have a margin of free time, the words of

Jesus ben Sirach are as true to-day as when they were written:

"The wisdom of the scribe cometh by opportunity of leisure;
And he that hath little business shall become wise.
How shall he become wise that holdeth the plow,
That glorieth in the shaft of the goad,
That driveth oxen, and is occupied with their labors,
And whose discourse is of the stock of bulls?
He will set his heart upon turning his furrows;
And his wakefulness is to give his heifers their fodder.
So is every artificer and workmaster . . .
So is the smith sitting by the anvil . . .
So is the potter sitting at his work . . .
All these put their trust in their hands;
And each becometh wise in his own work . . .
They shall not be sought for in the council of the people . . ."

The coming rule of the functional people will therefore be warranted, not by their present wisdom, but by the intelligence they are likely to acquire when they have conquered for themselves a fair share of the leisure made possible by man's new mastery of the forces of nature.

Science is helping, in its way, to break down the claim of a particular class to act for the rest. A century ago a German apologist for aristocracy made the point that peasant and noble are not at all the same in bodily organization. They look alike, but a chemical examination would show an immense difference between them. The clodhopper is merely a lump of organized potato, able to move itself and assimilate more potato. But the noble is made out of delicate viands—pheasants, truffles, and the like. In nerve and brain, therefore, prince and commoner are of different clay.

To-day Science scoffs at such a foundation for caste.

THE FETISH OF HEREDITY

So is it with the notion of heredity to which a privileged class appeals. Aristocracy predicates its superiority on the theory that the founder of a line hands down his capacity undiminished to his descendants. Biology shows that this original surplus of brains is by marriage halved in each generation; that extraordinary ability cannot be transmitted far, because the older race-heredity keeps pulling one's descendants down toward the

*Ecclesiasticus, xxxviii. The passage is too long to quote in full.

race mean; that among the privileged the fools and weaklings are not winnowed out, as they are among plain people, but propagate their kind unhindered.

Still, for all it pricks certain pink balloons of pretension, let us own frankly that Science can be twisted to the support of plutocratic arrogance. Darwinism strips the commonplace man of the dignity that attached to him as a son of God and, moreover, gives the successful a chance to parade themselves as the fittest.

Art has been getting nearer the people. The poet or playwright no longer cats out of a royal or ducal hand. The painter is not a courtier, like Rubens or Lely. Artists are finding inspiration in the pathos, fidelity, or courage of peasants, fishermen, miners, or iron-workers. After Millet, Israels, Meunier, Repin, and Vereshchagin, painters will hardly be content to take their themes from the pageant, the ball-room, or the fox-hunt. After Hugo, Ibsen, Tolstoi, Hauptmann, and Hardy, imaginative writers are not likely to accept the feudal stigma on labor, nor to echo the sneer of Renan: "The masses do not count, are a mere bulk of raw material out of which, drop by drop, the essence is extracted."

The needs of discipline make army and navy hotbeds of caste feeling, of contempt for the civil, or at least for the industrial, population. In view of the Juggernaut of European militarism, we Americans ought to be thankful that we should have to multiply our navy by seven to make it bulk among us as the navy bulks in Great Britain. In Germany, one man in thirty is in barracks, being drilled into deference and obedience; in the United States, one man in three hundred. We should need to multiply our army by ten to have overbearing officers knocking their men about and running civilians through with their swords, as in Germany.

The newspaper cartoon is a democrat. Some day the inventor of it will rank with Gutenberg, for in enlightening the people on public affairs it is to red ink and capitals what the arc-light is to the tallow dip. Give it much of the credit for the growing failure of the bosses to hoodwink the voters. It is like the Greek fire that saved civilization from the Turks. Lie? Of course the machine, too, can launch its cartoons, but a false cartoon is like a wet rocket. It does not go off.

Some, I know, will pooh-pooh my showing. "You are behind the times," I hear them say. "Actually the trend is all the other way. How

about the rule of Big Business in American cities and states? Have not special interests, working through party machines, made self-government a fiction? And if democracy has become a sham in the house of its guardians, what hope is there for it elsewhere?"

No. What has been lost is not democracy, but certain fruits of democracy. The interests have their way only because they work in the dark—always in the dark. They contrive to fool enough of the people enough of the time. There is robbery by the mailed fist, and robbery by the lithe hand. The feudal classes spoiled the people like a Front de Boeuf, the corporations to-day filch from us like Fagin. The plain people here are not weak, as they are in Russia, in India, in South America. They are strong, but they have not been taking notice—that is all. They have been too sure, too careless, too trusting. But it will not take generations of slow up-building to put the people again at the helm. Ring the tocsin a few years, and we shall see who is master.

Is it, then, all plain sailing for the common people?

In this country the thronging in from the backward, benighted lands hurts socially the calling and circles that the immigrants enter. Their habits cause Americans to shrink from them as from a lower caste. Their helplessness invites oppression. Certain official brutalities peculiar to us—white peonage, police clubbing, the "sweat-box," the "third degree," the convict-lease system—got their start in the abuse of the friendless alien. Their wage-cutting, "scabbing," and strike-breaking foment violence, which leads to the ready bayonet, state constabularies, and the denial of home rule to cities. Their political crudeness brings reproach on democratic institutions. Their clannishness delivers them to the shrewd boss who gives them "representation" on his ticket. Finally, our increasing diversity in blood and tradition, by permitting race prejudice to be played upon, divides and weakens the people in their fight for self-government.

Nor is this all.

The startling inequalities of wealth that have sprung up in a generation threaten to establish class distinctions hostile to democracy. For the tendency of such abysmal contrasts is thus: The ultra-rich vie in extravagance. The spectacle of their baronial estates, princely houses, liveried lackeys, Sybaritic luxury, and elaborate ostentation

infects even the worthy with the worship of wealth. Success comes to be measured by the sheer cash standard. The young and ambitious realize it, and shape their course accordingly. People fall apart into as many social groups as there are styles of living, and forget how to meet their fellows on the level. The rule is, snobbishness toward those below you, and toadyism toward those above you. The rich are gangrened with pride, the poor with envy. There is no longer a public opinion, there are only clashing class opinions. Honest labor is felt to be more disgraceful than mean parasitism. The toiling millions cease to be respected, even by themselves. The upper classes claim and are conceded the right to lead, finally the right to govern.

Such would be the course of the malady. Unless democracy mends the distribution of

wealth, the mal-distribution of wealth will end democracy.

And yet—summing up—the balance inclines in favor of democracy. The forces on its side reach deeper; they are civilizational. The swarming in of low-grade immigrants and the mal-distribution of wealth are manageable things. They can be, in fact elsewhere have been, successfully dealt with by organized society. They are matters for statesmanship. So it is more likely that democracy will cut the roots of privilege than that privilege will cut the roots of democracy.

Let the half-stifled muck-raker, the faltering soldier of the common good, the down-hearted reformer leave his trench for a moment and climb to the hilltop that looks out on all the peoples and on all the forces of the age.

He will see that "the lips of the morning are reddening!"

THE TALE-BEARER

By OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

Illustrations by Emlen McConnell

THERE can be but two persons in the world who understand the true cause of Elise Havelock's illness. And of these only one believes fully and persistently that she will recover. Her youth, her soundness, the quality of her temperament, have from the first been sufficient encouragement for my own faith. It is true that the doctors have in their vague way agreed with me; but their solemn prophecies are perhaps of no great value when it is impossible that they should have been allowed to know—or so it has seemed to me, who am become the guardian of so many secrets—the precise nature of the poor child's ordeal. "A nervous shock" was the shibboleth sufficient for them to work upon. Later, perhaps, if she fails to get well, we may be obliged— But expert as they are, I cannot believe that it will be through their agency that Elise will make her way back to life.

For us two, who miserably know, and who have, because she would have wished it, withheld our knowledge, there may some day come to be a certain assuagement in the certainty that the thing was unprevent-

able—that it stealthily wound its serpentine way beneath our fastnesses and then suddenly raised its monstrous shape. But at present we cannot disentangle the degree of our folly or misdoing. The horror is still too new. Elise is still too pitiful a sufferer.

Yet it is only three months ago that I believed I saw the girl's appointed path stretching throughout the length of her days serene and starlit. The very delight that one had in her lay in her belonging to the pleasant average of young womanhood, in having so little of the bizarre, the uncertain. There had never been the least shade of anxiety in the unofficial guardianship her mother had bequeathed me. Even her circumscriptions invested her, I was always secretly aware, with a really profound significance. For I knew that it was she, ignorant, conservative, and adorable, for whom, in our own country, novels are written and plays produced; for whom fashions of every sort are made and unmade; for the exercise of whose moral faculties philanthropies are devised—that she was, in short, the national touchstone of

sentiment and taste and an arbiter no less reliable because unconscious of her function. All this was Elise, three months ago—when she had not learned unhappiness and when there had lately been revealed to her, in Max Liscomb, an object for her unreserved idolatry.

This romance had suffered the less opposition from me in that I had been from the first so ready to give my own friendship to young Liscomb. We had met him a year previous, in some rather casual fashion, on his return from several years spent in South America, where he had built bridges and undermined mountains in a climate where it is exhausting to turn the pages of a book and where the slave-holding theory seems the only reasonable solution of the difficulties of life. Like most of his countrymen, he had at last been obliged, we learned, either to succumb to the tropic heat or to flee from it; and he had therefore joined a firm of engineers with headquarters in New York. Liscomb had lived in India and in China; there was scarcely a country of the East of which he had not at least a first-hand impression; he knew his own trade thoroughly and many other things almost as well, and his life among diverse peoples had given him a flexibility that to my mind pleasantly distinguished him from the American that passes too mechanically from college into some inelastic profession.

All men liked Max Liscomb; women liked him even better. Yet no sooner did he encounter little Elise Havelock than he fell simple-heartedly in love with her, and with full consciousness, he once told me, of what he was about. He had seen, in the rather unwholesome life of hot countries, so many dingy, sophisticated women; he knew so well the spell they laboriously exerted, with their too zealously powdered faces and their ghastly animation, like a sick horse that has been whipped to a gallop, and their horrible capacity for understanding unlovely allusions—and for making them. He had seen so many of them and for so long. Didn't that explain, he asked me, if indeed so natural a thing needed explanation, his devotion to Elise? And it seemed to me that it did.

Max had charming ways with older women. But although his methods of pleasing were of so lightly flattering an order, I believe it was rather from instinct than from calculated intention that he laid a delicate, appraising finger on unconfessed enthusiasms

and then disinterestedly set to work to feed them. I remember that I had not talked with him more than twice before he discovered my own obsession. It was his, too, he said, in a milder measure, for he had rather less than I, it appeared, of a certain psychic sensitiveness which I had always been rather too fond of developing and exploiting.

Stimulated by my own nimbleness in dancing to and fro across the threshold of the occult, I had come to have a passionate desire not only to know the unknown, but to know it through the medium of the most advanced wizardry. My taste, that is to say, was not for parlor psychology. If I could not myself become super-sentient to the highest degree, it was my constant hunger to learn how genuine virtuosity was exhibited, how excursions into other-dimensional being were conducted. My own little experiments, although they had been ranked by more learned investigators as rather neat "cases," were far from contenting me. Max Liscomb's tales of those Eastern countries where the tangible is less obtrusive and the borderland more accessible were therefore a peculiar satisfaction; and I suppose it must have been Max's talk of crystal gazing that first excited my interest in this picturesque pastime, as it was also he who, when my birthday arrived, sent me the most beautiful crystal he could find—a solid sphere of light it looked to be, as I first tore open the wrappings and saw it, like some magically preserved bubble, within its deep black-velvet case.

It would not have been possible for Elise, with her sweet habit of attentiveness, to omit an anniversary of mine, and five minutes after I had first looked at my new treasure she was, in fact, announced. An impulse for which I am now partly able to account led me hastily to put the crystal out of sight. Max and I, as it happened, had seldom spoken of psychic matters before Elise, and even then our talk had aroused but the scantiest interest on her part. Her fresh impulses were toward concrete, daytime things; her tastes were wholesomely clear of the crepuscular. Still, my stealthy action made me feel uncomfortably disingenuous as I accepted her own gift to me and listened to her always engaging chatter—chatter that would sooner or later inevitably arrive at the subject of Max himself. We were still short of that fruitful topic when some one of the rites of her rather elaborate little life sum-

moned my punctual godchild in another direction. But even after our farewells were done, a familiar eagerness in her face told me of an unsaid something that she was too guileless to leave unsaid.

"Max was to have sent you something—it didn't come, then?" her innocent curiosity disclosed itself.

I saw that I had been stupidly secretive. "Yes, it came."

And I told her, with what now seemed a most ungraceful tardiness, of the crystal ball. In an instant the eagerness had flowed from her suddenly blank and empty face. I supposed she did not understand, and set forth an explanation as to crystal gazing, its difficulties and delights. She did not look at me while I spoke, and when I had finished she said, in a very low voice:

"Why did he give you such a dreadful thing?"

"Dreadful? But you haven't understood——"

"Oh, I know what it is like," she protested, with a forced little smile. "What all such things are like—crystals and mirrors and still pools of water. I hate them, with their dark smiles and secrets. They make me ill and afraid—so dreadfully afraid."

It seemed to me, I remember, that this, coming from Elise, was the most extraordinary speech that I had ever heard. The girl had always been so admirably devoid of "nerves." I pressed her to explain.

"But every one must feel it," she said, a little petulantly. "Or I had supposed every one did. Only it isn't the sort of thing one speaks of. It's too creepy."

We spoke promptly of other things, and I drove the whiteness from her face with a glass of wine; but the disturbed look was not gone from her eyes when she went away.

Never before, since she was born, had my thoughts of Elise been other than placid and comfortable. One of my deepest reasons for lamenting her mother's death had always been that Elise could have so well played the self-adaptive, filial part. She had no likeness to the obstreperous changelings that modern daughters so often are. She was born to smile, to soothe, to minister. And now I was to find myself unappeasably harassed by the memory of her sudden strangeness. Had her soul hidden chambers after all? Or was her dislike for the crystal merely one of those psychological eccentricities that have their place in classifications, and

that humanly we do well to put aside and forget?

For distraction I took out the crystal itself, arranged it in a favorable light, and presented my gaze for the visions that I was confident had been for years awaiting me. The room was quiet, the light steady; but the crystal was brilliantly blank. It was my disturbed mind that was the obstacle, I told myself. With all my might I tried to forget Elise, to make my mind void and receptive; and again I waited for the symbol to float before me. Yet the crystal gave me nothing. Its reticent surface was like some low-lidded, dissembling face. What it mysteriously knew it could as mysteriously withhold.

Over the telephone Elise repeatedly assured me, though with an obvious fear lest I revert to the subject of her disturbance that morning, that she felt entirely well. And I did not see her again until, some days later, she and Max came in together. My note about the crystal, although profusely appreciative, had still been somewhat indefinite, and, as I might have foreseen, our friend promptly burst forth with an inquiry as to my success as a magician. There was nothing but to confess, with an uneasy consciousness of Elise haunting every word, that my gazing had been humiliatingly futile. The thing had remained, I told him, as clear and unrevealing as a window-pane. The time was not ripe for my visions. And I tried to talk of something else.

When he further suggested that I bring it out, I knew that Elise had told him nothing. Feeling that I must protect her, I protested, in feeble embarrassment, that we were all in too every-day a mood—that it would bore Elise—that— And when he insisted, I demanded at last of my godchild:

"Why haven't you told Max that you——"

"Oh, that was only a bit of silliness," she interrupted with surprising calmness. "Do bring it out, Tante."

The mid-afternoon light was, I was obliged to admit, entirely favorable. I placed a low table beneath one of my high windows and arranged the crystal in its black case so that it was within a sort of luminous shadow. Then I drew a chair in front of it and directed Max, since he had made the request, to play wizard. But not many minutes passed before he rose impatiently.

"Now I understand why you saw nothing," he said lightly, but chagrined, I knew, as I had been. "There is nothing there to see."

It's out of order—needs oiling or repairing.”
 “We'll defer it, then,” I said, relieved,
 “and have our tea.”

“Not yet,” he begged. “Elise, you must look now.”

“If you like, Max,” she agreed, with what seemed to me an almost imbecile docility. Three days before she had been unable to bear the mention, even, of the crystal. It was plain that she did not wish Max to know of this. I hesitated whether definitely to forbid her looking in the ball. The strain upon her might be harmful; on the other hand, the effect of a conquered fancy might be wholesome. And of course it could safely be assumed that she would see nothing when Max and I had failed. That was rather a pity, too, it occurred to me—the child's future was so unmysterious. One could evoke for one-

self, from a glance at her, the beautiful, rosy, domestic visions that would float within the crystal if Elise had but the gift to see them.

I decided to say nothing. Elise went bravely to her seat by the table, then looked

back at us. “I want Max to stand here by me,” she said, “while I am looking.”

Max sprang to perform this highly agreeable service, while I moved silently into the adjoining room, where, through the half open curtains, I anxiously watched Elise's

straight young back. Though it seemed long, it could scarcely have been a minute, I think, before she made an odd, frightened sound.

“Ah—you see something?” Max demanded eagerly.

“No—but it isn't bright any more. It's getting white—cloudy—as if somebody had poured in a little milk.”

Max turned sharply and looked at me. We both recognized, of course, the first stage of the crystal vision.

“That's good,” he assured her. “Now look hard and tell us what you see.”

In a second more, “Oh, I do see some-

thing!” she exclaimed. “But wait—don't ask me yet.”

We waited in a resounding silence. Perhaps five minutes passed. I dared not take my eyes from Elise for already I was filled



AN IMPULSE LED ME HASTILY TO PUT THE CRYSTAL OUT OF SIGHT.

with terror. For there before our eyes the uncanny thing had torn her from us, had brought about just that detachment from the dear and the familiar that I know she must always secretly have dreaded. When, suddenly, she turned away, she seemed to droop with exhaustion and there was a strange sense of distance in her eyes.

"Oh, if I could have held it!" she faintly said, with a vagueness of expression most unlike herself. "If I could have waited till the light came!"

"Yes, yes—tell us all of it," we implored her.

"It isn't as if I had seen a picture. It is more as if I had been there, in that hot, moist place. It was not a place that I had ever seen before, but some far-off country. At first it was very dark, and I felt the sky that was near and soft with a few bright stars. Then there came a faint suggestion of light, and I saw thick-growing trees with broad dark leaves. And I had such a strong impression of heat, and of faint sounds, even. Then beyond the trees I saw a queer little house made of light round sticks with a projecting roof. Each moment, you see, it grew lighter, and I knew that soon, for I seemed so near, I should be able to look in at the windows of the house. I could dimly make out the shape of the windows—there seemed to be no glass in them. And I waited—and the shadows cleared—and it was almost light enough—and then—I lost it! The crystal was clear again. Oh, *what* could have been in that house? I must know!"

Elise was so excited that I dared not admit my interest in her story, and Max, too, was silent.

"My dear, it must have been your recollection of some photograph," I remarked blandly.

"It was not that." She did not waver. "I've so seldom looked at that sort of photograph—and this wasn't like anything you've shown me, was it, Max?"

"No," Max Liscomb answered. I felt that he shared my anxiety.

"At least it's a good example," I threw in glibly, "of the way in which our imagination proceeds constructively from trifles as soon as we begin to amuse ourselves with this sort of thing. We see something entirely usual, as you have done, Elise, a house, a rock, a face, and then we pitifully set to work to make a story out of it and to put ourselves

in the story. Why, if we took as much trouble to account for our dreams, we should none of us do anything else all day long."

"This wasn't like a dream," Elise insisted firmly. "I can never forget it. I almost know how they smelled, those rank green things—and in just a minute more I should have seen everything."

It was useless to try to persuade her away from her experience; she was too deeply sunk in it. We talked of nothing else that night.

I found that I was not surprised, that I had perhaps secretly expected her, when, early the next morning, Elise came back alone.

"You must let me look in the crystal again, Tante," she began immediately. "I have thought of it all night. If you could know how horrible it was to have it snatched from me so!"

I tried to scold her gently for indulging an entirely baseless curiosity. But she gravely interrupted me.

"It's not curiosity. It's a horrible sense of certainty. There is such a house, and there is something going on inside of it that I must see. Something that it concerns me to see."

There was nothing to do but to give her the only opportunity within my power to set her mind at rest. Secretly I felt almost no less sure than she that the house in the crystal had significance. But I was equally sure that no vision connected with Elise could hold anything unpleasant, and that her alarm arose from her curious antipathy to the crystal itself. If it was an actual house that she saw, I knew that something entirely innocent and commonplace must be going on inside of it—bread being baked or a baby being rocked to sleep.

Her vision needed but the lightest summons. She called promptly to me.

"It's here again. . . . But such a dark, sticky night. . . . Oh, yes, it's lighter now—and here is the little house. It feels so intimate, so lived in. There are chairs and cushions on the veranda, but I can't see them plainly. . . . Oh, Tante, it's as if I were a thief, trying to steal into a place where I don't belong. It's dreadful, it's shocking, but I must look inside. I must. Oh, now, now—no. Oh, horrible! It's gone!"

And she came, as she had never done before in her life, to throw herself in my arms and weep. When she was soothed a little I

pleaded with her. Dalliance with what is called the occult was a matter, I urged upon her, requiring much discretion. It was not unusual that in the case of certain delicate organizations experiments had precisely the effect that they had proved to have upon her. It was only the part of common sense to drop the thing utterly; her instinctive dislike of the crystal was the guide for her to follow. Yet I knew that had I been in my godchild's place such copious advice as I offered would have had precisely the same effect upon me as it had upon her. That is to say, she came again the next day, and with the same result.

For the first time, then, a certain suspicion, perhaps rather tardily, sprang up in me—a suspicion that there might be a better reason than we knew for the pitiful frenzy with which Elise pursued the house in the jungle, or wherever it might be. Might it not be that Max—? But had he known anything of such a house he would have spoken when Elise first described it. Without doubt he would have spoken, unless— I did not encourage the thought that followed.

It happened that the next evening they were both to dine with me. We were all constrained during dinner, and it was not unnatural that Max, that most devoted of lovers, should have been, because of our poor Elise, the most perturbed of any. Promptly as we finished our coffee Elise determinedly said:

"Tante, now that Max is here, I must look once more in the crystal. I want him to stand beside me, as he did on that first day."

"Oh, not again, Elise," I pleaded, and Max almost harshly echoed me.

But Elise, who had always been so pliant, was deafly, blindly insistent with her demand. I looked at her, changed and feverish, at Max, silent and rigid, and wondered what this evil was that a mere transparent stone had brought upon us. She agreed finally that it should be for the last time, and I brought out the crystal.

The half hour that followed I can scarcely even now bring myself to put in words. We all felt that our suspense had reached its climax. A portentous silence, I remember, had seized us—a silence that was not relieved until Elise began to breathe in short gasps as though each minute brought a fresh alarm to her. Max, meanwhile, standing by, stony and tongue-tied, looked like a man awaiting a summons to the scaffold—a man desperate, hopeless, dulled. And I was

helplessly aware that I, too, was under the spell of some irresistible paralysis. If I might only have summoned the strength to end it all, to seize the unhappy child and tear her away, to destroy the crystal, with its intangible infamies!

It must have come rather quickly, though I do not well remember, the subsequent horrors were so much keener—the moment, I mean, when Elise, with a movement of utter exhaustion, turned away from the crystal and to me. The thing had betrayed its secret, I could see that; the story she had sought was told. But through what fires had it taken her? My godchild looked like a somnambulist. Her eyes stared unseeing, her face was white and strained. And as I rushed to take her in my arms she began to speak in a moaning, half-intelligible fashion, as though there were some burden of which she must rid herself. It did not surprise me that she spoke Max's name over and over, though I could not at first understand in what connection. At last, however, I caught quite distinctly, "Poor, poor woman!"

That told me all I believed I needed to know. It was the old, wretched story, then. She had been given the key to the Bluebeard chamber—I myself had helped her entrance—and her innocent eyes had found it thronged with her lover's dead loves.

A disclosure so vaguely horrible could not be glossed over, and as at first neither of us fully perceived the state that the poor girl was in, we almost fiercely questioned her—I, in my sudden passion of hatred for Max; he, in a torture of spirit that I can only now begin to understand. We had great difficulty. The experience had so stunned her that she did not speak readily and her voice was very faint. But suddenly the incredible words distinguished themselves: "*Why did he kill her?*"

"Elise, dear,"—I tried to say it calmly,—"*do you understand what you are saying?*"

"Oh, yes," she answered. "And so does Max. I knew, you see, that crystals were like that—that there were deadly things inside."

She had roused herself, and we waited for the fragments that came slowly, significantly. The brandy that we gave her supplied barely enough strength for the halting narrative. As we sat and listened, Max and I grimly faced each other, neither swerving from the other's look. . . .

The daylight, she told us, had come at last



"IF I COULD HAVE WAITED TILL THE LIGHT CAME!"

to the house in the thicket. And inside, as she could now see through the open windows, sat, as she had doubtless all the time subconsciously foreseen, Max himself. He wore white clothes, and his head was bent low over the table where he sat writing. Then through a door at the back a woman stole in, a dark, unpleasant-looking woman in some sort of light dress. She spoke to Max, and it seemed to disturb him. She came near him, and he rose. They looked angrily at each other; they quarreled. Then Max sat down at his table again and pretended to be writing, and the woman went to the side window and looked out. She was excited; perhaps she wanted to get air. When her back was turned Max reached for a knife, or some big cruel thing that lay near him, and first looked at the woman hard, then rushed and stabbed her. . . . The scene faded then, but only for a second, when Elise saw a figure lying flat and dressed in white—death clothes this time. It was the woman Max had killed.

By the time the last faint word of this story had left the child's lips I saw how cruel I had been in allowing her to force her strength and tell it. She was ill—how ill I could not guess. In a panic I despatched Max Liscomb for a doctor.

After that moment I remember that I thought only of Elise. Max Liscomb was merely a human being who was at hand to do services, to telephone to Elise's brothers, to fill the doctor's prescriptions, to serve both her and me until at last, late in the evening, she fell asleep from the opiates we had given her, and there was for the present no more to be done.

Then Max Liscomb asked of me that I listen to his story. It seemed a monstrous request, to submit to me excuses for his crimes. I said so. He did not plead with me; he insisted with dignity that it was necessary for me to know. He knew that I should be unable to sleep immediately, and he promised that the story should be brief. At last I listened.

"First," he said, "I want, if you will allow me, to break your crystal. So long as that is about—"

"That is done already," I coolly assured him. "I threw it in the courtyard before the doctor came."

Five years before, he then reminded me, he had been engaged in engineering in the Province of Orinoco. He was in the employ

of the government, and his position entailed not only heavy responsibility but no little personal dignity and prestige. His ambition was wholly centered in his undertaking; it was the sort of thing that if successful would make him for life. Over this part of the story he passed, however, as lightly as possible. . . .

Orinoco was, as I knew, French territory, and administered by a French governor. This governor, a shallow, feeble creature, had a wife. . . . Fluent up to this point, Liscomb hesitated. The thing that he had forced himself to tell me was not an easy confession for a man to make. . . . This woman became infatuated with the American—not languishingly, but positively, aggressively, brutally. She was, however, mistress of subtle secrecies. She pursued her prey, never publicly, but with an unseen, vicious persistence, stronger with each repulse. For six months or so this went on, until at last it became plain to her that the man was not playing a game—that he intended to keep definitely free of her.

Her next move was inevitable. She was the sort of creature that demands a prompt, positive revenge. Within three days the necessary poison had been breathed in her husband's ear. Liscomb could of course only guess what the poison had been, but he was only too quickly conscious of its effect. When he came into the little city where the governor lived men stared coolly at him and women looked the other way. Enraged, helpless, he stayed and brooded in the little house outside the city where he lived alone.

"Oh, yes,"—he foresaw my interruption,— "the house in the crystal. I recognized it from the first word. But I believed I could not tell you. In a moment more you will see why."

It was only a few days before the crash came. Liscomb was dismissed from the government employ, but in phrases so smooth and specious that he could not demand an explanation; he could only dumbly accept. There stood his work half done, while his ambition was crushed, his reputation blasted, his very life, as it seemed to him, undermined, and he could do nothing. The woman's position was invincible.

He made, therefore, immediate preparations to leave the country. Very early on the morning before his departure he sat alone in his house at work. Perhaps the Frenchwoman knew that this relatively cool hour



"THE LUST FOR MURDER WAS AS STRONG IN ME AS IN CAIN HIMSELF."

was the time that Liscomb always chose for his writing and accounts. It seemed to be with a certainty of finding him that she came to make to him a final infamous proposition. It was in her power, she suggested, to restore to him everything that he had lost—deservedly lost, she reminded him. Liscomb answered her in terms so direct that for a moment it seemed as if even she could not face him. She went, therefore, to the window.

A sound had escaped me. "Oh, it is all precisely as the crystal told," he assured me bitterly, "up to this point. What then happened is this. I beg of you to listen carefully. I sat there looking at that hateful figure—at the woman who for what she called love of me had lied infamously about me, who had so far as she could destroyed me, and who, at this eleventh hour, had come brazenly to claim all this as her own doing and—and to offer on her own conditions to remit this penalty for repulsing her. It was too monstrous. I was ablaze with the sense of injustice, with hate of the woman, with—yes, even with a desire that shrilled and hissed within my head, to hurt her, to kill her. A big ivory paper-knife as keenly pointed as a dagger lay beside me on the table. I seized it. The lust for murder was as strong in me as in Cain himself. It was so strong that the brand of it has been upon me ever since. It was so strong that it burned its way from my own mind to the mind of that dear child as she looked into the crystal for the first time. . . . But I did not do it. I did not harm the woman. Five minutes later she left my house quite unscathed. The next day I left for the coast."

"Elise saw her dead."

"She is dead. She died a month later. Officially she died of a fever. There was some gossip to the effect that she poisoned herself. At all events she died, and that got into the crystal too.

"I realize, of course," he went on, after a short silence, "that I have no right to ask you to believe this. I do not ask you to believe it, except provisionally, until, in a few weeks, I shall be able to show you sufficient proof. But I ask you to try to understand it. Most people, of course, could not, would not understand it. With you it is different."

"But, frankly, I don't fully understand," I told him.

"Then let me explain. I've seen so much, as you know, of this sort of thing, and of the

sly, insidious tricks that psychic automatons, like that crystal, play upon us. In the first place, Elise would never have seen anything in the crystal, I am sure, if I had not been beside her, unconsciously influencing her. And it was this memory, the strongest, hate-fullest of my life, that immediately began to visualize itself for her. I knew that, of course. I saw what was coming. But I could not tell her, could not soil her mind with that story. It was inevitable that it should have impressed her as it did, because she caught the strength of my recollected emotion, and I suppose her desire to piece out the vision was inevitable, too. But she isn't a natural seer, so she couldn't accomplish it without further help from me, which she finally had to-night. I partly knew what she would see—that she would find me in my house with that unspeakable woman. But could I have told her? Could I have warned her? You see that I could not. What I did not dream was that she would actually see my thought of murder. And because that happened I have had to tell you this. But I did no murder. My hands are unstained."

"Yet we may both have done something even more cruel." I reminded him, and we listened to the girl's breathing in the next room while I thought over what he had said. The already intolerable tangle was augmented by a fresh difficulty. And the difficulty was that I believed what he had told me. What, then, was I to do? What explanation should I make of Elise's illness?

The girl's brothers, Max had told me, already knew enough of the Orinoco affair, as much as it was necessary to tell without involving a mention of the dead Frenchwoman. To tell anything more, to tell of the murder in the crystal, would, on the theory of Max's actual innocence, be what Elise herself would least desire. He made no plea for concealment. But I thought of it all that night. And the next day I made my decision. We have never told what it was that the crystal so miserably betrayed.

I know now beyond all doubt that what Max Liscomb told me was true. And for my protection of him—the only wisdom that I showed, perhaps, in that dangerous series of follies—I believe that Elise will be profoundly grateful. It cannot be long now before we are able to tell her. There was a different look in her eyes this morning.





Babe, so long ago enshrined
 In a stable bare and gray,
 Something of Thy sweeter mind,
 Of Thy love for all Thy kind,
 Rules us on Thy natal day.
 And because a shepherd band—
 Sages, too, with gifts in train—
 Knelt and kissed a baby hand,
 Yearning for some wee command,
 So to-day a child shall reign.

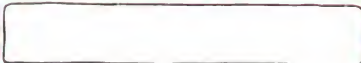
HANGING THE STOCKINGS

BY · BURGES · JOHNSON

Christmas eve! It's Christmas eve!
 Supper's cleared away—
 Seems as if I can't believe
 That to-day's to-day!
 —I don't see a thing, do you,
 We can hang a stockin' to?
 For a month or just about,
 Days would hardly stir,
 Though I crossed their places out
 On the calendar.
 —Pins or nails 'll never stick
 In this hard old chimney brick.

P'raps as soon as night's begun
 He'll come stealing in!
 My! It makes the shivers run
 Up and down my skin!
 —Mayn't I pound a nail up here
 In the woodwork, Mother dear?
 Daddy's sock 'll never do—
 Not a toy would fit.
 S'pose we let him stand his shoe
 Just in under it?
 —There! They're done. I'm sleepy, some.
 Bet to-morrow'll never come!





THE · LONGEST · NIGHT

BY · JOSEPH · C · LINCOLN

We're grown up now: we're getting old: we dress ourselves alone:
 Our cribs are put away and we've a bedroom all our own.
 It's next to Mother's room, of course, and she don't shut the door,
 But if she should we wouldn't care—a great deal—any more.
 We've left off curls for months and months: we just *hate* baby plays,
 And Mother says she's 'fraid that soon we'll lose our cunning ways;
 But though we are so old and big, and though we always get
 A lot of presents Christmas, still, the thing that makes us fret

Is that although

We've listened so

And watched and watched for Santa Claus, who brings 'em—do you know,
 We've never seen him yet!

On Christmas eve, when we're in bed, 'way off alone up-stairs,
 And Mother's come and tucked us in and heard us say our prayers
 And said "good night" and kissed us, and the lamp is just a spark
 That makes the bureau and the chairs look knobby lumps of dark,
 And great big shadows hide behind the open closet door,
 And through the window-panes the moon makes patchwork on the floor,
 And everything's so queer and dim and strange without the light—
 Then 'twould be fun to snuggle down and shut our eyes up tight

So's not to see:

But, no sir-ee!

Old Santa's coming, and we've crossed our hearts and vowed to be
 Wide, wide awake all night.

It's oh, so still! We try to talk, but always when we do
 It sounds so loud and plain we're glad when every whisper's through.
 In on the shelf of Mother's room the clock, that moves so quick
 When daylight's here, now takes a week for every single tick.
 The wind outside comes whim'ring round and whining at the eaves,
 And mocking at the shiv'ring trees, all cold without their leaves.
 We're certain sure we've laid awake, already, 'most a year,
 We're 'fraid that Santa's skipped our house and isn't coming here—

Then in the gloom
 Of Mother's room,

That old clock whirs and starts to strike; we count, Boom! boom! boom! boom!
 What? Only ten? Oh, dear!

There never, *never* was a night before one half so long!
 It's stiller'n ever now; the wind has hushed its crying song
 And just hums soft and sleepy, and the bed feels warm and snug;
 The moon's put out its lamp and there's no patchwork on the rug.
 Our eyes feel sort of sticky, and we wink and wink and wink,
 And we don't care to whisper now, we'd rather lie and think
 About old Santa, how he comes around through snow and wet,
 And 'bout his reindeer team . . . and 'bout . . . the things . . . we're going . . . to get . . .

And why! well, say!
 It's Christmas Day!

We fell asleep in spite of all; he's come and gone away,
 And we've not seen him yet!

TAKING · DOWN · THE · STOCKINGS

BY · SARAH · N · CLEGHORN



"What did you get in yours,
 Jim and Eddie?"
 "Look what I've got in mine,
 Tom and Freddie!"
 "A box of candied dates—"
 "See whiz! A pair of skates—"
 "An engine, cars, and track—"
 "Oh, the poor jumping-jack,
 Broken already!"

"What did you get in yours,
 Jessie Molly?"
 "Look what I found in mine!
 A talking dolly!"
 "I'll show you how she cries":
 "Oh, look! She shuts her eyes!"
 "Mittens and slumber socks—"
 "Tea-set and building blocks—"
 "Goody, how jolly!"

"What did you find in yours,
 Grown-up brother?"
 "Why not look in your own,
 Little Mother?"
 (Mother and Father say
 They'd rather watch than play;
 Presents enough, they trust,
 They've got in having just
 Us, and each other!)

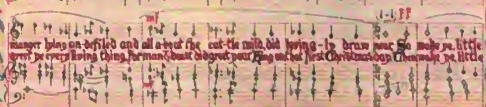
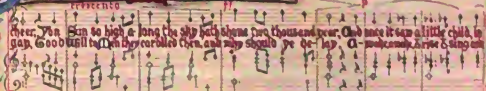
Then Make Ye Little Children

By Burgess & Mason - Music By John O. Carpenter

Illustrated By Walter Child



children, And be of good-lie
children, And let each heart be





THE · CHRISTMAS · TREE

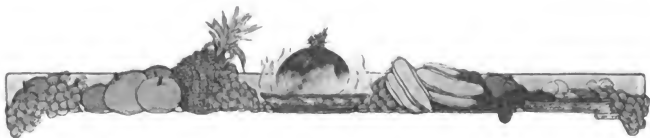
BY · JULIAN · STREET

Baby Sister wasn't here
 When our Christmas came, last year,
 So she doesn't know, at all,
 Why we're waiting in the hall:
 Why the door is closed between
 Us, out here, and something green,
 Standing just inside the door.
 (My! I wish they'd hurry more!)

I am six, but baby's none,
 'Cause she isn't even one.
 Six is 'most a man. You *know*
 'Most as much as grown-ups do,
 But your *legs* is only boys'
 Stockings can't hold *all* your toys—
 So the big things have to be
 Hung up on a Christmas tree.

Hear the footsteps on the floor
 —Someone's coming to the door!
 Mother's voice says: "Let them in."
 'Goodness' sakes! How long they've been!
 Baby, look! The knob is turning—
 —Door is open—candles burning!
 full of things for you and me,
 Look! It's your first Christmas tree!





THE BOYS' POST-PRANDIAL CHANT

BY WILBVR D NESBIT



ee! Th' Christmas dinner
 Is a winner!
 With th' turkey gettin' thinner
 Till there's just th' bones an' neck
 Like a wreck
 Standin' lonesome on th' platter,
 An' you feel yourself get fatter
 When they pass th' sweet potatoes,
 An' th' stewed corn an' tomatoes,
 An' th' cloves-stuck-in-it ham,
 An' th' jam,
 An' th' celery an' pickles,
 An' th' cider with th' tickles
 When you swallow.
 Wisht you's hollow
 Clean completely to your feet
 So's 'at you could eat an' eat!
 My! Th' dandy Christmas dinner
 Is th' best, or I'm a sinner!
 Say, there ain't a better tune
 Than th' tinkle of your spoon
 Or your knife an' fork a-clinkin'
 On your plate! That's what I'm thinkin'!
 An' th' punkin pie, and puddin'—
 Why, a fellow would be wooden
 If he didn't eat it all
 An' then call
 For another piece o' cake.
 Who's afraid o' stomach-ache?
 Christmas comes but onct a year;
 Mustn't spoil it while it's here!
 When we've et th' table bare,
 Gee! My clothes is hard to wear,
 An' th' folks say: "Bless his heart—
 He has done a grown man's part!"
 Wisht they'd bless my stomach, too,—
 That'd help when we get through,
 'Cause my heart can get along
 An' keep beatin' good an' strong;
 But my stomach! Oh, gee whiz!
 Guess that's where my conscience is!
 Hope there's some left for to-night
 When I'll have more appuhtite
 All right!
 Huh! My Uncle John, w'y, he
 Sez I lack capacity!
 Gee! Th' Christmas dinner
 Is a winner!



CHRISTMAS · NIGHT

BY · THEODOSIA · GARRISON

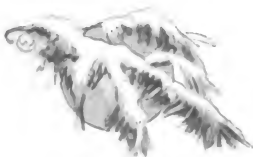


Sometimes I think that Christmas night's the best.
Before the nursery fire, when we're undressed
And all the toys are put away, except
Perhaps my engine and the baby's bear,
Then Mother comes away from all the rest
Down-stairs to tell our Christmas story there.

She takes the baby on her lap and we
Sit round her on the hearth-rug so we see
The pictures in the fire, and then she tells
About how Shepherds watched their flocks by night
And what the angel said, and how the three
Wise Kings came riding—and the big star's light.

And then she tells us how it showed the way
To just a stable where the oxen stay,
And there they found Him in His Mother's arms,
A little *Baby* Christ-Child—and He smiled;
And that (she says) is what made Christmas-day
For you and me and every little child.

Before the nursery fire, when we're undressed,
Sometimes I think that Christmas night's the best.





The Chronicles of a Chromatic Bear Hunt

II. Conclusion

By REX BEACH

Author of "The Spoilers," "The Barrier," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENT: Rex Beach, the author, and Fred Stone, the actor, start for Alaska, bear hunting, with a roving commission from their respective commanding officers to obtain pelts that will match the rugs and wall paper. Landing at Cordova, they are welcomed by Mr. Heney, who is building the Morgan Guggenheim railroad to haul copper from the inland mines. Because of the ice in the Copper River delta, they are not yet able to reach the glaciers which are their goal. So, with Joe Blach, the guide, and Little, who does not remain long with the party, they sail down the Sound to an island notorious for its ugly bears. They see grizzlies, but fail to kill them. For ten days they endure severe discomforts; then Joe goes out alone, returning with two skins. The party is encouraged, but for three days has no further luck. Then Beach, while alone on the flats, meets and finally kills a bear that matches his dining-room rug. Stone appears, announcing that he also has got a bear, and the hunters discover that on the flats bear signs are startlingly plentiful.

WITHIN a mile of the launch Fred and Joe had picked up the trail of two big grizzlies, so fresh that the moss was still creeping and straightening where they had stepped. In the more open stretches of the grove the sunlight glinted down through the spruces, allowing the boys a considerable view, but for the most part the thickets were nearly impenetrable. The moss was like a velvet rug, so noiseless that only a snapping twig or a rubbing garment served notice of their approach.

They were skirting a marshy slew tangled thickly with alders when they heard a sudden commotion behind them and the rush of some great animal through the undergrowth.

"There he comes! Give it to him!" Joe yelled, and emerging from the brush fifty feet distant came a big gray fellow headed directly at them, running in utter silence. Fred had never killed big game nor seen a bear at large, but years on the range and over the traps had quickened his eye and edged his muscles, and his shot went true. It seemed impossible for any living thing to stand before those high-powered bullets, and yet that bristling body never flinched nor wavered.

"Give it to him again," Joe barked hoarsely, and Fred obeyed, for it was not a question of a clean shot, but simply of emptying the magazine into that swiftly coming thing be-

fore it should be upon them. The second missile likewise went true, but still there was no sign from the silent animal, and again Joe cried out. The brief delay while the lever fell and rose brought the brute into an open glade and past all obstructions.

I remember thinking, up there on the hill across the bay when I heard those four shots, "Both boys are firing. Those reports are too rapid to come from one gun"; but Joe had promised first blood to Fred and he never pulled trigger during the entire encounter.

At the third shot the bear went to its neck and rolled a complete somersault, but its rush brought it up to its feet again, closer now and still coming. At the fourth report, however, it sank to its haunches, swung its head from side to side, thrust out a massive forearm, and settled at full length as a tired man lies down.

"Give him another one to make sure!" Joe directed, but this time Fred's carbine clicked on an empty magazine. He stepped to the guide and gravely shook his hand, then asked,

"Am I as white as you are, Joe?"

Joe grinned. "Well, you're pretty white," said he.

"But I got him!"

"You sure did!" Then they shook hands again.

When they led me to the scene of the tragedy, I paced the distance from Fred's



CHILD'S GLACIER, A TOWERING 200-FOOT WALL OF SOLID ICE—

boot tracks and his spent shells to the carcass, and it was a scant twenty feet. Every mark was plain in the soft ground, even to the leaps of the bear, which we traced back across the twelve-foot stream to its hiding-place; and I wish, at the risk of arousing the ire of every peaceful naturalist and nature singer who may read this, to go on record as vouching for the truth of this encounter. I assert this upon the evidence of my own eyes and the words of my two companions. The bear was a female Alaskan brown grizzly, so-called. She was alone, without cubs, and she deliberately attacked two hunters who had passed her and were walking away, crossing a creek to get at them.

We hunted these woods for a week with varying success; then, as we were anxious to be off for the glaciers, in a moment of weakness we put Jack and Jill in for a drive, while Fred and I took stands on the beaten trails. It required thirty-six hours to retrieve those dogs, for they became separated from Joe while in chase of a fretful porcupine, and could not find their way back to the boat.

When we reached Cordova we gave them to a man whom we did not like, first exacting from him a solemn promise that he would give them a bad home and treat them unkindly.

In the brief time we had been camped on the island the railroad had stretched itself onward to the lower crossing of the Copper River, so we loaded a skiff upon one of Mr. Heney's flat cars and saw it safely into the muddy waters of the stream.

The Alaskan glacial region, for which we were bound, is very extensive; in fact the entire coast from Wrangell on the east, which lies close up against the Canadian border, to Cook Inlet, a thousand miles west, is ice-burdened. The North Pacific thrashes against the base of a saw-toothed range which sweeps in a great curve, forming the Gulf of Alaska, and it is this towering, jumbled confusion of peaks which mothers the ice-fields. The heights in places are saddled with prodigious areas of ice, the spurs of which creep down through rents and gaps to lower altitudes, or grind their tortuous courses outward to the sea. Those which front navi-



—THE DEAD GRAYNESS OF INFINITE AGE UPON ITS FACE.

gable waters have been well stared at by a generation of tourists, but there are other fields which lie back from the coast and are but vaguely mapped, as for instance those which debouch upon the Copper River at the head of the delta. It was thither I had been aching to go these two years past, and it was thither we were headed now in our skiff, the river having finally broken, to investigate for ourselves this place of mystery, to see at close range those famed bear tracks which had smoothed the rocks.

Considerable ice was running, among the hurrying fragments of which the head of an occasional seal glistened. The delta was bare, but the mile-high mountains at our left were white wherever the cliffs were not too steep. Every crevice and gutter amid the peaks emptied itself at midday in a cascade of snow and, warmed by the sun, the whole range rumbled under these avalanches, some tiny, some huge, all adding to the vast snow-dumps at the foot of the wall. Whenever, with the glasses, we observed a trail crossing these up-tilted white fields, we landed, crossed

the flats, and waded up to it. If it was recent, we followed; if not, we resumed our laborious journey, for there, apparently a half day's trip ahead of us, beckoned the glaciers. But when we camped that first night, in a bleak thicket of willows, although a goodly distance lay behind us as payment for our day's effort, we seemed no closer to our goal.

It was raining the next morning, but Joe and I were off early along the foot of the steeps, and a mile from camp saw a bear approaching leisurely. We crouched, watching him through the glasses until he dipped out of sight, then ran as far toward him as we dared. Again we waited, under cover this time, but he did not reappear, so I swung up the mountainside over a bluff, while Joe advanced along the valley. Before I could reach the crest of the ridge, however, I saw my companion aim up a gully and heard the "spat" of his rifle. He emptied his magazine twice before I emerged upon the summit—with the animal seven hundred yards beyond and above me.

Together we aroused the echoes, but the



FRED WADED IN AND DRAGGED OUT HIS VICTIM BY THE EARS



WE HAD NO MEANS OF MEASURING OUR PRIZE. BUT THE CARCASS WAS TREMENDOUS.
This picture and the one on the opposite page are from photographs taken under very trying weather conditions and are presented merely because they give such unusual views of the hunters and the hunted.

snow gave no evidence as to our aim, and when the bear made off along the mountain-side Joe set out like a Marathon runner to parallel his course. I shouted directions and guided him by my waving arms, for there was no hope of my catching up. With a lucky shot, when the bear showed against the nose of a promontory, Joe inflicted a foot wound, at which the animal paused an instant to snap, and then together they dipped out of sight, to show again a mile farther on, running neck and neck.

I descended and followed for a time, then headed back toward camp in disgust, only to see approaching across the very bluff whence I had signaled, another bear, the counterpart of Joe's running mate. I sized up its course, then, backing out of sight, commenced to climb. Lord! How I climbed. It was like running up the endless slope of a slippery church roof.

When I played out completely and could go no farther, I crept out for a look, but the snows were as clean as paper. Manifestly some whim had altered Bruin's route and he had gone up that same seam by which the first bear had eluded us. That meant more climbing, real climbing now, so up toward the summit of the 5,000-foot range I scrambled, while the higher I went the steeper it grew and the louder I puffed. Eventually the snow-field I was ascending narrowed into a gutter between bold cliffs through which had poured the countless tons forming the great drift below. I came into a chute where the bottom was like glass, and where I was in fear some playful avalanche might send me whizzing down that two-thousand-foot toboggan. Below and back of me lay forty flat miles of alluvial plain; in front of me the wall reared itself to perpetual white.

I was wheezing upward on all fours, my lungs bursting, my pores dripping, when I saw the bear crossing over my head where the defile widened, funnel-like. It was similar to

target practice up the slant of a spire with nothing to indicate the range, but some unnatural movement of the brute told me I was shooting close. Before I could recharge the magazine, however, he was across the slide and swallowed up in the alders. Another hard climb, and the red snow told me he was indeed wounded. But how to get him out now that he had the advantage? I gouged more toe-holds with my Remington and pursued my ascent until the snow lay at such an angle that I feared my weight might start it, then crept gingerly into the brush.

An hour later I was still flattened against the slope, working my way through the hanging alders, when I spied Joe far below me, returning. He heard my signal and came toiling upward.

"Mine got away!" he called, when within speaking distance, "but this feller won't go far, bleeding like that."

Together we wormed our way through the tangle, here searching out a broken twig, there noting a leaf spotted red. We were perched

upon a ledge thickly obstructed with vegetation, when the bear rose to his haunches immediately in front of us.

"Let him have it!" said Joe, kneeling to afford me room. "I ain't got but one shell."

"Look out for your ears," I cautioned, aiming over his shoulder. It was a hard shot at those two red eyes through the leaves, for I was contorted and unbalanced by the slanting alder trunks, and my footing was insecure.

"You got him!" Joe cried, but when we advanced the animal had disappeared as if by magic, leaving neither trace nor trail.

"He's down yonder somewhere. I heard him fall."

We could see nothing, so lowered ourselves blindly, swinging clear in places, trusting to roots and branches, until we were halted by a sheer drop and must needs climb back by crevice and finger-hold, then worm ourselves



WE WERE SCRUPULOUSLY NEAT IN OUR HOUSEKEEPING.



WE SLEPT ON GRAVEL BARS WHICH LEFT OUR BACKS
PITTED AS IF FROM SMALLPOX.

sidewise for a hundred feet to an easier point of descent.

Sure enough, he lay wedged in between the snow and the foot of the precipice three hundred feet below where I had shot, and when we had boosted him free, away he went again, rolling, tumbling, somersaulting, his tongue lolling, his legs flopping loosely. We planted our feet, and, leaning back against our rifles, skidded after. A clump of willow tops saved him and us from a plunge into the stream—and we had him. Such a pelt for softness and beauty I have seldom seen. It matched the library, and I am ankle deep in it as I write.

After that first day the speed of the waters rendered oars useless, so we bent a hundred-foot line to the bow of our skiff and another shorter one to the stern, then gave ourselves over to the labors of "lining." Two men on the forward rope gave us motive power, while the third member of the party steered with the stern-line.

Day after day we bent to our tow-lines, and toiled onward with the muddy water boiling past, and still those glaciers retreated ahead of

us. Gradually the current grew swifter and the floating ice larger, until to avoid it became a matter of importance. This rendered the rear man's duties more difficult, and required the exercise of some skill and judgment, for it is no infant's task to navigate a heavy-laden, flat-bottom skiff up through a freshet clogged with 40 h. p. bergs, every one of which is exceeding the speed limit. An insufficient drag on the stern-line and the craft may be ground to splinters against the rocks; a pull too violent and the bow is thrown across the current at such an angle that the vicious force of the waters capsizes it. In either event the outfit is lost.

The banks were overhung with "sweepers" and thick with brush, through which we wormed our way and around which we passed our ropes. When we undertook to make a crossing, in spite of our most frantic efforts we landed far below. And we were not in the main river by any means. We waded bars waist deep; we fell in up to our ears; we tugged and hauled with aching arms and blistered palms, virtually ascending that stream hand over hand as a man climbs a



FROM THE OPPOSITE BANK WE TOOK A SNAP SHOT OF AN
 AVALANCHE AS IT HIT THE RIVER.



THE WAVE THAT FOLLOWED RUSHED ACROSS THE RIVER, CLIMBED
 THE 50-FOOT BANK, AND CHASED US BACK INTO THE TIMBER.

rope. We worked until we were all in, then camped, or went hunting, for it was daylight always, excepting only an hour's twilight at midnight.

On one such night we scaled Sheridan Glacier, a great dead thing of ice and desolation which lay back next to the range, separated from the river by a confusion of lakes and ponds and beaver dams. These dead glaciers differ from live ones only in that they are now motionless and gradually melting year by year as the elements prey upon them.

We began to feel that we were entering another world, a region of wonders where living things were minute and inconsequent and where the dead forces of Nature were so hugely manifested as to dwarf all else, and while ostensibly we were hunting, in reality we were merely looking. All day the narrowing mountain walls rumbled with avalanches, all night the faint thunder of rending glaciers and tumbling bergs rolled down upon us. In miles the distance we had to traverse was not great, but in labor and isolation it was tremendous.

Late one June evening, after a killing day, we stumbled up through a gorge where all the waters of the Copper River are confined. It is a roaring place, for the waves lift themselves head high, and the ice scuds by with the speed of wild horses. An Arctic twilight was over all, that diffusive radiance through which the sight travels so far, when we finally rounded a bend into an eddy, where we paused to breathe and to observe that Thing which loomed suddenly before us.

I hope never to lose the memory of that first impression. There was Child's Glacier at last, with the ravenous river gnawing at it, a towering wall of solid ice, serrated and seamed, the dead grayness of infinite age upon its face. And so close! We fairly felt its presence before we sensed the chill breath which swept down from it. There were no intervening miles to rob it of its grandeur; its very proximity was terrifying, it was so strange, so unknown, so lifeless, and yet so menacing.

We heard ourselves exclaiming, but our spoken words were a profanation in such a presence.

A great berg, an acre in extent, came swiftly toward us, the saffron waters licking at its sides. It was as blue as a summer sky, and it came as if gliding on steep, well-oiled skids. When abreast of us it halted, then lifted itself up, up, up, till it towered like a ship in dry

dock, while the yellow flood roared savagely at the delay. There came a dull rumbling and grinding, much like the sound of a heavy train in a tunnel, as its own momentum and the resistless force of the river drove it higher and higher upon the detaining bar. It shuddered, swung slowly, then commenced to roll before the current like thistle-down in a draft. The sound ceased, the mass dived suddenly from view, then reappeared slowly, shook off the surging waters, and was away again faster and faster, silent as a ghost, vanishing around the bluff below us.

We bent our puny efforts to the skiff and crept onward, our eyes too busy to heed the boulders which tripped us and rolled beneath our feet. Gradually the bluff beneath which we walked became higher and steeper until it must have been fifty feet high and overhung as if cut out by the action of a heavy surf. At the time we did not note the significance of this, for we were engrossed in the spectacle opposite; but later we had ample cause to remember the peculiar formation.

In places the ice was like crusted snow, again it was opaque or cloudy, while beyond or above were patches ranging from pale azure to the purple that lurks in a mountain valley. These vivid colors lay often in ribbons, and the melting streamlets from above had likewise laced the glacier's front with delicate chocolate lines like the wrinkles in the face of a hag. And always the hungry river gnawed at it.

We were opposite the lower shoulder, where the ice cliffs overhung, when the glacier spoke for the first time. There was a boom like the report of a cannon many times multiplied, and a half-mile ahead of us a piece of ice detached itself, then plunged a hundred feet sheer downward into the river. It left another blue scar for the air slowly to blanch. We had heard of the peril from falling bergs—stories of boats swamped by the waves, of men caught beneath the overhanging banks and swept away—but had put them down as fanciful and exaggerated, so when Joe dropped the tow-line and dashed excitedly back toward the boat I was inclined to laugh.

"Look out for the boat!" he cried.

My answer was framed when the surface of the water up-stream seemed to hump itself and a swell came curling down along the shore, urged by the current. It was coming faster than a man could run and, although insignificant at first, of a sudden it assumed the pro-

portions of an ocean roller. We seized the gunwales and plunged in up to our waists, but the water sucked away from the shore while the boat bumped and slid and tilted over the rocks; then, as suddenly, we were submerged to our armpits and found ourselves struggling to discover bottom and to keep the skiff from overriding us as we were swept up the embankment.

"Hold fast!" we yelled to Fred on the end of the line, and he set his heels against the rocks, wrapping himself with the rope like the anchor man on a tug-of-war team.

We felt bottom again, and again we were sucked downward, with our arms half dragged from their sockets.

When the commotion had at last subsided and our badly wrenched and now badly leaking craft was again in the river, Joe observed:

"One more of those and we won't have any boat. And that was a small one, too!"

It was perhaps ten minutes later that a tremendous sound echoed behind us and we whirled to see such a sight as I had but vaguely dreamed of. Directly opposite the point of our encounter with the wave a towering column of ice had split itself away from the face and was leaning slowly outward. Faster and faster it moved, its summit describing a great arc, until with one terrific roar it plunged its length across the flood, flinging tons of water up, up until they seemed to reach the level of the glacier top itself, only to fall back and add to the chaos beneath. The ice did not crumple nor break but fell proudly in solid column, stretching a third of the distance across the river's bed, its vast bulk damming the stream.

It was much as if the Flatiron Building had leaned forth from its foundations and plunged to destruction. At the moment of impact there was an explosion as if from a terrific charge of powder, which hurled missiles a hundred pounds in weight in long parabolas across the torrent and far into the brush beyond. Then out from beneath the mass rushed a gigantic wave, growing as it raced toward the shore where we had been but a few moments before.

We heard the sound of that tidal wave as it bore down upon the fifty foot bluff which we had just passed. And we now recognized the force which had cut it out—a quarter-mile of it—and had changed a slope into a perpendicular wall up which no man could possibly have climbed. To be caught in such a trap would have been to perish

certainly. We saw the wave engulf the land, then surge over and beyond it up into the alder trees which swayed and whipped each other frantically. It was terrific, appalling, unspeakably tremendous.

We found ourselves straining at our boat in an endeavor to avoid the path of that swell, but the furious current killed it before it reached us and we were merely bruised and battered as before. Had we been ten minutes later, however, it would have meant our destruction. Twice more did this thing occur before we had covered those treacherous three miles along the glacier, but each time we were above the scene and the racing current saved us.

I think we grew somewhat frightened, walled in against that Presence by the steep banks; at any rate, at every explosion we fetched up violently at the end of our tow-lines, backs to the wall, like tethered steers, and when the last unstable precipice was behind us we congratulated ourselves.

But an even greater wonder confronted us. The river turned at right angles and there stood Miles' Glacier, the big brother to Child's, which we had just passed. It fronted us boldly, a gunshot distant, so it seemed, a huge, desolate monster thrice the size of Manhattan Island, with a ragged base five miles across, wedged into a valley so tightly that it seemed to split the mountains asunder. In reality it was four miles away, but we saw every smallest detail and followed it with our eyes up into the range until it melted into distances which no man has ever covered. Its edges were dead and blackened as if by decay, in places its front looked like a row of gigantic white-cowled monks. The lake which lapped it, in reality a broadening of the river, was choked with drifting ruins of ice held prisoner by a bar at the lower end where the waters escaped. Pastured thus, the bergs cruised lonesomely, drifted by wind and wave, towed in fantastic figures by unseen eddies. At times they clashed, or charged in long formations as if this were a martial field for those two dead, yet living, rivals which had roared and gnashed at each other since the beginnings of time.

The vanguard of Mr. Heney's army was here: a handful of engineers drilling for bed-rock on the site of his upper bridge. This bridge, by the way, will span the river between the ice-fields, allowing the railroad, which has dodged past the face of one of them, to avoid the other by crossing back. That

little zigzag will mean millions of dollars in steel and rock and cement, but beyond lie countless tons of copper ore.

We camped on the promontory which lies between the glaciers, where some day will stand the most famous tourists' hotel on the continent, for the time is surely coming when men and women will journey thither from all quarters of the globe. Day and night, at intervals, the giants bombarded each other, the action increasing with the rising waters. It awoke us in the night, it awed us in the day. It filled us with a sense of such tremendous destruction that we watched jealously, as if each spectacle might be the last. The mind could not grasp the fact that no matter how great or rapid the ruin, there was an inexhaustible supply of ice constantly edging forward to take the place of that which fell off. We felt the glaciers must surely destroy themselves, but a week of warm weather, during which the breakage was constant, had no visible effect upon them. As a matter of fact, those glaciers are still there, although they have been working for several years, so many years, to be exact,—and let us be exact,—that if a geologist were to begin to figure it out when he left college he would have a gray beard so long it would trip him up before he had finished the problem.

After a particularly large cave-in it was the custom of the engineers to search the rocks for king salmon thrown out by the waves. The bears were likewise fishing up at the rapids; the surveyors had seen them through their transits; so on the afternoon following our arrival we set out across the lake, searching our way through the drift ice.

"Look out for the eddy below the cataract," they admonished us. "If your boat gets into that you won't get out. Keep as close to the glacier as you dare—but not too close either, or a tidal wave may swamp you."

Out on the lake we began to feel more fully the immensity and the desolation of this place. We were in a forgotten spot where man's presence was a desecration. Out through every rent and crevice in the mountain walls glaciers large and small stared at us with dead, blind eyes. Floating all about us were bergs from the size of a water goblet to the size of the Lusitania, and they were green or white or blue or purple; some carried cargoes of dripping mud, others were weighted with piles of rock. Sometimes they rolled as if weary of their prehistoric burdens or as if seeking more easy positions, each movement uplifting new

angles and utterly changing their outlines. We traced features of men and shapes of beasts in them. Some wore preposterous hats, millinered by the sun itself. They filed about in an aimless yet ordered confusion, pirouetting, bowing, sailing off at apparently causeless tangents.

It was a goblin place, until one recognized the forces which did the shifting as nothing more supernatural than currents and rips formed by the great cataract which dashed in from above, together with the hidden stream which flowed out from beneath the glacier itself. Repeatedly we found ourselves spinning in the grip of an eddy, with a herd of icebergs wallowing behind us. I remember one sea-green fellow which followed at our stern, lunging after us no matter whither we turned, or were turned, and which it took us several minutes to shake off.

We landed, then worked our way up past the cataract, where the river leaped and belowered and the snow-banks overhung. It was much like the Royal Gorge below Niagara, only there were no plank promenades nor souvenir postal cards. The opposite side was a sheer mountain slope slashed here and there by snow-slides. On one of these we saw a bear. While we were watching him, another one came in sight a half-mile up stream. The two crept down to the edge and began to fish, standing motionless above the eddies where the salmon rested, to execute at intervals a lightning-like flip with their fore paws and send a silver fish whirling out upon the bank.

The first animal was in range, but Fred declared his color was wrong.

"If you get him he'll cost you a new carpet," he said, so we crept up opposite the other, the tumult of the canyon drowning our approach. It was a long shot, but we wounded him, then, realizing that he would surely roll into the flood if he loosed his hold for one single instant, we allowed him to scramble up into the brush and prepared to go after him. It meant a nine-mile trip, back over the moraine to our boat, out through those ice-fields and eddies to the western shore, then up along the side of the canyon and into the brush, but it promised a new problem in the way of bear hunting, namely, first to search out the bear, then to hold him against the mountainside; so we turned back.

We were a mile from our skiff when Joe paused.

"Look! Look at *them* tracks!"



We whistled in unison, for in front of us was a trail so huge as to seem unreal, and so fresh that we cocked our guns.

"Let's get after him!" we whispered, and sped away over the glacial debris, picking up the track wherever it crossed the snow. On the rock ridges we went by guess, craning cautiously into each gully and past each summit, for the ground was indescribably broken and we did not wish to step on this particular bear.

It was Joe's good luck—we chose to call it luck—to get the first shot. He was hidden from us when we heard his toy rifle speak and tore madly in the direction of the sound. Half a minute later "Spat!" it went again, and then came two more shots in rapid succession. It was worth a man's life to run on such jagged footing, but we had an idea that this was to be a battle and knew that Joe was alone with the largest animal we had met.

Sure enough, as I dashed across a snow-field I saw our guide suddenly appear on the ridge above me like a phantom, silhouetted against the evening sky. He was bare-headed—it took us three days to find his hat—his rubber boots were straddling at a ridiculous distance from each other, and he was hitting it off at the rate of one hundred yards in nothing and three-fifths seconds. He was looking backward over his shoulder, fumbling at his hip pocket for shells, and yet he coursed over those loose boulders with the sureness of foot of a mountain goat. He dipped out of sight as suddenly as he had appeared and I heard him cracking away again, then the louder report of Fred's rifle.

An instant later I reached the top and, glimpsing a huge brown body rushing toward us in prodigious leaps, I joined in the fusillade. The monster's great weight bore him deeply into the snow, which he flung behind him at every plunge, and yet, shocked and torn by those exploding bullets, he still came on and on, a tremendous, ungainly figure of rage and determination.

Even when he was down to his haunches and deathly sick, he reddened the snow in a futile endeavor to continue that charge. It was a magnificent exhibition of courage, and he died facing us as befits a monarch, the red glare of rage still in his eye.

"Whew! I certainly stepped around a bit *that time*," said Joe, wiping the sweat out of his eyes. "My first four shots never fazed him, so I thought I'd sort of withdraw and reload on the run, but I couldn't seem to locate you fellers nowhere."

We had no means of measuring our prize, but the carcass was tremendous, so large in fact that our united efforts were barely sufficient to roll it over. The skin stretched twelve feet in curing.

We ate our midnight supper on the sands beside a driftwood fire, then rowed out through the whirling eddies and around to the opposite shore, for we had not forgotten that wounded bear. A mile over ice and mud brought us to a wide, swift slew which we did not know existed and which was running ice. We were tired of detours, so stood ankle deep in the slime beside a snow bank and undressed, then, with our clothes and rifles above our heads, waded in.

It was very funny! In fact, it handed us the best laugh of the trip. When Joe rose upon his tiptoes and gingerly ballet-danced into that yellow stream, Fred and I shrieked with glee, he made such funny noises and looked so white and tender. From the farther bank he turned upon us a drawn and sour visage, which changed at sight of Fred, who had suddenly fallen silent at feel of the water.

Never in the same space of time have I endured more bitter suffering than that glacial stream inflicted. When half-way across I stumbled on a boulder and dived completely out of sight, holding desperately the while to my bundle. The other boys choked and chattered hysterically. To dress in dripping garments on a snow-bank at 3 A.M. is perhaps the king of outdoor sports—it makes one feel so manly and strong and rheumatic.

We chipped footholds in the crusted snow-slides which overhung the rapids, creeping cautiously along slopes where a misstep or a slip meant a downward shoot of a hundred feet into the torrent. We were clinging thus at one point when two brown bears met us, but there was no chance to save them had we fired, and they were off after one frightened whiff of us. Nor could we find the fellow we had wounded, search as we might, so back we went across those hair-raising, slippery toboggans again, balancing in the toe-holds we had previously made. Again we waded Chinaman Charlie Slew, with its slush ice up to our chests, and, thirty-six hours after leaving, dragged ourselves back into camp.

To the hunter there is an unwearying variety to his "kills," yet in the telling I dare say they are all much alike. One episode, however, is worth recounting. In crossing a torrent by the familiar tree-trunk route Fred met

a black bear which seemed late for an appointment. Off it went into the foam below at the first shot, only to rush out and up the hillside, with Fred teetering on his perch like a canary and firing at every glimpse. The animal had gained complete cover when it released all holds and came rolling back down into the torrent, to be swept away, with Fred legging along behind until he could wade in and drag out his victim by the ears.

We had matched all the shades of our wallpaper now, save only that in my blue room, but a blue or "glacier" bear, rarest of specimens, is killed perhaps once in a lifetime. I scoured the glaciers until I went snow-blind and could not tell a black from a grizzly. We saw a pair of blues one night on the Miles moraine, and followed until our legs gave out, whereupon Joe left Fred and me behind and continued the pursuit, returning empty-handed, after a total of forty-eight hours' travel.

Time was when I dared any man to outlast me, but subways and pavements and hotel cooking have so ruined my usefulness that a paltry thirty miles of hill and valley renders me a burden upon the community, while such a jaunt seemed merely to start Joe's circulation. Day after day Fred and I tried to follow him step by step, until we discovered that each of his strides was four inches longer than ours. We increased our revolutions, but always ran out of gasoline and had to be towed in.

It was late in June now, and the bears had begun to rub, that is, to lose their winter coats, so one morning we lashed our paraphernalia into the boat and said good-by to our hosts, the engineers. Below us Child's Glacier was unusually active, because of the rising waters, and we could hear the bergs dropping at frequent intervals.

"If she breaks behind you, just run for it and try to keep ahead of the wave," advised the engineers. "If she breaks ahead of you—" There was a difference of opinion, some holding that it were better to swing toward the opposite bank and chance the surf, others claiming that such a course was madness and that a boat, on the contrary, might live if headed directly into the comber, provided, of course, that the backlash did not suck it under the glacier itself.

"We'll walk down to the lower end and see if you come out," they said, and allowing them an hour to cross the moraine, the running time by water for that three miles being

ten minutes, we removed our coats, kicked off our boots, and shoved out.

We sought the middle of the river where the current was swiftest, and leaned against our sweeps. Away we shot directly toward that towering face of ice until the river boiled against it, when we swung at right angles and found the wall overhanging us. As we neared the first turn the glacier split, at which our hair rose and we disjoined our necks, but the piece did not fall, and an instant later we were headed down the three-mile chute, wallowing in waves which drenched us and wrenched at our oar blades.

I never knew until then that a man can hold his breath for ten minutes. Joe swore all the way, talking to the glacier as if it were a near relative on his wife's side.

"Look yonder!" he said, suddenly.

Ahead of us a two hundred foot slab seemed almost severed from the mass behind. It overhung and seemed to be tottering.

"Just give us two minutes more, ———," Joe shouted profanely, "then you can fall and be ———."

It gave us one minute—two minutes—thirty seconds—and we were past, only to find ourselves rushing toward other places which seemed equally perilous. It was very exciting, although I dare say we greatly exaggerated the risk, and sufficiently intense to be remembered. I preserve no keener recollection than the nickel-plated memory of that quarter-hour. It was worth the whole trip.

We sailed around the lower bend, waved our hats at the men on shore, who shouted a farewell, then scudded into the gorge below. In five hours we were back at the railroad whence it had taken us five days to come. Then a flat car to town, a bath, a barber, and strange clean clothes with creases in them, and finally a steamship, a cordial invitation to come back next season, and a hasty farewell.

Mr. Heney's railroad is through to the glaciers by this time and some day, alas! there will be a hotel on our camping ground, with Swiss guides, French menus, and Klondike prices; but man is powerless to desecrate that noble spectacle. To him who is jaded or fagged I can suggest no surer tonic than a pilgrimage thither. However world-weary or wonder-sated he may be, I promise him a new thrill, a strange sensation, a cleaner mind and body, and an abiding wonder at the works of God.



THE THIRD INGREDIENT

By O. HENRY

Author of "The Gentle Grafter," "The Four Million,"
"The Trimmed Lamp," etc.

Illustrations by Frederic Dorr Steele

THE (so-called) Vallambrosa Apartment-House is not an apartment-house.

It is composed of two old-fashioned, brownstone-front residences welded into one. The parlor floor of one side is gay with the wraps and headgear of a modiste; the other is lugubrious with the sophistical promises and grisly display of a painless dentist. You may have a room there for two dollars a week or you may have one for twenty dollars. Among the Vallambrosa's roomers are stenographers, musicians, brokers, shop-girls, space-rate writers, art students, wire-tappers, and other people who lean far over the banister rail when the door bell rings.

This treatise shall have to do with but two of the Vallambrosians—though meaning no disrespect to the others.

At six o'clock one afternoon Hetty Pepper came back to her third-floor rear \$3.50 room in the Vallambrosa with her nose and chin more sharply pointed than usual. To be discharged from the department store where you have been working four years, and with

only fifteen cents in your purse, does have a tendency to make your features appear more finely chiseled.

And now for Hetty's thumb-nail biography while she climbs the two flights of stairs.

She walked into the Biggest Store one morning four years before with seventy-five other girls, applying for a job behind the waist department counter. The phalanx of wage-earners formed a bewildering scene of beauty, carrying a total mass of blond hair sufficient to have justified the horseback gallops of a hundred Lady Godivas.

The capable, cool-eyed, impersonal, young, bald-headed man whose task it was to engage six of the contestants, was aware of a feeling of suffocation as if he were drowning in a sea of frangipanni, while white clouds, hand embroidered, floated about him. And then a sail hove in sight. Hetty Pepper, homely of countenance, with small, contemptuous, green eyes and chocolate-colored hair, dressed in a suit of plain burlap and a common-sense hat, stood before him with

every one of her twenty-nine years of life unmistakably in sight.

"You're on," shouted the bald-headed young man, and was saved. And that is how Hetty came to be employed in the Biggest Store. The story of her rise to an eight-dollar-a-week salary is the combined stories of Hercules, Joan of Arc, Una, Job, and Little Red Riding Hood. You shall not learn from me the salary that was paid her as a beginner. There is a sentiment growing about such things; and I want no millionaire store-proprietors climbing the fire-escape of my tenement-house to throw dynamite bombs into my skylight boudoir.

The story of Hetty's discharge from the Biggest Store is so nearly a repetition of her engagement as to be monotonous.

In each department of the store there is an omniscient, omnipresent, and omnivorous person carrying always a mileage book and a red necktie, and referred to as a "buyer." The destinies of the girls in his department who live on (see Bureau of Virtual Statistics)—so much per week are in his hands.

This particular buyer was a capable, cool-eyed, impersonal, young, bald-headed man. As he walked along the aisles of his department he seemed to be sailing on a sea of frangipanni, while white clouds, machine embroidered, floated around him. Too many sweets bring surfeit. He looked upon Hetty Pepper's homely countenance, emerald eyes, and chocolate-colored hair as a welcome oasis of green in a desert of cloying beauty. In a quiet angle of a counter he pinched her arm kindly, three inches above the elbow. She slapped him three feet away with one good blow of her muscular and not especially lily-white right. So, now you know why Hetty Pepper came to leave the Biggest Store at thirty minutes' notice, with one dime and a nickel in her purse.

This morning's quotations list the price of rib beef at six cents per (butcher's) pound. But on the day that Hetty was "released" by the B. S. the price was seven and one-half cents. That fact is what makes this story possible. Otherwise, the extra four cents would have—

But the plot of nearly all the good stories in the world is concerned with shorts who were unable to cover; so you can find no fault with this one.

Hetty mounted with her rib beef to her \$3.50 third-floor back. One hot, savory beef stew for supper, a night's good sleep,

and she would be fit in the morning to apply again for the tasks of Hercules, Joan of Arc, Una, Job, and Little Red Riding Hood.

In her room she got the granite-ware stewpan out of the 2x4-foot china—er—I mean earthenware closet, and began to dig down in a rats'-nest of paper bags for the potatoes and onions. She came out with her nose and chin just a little sharper pointed.

There was neither a potato nor an onion. Now, what kind of a beef stew can you make out of simply beef? You can make oyster soup without oysters, turtle soup without turtles, coffee-cake without coffee, but you can't make beef stew without potatoes and onions.

But, rib beef alone, in an emergency, can make an ordinary pine door look like a wrought-iron gambling-house portal to the wolf. With salt and pepper and a tablespoonful of flour (first well stirred in a little cold water) 'twill serve—'tis not so deep as a lobster à la Newburg nor so wide as a church festival doughnut; but 'twill serve.

Hetty took her stewpan to the rear of the third-floor hall. According to the advertisements of the Vallambrosa, there was running water to be found there. Between you and me and the water-meter, it only ambled or walked through the faucets; but technicalities have no place here. There was also a sink where housekeeping roomers often met to dump their coffee grounds and glare at one another's kimonos.

At this sink Hetty found a girl with heavy, gold-brown, artistic hair and plaintive eyes, washing two large "Irish" potatoes. Hetty knew the Vallambrosa as well as any one not owning "double hextra-magnifying eyes" could compass its mysteries. The kimonos were her encyclopædia, her "Who's What," her clearing-house of news of goers and comers. From a rose-pink kimono edged with Nile green she had learned that the girl with the potatoes was a miniature-painter living in a kind of attic—or "studio," as they prefer to call it—on the top floor. Hetty was not certain in her mind what a miniature was; but it certainly wasn't a house; because house-painters, although they wear splashy overalls and poke ladders in your face on the street, are known to indulge in a riotous profusion of food at home.

The potato girl was quite slim and small, and handled her potatoes as an old bachelor uncle handles a baby who is cutting teeth. She had a dull shoemaker's knife in her right

hand, and she had begun to peel one of the potatoes with it.

Hetty addressed her in the punctiliously formal tone of one who intends to be cheerfully familiar with you in the second round.

"Beg pardon," she said, "for butting into what's not my business, but if you peel them potatoes you lose out. They're new Bermudas. You want to scrape 'em. Lemme show you."

She took a potato and the knife, and began to demonstrate.

"Oh, thank you," breathed the artist. "I didn't know. And I *did* hate to see the thick peeling go; it seemed such a waste. But I thought they always had to be peeled. When you've got only potatoes to eat, the peelings count, you know."

"Say, kid," said Hetty, staying her knife, "you ain't up against it, too, are you?"

The miniature artist smiled starvedly.

"I suppose I am. Art—or, at least, the way I interpret it—doesn't seem to be much in demand. I have only these potatoes for my dinner. But they aren't so bad boiled and hot, with a little butter and salt."

"Child," said Hetty, letting a brief smile soften her rigid features, "Fate has sent me and you together. I've had it handed to me in the neck, too; but I've got a chunk of meat in my room as big as a lap dog. And I've done everything to get potatoes except pray for 'em. Let's me and you bunch our commissary departments and make a stew of 'em. We'll cook it in my room. If we only had an onion to go in it! Say, kid, you haven't got a couple of pennies that've slipped down into the lining of your last winter's sealskin, have you? I could step down to the corner and get one at old Giuseppe's stand. A stew without an onion is worse'n a matinée without candy."

"You may call me Cecilia," said the artist. "No; I spent my last penny three days ago."

"Then we'll have to cut the onion out in-

stead of slicing it in," said Hetty. "I'd ask the janitress for one, but I don't want 'em hep just yet to the fact that I'm pounding the asphalt for another job. But I wish we did have an onion."

In the shop-girl's room the two began to prepare their supper. Cecilia's part was to sit on the couch helplessly and beg to be allowed to do something, in the voice of a cooing ring-dove. Hetty prepared the rib beef, putting it in cold salted water in the stewpan and setting it on the one-burner gas stove.

"I wish we had an onion," said Hetty, as she scraped the two potatoes.

On the wall opposite the couch was pinned a flaming, gorgeous advertising picture of one of the new ferry-boats of the P. U. F. F. Railroad that had been built to cut down the time between Los Angeles and New York City one eighth of a minute.

Hetty, turning her head during her continuous monologue, saw tears running from her guest's eyes as she gazed on the idealized presentment of the speeding, foam-girdled transport.

"Why, say, Cecilia, kid," said Hetty, poisoning her knife, "is it as bad art as that? I ain't a critic; but I thought it kind of brightened up the room. Of course, a manicure painter could tell it was a bum picture in a minute. I'll take it down if you say so. I wish to the holy Saint Potluck we had an onion."

But the miniature miniature-painter had tumbled down, sobbing, with her nose indenting the hard-woven drapery of the couch. Something was here deeper than the artistic temperament offended at crude lithography.

Hetty knew. She had accepted her rôle long ago. How scant the words with which we try to describe a single quality of a human being! When we reach the abstract we are lost. The nearer to Nature that the babbling of our lips comes, the better do we understand. Figuratively (let us say), some people are Bosoms, some are Hands, some



HE LOOKED UPON HETTY PEPPER'S HOMELY COUNTENANCE AS A WELCOME OASIS.



"A STEW WITHOUT AN ONION IS WORSE'N A MATINÉE WITHOUT CANDY."

are Heads, some are Muscles, some are Feet, some are Backs for burdens.

Hetty was a Shoulder. Hers was a sharp, sinewy shoulder; but all her life people had laid their heads upon it, metaphorically or actually, and had left there all or half their troubles. Looking at Life anatomically, which is as good a way as any, she was pre-ordained to be a Shoulder. There were few truer collar-bones anywhere than hers.

Hetty was only thirty-three, and she had not yet outlived the little pang that visited her whenever the head of youth and beauty leaned upon her for consolation. But one glance in her mirror always served as an instantaneous pain-killer. So, she gave one pale look into the crinkly old looking-glass on the wall above the gas stove, turned down the flame a little lower from the bubbling beef and potatoes, went over to the couch,

and lifted Cecilia's head to its confessional.

"Go on and tell me, honey," she said. "I know now it ain't art that's worrying you. You met him on a ferry-boat, didn't you? Go on, Cecilia, kid, and tell your—your Aunt Hetty about it."

But youth and melancholy must first spend the surplus of sighs and tears that waft and float the barque of romance to its harbor in the delectable isles. Presently, through the stringy tendons that formed the bars of the confessional, the penitent—or was it the glorified communicant of the sacred flame?—told her story without art or illumination.

"It was only three days ago. I was coming back on the ferry from Jersey City. Old Mr. Schrum, an art dealer, told me of a rich man in Newark who wanted a miniature of his daughter painted. I went to see him and showed him some of my work. When

I told him the price would be fifty dollars he laughed at me like a hyena. He said an enlarged crayon twenty times the size would cost him only eight dollars.

"I had just enough money left to buy my ferry ticket back to New York. I felt as if I didn't want to live another day. I must have looked as I felt, for I saw *him* on the row of seats opposite me, looking at me as if he understood. He was nice-looking, but oh, above everything else, he looked *kind*. When one is tired or unhappy or hopeless, kindness counts more than anything else.

"When I got so miserable that I couldn't fight against it any longer, I got up and walked slowly out the rear door of the ferry-boat cabin. No one was there and I slipped quickly over the rail and dropped into the water. Oh, friend Hetty, it was cold, cold!"

"For just one moment I wished I was back in the old Vallambrosa, starving and hoping. And then I got numb, and didn't care. And then I felt that somebody else was in the water close by me, holding me up. *He* had followed me and jumped in to save me.

"Somebody threw a thing like a big, white doughnut at us, and he made me put my arms through the hole. Then the ferry-boat backed, and they pulled us on board. Oh, Hetty, I was so ashamed of my wickedness in trying to drown myself; and besides, my hair had all tumbled down and was sopping wet, and I was such a sight.

"And then some men in blue clothes came around; and *he* gave them his card, and I heard him tell them he had seen me drop my purse on the edge of the boat outside the rail and in leaning over to get it I had fallen overboard. And then I remembered having read in the papers that people who try to kill themselves are locked up in cells with people who try to kill other people, and I was afraid.

"But some ladies on the boat took me down-stairs to the furnace-room and got me nearly dry and did up my hair. When the boat landed, *he* came and put me in a cab. He was all dripping himself, but laughed as if he thought it was all a joke. He begged me: but I wouldn't tell him my name nor where I lived, I was so ashamed."

"You were a fool, child," said Hetty, kindly. "Wait till I turn the light up a bit. I wish to heaven we had an onion."

"Then he raised his hat," went on Cecilia, "and said: 'Very well. But I'll find you, anyhow. I'm going to claim my rights of salvage.' Then he gave money to the cab driver and told him to take me where I wanted to go, and walked away. What is 'salvage,' Hetty?"

"The edge of a piece of goods that ain't hemmed," said the shop-girl. "You must have looked pretty well frazzled out to the little hero boy."

"It's been three days," moaned the miniature-painter, "and he hasn't found me yet."

"Extend the time," said Hetty. "This is a big town. Think of how many girls he might have to see soaked in water with their hair down before he would recognize you. The stew's getting on fine—but oh, for an onion! I'd even use a piece of garlic if I had it."

The beef and potatoes bubbled merrily, exhaling a mouth-watering savor that yet lacked something, leaving a hunger on the palate, a haunting, wistful desire for some lost and needful ingredient.

"I came near drowning in that awful river," said Cecilia, shuddering.

"It ought to have more water in it," said Hetty; "the stew, I mean. I'll go get some at the sink."

"It smells good," said the artist.

"That nasty old North River?" objected Hetty. "It smells to me like soap factories



"GO ON AND TELL ME, HONEY. YOU MET HIM ON A FERRY-BOAT, DIDN'T YOU?"

and wet setter dogs—oh, you mean the stew. Well, I wish we had an onion for it. Did he look like he had money?"

"First, he looked kind," said Cecilia. "I'm sure he was rich; but that matters so little. When he drew out his bill-folder to pay the cabman you couldn't help seeing hundreds and thousands of dollars in it. And I looked over the cab doors and saw him leave the ferry station in a motor-car; and the chauffeur gave him his bearskin coat to put on, for he was sopping wet. And it was only three days ago."

"What a fool!" said Hetty shortly.

"Oh, the chauffeur wasn't wet," breathed Cecilia. "And he drove the car away very nicely."

"I mean *you*," said Hetty. "For not giving him your address."

"I never give my address to chauffeurs," said Cecilia, haughtily.

"I wish we had one," said Hetty, disconsolately.

"What for?"

"For the stew, of course—oh, I mean an onion."

Hetty took a pitcher and started to the sink at the end of the hall.

A young man came down the stairs from above just as she was opposite the lower step. He was decently dressed, but pale and haggard. His eyes were dull with the stress of some burden of physical or mental woe. In his hand he bore an onion—a pink, smooth, solid, shining onion as large around as a ninety-eight-cent alarm clock.

Hetty stopped. So did the young man. There was something Joan of Arcish, Herculean, and Unash in the look and pose of the shop-lady—she had cast off the rôles of Job and Little Red Riding Hood. The



"MY HAIR HAD ALL TUMBLED DOWN AND WAS SOPPING WET, AND I WAS SUCH A SIGHT."

young man stopped at the foot of the stairs and coughed distractedly. He felt marooned, held up, attacked, assailed, levied upon, sacked, assessed, panhandled, browbeaten, though he knew not why. It was the look in Hetty's eyes that did it. In them he saw the Jolly Roger fly to the masthead and an able seaman with a dirk between his teeth scurry up the ratlines and nail it there. But as yet he did not know that the cargo he carried was the thing that had caused him to be so nearly blown out of the water without even a parley.

"Beg your pardon," said Hetty, as sweetly as her dilute acetic acid tones permitted, "but did you find that onion on the stairs? There was a hole in the paper bag; and I've just come out to look for it."

The young man coughed for half a minute. The interval may have given him the courage to defend his own property. Also, he clutched his pungent prize greedily, and, with

a show of spirit, faced his grim waylayer.

"No," he said huskily, "I didn't find it on the stairs. It was given to me by Jack Bevens, on the top floor. If you don't believe it, ask him. I'll wait until you do."

"I know about Bevens," said Hetty, sourly. "He writes books and things up there for the paper-and-rags man. We can hear the postman guy him all over the house when he brings them thick envelopes back. Say—do you live in the Vallambrosa?"

"I do not," said the young man. "I come to see Bevens sometimes. He's my friend. I live two blocks west."

"What are you going to do with the onion?—begging your pardon," said Hetty.

"I'm going to eat it."

"Raw?"

"Yes; as soon as I get home."

"Haven't you got anything else to eat with it?"

The young man considered briefly.

"No," he confessed; "there's not another scrap of anything in my diggings to eat. I think old Jack is pretty hard up for grub in his shack, too. He hated to give up the onion, but I worried him into parting with it."

"Man," said Hetty, fixing him with her world-sapient eyes, and laying a bony but impressive finger on his sleeve, "you've known trouble, too, haven't you?"

"Lots," said the onion owner, promptly.

"But this onion is my own property, honestly come by. If you will excuse me, I must be going."

"Listen," said Hetty, paling a little with anxiety. "Raw onion is a mighty poor diet. And so is a beef stew without one. Now, if you're Jack Bevens's friend, I guess you're nearly right. There's a little lady—a friend of mine—in my room there at the end of the hall. Both of us are out of luck; and we had just potatoes and meat between us. They're stewing now. But it ain't got any soul. There's something lacking to it. There's certain things in life that are naturally intended to fit and belong together. One is pink cheesecloth and green roses; and one is ham and eggs, and one is Irish and trouble. And the other one is beef and potatoes *with* onions. And still another one is people who are up against it and other people in the same fix."

The young man went into a protracted paroxysm of coughing. With one hand he hugged his onion to his bosom.

"No doubt; no doubt," said he, at length.

"But, as I said, I must be going, because——"

Hetty clutched his sleeve firmly.

"Don't be a Dago, Little Brother. Don't eat raw onions. Chip it in toward the dinner and line yourself inside with the best stew you ever licked a spoon over. Must two ladies knock a young gentleman down and drag him inside for the honor of dining with 'em? No harm shall befall you, Little Brother. Loosen up and fall into line."

The young man's pale face relaxed into a grin.

"Believe I'll go you," he said, brightening. "If my onion is good as a credential, I'll accept the invitation gladly."

"It's good as that, but better as seasoning," said Hetty. "You come and stand

outside the door till I ask my lady friend if she has any objections. And don't run away with that letter of recommendation before I come out."

Hetty went into her room and closed the door. The young man waited outside.

"Cecilia, kid," said the shop-girl, oiling the sharp saw of her voice as well as she could, "there's an onion outside. With a young man attached. I've asked him in to dinner. You ain't going to kick, are you?"

"Oh, dear!" said Cecilia, sitting up and patting her artistic hair. She cast a mournful glance at the ferry-boat poster on the wall.

"Nit," said Hetty. "It ain't him. You're up against real life now. I believe you said your hero friend had money and automobiles. This is a poor skeezicks that's got nothing to eat but an onion. But he's easy-spoken and not a freshy. I imagine he's been a gentleman, he's so low down now. And we need the onion. Shall I bring him in? I'll guarantee his behavior."

"Hetty, dear," sighed Cecilia, "I'm so hungry. What difference does it make whether he's a prince or a burglar? I don't care. Bring him in if he's got anything to eat with him."

Hetty went back into the hall. The onion man was gone. Her heart missed a beat, and a gray look settled over her face except on her nose and cheekbones. And then the tides of life flowed in again, for she saw him leaning out of the front window at the other end of the hall. She hurried there. He was shouting to some one below. The noise of the street overpowered the sound of her footsteps. She looked down over his shoulder, saw whom he was speaking to, and heard his words. He pulled himself in from the window-sill and saw her standing over him.

Hetty's eyes bored into him like two steel gimlets.

"Don't lie to me," she said calmly. "What were you going to do with that onion?"

The young man suppressed a cough and faced her resolutely. His manner was that of one who had been bearded sufficiently.

"I was going to eat it," said he, with emphatic slowness; "just as I told you before."

"And you have nothing else to eat at home?"

"Not a thing."

"What kind of work do you do?"

"I am not working at anything just now."

"Then why," said Hetty, with her voice

set on its sharpest edge, "do you lean out of windows and give orders to chauffeurs in green automobiles in the street below?"

The young man flushed, and his dull eyes began to sparkle.

"Because, madam," said he in *accelerando* tones, "I pay the chauffeur's wages and I own the automobile—and also this onion—this onion, madam."

He flourished the onion within an inch of Hetty's nose. The shop-lady did not retreat a hair's breadth.

"Then why do you eat onions," she said with biting contempt, "and nothing else?"

"I never said I did," retorted the young man heatedly. "I said I had nothing else to eat where I live. I am not a delicatessen storekeeper."

"Then why," pursued Hetty, inflexibly, "were you going to eat a raw onion?"

"My mother," said the young man, "always made me eat one for a cold. Pardon my referring to a physical infirmity; but you may have noticed that I have a very, very severe cold. I was going to eat the onion and go to bed. I wonder why I am standing here and apologizing to you for it."

"How did you catch this cold?" went on Hetty, suspiciously.

The young man seemed to have arrived at some extreme height of feeling. There were

two modes of descent open to him—a burst of rage or a surrender to the ridiculous. He chose wisely; and the empty hall echoed his hoarse laughter.

"You're a dandy," said he. "And I don't blame you for being careful. I don't mind telling you. I got wet. I was on a North River ferry a few days ago when a girl jumped overboard. Of course I——"

Hetty extended her hand, interrupting his story.

"Give me the onion," she said.

The young man set his jaw a trifle harder.

"Give me the onion," she repeated.

He grinned, and laid it in her hand.

Then Hetty's infrequent, grim, melancholy smile showed itself. She took the young man's arm and pointed with her other hand to the door of her room.

"Little Brother," she said, "go in there. The little fool you fished out of the river is there waiting for you. Go on in. I'll give you three minutes before I come. Potatoes is in there, waiting. Go on in, Onions."

After he had tapped at the door and entered, Hetty began to peel and wash the onion at the sink. She gave a gray look at the gray roofs outside, and the smile on her face vanished by little jerks and twitches.

"But it's us," she said grimly to herself, "it's *us* that furnishes the beef."



"IF MY ONION IS GOOD AS A CREDENTIAL, I'LL
ACCEPT THE INVITATION GLADLY."

THE WOMAN'S INVASION

By WILLIAM HARD; RHETA CHILDE DORR, Collaborator

II

Photographs by Emmett V. O'Neill and Lewis W. Hine

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Some of the costs of women's work were shown in the first instalment of this series—the appalling connection between mothers working and babies dying; and how the health of future generations is menaced by home conditions in factory towns. Yet it was demonstrated how millions of women must work in factories, and how their presence there has proved the most potent factor in shortening the working hours of men.

In this number is presented a remarkable study of the woman worker, who in becoming a soldier of industry does not become a professional soldier. It will enable you to understand the most objectionable feature of woman in industry—her irresponsible cheapness.

WOMAN," said a big trade-union official last year, "is the white Chinaman of the industrial world. She wears a coiled-up queue, and wherever she goes she cheapens the worth of human labor."

Illustrations follow.

Miss Mary McDowell, of the University of Chicago Settlement, was observing a girl who was operating an unusually heavy and intricate machine in a large hardware factory in an Ohio city.

"Strong, clever girl," remarked Miss McDowell, or words to that effect.

"She's doubled the output of that machine," said the superintendent.

"How did she get such a good job?" asked Miss McDowell.

"Her father," said the superintendent, "had the machine before she had it. We just thought we'd try her."

"How much," said Miss McDowell, being Scotch and suspicious and not completely satisfied with this proof of the Advance of

Woman, "how much do you pay her compared with what you paid her father?"

"Half," said the superintendent.

This girl, therefore, since she was producing twice as much, and earning half as much, as her father had produced and earned, was selling her labor at one quarter of the masculine market price. It doesn't seem exactly fair, from the standpoint of society. It doesn't seem exactly self-respecting, from the standpoint of the girl.

Dr. Davis R. Dewey wrote a fascinating little summary (in 1,343 pages) of the bulky wage statistics of the last census. On page 1,046 you will find a description of a certain cigar factory. And you will find the following "remark" appended:

"In 1890 the wrapper-classer (the person who sorts the wrapper leaves into their several classes) in this establishment was a man getting twelve dollars a week. In 1900 the wrapper-classer was a woman getting six dollars a week."

The same work. Half the pay. Why is it?

But perhaps these illustrations are exceptional. For proof that they are not, look into the best book in the English language on the subject of woman in industry, a book by three English writers, Cadbury, Matheson, and Shann.

"Whenever women have replaced men," says the third chapter of that book, "the women always receive a much lower wage; and this wage is not proportionate to the skill or intelligence required by the work, but approximates to a certain fixed level. The wage that the man previously received gives no criterion as to what the woman would get, though, as a general statement, approximately correct, we may say that a woman would get from one third to one half the wages of a man."

The book then goes on to tell, among other stories, this:

In a certain department of a certain large bicycle factory in Birmingham in the year 1902 there were eighty men employed. Sixty of them were discharged. *They were told to go home and send their wives back to take their places.* Their machines are now operated by feminine fingers. The work is the same. The machines are identical. But the wages! The men used to get thirty to forty shillings a week. *The highest wage received by any of the women is eighteen shillings.*

Unjust? Iniquitously unjust.

But let us look at another fact: Women not only accept cheap wages for any kind of work, but they seem to gravitate naturally toward work which is in itself cheap. The spectacular triumph of women over men in the stogy factories of Pittsburg, for instance, has been a triumph not only of cheap wages over good wages, but of cheap, quick, unskilled, youthful work over work which was costly, steady, skilled, and mature.

The fifty-year-old man who spent *two years* learning a *trade* is being beaten by the eighteen-year-old girl who spends *two months* learning a *job*; and the pathetic disparity between victor and vanquished in this social battle is strikingly shown by Mr. Hine in his pictures of the passing and the coming type, on pages 802 and 803.

But hold on! In last month's article we found that the factory woman has been with us for a hundred years and now we are exhibiting her as a recent invader. Isn't this inconsistent?

Not at all. It is fundamentally true that, if you take the factory trades in mass, the percentage of women, compared with the total number of employees, shows no very noticeable tendency to increase. In 1900, for instance, women were nineteen per cent. of all the employees in the factory trades and in 1905 they were still nineteen per cent.

This is not only fundamentally true but fundamentally important. For, while women are not gaining on men noticeably in factories, they are gaining on them every day, noticeably, strikingly, overwhelmingly, in sales-rooms, correspondence rooms, auditing rooms, and all the other places conveniently summarized as "stores and offices."

In other words, Woman is putting on her good clothes and coming Down-Town. Which is one of the epoch-making events in her industrial history.

Nevertheless, while it is true in the factory trades as a whole that men and women seem to have reached, temporarily at least, an equilibrium of relative numbers, it is also true that here and there, occasionally, in the constant give and take between the sexes, men are being displaced by women. When this happens, it is worth watching, because the industrial character of woman is then revealed in action. To return, therefore, to stogies.

A stogy is a tall, loosely built cigar, which looks awkward and undetermined but is really terribly in earnest. It has a place in literature because one of its kind (from Wheeling, West Virginia) made Harvey Cheyne seasick, in Mr. Kipling's "Captains Courageous," and sent him over the rail of his liner to his adventures in the fishing-smack "We're Here."

This implement of nausea (as a matter of fact, though a strong, it is a good, clean smoke) used to be made almost exclusively by men. To-day, in the stogy factories of Pittsburg, there are 2,211 women and only 463 men. And in three particularly large "trust" factories, in which the last word in cheap, quick production has been spoken, *there are 1,025 women and exactly ten men.*

These figures are taken from the factory-to-factory census made this year by Miss Elizabeth Butler on behalf of the "Pittsburg Survey" in pursuance of the most thorough investigation so far attempted in America into the conditions of women's employment in any one city.

Mr. Hine has written a photographic essay in four parts on the technique of the struggle.

In part one you see a Pittsburg hand-stogy-maker. He just takes tobacco leaves and, with his own hands, without the help of machines or even of tools (except a knife and a clip), constructs, all by himself, a complete smoke. It took him a long time to learn how to do that.

In parts two, three, and four you see the most nearly perfected type of the team-and-machine process which is taking his place.

The girl in part two is not a stogy-maker at all. She is only a "bunch-breaker." With the help of her machine she gives the inside filler-leaves of the stogy their first outside covering, the "binder." The second outside covering, the "wrapper," is still to be put on.

In part three, the half-dressed stogies, in-

stead of being "shaped" deftly and delicately by the finger-tips of a craftsman, are being crushed and squeezed into form by "molds" and "presses."

In part four you see a most ingenious machine called a "suction-table." It is full of little holes through which currents of air, sucked downward, straighten out the tobacco leaf and hold it taut and flat while a die, descending, cuts it into exactly the right size. The "suction-table" (Mr. Ruskin would have called it a vampire) sucks the last few drops of blood from the art and craft of stogy-making. The girl at the "suction-table" takes the piece of tobacco designed for her by the machine and "rolls" it around the half-finished stogy, giving it its "wrapper" and thus completing it.

Two girls and three machines have now done what one man did before. They haven't done it so well. But they have done it faster and *cheaper*. And there you have a little social revolution happening before your eyes. Women have driven men into a corner in the stogy trade in Pittsburg and they have done it through their natural affinity with the most modern, the most mechanical and automatic, the most simplified and cheapened factory processes.

Of the 463 men in the stogy factories of Pittsburg, 168 are still complete hand-stogy-makers. Of the 2,211 women in the stogy factories of Pittsburg, only twelve have become hand-stogy-makers and they make Italian stogies, which are held together along the side with paste and have no finish at either end. The victory in Pittsburg, therefore, has been only a partial victory. Woman has got into industry, but not by excelling, or equaling, man's technique.

Woman hasn't risen to man's skill. Skill has been lowered to woman's level. Woman hasn't been masculinized. Work has been feminized. The fact is, it is not very often, after all, that women displace men in the way illustrated by the incidents given at the head of this article. It is not very often that they take over precisely the same machines and precisely the same tasks that the men used to have. Usually, when women displace men, they do it in the way illustrated by the history of the stogy trade in Pittsburg. Usually they enter the factory as adjuncts to *simplified* machines and *subdivided* tasks.

Here is a story from the watch-making trade that drives the point still farther in.

It should be remembered, to begin with,

that there are almost no women *watch-makers*; that is, persons who can put a watch together and make it "go." But there are plenty of women *watch-workers*. In a large factory in which the innumerable stages in the manufacture of a watch have been sorted out into an equivalent number of petty jobs, multitudes of women are brought in to handle such of those jobs as, while delicate and exacting, do not require technical *judgment*.

Now there were certain men in the watch factory in which this incident happened who were called "finishers." They performed the last act in the manufacture of a watch and they were highly skilled.

To-day their act is split in two. They objected. They resisted. But logic was against them. Part of their act was feminine in its requirements. They lost that part. Women, called "assemblers," now do the preliminary part of "finishing." They take the running-wheels of the watch and put them in between the plates and screw the plates together. The watch then passes to the "finishers," *still exclusively men, who insert the balance-wheel and adjust the time-keeping faculty of the now completed mechanism.* The men retain the *judgment* part of their act. The women have despoiled them of the *speed-and-precision* part of it.

If you were to search a thousand years you couldn't find a better illustration of the function performed, *generally speaking*, by American women in American factories.

The speed and precision of American women in American factories is, it is true, astonishing. When you see a girl at a "bunch-breaking" machine, like the one shown in Mr. Hine's picture, turn out eight bunches in a minute (480 in an hour) and keep it up for ten hours, you are amazed that such neat, untiring dexterity can exist in human fingers. And when you see a girl in the packing department of a stogy factory lay 27,000 stogies into little cylindrical tin boxes in the course of a ten-hour day, you feel that the very limit of human adroitness of manipulation has been reached.

I have seen girls in a horse-nail factory take the flat piece of cardboard which was to be transformed into a horse-nail box and bend it, intricately, ten times before it became a box and yet make two hundred boxes in an hour, 1,800 in a nine-hour day. Which means, all day, one intricate manual operation every two seconds. It is thrilling digital skillfulness.

But it has little to do with real technical skill. It is an almost superhuman capacity for *routine*. But it has little to do with a capacity for *judgment*.

Why is it? Why do women work cheaply? Why do they tend toward cheap work? And when they do good work, why do they still, as a rule, work cheaply, anyway?

The answer is no mystery.

The last report of the Illinois Bureau of Labor Statistics shows that the average period of employment for factory women in Chicago is seven years. The average period in other cities is approximately the same. That's all.

No class of persons coming to work for seven years, and then quitting, can ever go far, as a class.

See how it affects the girl herself. Here are a few, chosen from many, entries in my note-book, of things I have heard working-girls say:

"Well, five dollars isn't much, but it'll do for me until Jim's got money enough to see the priest. Isn't that so, Bessie?"

"Sure, I'd like to be an operator, but you got to spend six months learning, and how do I know where I'll be in six months?"

"Well, suppose I joined the union and we had a strike for six months and I lost my wages all that time and then we got fifty cents



Photograph by Stafford, Chicago.

MISS AGNES NESTOR, THE FIRST WOMAN TO PRESIDE OVER A DELIBERATIVE ASSEMBLY OF THE WORKING CLASS.

a week more and then I quit for good right after? Would I be a winner? These men are going to be here for forty years. They'd win all right. But not for me. I want my six dollars now."

Just put yourself in the girl's place. If you were sure you were going to quit some day pretty soon and you were not sure that pretty soon might not mean next summer, how much ambition would you have?

And see how it affects the manufacturer:

"Why should I spend a lot of time and money teaching a girl a hard job when she may get married any minute?"

"I lose a quarter of my girls every year and I lose the wages of two 'teachers' and God knows how much material breaking the new ones in. If I had to pay 'em any more than I do now, I'd hire men. *They'd stick.*"

The fact is that Woman, while becoming a soldier of industry, has not in most cases become a professional soldier. She remains, predominantly, though by no personal fault of her own, a guerrilla, a bushwhacker, entering the fight without training, withdrawing from it without warning, and receiving meanwhile a stipend proportioned to her casual character. It is a bad, an unjust, an almost intolerable situation. It



I. THE PASSING TYPE. A PITTSBURGH STOGY-MAKER WHO CONSTRUCTS, ALL BY HIMSELF, A COMPLETE SMOKE.

is bound to make trouble. It already makes trouble.

The workingwoman is placed between two fires and scorched by both. Necessity compels her to work before marriage. Household Arrangements and Social Conventions, acting and reacting on each other, compel her to stop working after marriage, not only at periods of physical unfitness, but altogether. What is the result?

Before marriage, because she is going to stop working so soon, she is condemned to cheap work and low wages.

After marriage, because she worked before marriage, because all her girl friends worked before marriage, because it became customary for daughters as well as fathers to work, because wages got adjusted to a family-wage basis, because families got accustomed to living on the combined earnings of fathers and children,—for all these reasons, she finds, after marriage, that the personal earnings of one workingman, her husband, do not constitute a family wage and that a long period of terrific hardship is ahead of her till she has sons and daughters old enough to be sent to work to restore the family wage again.

Woman doesn't stay in industry long enough to establish a decent wage for herself. But she does stay there long enough to assist effectively in establishing the family-wage system. And then when she gets married she ceases to contribute to the family wage and she and her husband and her babies have to live on the personal wage of one wage-earner. So that if

you want to know the real tragedies of toil, remember they are not happening in coal-mines but in kitchens, from the time little Charlie and Maggie are creeping on the floor to the time when their first three dollars a week gives life once more a margin of comfort and security.

What is going to happen?

Shall women stop working before marriage? That is impossible. We saw in last month's article that economic causes, uncontrollable by sermons, are forcing women into industry. We shall have more women, instead of fewer women, at work in the future. We haven't yet, in this country, as large a proportion of women at work as the older countries of the world have, the countries whose industrial development we are following.

Shall women, then, work *after* marriage? That is the real question. But it is so large a



II. "BUNCH-BREAKING" IS THE FIRST STAGE IN MACHINE-MADE STOGIES.

question that it will be merely suggested and then laid on the table for future discussion.

Only three incidental remarks will be here made about it.

First: It is a question that may settle itself without much help. Many students think so, among them the President of Bryn Mawr College, who said not long ago that "everything seems to indicate that women will not only make their way into all except a few trades and professions, but that they will be compelled by economic causes to stay in them *after marriage*."

Second: Work after marriage, aside from its economic aspects, has seemed to many persons who have given it much thought to have possibly an intellectual and moral value. In his authoritative book on "Sex and Society," Professor W. I. Thomas seems to adopt this view. "The remedy," he says, "for the irregularity, pettiness, ill-health,



IV. THE "SUCTION-TABLE," WHERE THE STOGY IS GIVEN ITS WRAPPER.



III. THE HALF-DRESSED STOGY IS BEING SQUEEZED INTO FORM BY MOLDS.

and unserviceableness of modern woman seems to lie, therefore, along educational lines; not in a general and cultural education alone, but in a special and *occupational interest and practice for women, married and unmarried*. This should be *preferably gainful*, though not onerous nor incessant."

Third: Virtually every mother who can afford it has a nurse-maid who relieves her of the children, *and the children of her*, for part of each day and night. This is thought proper. Also, it is thought proper for a family to live at Sherry's and have its meals sent up to it from the café. In this way the family avoids having a food-factory in its suite of living-rooms. Now if at some time in the remote future, when society is somewhat better adapted to social needs, there should be cooperative nurseries and co-operative kitchens which would leave women free for four hours a day to do work which, as Professor Thomas discriminatingly says, should be gainful but not onerous nor incessant, would society then be any more shattered at its foundations than it now is at its top?

These remarks, however, are merely and truly incidental. The subject, as a subject, is reserved for treatment at a later time. It is not here claimed that women should, or will, work after marriage. But it is stated, most emphatically, that as long as women's interest in gainful employment is casual and

temporary, she will, in the mass, attempt a corresponding quality of work and be paid according to a corresponding scale of wages.

Some indications there are that even in present circumstances, under present disadvantages, woman is beginning to be less casual and less temporary.

of technique and of wages with men of the best grade. Miss Edith Abbott, of Wellesley College, in her inquiries into the cigar trade in Boston, noticed such women and gave particularly an account of one of them whose average weekly wages had climbed up to thirty-one dollars.



MRS. JENNIE LONGBRIDGE, A MEMBER OF THE EXECUTIVE BOARD OF THE CHICAGO TRADE-UNION LABOR LEAGUE, AND OF THE LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE OF THE CHICAGO FEDERATION OF LABOR.

There are women in shoe factories, in glove factories, in cotton mills who perform extremely difficult tasks and perform them admirably. And there are women in the cigar trade, for instance (outside that phase of it already observed in Pittsburg), who have become really skilled as well as skilful, and who work side by side on equal terms

It is noteworthy that among such women, work after marriage is common. When a woman acquires real skill she acquires also an impetus toward a permanent use of it. This is one of the reasons why there are so many married women weavers in Fall River. The real loom-woman and the real cigar-woman tend to revert to their trades after marriage just like the real stage-woman or the real book-woman.

Another indication of a growing professional temper among workingwomen is the trade-school. In many class rooms in many cities young women are to-day taking a rigorous preliminary training in hat-making, dress-making, pattern-designing, and other employments which in former years they would have entered without any training.

There is still a third indication, the most significant of all. It is the trade-union.

Some notion of a continuous connection with one's trade is necessary to a belief in the advisability of joining a union.

What prevents certain groups of underpaid men, such as clerks, from forming trade-unions bigger and more powerful than the

miners' union, is that they are in the business atmosphere and expect to rise.

What has prevented workingwomen, as a class, from forming trade-unions is that they are in the domestic atmosphere and expect to quit. Obscurely, subconsciously, a different spirit is now pervading them and is issuing in new instincts and new emotions.

The conventions of the National Women's Trade-Union League, under the presidency of Mrs. Raymond Robins, a woman who devotes her great personal talents and her large financial means to the indefatigable service of democracy, have brought together an extraordinary number of enthusiastic leaders of successful organizations.

At the last convention of the American Federation of Labor this new movement was recognized by two significant acts. First: Miss Annie Fitzgerald was appointed "woman organizer," to give her whole time to starting unions in now unorganized trades. Second: Miss Agnes Nestor of Chicago, delegate from the glove-workers' union, was called to the chair, presented with the gavel, and, as a matter of courtesy, allowed to do what perhaps some woman some day will do as a matter of right—recognize speakers and put motions in the deliberative assembly of the working class of the United States.

Miss Nestor, among women trade-union leaders, is an exceptionally striking figure because she leads not only women but men. She is secretary-treasurer (which means active executive official) of the International Glove Workers' Union of America, a union which comprises both men and women; and her office in Chicago is the headquarters of the whole organization for both sexes. In this respect, as in some others, Miss Nestor is the most highly developed representative of that absolutely new feminine type, the genuine, spontaneous workingwoman leader of workingwomen.

Workingwomen have always had things done for them, by philanthropists and legislatures. They are now beginning to do things for themselves.

"You never saw Miss Nestor?" said a Chicago lawyer. "You ought to see her. Got a mind like a trip-hammer. No. Not much high school. She's been in the factory since she was sixteen. I saw her, first time, at a conference between the employers and the union. Kind of treaty-making affair. Everybody sitting around a big directors' table. Miss Nestor was at one corner with a pile of papers. She's Irish all the way through, but she doesn't particularly look it. You wouldn't call her any nationality. Just American.

"Well, it was extraordinary, the way they treated her. When the employers (and they were big ones), would get through making an argument, they'd turn and look at her. And

the men representatives from the union would turn and look at her, too. And then she'd speak for the whole crowd. No. Nothing sensational at all. Just a plain, straightforward, tedious grind. Here's the point:

"Miss Nestor had all the details of the glove business down pat, so far as they affected the employees, and her job was to drive a bargain with the employers and get those details fixed just a little bit better for her people for the next year. And she did it. She knew her job. That's what I liked about her. She knew just how many minutes it took a girl to do this thing and that thing and the other thing on her machine to a dozen of gloves of this style and that style and the other style, and she knew just where and how troubles and disputes might happen, and she wanted to get everything settled in advance so that there wouldn't be any trouble during the next year and both sides would be satisfied.

"It wasn't a case of just saying 'we want our wages' and 'we want shorter hours.' It was a case of going over all the features of an intricate manufacturing business and finding out just which concessions and arrangements were financially and technically feasible and which weren't, in view of market prices, glove styles, and shop efficiency. When they got through, the employers and Miss Nestor, they signed an annual treaty forty long pages long.

"No. I don't remember much about the technical part. I was there just for the legal part. Miss Nestor doesn't want any of her contracts to be declared invalid by the courts. She has grasped the first principle of business. Get your legal advice from a lawyer beforehand and not from a judge afterwards.

"Well, yes, I do remember one technical point, after all. About needles. When I got away I pretty nearly laughed myself sick over it.

"They had the most furious discussion you can imagine about who should buy the needles for the girls' machines, the employers or the girls themselves. At that time the girls were buying them. But they objected to it. They said they couldn't see any more sense in having to buy those needles than there would be in making them buy the thread or the leather or any of the other things they worked with. But the employers came back hard with the proposition that if needles were free the girls would just go ahead and break them early and late, as much as they pleased, because it



A ROOM IN A GLOVE FACTORY WHERE THE INSPECTING, SORTING, AND PACKING ARE DONE.

wouldn't be costing them any money. So they talked and talked till I couldn't see anything in the world but needles.

"Miss Nestor, all the time, had been scribbling on a piece of paper. Pretty soon she spoke. And she certainly brought that discussion to a stop. Perfectly simple, too, but nobody else had thought of it. It was like this:

"The girls are all on piece-work and get

paid according to how many gloves they turn out. Every minute is valuable to them. Well, Miss Nestor showed, by figuring it out, that when a girl smashed a needle she lost a good deal more money by having to sit idle till her machine was fixed than she did by having to buy another needle. So that even if the needle should cost her nothing, why should she want to rob herself of five cents' worth of time in order to rob her employer of one

cent's worth of needle? Particularly when she needed the five cents a whole lot more than he needed the one cent.

"It was too good. 'Employers shall buy the needles,' went into the treaty. Oh, at making things look her way, she's a terror. Her father used to be in politics strong in Grand Rapids, Michigan. I guess he passed a little wiseness along. You go and see her."

A careful and respectful knock at the door in the Bush Temple Office Building marked "International Gloveworkers' Union of America"; a pause in the clicking of a typewriter; another careful and respectful knock; a "Come in!"; and then the door, swinging open, revealed, on the other side of the typewriter, a sweet-faced little girl, with a little black apron over her brown skirt and little black oversleeves protecting the arms of her yellow waist, and a little oblong gold band at her throat restraining a large yellow tie, and with gentle, blue-gray eyes, clear, wide-open, unafraid, comprehending, but still always gentle.

Evidently the word "terror" had been used in a highly metaphorical sense. In the midst of a prolonged mental sigh of relief on my part the questioning began. But Miss Nestor, while frank about her trade, is not talkative about herself. Her young career must be pieced together from many fragments picked up in many places.

She began in the stitching department where, on both sides of long tables spread with power-driven machines and heaps of gloves, you see long rows of girls, close-packed, some of them crouched over their work, nervously, with foreheads almost touching their machines and with intent eyes seeming to urge steam and metal to greater speed; others (often better workers)

sitting erect, apparently negligent, while glove-seams by the hundred yards purr and zip from their needle-points.

The men, in another room, with sharp dies and heavy mauls, have pounded and cut the leather into carefully designed fragments. The girls, in this room, sew the fragments into gloves. Such is the division of labor between the sexes.

Miss Nestor passed, in turn, through most of the different groups of operators into which, by another division of labor of an in-



MISS MAMIE BUTLER, AT HER MACHINE IN A GLOVE FACTORY.



IN THE SEWING ROOM OF A GLOVE FACTORY.

tricate and marvelous kind, the girls themselves are separated.

The "banders," who, with a two-needle machine, attach the gauntlet to the body of the glove; the "silkers," who, with a four-needle machine, run the lines of decoration on its back; the "strap-sewers," the "gore-sewers," the "binders," or "hemmers"; the "closers," most expert of all, who get the glove twice in its complicated crisscross travels, once to insert the thumb-piece and

the back-pieces and, later, to run the final seam along the finger-sides, up one side and down the other, from little finger back to thumb, "closing" it and finishing it—most of these groups Miss Nestor worked with till finally, being a "closer," she could go no farther. And it is easy to see that she is proud of being a complete "glove-worker."

There was no union in those days, before 1902. But there was always a little trouble.

Usually about piece-work, the price per piece, the rate of speed.

Curious thing, speed. As inexplicable as a talent for verses. There was a man "wax-threader" in Milwaukee a few years ago (the "wax-thread" machine is the only sewing-machine operated by men instead of women in Western glove factories) who was dying of tuberculosis. They'd carry him up-stairs in the factory. And when a glove fell off his table he hadn't strength enough to reach down and get it. But once his machine got going and the accustomed quirks and twists of his hands began to send the product through, he would sit up and turn out as many gloves by the end of the day as the strongest, fastest young operator in the shop. Then they'd carry him to the street-car.

Among women, speed, accelerated by the urgency of piece-work, has, however, a more than psychological interest. Women, because of their not intending to stay in the factories all their lives, as well as for other reasons, are much more readily driven into reckless speed excesses than men. They submit readily to "speeding-up" processes which men, instinctively conserving their energy for prolonged use, are more likely to resist. Men have to make their candle last forty years. Women are tempted to burn theirs in five.

Not many of them have the solid sense of the Chicago shoe factory girl who, after several years' experience, said: "Well, I've quit racing. I've found that every dollar I make over eight dollars a week goes to the doctor, anyway. So when I see myself turning out more than eight dollars' worth, I slow up."

Of course the piece-work system has come to stay. No one in his senses would suggest abolishing it. It is not its existence but its abuse that is here criticized.

There must be an abuse of it when so many girls in their early twenties can be heard saying: "It used to be I could turn out that many dozen, but of course I can't now"; and, "Certainly she turns out more than I do. See how new she is."

It is a phenomenon that is found in many trades. Miss Butler found it in Pittsburg. After her investigation she said:

"Under a discussion of health comes the factory system of speeding. Serious as the menace of tuberculosis is, one might almost consider more serious the threat to racial vitality from nervous exhaustion of girl workers. I have spoken of the double tension on

the stogy-worker who must cut close and at the same time have a high output. 'No girl can keep up her pace more than six years,' said the manager of one of the large factories. . . . Rose Bernstein, a slight little girl with drooping mouth and sloping shoulders, told me that in three years her output had dropped from 1,000 to 700 stogies a day, and now she was losing perceptibly. The cost of this nervous loss is not borne by the industry. Most of the girls marry at twenty or twenty-one, just about the time when their speed breaks. The cost is borne by the homes into which they go."

When you understand what a serious matter "speeding up" is, you will understand why "pace-makers" are unpopular. There was Nell, for instance—let that be her name, since it wasn't—in one of the glove factories on the West Side in Chicago. A new style of glove had been introduced. Piece-work rate: fifty cents a dozen. Nell, with her inexplicable trick of speed, not seeming to hurry, rolled out five dozen a day. Two and a half dollars! Meanwhile the average girl was "racing" every second all day to make a dollar and a half. Pretty soon the foreman came around. "Five dozen a day? Two and a half? After this the rate will not be fifty cents a dozen. It will be forty-five."

So then the girl who was "racing" to make a dollar and a half a day had to "race" to make a dollar thirty-five, and Nell herself, instead of making \$2.50, made \$2.25. Some of the girls thought the firm "slipped her back her twenty-five cents" for "speeding up" the room.

Anyway, there was always trouble about piece-rates in this factory and in Agnes Nestor's factory and in every other factory. Union material was already present in a state of solution. All it needed was a shake to precipitate it.

One day, in Agnes Nestor's factory, the "banders" walked out. Not a strike. Just a huff. Once outside, they quarreled with one of their number and ducked her in a horse-trough. In the afternoon they felt better and came back to work.

But the horse-trough incident got into the papers and was read by a glove-cutter, a studious young man named I. Solon, who perused books and periodicals when he wasn't cutting gloves. He went and hired a hall within a block or two of the factory.

The next afternoon was the crisis. As the

girls came out of the front door of the factory after work and spread in thick groups over the sidewalks and the streets, they were startled by the exclamations of a young enthusiast, who shouted that in his hall, in ten minutes, the principles of unionism would be explained. Would they come? There was a moment of hesitation. Then the verve of the stranger won. They came.

From all accounts it must have been a curious speech, eloquent with the eloquence of the first outbreak, spontaneous, beyond himself, of a man who had read and thought and felt much; but, nevertheless, from a worldly standpoint, a speech that was decidedly curious.

It had nothing in it about hours or wages. What it said, according to reports, was something like this: "Unite. Separated, you are nothing. You have no life. You are machines attached to machines. United, you will find a voice. The firm is a unit. You can talk to the firm when you are a unit. Individually, you don't exist. Together you will acquire personality. Won't you do it?"

They did. And the union has existed ever since. Originated by the philosophy and passion of an exceptional young man, perpetuated by the tact and shrewdness of an exceptional young woman, it nevertheless goes back to deeper causes. It represents the unfolding to self-consciousness of the mind of the casual and temporary industrial woman. The concrete, material successes of the union are, by comparison, unimportant, although they have been numerous.

In this respect the union has been assisted by the unusual reasonableness and fairness of the largest Chicago glove firm with which it has had to deal. Many bad things have been removed. The girls are no longer obliged, for instance, to buy their own machine-oil and carry it to the factory, nor to pay fifty cents a week "rental" on the machines they operate.

There has come also the gaining of good things. For four months every summer Saturday afternoon is now a half-holiday. And it is provided in the treaties that from the time of the signing of one treaty to the time of the signing of the next all changes in methods of production shall be so made that they shall not, while increasing production, decrease wages.

These things, however, though the list of them could be indefinitely extended, are mere symbols of the fact that the women of "Local Eighteen" have moved into the same mental world with men. Instead of being at best an inert, and at worst a cheapening, influence in industry, they have become an active, a wage-raising influence.

The woman's Local, Eighteen, meets in Joint Council with the men's Local, Four, and no contract with employers is signed except by both locals together. With the co-operation of Local Eighteen, the wages of the members of Local Four have gone up from twelve to fifteen dollars a week.

Agnes Nestor, however, and the other women trade-union leaders who have appeared lately in American cities are, though notable, still exceptional, and the unions they represent do not yet account for more than a very small percentage of their possible adherents. The spirit is spreading and spreading rapidly, but workingwomen, as a class, as a mass, are still only vaguely, voicelessly, touched by it.

And when, if ever, they are all touched by it, their withdrawal to domestic life after marriage will leave their unions to be remembered and re-officered every seven years. Woman in industry will still remain not simply an economic fact but complicatedly a social fact.

How thoroughly social, how thoroughly complicated, how far from merely economic she is to-day a certain glove firm on Madison Street in Chicago can testify. Its machines are light, its rooms well-ventilated, its wages from six to twelve dollars a week.

Last year it had a sign out: "Girls Wanted." But no girls came. The foreman spoke hastily and bitterly in his anger. "I wish these department stores," he said, "would cut all their girls' wages down to two dollars a week. Girls don't want money."

For straight by his sign, under his windows, girls by the hundred were going five blocks down the street to work in the department stores for half the money they could earn, after a few months' experience, in his factory.

Woman is a social fact. She is putting on her good clothes and going Down-Town.

Why is it?

In the January instalment of **The Woman's Invasion** Mr. Hard will discuss "The Shop Girl."

THE ENCHANTED HOUSE

By LEWIS E. MACBRAYNE

Illustrations by Will Greffé

ON the highroad to Tyngsburg Tom Macey, the milkman, pulled in his horse, Jeremiah, when it became evident that the tall young man obstructing the way had no intention of getting out of it. He had at first endeavored to turn aside for him, but the stranger had dodged in front of the horse's head with the persistency of a greenbottle fly.

Now that the horse had come to a standstill, however, the man proceeded along its side, patting its flank reassuringly as he journeyed, and Macey, with the inherited conservatism of a small New England town, waited for him to declare himself, and thus furnish the clue to his behavior. Nor did he have long to wait.

"I don't know how keen you are on poetry, but it's been on my mind for four miles, and you are the first person who has come along."

"Well, what do you expect?" asked Macey, who was a young man of serious motives but slow mind, and who could not dispose of more than one issue at a time. "It's now four-thirty in the morning, and the market-men all go to the city by the lower road. I wouldn't be here, only I'm delivering to a milk depot since milk went up to fifty cents a can."

"And then I am weak on turning corners, just now," the stranger went on, quite unmindful of the interruption. "I could stop your horse head on, but if you had made a quick turn at right angles, I should have lost you."

Tom Macey had never been drunk, never even having been in the way of temptation, for that matter, and his data as to intoxicated men was limited to an occasional encounter with the solitary town toper. Tyngsburg was officially "dry," with a town just beyond equally virtuous, and it was many a weary mile to the city. Moreover, the stranger, far from being disheveled, was well dressed, and

his face, instead of being flushed, as Macey thought a drunken man's should be, was rather white and drawn, and his eyes were wild and staring, as though he could not have shut them had he so desired. Macey was uncertain just how to classify him.

"If it's the city you want, it's back there some eighteen miles," he suggested at a venture.

"Eighteen?" echoed the stranger mirthlessly. "Say eighty, or even eight hundred. I know, for I have walked it. But let us come back to the main question. Here is all that I can remember—" and as though intoning something that had been running ceaselessly through his mind, he recited:

"When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,
He'd 'eard men sing by land an' sea—"

"Now finish it, for heaven's sake, man, finish it," he pleaded querulously.

"Finish what?" asked Macey blankly.

"Give me the second couplet. It is as well known as Mother Goose, but it has gone from me as completely as the knowledge of sleep. I have been trying to finish the verse for the whole eight hundred miles. What is it?"

"Don't ask me," Macey replied with emphasis.

The stranger threw out his arms as though he would embrace him. "Praise Allah! Thank you," he cried, and quoted:

"When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,
He'd 'eard men sing by land an' sea;
An' what he thought 'e might require
'E went an' took—the same as me!"

Macey took the whip from its socket and prepared to gather up the reins. "If you think I told you that, all right," he said. "I haven't any more time for foolishness. Good day."

But the stranger was not to be put aside so easily. With a firmer grasp upon the cart than the peril of the ascent would seem to warrant, he climbed to the seat and turned about with as much care as though he had attained the apex of a pyramid. "Let us even go on," quoth he.

Tom Macey's face grew visibly red, and the muscles of his arm tightened involuntarily. He was short but solidly built, and as anchor on the Grange tug-of-war team knew his strength. His first thought was to expel the intruder bodily, but something in the drawn face and the far-away look of the eyes restrained him, and with a cluck to the horse he tightened the reins and the cart jogged along the Tyngsburg road.

It was a hilly country, given more to pasture land than to the cultivation of market produce, but it looked down upon a broad and placid river, on the other side of which a magnificent wooded landscape stretched away to the distant mountains; and in the early morning light the deep colors of midsummer stood out clean and strong, like some masterpiece on Nature's great canvas. Something in the scene caused a stray phrase to flash across the mind of the stranger. "God's perfect peace," he said, half aloud; and the lines of his forehead deepened in pain. He felt that he was far

from perfect peace, though he might be upon the border of its country.

"My name is Tom Macey," said the driver uneasily. "I live two miles out on the upper road. Where are you going?"

The stranger turned from his contemplation of the river and fixed his mind, with an effort, upon the man beside him. "Anywhere; as far as you go, perhaps," he replied. "Thank you for bringing me so far—or have we only just started? I have been walking all night."

"Walking?"

asked the milkman, with unconcealed astonishment. "Where, and why?" It occurred to him that there was a madman escaped from an asylum somewhere.

"Why? To escape the old man Adam. Do you work all night, Mr. Macey?"

"I work from one o'clock," replied the literal Thomas.

"And when do you sleep?"

"From six until I start out, or, if I'm out in the evening, I make up what I'm shy on sleep the next morning."

"You are a lucky man. Thomas Macey, to sleep whenever the spirit moves you," replied the stranger. "I suppose that I really slept

three nights ago, but I haven't closed my eyes since then, and it seems much longer. You can stand it beautifully without sleep for one day and night, you know, but on the second night you should sleep the sleep of the dead.



FOLLOWING A WHIMSICAL PROMPTING, HE SOUNDED THE KNOCKER.

And if you don't, look out. There's something sure wrong, and all the little devils in the world will soon get after you. On the third day you will begin to lose people, or see them when they are not there. Only last night I followed a policeman right up against a brick wall, and when I got there he was gone. Then there is the trouble about turning corners. You can't turn them except on a wide circle. What happens on the fourth day, Macey, I don't know as yet, but——"

"Here, hold on, Mister," interrupted the perplexed Macey. "Why don't you sleep? Why don't you get out now, somewhere, and go to sleep?"

The stranger shook his head mournfully. "Insomnia," he said briefly. "That's a funny little graveyard we are coming to, Macey. What's the inscription on that new white monument? 'He giveth his beloved sleep.' It's evident that I am not beloved of the Lord, Macey, and yet——"

But Macey, whose slow-working mind had now convinced him that his milk-wagon was possessed of a lunatic, had decided upon his course of action. He turned suddenly upon the stranger, and with a firm grasp upon his coat and trousers lifted him and shot him clear of the wheel into the side of the road, whereupon he laid the whip to the horse's back and set out for home at full speed.

The man in the road gathered himself up rather ruefully and gazed after the fleeing milkman. "And there was a time when I was rated something of an athlete," he mused regretfully. "I will overtake the countryman and teach him to be a gentleman." He started in pursuit, rather uncertain in his gait, but under enough headway to cause Macey to whip the horse anew.

"He can't catch me," thought the milkman, scornfully. "He said he couldn't turn a corner, and if that's so, I'll lose him where the road branches."

And this proved true, for the stranger went off at a tangent upon coming to where the road forked, and brought up only just short of a stone wall, upon which he sat to wipe his moist brow with a handkerchief. "Upon which we may observe," he said, apropos of nothing, "that while we did not instruct him in good manners, we are nevertheless the gainer upon two points: we have begun to perspire, which is a good sign, and we can recall our name, which is Wadsworth Bryant, and not an especially difficult one to remember."

When he got up from the stone wall the milk-wagon had disappeared from view, and he decided to abandon the chase and keep to the river road, for no special reason other than that the country looked uninhabited in that direction and offered no apparent difficulties to travel. His resentment against Macey had quite died out, and his only desire was to keep walking until he wearied himself to the point of exhaustion. Whatever his appearance and actions may have suggested to the milkman, he had a fixed and fairly clear idea of what he wanted to do. The two physicians whom he had called into consultation to examine him had been courteous and non-committal to his face, but they had gone directly to his people and urged that he be sent to a sanatorium without delay. That alone was enough to irritate a man in his condition. But that was not all.

His was one of those families that might be termed fully established. It was a clan, with various habitations and varying degrees of wealth, but a clan upon all questions of family policy. It governed by family council, the dominant members of which were a dowager aunt and an eccentric but vastly rich bachelor uncle, whose expressed wish was, as a rule, approved by the heads of three families. You could not marry without the consent of this board; yet, once passed by it, your social position was secure, and if your income was not what it should be, the family saw to it that you were provided for to the degree called for by your new position. Wadsworth Bryant's father had been taken into the family on his reputation as a man of promising literary genius; which had been promptly smothered by the income settled upon his wife. His son, having shown traces of the same genius in due time, was promptly set apart by the family council to be trained as the family lawyer.

Well, young Bryant had gone to the law school, after a fashion, but gave no indication of making even a passably good lawyer. His father, upon a rare occasion of mutual understanding, had secretly advised him to cherish his own ambitions, and to go it alone if the occasion ever so demanded; but he knew well enough that he was proving a disappointment to the more influential members of the "family." And his threatened nervous breakdown afforded an opportunity not to be missed of pointing out his shortcomings and solemnly discussing which sanatorium should be honored by the presence of a Bryant.

His father, he felt sure, would understand



"HOW ABOUT THE OLD HOUSE UP THERE?" ASKED BRYANT.

what had prompted his disappearance now; but the others would not, even if they were aware of the situation. He had not wasted his years at school, as they believed, but had devoted himself zealously to preparation for a literary career. The fruit of it was his first book, a manuscript just placed in the hands of a publisher, who had received it favorably and agreed to undertake its publication in the autumn; but the price of this had been reckless overwork, and a burning of the candle at both ends, relying upon his physique and capacity for endurance. Certainly he had not come up to the family requirement—as a leader of the bar, or as the suitor of a girl who had been selected for him to marry. But upon the matter of his going away to an institution he took some satisfaction in telling himself that he was several laps ahead of the family council, and he intended to keep the matter in his own hands. He had taken good care to get so far away that his whereabouts would not be open to more than chance discovery. There would be a search for him, but no public hue and cry.

He had walked a mile beyond where the roads forked, passing only one small farmhouse on the way, when he came upon a veritable old relic of a colonial house. It was long and rambling, with ells and gabled roofs,

and its vacant windows and weather-beaten sides made it look a pathetic picture of abandonment as seen from the highway. It stood well back from the road, upon a fair elevation, and as Bryant came nearer he observed what had at first escaped his notice—that it presented a side view to the passer-by, and that the front was concealed by a screen of hollyhocks and sunflowers that looked uncanny in their height and luxuriant growth.

It was as though somebody with a magical preparation for the soil, after picking his way carefully through the worn-out and abandoned fields, had paused to fertilize the ground directly in front of the old mansion, and then planted it fantastically so that no stranger should discern what was hidden behind. Moorish gardeners sometimes worked such magic in old Spain in the days of Boabdil; but one hardly would look to find it in New England.

"Talk about an enchanted house!" Bryant said, in the habit that he had fallen into of addressing himself. "Why, here is one to the last detail. Nobody could find the door because it is lost in a tangled forest of flowers. No man ever raised stalks as tall as that."

He walked across a field of uncut hay that might, in some past day, have been a rolling lawn, and worked his way around the thicket

of great flowers that blossomed far above his head and seemed to stand as a barrier against him; when, upon the farther side, he discovered that there really was a path, somewhat overgrown, but unmistakably a path, leading to the house.

With just a suspicion that his brain might be playing him a trick, and that in truth he might be lying back in the road with a broken head where the milkman had flung him, he followed the path in its serpentine course until it led to a little clearing in front of a handsome old porch that was in good repair, and to a fine old door with a heavy brass knocker. Here, of a surety, was a corner of the house that, by every visible sign, was habitable, and, following a whimsical prompting, he sounded the knocker and stood waiting for the door to open.

He repeated the blows upon the knocker, but nobody came, and he began to grow petulant, and to wonder why he was kept waiting

so long. Finally he left the porch and peered boldly in at a window, and for a full minute or two stood there with his face pressed against the pane. What he saw made him more anxious than ever to gain access. He was able to make out a spacious living-room, with a great open fireplace and leather-cushioned window-seats; not over-furnished, but abundantly supplied with all that a man would need in a country home. It was an interior refreshingly unexpected, after the weather-beaten outside; and he suddenly became aware of an idea buzzing within his head that, could he once gain entrance to a place like this, he could compose himself and go to sleep for a long year of nights.

The path by which he had come had the season's growth of grass, only slightly trampled down; a climbing rose-bush on a corner of the house had bloomed unpicked; and he noted that a bird now fluttering over his head had built its nest in the old porch. Had some-



THERE IN THE OTHER DOORWAY STOOD THE GIRL HE HAD CONJURED UP.

body discovered the abandoned house, made a part of it habitable, and after a time abandoned it again? Obviously the answer to the riddle was not to be learned without some effort, and he retraced his steps to the road, determined to go back to the red farmhouse that he had passed on the way.

As he approached it, through a scattering and protesting flock of fowls, the door opened and a good-natured old man popped his head out and smiled at him genially.

"Seen you coming down the road," said he. "Seen you going up a spell back. Guess you've sort of lost your way roun' here."

"How about that old house up there?" asked Bryant, without preliminary introduction of the subject. "Who lives in it?"

"Don't anybody live in it," replied the old man, with a chuckle.

"Who owns it, then?"

"Well, 's near as I can find out, when old Ben Edwards died, he had a nephew, an' the nephew had growed up an' become an artist, an' nobody seemed to bother about the old place till he took a fancy to it one summer. Old Ben Edwards, he was——"

"Don't get wound up, Mr. Jones," Bryant implored, feeling a return of his recent petulance. "I'm no town historian. What I want is to get into that house."

The old man chuckled anew. "My name's Bunts. How'd you like to hire the Edwards place?"

"I should like to. Who is in charge?"

"I be. Oh, I'm no fool!—if I dolook it. Mr. Edwards—Mr. John Edwards, the artist—he knew I wasn't, an' he asked me to look after the place when he went, an' said if he didn't come back I might rent it."

"I'll take it, then," said Bryant shortly. "Come and let me in, and we can arrange the terms later."

"You won't need any key," said Bunts mysteriously. "You follow me, an' I'll show you the way."

Arrived once more in the clearing before the gabled house, Bryant watched the old man as he made for the porch and, sliding a false board to one side, disclosed a brass chain with a ring in the end. This he pulled; there was at once a sound of lifting bars within, and the door opened slightly of its own accord.

"Well!" exclaimed Bryant in surprise. "What's to prevent anybody from entering in that manner?"

"Because nobody knows," replied Mr. Bunts serenely. "It was one of Mr. Ed-

wards's playthings. Invented it himself, so's he wouldn't have to look for the keyhole in the dark. I come up here with the old lady, now an' then, to tidy up a bit. Sorter hoped Mr. Edwards would come back some day; but it's been two years now. Want me to show you aroun'?"

"No, thank you. I'm feeling tired now, and want to turn in. I'll be down and see you again later about getting a food supply."

Mr. Bunts withdrew; and Bryant began his inspection of the premises. It was apparent that the artist had made only the wing of the house habitable, but he had done that thoroughly, and the effect was wonderfully pleasing to the eye after the riot outside. The fine old window-frames, the splendid old fireplace, and the massive rafters had not been disturbed; but the living-room had been modernized just enough to have added comforts that did not conflict with its background, and the furnishings were handsome old rugs, massive pieces of mahogany furniture, dull brass and pewter.

Three doors opened invitingly from the living-room—or, rather, three doors stood invitingly waiting to be opened—and Wadsworth Bryant did not hesitate to explore the rooms beyond. The first opened into a man's chamber, and he whistled softly as he threw open the blinds of a window for better light. There was a low, wide couch in one corner of the room, with a Persian covering thrown over it and two or three cushions piled up comfortably; a tall chiffonier with old silver candlesticks upon it stood in one corner, and there were two or three comfortable chairs, and several good pictures upon the walls. Surely the artist had been a man of good taste and comfortable habits; and Mrs. Bunts appeared to have kept a motherly hand upon the place, for the furniture was dusted, and the air was almost free from musty smell.

He returned to the living-room, and opened another door; it led to an old-fashioned kitchen, which in his present state did not interest him particularly. So he turned to the last door of all, which was opposite to the chamber that he had first entered, and, with his hand upon the knob, flung it wide open.

Once in his life he had seen the face of a girl that had caused him to pull himself up short, as it were, with an odd sensation of surprise and unexpected pleasure. It had been as he was about to enter one of the drawing-rooms of a fashionable hotel in Boston; when, upon the threshold, he had

raised his eyes to find himself confronting a young woman who, like himself, was taken unawares. Many times afterward he had tried to describe her in detail to himself, and had found that he was quite unable to do so; but he had never forgotten the picture—her rather tall and slender figure, the fine color of her face, the web-like veil that hung from her hat, the soft tones of her cloak and gown. It had occurred to him then that when a man fell in love with a woman it should be in that way, spontaneously, wonderfully, and with only the two of them in the equation.

Now, as he opened wide the third door, there was the same feeling of pleased surprise that had thrilled him in the hotel at Boston; and though he did not enter, and later could not have described the room in detail, there was again the realization of the completeness of what he had seen—a picture of enameled white furniture, of a white and pink covering over a lacquered brass bed, the suggestion of girlish things upon bureau and table, pictures such as could have been chosen for none but such a room; a very air of occupancy that made him draw back, as one would from any woman's chamber into which he found himself looking by chance. An enchanted house? He was as certain of it as that he had come to a long journey's end; and with a deep sigh of weariness that would not be denied, he turned, contented, to the man's room, partially disrobed, and threw himself upon the couch. It was then still early in the morning, but he did not awake until the sun had gone down and come up again and it was the forenoon of the second day.

Mr. Bunts, going one day with fresh eggs and vegetables to the Enchanted House—the name had been given by its new occupant, and tickled the old man's fancy—found Wadsworth Bryant at work in a field near the dwelling. Through connivance with his father, to whom he had confided his retreat and the object of his absence, Bryant had obtained such of his personal effects from home as he needed, and was now attired in khaki riding-breeches, a negligé shirt guileless of collar, and a Panama hat of several summers' seasoning.

"So you really be going to farm," said Mr. Bunts, who had left his basket in the porch in order to pass the time of day with him.

"Good morning," Bryant replied cheerily. "Yes, I've got my beans and peas up now, and I'm expecting some of the other stuff through to-morrow. I know it is past planting time, but the weather promises to make it up to me in growth. Tell Mrs. Bunts that pie of hers was all right, and I wouldn't mind another to-morrow."

Bunts grinned genially. "She sets a lot by you," he said. "Thinks it's a good thing for me to have company. If you need a hand now

an' then with your garden——"

"Oh, I'm not going to quit," said Bryant good-naturedly. "You forget that I have come up here to cure myself, and that this hard work means eight hours of good, clean sleep before daylight. Heard anything from Mr. Edwards yet? He hasn't declined to accept me for a tenant?"

"Not a word," replied Bunts dubiously. "Does seem as if he'd be more interested, don't it? Guess I'd better run along



"WELL," SHE REPEATED, "AND WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY?"

now. The missus might think I'd strayed off."

The new master of the Enchanted House had established the rule of dining in the evening, when Mrs. Bunts had leisure to provide a more elaborate meal for him than the simple breakfast and the lunch at noon that he was in the habit of setting for himself. After the day's strenuous work it was a pleasure to run down to the river for a bath, and, returning lightly clad, dress in clean linen and flannels for his one formal meal of the day and the leisure that followed it. The old dwelling was equipped with running water from a spring on the hill; but this bath in the cool stream, beneath the shade of the willows, was a part of the day's enjoyment, and gave him an opportunity to perform daily his rite of approaching the Enchanted House through the giant flower forest, thus adding to the illusion that he was conjuring about him. For he was never alone at the Enchanted House, though nobody came to see him after Mrs. Bunts had cleared his dinner dishes away and gone to the little red house down the road. The place had a familiar ghost: the presence of the girl into whose room he looked at night and in the morning.

By day he toiled upon his farm joyfully, cheating himself with the belief that he was doing it for her. He even instituted the pleasant conceit of requiring Mrs. Bunts to sound the Indian dinner-gong when the evening meal was ready to be served, and before he took his seat at the table he always remained standing for a moment, looking toward her door, as though he expected to see her emerge, gowned all in white, but with a flower in her hair, and with the glorious color of his memory in her face and eyes. For he knew right well that she would look like the unknown girl who had stood before him just once in his life, on the threshold of a Boston hotel.

On one moonlight night, indeed, when he had turned from the bewitchment of the scene in the clearing bordered by his jungle of hollyhocks and sunflowers, to re-enter the house and bid her join him for a stroll through the enchanted path to the highway, lo, her door had opened slowly and softly of its own accord, and his heart had stood still for a moment in expectation. Later, when the vision did not come, he had remembered that Mrs. Bunts had been at work in there during the afternoon, and had probably left a window open to some passing breeze. He

had never questioned that worthy woman as to the former occupant of the room. Once when she had volunteered some information, he had put her aside. He did not yet want to know.

On the night after Mr. Bunts had brought him the basket of supplies, he retired early, intent upon rising before the sun was high, in order to do as large a measure of work as possible in the cool of the morning. He slept soundly and, when the first light streamed in, arose, bathed his face in the running water in his room, and dressed for his breakfast and the labor outside. There was no other thought in his mind until he placed his hand upon the knob of his door; when suddenly he drew himself erect from an intuition that made him act without time for thought or consideration. He opened his door with the full consciousness that the door across the way was being opened at the same time, and then he stood upon the threshold speechless.

You must remember that it was no moonlit night now, with a half light in the living-room, but early morning, with the air full of clear sunshine and the birds singing outside; yet there in the other doorway stood the girl whom he had conjured up, her face as fresh and fair as the day itself, her figure as supple as though she had come swiftly across the meadows with the dawn, her very presence so charged with life that he stood transfixed, gazing at her as she looked with wonderment at him. She was the first to break the silence.

"Well," she said; and the single word seemed full of glad surprise and such music as he would have expected to hear from her voice. "Well," she repeated, with an even deeper meaning in her tone, "and what have you to say?"

Not an especially profound remark, perhaps, and yet one that released his tongue in a flood of speech that might have taken any woman by storm.

"I have much to say, everything to say," he began, feeling the wine of excitement mounting to his head. "When I came to this Enchanted House I opened the door of your room by chance, and I felt your presence and knew what you were like. Every day since, I have been waiting for you, thinking of you, summoning you with all my heart and mind to come. Now you are here. What should I say? Ask you your name, perhaps, or how you came here? Oh, no; I am content to know that you have come."

Her own color had mounted under his

words, rising and falling as a barometer to her heart-promptings: flushing up in her first surprise; cooling down as she sought to give calm judgment to his words; running high again as she caught the undercurrent of his impetuous eloquence.

"Were you—were you in that room all night?" she asked, pointing to his open door.

"I retired at nine o'clock," he replied. "I locked my castle before I said good night to the moon. Why, were you—were you in there all night, too?"

She gasped a faint assent. Here was a situation that she could not by any chance have counted upon. She had expected to arrive before darkness fell, and to have met her aunt at the junction, but there had been a wreck that had delayed all the trains and her aunt had not yet appeared. Tom Macey had brought her over from the station, but had said nothing about an occupant of the house. Had he known?

"But how could you have slept here?" Bryant demanded. "How could you have come in with the door locked?"

"Oh, that—that was no difficult thing," she replied, not yet quite free from the embarrassment in her speech. "You see, I know the secret of raising the bolts from the outside. I came in and lighted a lamp. The place looked the same—I did not realize that anybody could be here—and I knew that my aunt could not arrive before morning; so I went to bed."

He had remained standing in his doorway, and she had done the same. Now they both advanced into the room, as though each was prompted to extend a welcome to the other.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I beg you to accept my humble hospitality, and allow me to introduce myself, in the absence of a third person. My name is Wadsworth Bryant, and I am living here alone for the summer."

"Mr. Bryant," she began in reply, and then burst into a merry laugh. "Mr. Bryant," she began again, "allow me to extend to you the hospitality of the only house I own. My name is Bess Edwards."

Then he laughed too—laughed because it was morning in the summertime, with the birds singing outside; laughed because he was young and over his head in love with an ideal that had come to life; laughed because there were so many things to be explained.

"I am not disputing your claims, you understand," he said, "for I have been aware

that you belonged here all the time; but as a matter of reference and explanation, I offer you the simple statement that Mr. Bunts, in the little red house down the road, rented me this place for the season, claiming to act as agent for its owner. I did not know that your father——"

"Not my father, but my uncle, John Edwards," she interrupted. "It was he who made this place what it is. And I shall never find him here again."

"You don't mean that your uncle——" he began.

"He died last winter in Cairo," she said softly, trying to control the emotion that the words brought. "He had been a father to me, and he died out there alone."

His own voice softened under the spell of a man's memory that seemed real to him, though he had known him only by association with the things that he had left behind. "I can almost feel the kind of man your Uncle John must have been to seek seclusion here and make this corner of the old house so alive with his personality," he said. "But I had never thought of him as being—as not coming back to it some day."

"And over there in Egypt you may be sure that he left another place as habitable as this," she replied. "Not with hollyhocks and green fields about it, but a white bungalow somewhere, set in a garden of blazing flowers beyond the city, perhaps. That was my Uncle John Edwards. All the things that he did were like that. And he died out there alone, with only his work about him."

"While you——"

"While I? Could a girl go to Egypt with a bachelor uncle? You've no idea of the trouble that it cost to be allowed to come here with him in the summer. Oh, they are not all like Uncle John! There are his sisters, my aunts. I live with one of them, and was dependent upon her bounty until Uncle John died. You don't know what aunts are."

"Oh, yes, I do!" he replied. "See here, why did you come here last night?" he asked.

"Because—well, because I wanted to assert myself, I suppose; because they were trapping me into a marriage that I did not want to make."

"Ah!" he said. "And so you were coming here, where you could be mistress of your own thoughts. You wanted the hills and the river, and the birds in the trees. And you wanted to come because I was here," he went on, "and had been calling to you, so you came

straight without knowing it, and you are going to remain here, and never go until I go. I know about marriages arranged by the family council. I came away myself, and ran blindly here. Don't you see what it all means?"

He had come nearer to her as he spoke, until he could almost kiss her fair hair.

"What it means?" she repeated, almost in a whisper.

"It means that we have come here like two stars drawn from countless miles apart by a common sun; like two ships that have crossed distant seas to enter a common port; like two birds called to build a common nest."

"Stop talking like that," she cried. "You are mad." But there was an eagerness in her voice that belied every word she spoke.

"And suppose that I am? Do you think that I am going to lose an hour like this in order not to be mad? Listen to me. There is a white church down in the village, and beyond it the parsonage where the good old man lives who marries the young and buries the dead. Bunts shall go for him, and we'll be married to-day, here in the Enchanted House. See, there is my garden out there, made with my own hands; here is the home prepared for us by one who has gone away. It has all been ordained. Oh, girl! hasn't it been ordained?"

She stood there for a moment facing him, her head thrown back, her breath coming fast, her eyes ablaze. One might have thought her drawn up to combat all that he had said, to storm at him for having gone too far, to break the spell that he had woven about her, and drive him away. But, instead, she put her hands out until they touched his.

"Oh, you are foolish, you are mad, and yet—it is too wonderful to believe," she said. "I had thought that it was only a fancy, a dream that could never come true, and yet here you are face to face with me again. Have you really remembered, too? I had gone to a hotel in Boston to dine with my uncle, and in the doorway I met you instead, and—at any rate, when my uncle came, I actually sent him to inquire who you were, and he found somebody who knew you, and so we learned your name."

"What?" he cried. "You have held me in your memory all this time? I tell you that it was indeed ordained. Dear girl, don't you see that it was?"

She held out her hands beseechingly against his coming nearer. "I—think so,"

she said, as though the words came against her will. "But consider what you are asking of me—" Then she turned and fled into her room.

He stood for a moment irresolute, and then stalked out-of-doors.

Three hours later the venerable clergyman was making his way through the jungle of hollyhocks and sunflowers. Mr. Bunts had brought him, having likewise secured the attendance of the town clerk to make out the license; and, lest the necessary witnesses should be wanting, had invited himself and his wife to the amazing ceremony that he had been summoned to arrange. They came up the winding path in solemn file, and the clergyman announced their arrival by a discreet tap upon the brass knocker.

Within the living-room a table was set in somewhat incongruous profusion for the wedding feast; and as the tapping was heard the two chamber doors, which had been closed, were opened, and the bride and bridegroom stood again upon the threshold. The girl was gown'd in white, with a single fresh rosebud caught in her hair. The man had changed his morning dress for the flannels that he had worn at dinner the night before. The wonder of it all was still upon him. He had returned to the house, prepared to pack his few belongings and go to the village tavern, when she had stolen softly in upon him, to tell him that she would become his wife that day, would forestall the opposition that she well knew she would have to meet if she delayed. And Bryant had gone straightway for Bunts.

They stood now for a moment silent, looking across the mystery of the ages as they searched each other's eyes. The tapping at the door was repeated, and then the man crossed the room rapidly, and stood before the girl. "No, you shall not do it," he said vehemently. "I swear before God that there has been nothing in my life to stand in the way of our marriage; but it is unfair to you. You have seen me but once before to-day; you know nothing about me; I have taken you unawares. And yet——"

She put her arm gently in his, and her voice was low and sweet. "I know that you love me and will be true to me," she said. "Have we not been sweethearts these many months?"

He tried to speak, but could only kiss her hands; and together they raised the bolts, and the venerable clergyman came in through the open door.

NOLAN'S REVOLT

By ALVAH MILTON KERR

Illustrations by Thornton Oakley

TIM NOLAN'S trouble culminated in midsummer, when the fierce heat sometimes kindles stinging fires in the tempers of men. The force that pushed him adrift, the weight that broke him from his moorings, was cumulative—over two thousand days of unrelieved labor superimposed, hour by hour, upon each other. The beam bends under long continued overstrain; sometimes it snaps.

Through three years Nolan had, in employment, been no more than an engine wiper in a roundhouse, prior to that through four years he had been a freight-train brakeman, and still prior to that not much else but embodied health and noise and nonsense. When he met Maggie Torry came the first great change: love touched his eyes as with wizard fingers, and he was of larger vision; the blood of his heart was no longer just warm Irish blood, but as the ichor of the gods, filling him with joy and a wish to work mighty works. In Tim Nolan blossomed ambition and a dream. Some day, in Standard City, this division station where he lived, he would own a cottage, with Maggie in it as mistress, and he would be a train conductor and his pay check would read ninety, maybe one hundred, dollars each month. It was a goodly fancy.

Tim and Maggie's espousals were made directly after Tim became a brakeman. At the very beginning, too, of their married life they purchased the cottage. The price of the little home was two thousand dollars, the agreed arrangement being one hundred dollars down and eighteen dollars each month until the remainder should be liquidated. Though undeniably difficult, the plan seemed wise, each payment being no more than they would be compelled to pay, in any case, as rental for a home. Still, the project contained many elements at first but little felt or recognized—taxes, deterioration of the prop-

erty necessitating repairs, insurance, interest on the remainder of the debt, and always the haunting likelihood of the loss of position. But the chief hardship lurking in the undertaking, perhaps, was something psychologic, the strain of long continued uncertainty and waiting, a thing peculiarly disturbing to the nervous Celt.

With the close of the first year a child was born to them, he that was afterward known as "Toodles" Nolan, whose strange disappearance shook thousands of human hearts and made the red tape of three railway systems for once seem something electric. Two years after Toodles's entrance into life came the daughter that was "Fillasy-Follasy" in the nomenclature of Tim's rough affection; then later came little "Shamrock Ann," and still later, and last, "Puttyball," the fat baby. Involved with the advent of these children were expenditures of money that the Nolans could ill afford, and mingled with the love of them came annoyances, anxieties, trials of temper, and wearisome cares. Maggie at length grew faded and fretful; Tim was savage, tender, sullen, hopeful, from time to time, as the slow wheel upon which they were bound went round.

Had Tim ascended the ladder of preferment in keeping with his hopes, they had experienced far less strain, but promotion came to him with snail-like slowness. The cause seemed in part sheer ill luck, in part Tim's inability to impress himself agreeably upon those who held the power to aid him. Exteriously he was not prepossessing, a medium-sized, freckle-faced, red-haired fellow, whose brown eyes turned to angry coals of fire too easily. Honest he was and a willing worker, but something in his personality seemed against his advancement. He saw others go by him in the race for position, and often was morose, harsh, impolitic.

With the end of the second year, however,

he had passed from front brakeman to rear brakeman, being privileged now to ride in the caboose and draw sixty dollars a month. At that point he hung for two years, dreaming of being a conductor; then the conductor of his train was transferred, but the coveted place was given to a man from another division, and, in his resentment that he had not received the promotion, Nolan quarreled with the new man and was suspended. It was then that he entered the Standard City roundhouse as an engine wiper; again his pay check became fifty-five dollars a month, and there, alas, on the first rung of the ladder, he stuck until his great trouble came.

He and Maggie quarreled oftener as time went by, solely because they were worn and weary. In vain we summon our powers to yield their best result when we are sick and tired, in vain we call on love itself to remain in fresh and fragrant blossom when the roots of life are starved.

There were hours when Maggie secretly longed to give up the fight and go elsewhere. She had been very winsome with her deep blue eyes and dark hair and red cheeks, and she clearly saw how sadly she was fading; and oh, how inexpressibly she sometimes longed for pretty clothes and an easier life! But when Tim wavered she would not yield. By giving up now they would lose all for which they had fought. Justin King, real-estate dealer, who had erected the cottage and many similar houses in the vicinity, would take back the Nolan property, and all that they had paid, principal and interest, would be a Justin King gain and a Nolan loss. No, Maggie declared, they must not loosen their hold until a clear deed was in their hands, no matter how they suffered. The seventh summer found the couple clutching fast the problem. Then Tim wavered and fell.

The cottage itself was dingy from want of paint, and all that spring Tim looked upon it with secret throes of disgust. He had struggled over it so long that the thing stirred in him a kind of mental nausea. On the inside the little structure needed new paper and fresh paint, the carpets were worn threadbare, the cheap furniture was sadly wracked and scarred. One thing only was joyous there—the laughter and noise of the children. That, too, sweet and welcome as it was at times, resolved itself into a menace, a jarring, fearful irritant. Tim, by reason of his night work in the roundhouse, was

compelled to sleep during the day. Alas, how was restful sleep to be had in the little back chamber of the cottage, with Toodles and Fillasy-Follasy and Shamrock Ann racketing in the rooms below, and Puttyball cooing or crying? There were hours when Tim very nearly went mad. Maggie, too, lapsed into hysteria now and again in her task of keeping the children's noises at the minimum, that her husband might sleep. As much as was possible she kept them outside the house. Still, Tim grew thin, nervous, abnormally irritable, and as the summer dragged through July into torrid August he grew sullen, black-mooded, strange. Maggie, in a way, became afraid of him.

In Tim had come a loathing of himself and everything about him. The hot, dirty work in the roundhouse seemed insupportable, the food he took from his pail to eat at midnight disgusted him—it seemed somehow appallingly alike from meal to meal. He hated to go home in the morning, for how could he sleep in the stifling heat, with the cries of the children, and the hooting of engines and the crash of draw-heads in the near-by railroad yards beating in his ears? If the company would only promote him to the position of fireman, then he would get out on the road and away from it all, and sometimes sleep at night. How delicious, how wonderful it would seem to sleep at night when all was cool and still! One night he came out from working in the ash-pit under an engine, lay down upon a bench, and fell into a kind of swoon. When the foreman shook him into wakefulness he dashed his fist in the man's face and leaped for an iron wrench. He was overpowered by the foreman and two brother wipers, and went muttering back to his work.

The next day at eleven o'clock he arose from his hot bed in the little chamber and came down-stairs with bloodshot eyes and clenched fists. Entering the kitchen, he took up a knife and started out where the children were playing in the yard. Screaming with fright, Maggie seized him and after a wild struggle got the knife from him, only to be herself struck down and cruelly hurt. That evening when he had taken his lunch-pail from the table where she silently placed it, and was starting for the roundhouse, he stopped and looked back. She was standing in the door, a white bandage about her head, her discolored, swollen face turned toward him, the children clinging to her skirts. He

stumbled onward without a sign, an overwhelming sense of futility, failure, baseness, and repugnance weighing upon him. Down in the yards he suddenly stopped and hurled the lunch-pail against the side of a freight-car, and walked off through the yards and out of the town.

"I am done!" he said. "Justin King can have it, every board in it, every brick! They've laid on me long enough! I'm going to be free! Maybe I'm going crazy; maybe I am crazy! I'll do murder if I stay around here! They will discharge me tomorrow anyhow. Maggie will get a divorce. Let her, then. They've all tormented me. Justin King is a robber, that roundhouse is a mill to grind fools in, this railroad company has duped and starved and kept me down! I'm going to be free!"

Thus storming against the bonds of servitude, he struck into an open field and crossed it toward a wood. His nerves seemed burning through all his body, his eyeballs ached, his brain felt engorged and swollen tight inside his skull. If he could only find some place where there was no sound, no work, where there were no demands for monthly payments, no crying, noisy children, where there was nothing but stillness and sleep and something cool. He turned at the edge of the wood and looked back. The town lay in a blue twilight; he saw it indistinct, cluttered, paltry. Sounds of trains switching, the hooting of engines, the rattle of draw-heads came to him. He flung out his hands with a snarl of disgust and entered the wood.

The place was cool and quiet as a cloister. He stood in the silence for a little time, breathing the soft wood odors with slowly increasing wonder. He seemed awake yet not awake; the perfume and subtle essences of the place touched him like something sweet in a dull dream. He went onward through the wood and down into a hollow, where a creek ran through a meadow. In the meadow were haycocks, fragrant and newly made, and one of these he arranged as a bed and laid himself down with a great sigh. Sounds were faint and lulling there: the stream gurgling under a bank, insects touching their wings together in infinitely thin music. He looked up dully at the sky, then closed his aching eyes and slept.

That for Tim Nolan was the beginning of a fascinating state, a life of aimless wandering. The impulse that gripped him was dis-

tinctly nomadic. He seemed a man pushed far backward on the course of life by an overwhelming reversion. All through the indolent weeks of September, and still onward through the blue haze and gold of October, he drifted, gipsy-free, irresponsible as an outcast Indian. Strangely, after a few days he could not recall clearly just how his wife and children looked, and the old days in the roundhouse seemed oddly blurred and indefinite. He was conscious that he was becoming a vagabond, but cared not at all.

Back in Standard City, at the Nolan cottage, throve a different spirit, the opposite mental attitude. At first there was mystification and waiting, then grief and consternation, then a small, thin, worried Irishwoman braced herself to carry forward the fight in which her husband had been defeated. The next evening after Tim Nolan's flight, Jack Loomas, roundhouse foreman, stopped at Maggie's door. "How is the husband, Mrs. Nolan?" he asked. "I suppose he's sick?"

Maggie put up her hand, trying to cover her bruised cheek and swollen lips. "Tim hasn't been home, Mr. Loomas," she said. "He—he—wasn't well when he went away last night. I'm troubled about him."

Loomas regarded her curiously a moment. "Was he—is he drinking?" he asked.

Maggie's blue eyes deepened in color and she dropped her hand, uncovering her marks of shame, and faced him squarely. "Tim Nolan does not drink, Mr. Loomas," she said. "He is nigh insane from overwork. That you ought to know."

Loomas looked away for a moment. "Night work is hard," he assented. "I'll have the caller look around for him. He is probably in town somewhere. Of course, if he isn't on hand by to-morrow night I'll have to put a man in his place."

"Don't do that, Mr. Loomas," gasped Maggie; "my man won't fail you. He's that steady to work he's wonderful. He will sure be with you to-night in his place; he never fails."

But Maggie's faith went unjustified; Tim had failed, and another laborer took up his humble work of scouring brass and wheeling ashes. Tim was with the squirrels among the nut-bearing trees, munching apples in orchards, roasting stolen potatoes among the red coals of camp-fires, fishing indolently in indolent streams, accepting "hand-outs" at back doors, and wandering he knew not and

cared not where, save that his steps should lead him southward. Keen search was made for him in Standard City and its environs, but Maggie, long before those less interested were aware, knew that she and her noisy, rollicking brood were deserted. After the first few crushing days, though she was paler and thinner, she held her head defiantly erect and went to work.

"My man is sick from the heat and gone away for his health. When he is well he'll be back," was the pith of her replies to humiliating hints and commiserating overtures.

To one man, however, and that one no less a personage than Morgan Manly, division superintendent, she spoke openly and with grueling candor. To keep a man without promotion, four years at braking and three years at wiping, she submitted, was quite sufficient to weaken his spirit. Tim, she pointed out, had not rested in seven years, and had made a payment each month on their house during that time, and, in severe frankness, she wished to know if Mr. Manly thought he himself could have done better.

"Not so well, Mrs. Nolan, not nearly so well," admitted Superintendent Manly gravely. "I, of course, rarely suggest promotions in that department. Hotchkiss, the master mechanic, looks after those men. But I will talk with him about this. It is a serious matter. Still, in this case it is, of course, too late."

"No, sir, it is not too late. My man will be back. The Irish may sicken, but they don't shirk," said Maggie with decision.

Superintendent Manly smiled and bowed. "Thank you," he said; "I am of Irish descent myself."

"Well, then, it is yourself that ought to know," said Maggie, still severely, and went away.

Manly did talk with Hotchkiss, and Hotchkiss talked with Loomas, but of necessity it ended in talk. Not so with young Mrs. Nolan. The Nolan property must be saved; seven years of labor, of life blood, were imbedded in its bricks and boards and the soil on which it stood. Day after day, and often far into the night, Maggie labored, washing and ironing the clothes and linen of other people, and the children had bread and Justin King received his money. The "man" that stood by her was Toodles Nolan, six years of age.

Toodles had apple-red cheeks and brick-red hair and crystal-clear hazel eyes, and was

sturdy and pied bountifully with freckles, like his father. He also had "business interests"—twelve Plymouth Rock hens and a cock whose comb tipped jauntily over its left eye. "John L." was the title borne by this strutting treasure, a designation suggested by Toodles's father. In the straitened condition of the Nolan family, John L. and his wives were, indeed, creatures of moment. But they demanded food, and on that account did not present an absolutely clear profit. Hence Toodles, holding his mind and eyes open for means with which to stop the waste, began venturing forth on journeys to the railroad yards in search of innocent but valuable loot. This was coal, jostled from the cars in switching, and gathered by the little man into the crudest of small wagons and laboriously brought home for "mummy's washing-stove." By diligent labor he very nearly kept her stove in fuel. This, since each penny to Maggie was a thing of consequence, she paid for with appreciation and motherly endearments, yet always was apprehensive lest accident might befall the child in the yards.

It was while on one of these journeys that Toodles made the grand discovery that in many of the empty cars in the yards there remained scattered grains of wheat or oats or barley upon the floor. In some cars he found whole handfuls in a corner, or a pint, or even a quart, in a depression or crack of the floor, left by the unloaders when the grain had been discharged. To Toodles it was as the finding of a gold mine by a prospector. Bursting with excitement, he came home to beseech his mother if it were sinful to take this wondrous prize. Learning that the grain was waste that no one owned or cared for, Toodles's life became a sweeter but more imperiled thing. Thereafter the product of the chickens was clear profit.

Then, on November tenth, a terrifying thing happened. Toodles went one afternoon to the yards in quest of coal, and, observing the door of a box car partly open, drew his little wagon alongside, and, standing on tiptoe in the box of the wagon, peered into the car. There was a good deal of straw scattered about the floor, and here and there were handfuls of wheat. The tiny man with some effort drew himself into the car, and began scraping together a rich feast for John L. and his wives. While he was thus engaged there came a sudden battering of draw-heads, a running concussion that

swept along the side track, and the car in which Toodles was busy crashed and thrilled and leaped forward drunkenly. The child was pitched headlong against a wall of the car by the shock and fell to the floor stunned, while the half-closed door shot shut with a bang. For a moment Toodles writhed where he lay, then he arose in the darkness and cried out in pain and terror. But no man heard him; the string of cars rumbled out upon the main line, and a few minutes later the draw-heads again clanked and rattled, and the train rolled away eastward, carrying Toodles on a far and strange journey.

For a time the child was quite beside himself, weeping wildly and beating the walls and doors of his dark prison and calling for his father and mother pitifully. But there came no human response from out the steady roar of wheels, the clank of straining couplings, and the engine's exhausts, which, seemingly far ahead, drummed softly like a fluttering heart. One faint ray of light entered the car, a mote-peopled thread of quivering sunshine, striking through a nail hole in the roof. At that Toodles looked long and with swimming eyes, and but for that, in the time that followed, possibly the child had gone demented.

After what seemed a very great while Toodles ceased to cry out, and, lying on the straw, wept less and less, and finally, in utter exhaustion, slept. When he awoke there was no sunshine in the nail hole, and he was cold. He scraped the straw together about him and again wept, and yet again, after a long time, slept. When he again awoke the nail hole was aglow, and he cried aloud, but the wheels were burring loudly, and far ahead that heedless heart beat steadily. More than one brakeman had walked across the roof while Toodles slept, and during the night his car had been shunted to another road at a junction, and now was going southward. Through very long seasons Toodles sat and watched the nail hole, sometimes crying, sometimes sadly wondering. Finally through his anguish pierced the sharp insistence of hunger, and he scraped the floor with his little hands, finding here and there pinches of wheat, which he ate with relish. Thereafter he consumed the time, for the most part, in watching the nail hole and searching the floor for grains of wheat. Somewhere at some time men would open his dark house and he would see the light; that thought came finally and fastened itself in his small brain.

Still, his heart ached with a wild nostalgia, his mother's name seemed always crying itself from his lips, his eyes would not remain dry. Who would now minister to the needs of John L. and that great fighter's family? Who would protect mummy and gather the much needed coal? And what would become of his little wagon, precious beyond words? By times Toodles's noisy prison would pause, bringing a brief silence, then it would jostle and rumble onward again. He called and called, but there came no response, only at long intervals there arose a slowly increasing thunder, in which another heart beat flutteringly, and the thunder swept by his dark house, jarring the earth, and, far off, fell away in silence. He hunted over the floor for grains of wheat again, but he was thirsty and weak, so very, very thirsty and weak, and he only cared to lie on the straw and sleep, or, waking, to look drowsily for the fairy eye above him. Once more it was blotted out, and again his black room was swimming forward in stormy noise, and again he was dreamily conscious that the tiny eye was watching him, but he did not much care, it seemed so sweet to sleep, for then he dreamed of water and drank and drank.

Back in Standard City, with the twilight of the day in which Toodles was carried away, a mother's cry for her lost child sent a swiftly widening thrill from house to house. With the morrow the echo of that cry was in a thousand mothers' hearts, and upon the third day, like a flying spirit, it had traversed five great states and was on the lips of men known to half the world. Yet only poor Maggie Nolan had cried aloud for her little boy.

She had gone in search of him when he had been absent but an hour, but could find no trace of him. Men had seen him in the yards, but knew not where he had gone. His little wagon could not be found, hence Maggie believed he had become confused and had strayed away. Aided by a neighbor, she searched until nightfall, then enlisted the aid of officers, and the search went on until the next evening, when Toodles's cart was found at the home of another child. The small chap who had taken it said he had seen Toodles climb into a box car, and "the car shut up and went." It was dark, but Maggie and an officer went directly to Superintendent Manly at his home and laid the facts before him. Manly listened, and, looking at his wife and his own little boy, put on



HONEST HE WAS AND A WILLING WORKER. BUT SOMETHING IN HIS PERSONALITY SEEMED AGAINST HIS ADVANCEMENT.

his hat hurriedly and led the way to the railroad yards. Into the despatcher's office he went, and there followed telegraphing and telephoning and the shouting of orders. Men were put at work, and every car of the three hundred cars in the big yards was opened and searched. But the child could not be found.

Obviously Toodles had been carried away, but in what car or by what train no man knew. Dozens of trains had been made up and despatched during the afternoon of his disappearance and the following night, and whether he had been carried on the main line to Chicago or, still by the main line, to New York, or whether the car in which he was had been transferred to a connecting road, forty miles west, or to a southward-bending trunk line, seventy miles to the eastward, was a thing unknown. Toodles was as a needle in a haystack that covered half a continent. Manly wired a statement of the case to the general manager in Chicago. The reply that came back was this:

"Trace every car that passed through Standard City during that twenty-four hours; open and search each car wherever it may be found."

In the same hour Manly despatched a message to the president of the line, a certain great man of New York, whom the world held as hard and ruthless, and this was the answer:

"Open every car on the system if necessary, but find the child."

Then the thrill that follows the cry, "A child is lost," was felt throughout three railway systems; in the offices of train-masters, in the offices of chief car-accountants, in the offices of division superintendents, in wayside stations, in great car yards, in hundreds of freight-train cabooses. Thus Maggie Nolan's ceaseless prayer for her child laid itself upon distant minds. Perhaps it found its invisible way to Tim Nolan in his wanderings. Who can say? Superintendent Manly sent scores of telegrams; for the time being he seemed to recognize no other official duty or problem. Mrs. Manly went to Maggie's home, and with her own hands cooked for and comforted Fillasy-Follasy, Shamrock Ann, and Puttyball, for poor Maggie was stricken in the very life of her life and had no thought for anything save her "little man who was lost."

Upon the second day after Toodles's disappearance hundreds of cars, many of them

hundreds of miles apart, were opened and searched, but without result. By nightfall of that day apparently every car that had, according to the yard-master's books, been in Standard City on November tenth, had been traced and opened. Somewhere there was error, somewhere fault, for Toodles had not been found. Morgan Manly was in his office all that night. He had before him the yard-master's books, the train register from the despatcher's office, and each freight conductor's detail-report of cars handled on the tenth. Personally he checked each against the others, and found that fourteen cars had escaped the yard-master's number taker. After careful back-checking of conductors' detail-reports against the yard-master's accounts, he got the individual numbers of the fourteen omitted cars, and was ready to ascertain which way they had gone. Nine of the cars had been taken east and five west; six of the nine taken east had been shunted to the connecting trunk line, seventy miles away, the other three had passed onward toward the seaboard; of the five cars taken westward one had been delivered to a connecting line, the other four had gone to Chicago.

By morning Manly had on the wires fresh messages of command to train-masters and yardmen of the system of which he was an official, and to the general manager of each connecting line had sent telegrams containing new information and imploring haste. Then among the twenty thousand and more cars of the three systems search began for the special fourteen cars. The six which had been given to the southward through line were scattered somewhere throughout a thousand miles of trackage. One was on a stationless siding two hundred and eighty miles southeast of Standard City. This was the car in which Toodles lay throughout the long, silent days and watched the fairy eye, hearing the thunder now and again go by, the thunder with the fluttering heart in it. This car was drawn out of the siding during the fourth night and started onward toward the south.

After darkness had fallen that night a man, soiled, sunburned, and dusty, stood in the gloom near a wayside station, entertaining himself with a mental foretaste of Florida. When a certain train had drawn into the station and was moving out, he stepped from the shadow and caught the side ladder of a box car, and climbed to the roof of the car with the sure ease of one

versed in train labor. Quietly he walked forward along the running-board of the car, stepped to the roof of the next car, and sat down, dangling his feet from the edge of the roof. A soft wind from the southwest breathed upon him, touching his nostrils with a piny fragrance. A full moon silvered the tree-tops everywhere. Presently a brakeman came walking along the running-board toward the engine. He paused and looked at the man who was dangling his feet.

"Who are you, and what are you doing up here?" demanded the brakeman.

"Just inspecting the line; sort of assistant road-master. Don't seem to hit any low joints down this way; quite pleased," said the man with a lazy chuckle.

The brakeman eyed him for a moment. "You pile off at the next stop. Hoboes can't ride; that's orders," he said gruffly.

"Yes, they can," said the other, "for I've let hundreds of 'em ride. I twisted brakes for four years. Been a wiper three years. Laid off, going down to Florida; don't want to pay. Makes a man's feet sore to walk so far. I'm a great hand for fruit," and he took six enormous red apples from the pockets of his rusty clothes and laid them in a row on the running-board. "Most as light as day up here on the hurricane deck. Guess we better eat, hadn't we?" He ended with a laugh, and bit into one of the apples. The brakeman sat down on the running-board and took up one of the apples and began to eat it. "Where did you brake?" he asked.

"Up north a ways."

"Married man?"

"Was; am sort of estranged lately."

"Any children?"

"Some. You ever had any children?"

"I've got a little boy and a girl."

"Yes? Say, do you believe in spirits? Ever see anything of the kind?" The man ceased munching and regarded the brakeman earnestly.

"Never did," laughed the brakeman.

"Spirits of turpentine is the nearest I ever saw."

The "hobo" did not respond humorously. His dark eyes looked out of his freckled face with a perplexed, odd expression. "I've got a six-year-old boy that I haven't seen for two months until day before yesterday," he said. "Then I didn't see him, of course, but I thought I did. He's three hundred miles from here, I know, but he's been following

me around for three days now. I've seen him several times in the most unexpected places; then I kind of wake up and he vanishes. It's a—what do you call it?—well, a brain picture, I s'pose."

The brakeman ceased to eat. "You don't—well—maybe the child's dead," he began.

The man stirred uneasily and looked out at the moonlit landscape swaying slowly in the rear. "No," he said, after a few moments, "if I didn't know that I'm slightly off in the head I might think so. If I was right I wouldn't be acting the way I am."

The brakeman looked at him in silence for a little time. "Funny case," he commented. "Say, there was a child lost up north somewhere, carried off in a closed up box car, the other day. They've been trying to find him to beat the band. They traced several cars on this line and opened 'em, but no good. Queerest thing I ever heard of."

The "hobo" sat very still, the moonlight falling against his wide, earnest eyes. "Where—from what place was the child carried off?" he asked.

"I don't just remember. What town are you from?"

The man hesitated a moment. "From Standard City," he said.

The brakeman slapped his thigh. "By cracky, I believe that was the place!" he exclaimed. "Say, what's your name?"

The man hesitated again. "I've had several names lately, but the right one is Tim Nolan."

The brakeman reflected a moment. "I can't remember the name," he said finally, "but I'm pretty certain Standard City was the town. Queer thing if the kid was yours, eh?"

Nolan was silent, looking out soberly on the misty, slowly wheeling sea of landscape. Suddenly he arose to his feet and walked to the rear end of the car and sat down on the brake-wheel and gazed about him.

The brakeman arose, thrust the remainder of the apples in his pockets, and took up his lantern. "I'm going over ahead," he said. "We're going to set off some cars down here a ways. If you want to go back, stay on any one of the three cars ahead of this one; if you want to go farther, stay on this one or back of it. Better lie down or the con. may see you. If he does, you'll get fired bodily."

"I'm going through," came Nolan's voice. "I'll look out. Much obliged." He remained seated on the brake-wheel for a time,

then stretched himself flat on the car roof, his eyes wide and touched with strange lusters by the moon. Beneath him in the darkness, exhausted and sleeping, little Toodles lay among the straw.

Thirty minutes later Nolan began to doze, a hand thrown over and clenched under the running-board. At the end of another half

could easily be coupled into the train again. He then threw the switch to the main track, and started back to the caboose to get and leave in the station bill-box the manifests for the cars that were being set off. The detached car when he left it was standing still; at least, so he fancied. In point of fact it was moving southward very softly and very slowly, there being a slight grade in that direction. The head brakeman, riding the three cars upon the siding, first discovered that the detached car was in peril. Then it was half-way to the south switch. With a yell for the conductor and the rear man, he began scrambling down from the car upon which he was. The yell awakened Nolan, lying on the roof of this strange car of fate, and he sat up and looked dazedly about.

"Set the brake on that car! Set the brake on that car!" he heard a voice shouting. The car was rattling across the switch-frogs at the south end of the siding, and he got up and seized the brake-wheel and whirled it round, and again and yet again whirled it round, holding the ratchet against the cogs with his foot. But alas, though the



THE "MAN" THAT STOOD BY
HER WAS TOODLES NOLAN,
SIX YEARS OF AGE.

hour the train stopped at the north switch of an empty side-track near a small, dark station. The switch was thrown and the order given to cut the train at the fourth car from the engine. The rear brakeman came forward, half-dazed from a nap, and uncoupled the fourth car at the north end instead of the south, and the engine started into the siding with four cars where three were wanted. The error being instantly noted by the head brakeman, the stop signal was given, and the rear man uncoupled the fourth car and left it standing on the main track near the train, planning, when the engine had gone through the siding and backed up, that this seemingly bewitched car—searched for by three railway systems—

brake-wheel and rod were there, the brake-chain was broken! He looked back and dimly saw two men running forward from the region of the caboose, wildly gesticulating.

Just behind the car he saw another, the front brakeman, his companion of an hour before, running like a fleet-footed Indian. A hundred yards south of the switch, and while the car was quickening its speed, the brakeman caught the ladder. He came to the roof gasping and livid.

"Why don't you set the brake?" he panted, with a wild oath.

"She won't work; the brake-chain is gone or broken!" said Nolan.

The gasping man laid hold of the wheel and shot it round and round, then he turned and looked at Nolan, a sudden white ring about his mouth. The frightened oath that escaped him was more prayer than blasphemy.

"Do you know what this means?" he exclaimed. "It means wreck! The grade is steep from here to the Lone Lick Bottoms, fourteen miles, and the Northern Limited is coming up! We were to side-track for them at Bugle, six miles down from here. If this thing stays on the rails it will be going sixty miles an hour when it hits the Limited! If the operator at Bugle could be reached he could throw this thing in on a siding there and wreck it and save the Limited, but he can't be got in time. Come; let's get off while we can. No use of us being killed; nothing on earth can be done."

Nolan said nothing, but stepped toward the ladder, then suddenly turned and looked about the top of the swaying car. "Did you hear that?" he exclaimed in rising excitement. "There's some one in the car here! I hear a child crying! Don't you hear it?"

The brakeman listened. "No, I don't," he said in strong disgust; "you are sure enough crazy! Come on; get off! Don't be a fool!"

Nolan turned toward the ladder and again turned back. "It won't let me." His dirty face blanched and his eyes were strangely aglow. "It's that lost child you told me about. It's—it's—" He broke off and, seemingly beside himself, ran to the farther end of the car and back again. "Don't you hear it?" he shouted.

"No!" shouted the brakeman explosively, and climbed down the ladder without another word, and swung loose. Then Nolan and his unseen child went whirling down to meet the oncoming Limited.

For a little time the man rushed about the top of the car in a flustered, confused fashion, hysterical and unstrung. He peered

over the edge of the roof and ran to and fro, emitting odd, whining sounds. Suddenly he dropped down, and with his face against the boards, entreated: "Toodles! Toodles, boy! Are you there? Cry out again! Are you there?" Lying so, he listened, but only the vibrating fabric of the car seemed to purr and snarl in his ears, and the dull roar of the wheels upon the steel beat up about him full of angry ravings. He got to his feet, but now could scarcely stand, the car was running so wildly. He made his way back to the brake-wheel and turned it round and round, looking down at the mechanism below. From beneath the rear end of the car a latticed stream of ties shot out like a glimmering sheet of fluid. It confused his vision and he could see nothing clearly below him, while all about him the landscape leaped backward madly, melting swiftly rearward in the spectral light.

He stood there for a short space, hanging hard to the brake-wheel; then he became what he was in his primary self, a fearless spirit, a scorner of death. Grasping the standard rod of the brake firmly, he swung himself over the edge and slid down the rod until his knees rested upon the coupling timbers. Hanging there, wrenched and jostled by the sway and jerk of the flying car, he labored to adjust himself to the perilous position that he might reach the lower end of the standard rod where the brake-chain, normally, was fastened. Hooking a leg about the coupling-head and clinging with one hand to the standard rod, he swung over with his head downward, and there was the loosened brake-chain, whipping along the ties like the fluttering end of a wind-blown ribbon. Swinging still lower, he reached for it, but, smitten by the hurling roadbed, it leaped upward and struck him a cruel blow across the face.

For a moment he hung panting and half-stunned by the stroke, feeling the life of his veins running across his lips, then he reached down his hand, and again and yet again essayed to lay hold of that string of leaping links. Finally it whipped into his hand like a fiery lash, and he drew it up to the standard rod. The iron nut was gone from the bolt at the end of the chain, and, trembling with the strain, he worked the chain twice around the rod and pushed the bolt into place. There the twisting pressure held it. Then he righted himself, and, sitting astride the coupling block, dizzily gathered breath.



"SAY, THERE WAS A CHILD CARRIED OFF IN A CLOSED UP BOX CAR
THE OTHER DAY."

Next he got to his feet, and the task of climbing the brake standard to the roof of the car was before him. It was then that the car shot through Bugle, tearing across the switches with a sound as of the ripping apart of many iron things. A frightened night operator sprang out upon the station platform there, only to see the rear end of a thundering car, with a human figure clinging to it, swiftly receding in the gloom toward the Lone Lick. Thrilled with realization of the impending wreck, he flew back to his instruments, and a moment later the dispatcher's office was a place of cold horror, and from station to station across the division a great fear ran along the wires. Four miles below Bugle the Limited was coming northward, and the witched car had gone by Bugle! There seemed no help.

But the human figure on the flying car was striving; in the soul of that creature had echoed cries unheard by other ears. Flung about, and twisted and battered, he struggled up the slippery rod. It seemed at moments that he would be flung entirely away from the lurching car, like a stone snapped from a whirling sling. But he gained the top at last and lay there for a moment, dizzy, breathless. Then he arose and set the brakes, set them with such strength as had never before been sent into that iron mechanism. From the gritty clutches upon the heedless wheels, racing forward to bring destruction, sparks spurted out in gleaming showers—the invisible power of his muscles literally transmuted into visible fire. Through every fiber of the car ran raucous tremors; the big, lawless thing, taken in leash, strained and plunged and swayed in angry protest, then slowly, very slowly, came to a standstill.

Even before it had stopped Nolan was at the bottom of the ladder. Down the track, more than a mile away, he saw a marvelous bluish-white eye burning, and as the car paused he let go the ladder and ran. With such speeding feet as few men have ever pressed upon mother earth he went, his coat in his hand. Back there in the imperiled car lay Toodles, his little Toodles. He knew it with the sure, mysterious prescience that the abnormally exalted sometimes feel, and Tim Nolan was not now his common self, but a thinking fire.

In that swift run he traversed nearly one eighth of a mile before the far-thrown beam from the Limited's electric headlight met him. Directly into the great, rushing ray of

light he ran, swinging his arms and coat on high and yelling. Watchful eyes from the cab window, traversing the quarter-mile long beam, saw him, a huge moth fluttering in the tremulous flare. Instantly there leaped from the engine a sharp blast of sound, a fierce yelp for brakes, and the air went on, the reverse went over, and the drivers and half the wheels beneath the oncoming train were wreathed as in a tangle of fireflies. Rocking and jarring, the coaches and sleepers of the Limited beat themselves against the restraining power that gripped them, then their vast propulsion slackened and lapsed and fell spent. Death and destruction were mastered. With a cry of joy, Nolan turned and fled along the ties to the car waiting for him in the gray gloom. When men with lanterns came forward from the Limited they found him standing by the car with a dazed, pale, half-conscious child in his arms. He was gasping and crooning, his soiled face luminous with tenderness.

"This is the child that was carried away from Standard City," he panted. "He is my boy! *I want to go home!*"

They coupled the engine to the runaway car and pushed it into Bugle and left it. From that station a message went to Maggie, a message that fell upon her heart like words from heaven. Sixteen hours later Tim Nolan and Toodles, fed and somewhat rested, entered the cottage in Standard City. A joyous clamor of children met them, and the cry of a wife and mother, to whom the day seemed not as an earthly day, but a time of blossom-breathing music.

"And, oh, my Tim," cried Maggie at length, "Mr. Hotchkiss and Mr. Manly and all of them know what you did down there! You are to have a fireman's job or be conductor of a freight, whichever you choose."

Tim was silent, his lip trembling. Finally he laughed. "I'll take the freight, I guess, so I can get out on top once in a while and twist the brakes. I wouldn't want to forget how to do that, Maggie." He turned his gaze slowly about the room, and sighed. "It's not very luxurious, but it all looks good to me. We will soon have it paid for now."

A number of small hands were tugging at him, and a voice, Toodles's voice, cried, "Come on; let's go and feed John L. and the hens! They must be awful hungry by this time." And Tim arose and winked at Maggie, and with wet eyes and with the children clinging to him passed out the door.



The Furnace of Affliction

By EUGENE WOOD

Author of "Back Home," "Folks Back Home," etc.

Illustrations by Horace Taylor

WHEN the poet sings of autumn that

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,"

I know what overcasts his sometime cheerful soul with leaden gray. It is not that daylight's hours are shortening, nor that the woods are hushed that once were vocal with the merry notes of feathered songsters; not that the leaves upon the black and tangled branches lose their hold and fall to earth like wounded birds; that the grass, once green and springing, is sere and lifeless, nor that the slender stalks, once gemmed with delicately tinted blossoms from whose painted cups the roystering bumblebee, and butterflies with silent waving vans sipped nectar, are rude, unlovely, dead weeds now. These but the lesser portents of the great, o'ershadowing grief: "I've got that darned old furnace to look after!"

To be free for half the year, and then to be herded back to slavery again; to live your own life for your own behoof for half the year, and then to live, and move, and have your being only that you may nurse, and tend, and toss good money by the double handful into the maw of that insatiate monster in the cellar, that hideous octopus whose tentacles of hot-air pipes reach up and clutch your house and all it holds near and dear to you—ah, that is hard indeed! That's enough to make a man feel blue and downcast and begin to whine and snuffle that the melancholy days have come, the saddest of the bunch.

The whole thing seems such an imposition on good nature. Why, ever since the first of May you haven't had any trouble to speak of keeping warm—quite the reverse, indeed, at

times—and if the mornings and evenings and a few days of east wind were sort of cool and made the sides of your back tongue tingle, as low temperatures will do, you could put on a heavier coat or even that sweater you look so well in. As for the fire to cook by, nobody begrudges that, but to have to go to a lot of bother and expense just to keep yourself normally unwretched seems like asking a good deal.

I expressly commit nobody to my heresy, but I hereby declare to whom it may concern that if I'm to be punished in a future state according to my just deserts, there isn't any need of laying in all that brimstone and keeping up such a fire. Don't think of it on *my* account. Let the fire go out; let me shiver for all eternity, and I'll be plenty miserable, thank you; quite as miserable in the long run as if I were broiled well done with *sauce Tartare*.

Nothing in any wise connected with the furnace pleases me. Whether the coal it burns be hard or soft, I am offended. If it be anthracite, I cannot escape the haunting suspicion that the price per ton is a trifle higher than it might be. Like enough the muck-rakers have instilled that notion into my head; I wouldn't put it past them. But, wherever it came from, there it is, and will not be dislodged. And that makes me unhappy. If it be soft coal—I have just returned from a visit to Chicago, and I may say that, having had both there, I do not approve of soft coal either as an inward or an outward application.

About once in every so often somebody manages to sell an article on "What Shall We Do with our Ex-Presidents?" Now that's a vital topic, I admit. It's something we



THE FELLOW THAT OWNS THE LAND ROARS OUT, "WHO SAID YOU MIGHT PUT THEM ASHES THERE?"

ought, all of us, to ponder on a great deal more than we do, I fear. But I don't think it has the instant and the general appeal that "What Shall We Do with Our Ex-Coal?" has. They say that, under the most favorable conditions, we do not get the good of more than five per cent. of our fuel or our presidents, the remaining ninety-five per cent. escaping as hot air through the chimney and messages to the Congress. Good advice, though all unheeded at the time, can never be quite lost, and anyhow there's plenty more where that came from; it seems there isn't plenty more anthracite, however, and one of these days they'll make it up into shirt-studs for evening wear; but, even so, the problem is not so urgent, not so pressing as that of the disposal of the ashes.

We may safely let our heirs and assigns wrestle with the puzzle of how to keep warm with no coal, and I could name at least one president able to take care of himself, in all circumstances; but if we let the ashes stay in the ash-pit for a few days until they touch the grate-bars, and we get up a good hot fire and give the grate-bars only a gentle shaking, they'll twist right off, like so much putty, and a fine fix we'll be in then.

It is easy enough for city folks to solve this question. All they've got to do is to drag the heaped-up ash-can from the furnace to the cellar steps twice a week, and then, grunt by grunt and step by step, with bulging eyes and purpling face, to get the ash-can to the street-

level, drag it to the gutter, and leave it for the ash-man, who will empty it in his cart—if he has the time and inclination. What he does with it don't ask me, for I don't know. And, anyhow, what business is it of yours?

But out in the country, after you have filled up all the holes in the driveway in spite of your wife's strenuous objection that it makes it look so cheap and snide, and made a path to the chicken-house, and spread ashes on the roadway until you hear you'd better not, they keep on accumulating and accumulating and accumulating and accumulating, and then some. At last, one day you haul them across the fields and dump them, and the fellow that owns the land they're dumped on roars out: "Who said you might put them ashes there? Oh, he did, did he? Well, you can't. I tell you what you do: You take an' pick 'em all up off o' there, un'stan'? Every last smidgen of 'em, un'stan'? An' go summers else with 'em. An' if you don't, I'll take an' blow the hull top o' your mud head off with thish-yer shotgun. Un'stan'? Well."

Oh! it's a problem, as sure as you're a foot high.

Early in the winter, when you've got a great big pile of coal, and so can feel the real necessity of saving, you sift the ashes. It makes a joyful noise down cellar, and the ashes float up through the floor and delicately powder everything about the house. And your hair gets gray before its time, though fortunately a gray that will come off with

patient brushing and much shampooing. And your clothes get full of dust. I don't mean "covered," but "full," so that you become a perambulating pounce-box. And your fingers, from handling the sharp-edged slag, get so that they stick to silk. And that's a lovely feeling. But you certainly do save coal. You work for two or three hours and get all of a hodful, sometimes more, enough to keep the furnace going for ten or fifteen minutes. So much you rescue from the foe. If George F. Baer, *et al.*, could see you beating them at their game it would cut them to the heart.

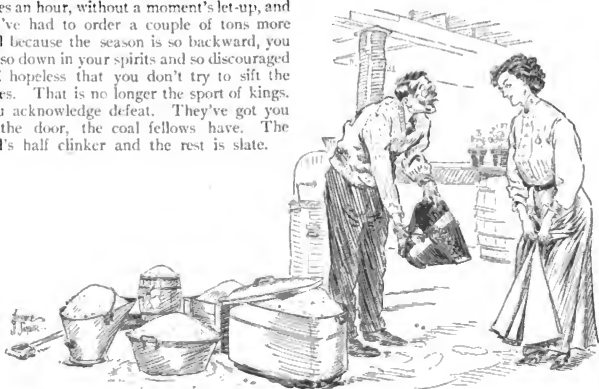
Later in the season it occurs to you: Why take the trouble to separate the clinker from the half-burned coal? Let the discriminating fire do that. So you shovel it all in, holus-bolus. Your wife says to you: "Go stir up the fire, won't you? It's getting low." And when you go down there you halloo back to her: "Why, it's a fine fire." But she tells you to stir it up just the same, and you ram in the poker and root around, and the whole glowing mass comes up in a pasty gob, and goes black out. It's just one solid chunk of lava, and the next thing is it's on the cellar floor and you are coughing your lungs out in strips while you build an entirely fresh fire.

But along about the season of the year when the springtime positively will not come, gentle Annie, and the cold northwest wind blows for sixteen days at the rate of sixty miles an hour, without a moment's let-up, and you've had to order a couple of tons more coal because the season is so backward, you get so down in your spirits and so discouraged and hopeless that you don't try to sift the ashes. That is no longer the sport of kings. You acknowledge defeat. They've got you in the door, the coal fellows have. The coal's half clinker and the rest is slate.

You can't beat their game. What's the use? What's the use of anything? You become a dangerous man.

There is just one ray of hope that flickers fitfully upon the ash-heap. That is this: Whenever a thing becomes a confounded nuisance it always turns out to be a big money-maker. I don't know who'll get rich from coal-ashes, but I believe it possible that some one will. Coal-ashes are undoubtedly a nuisance. Slag, when crushed and mixed with cement will make concrete; but each household has such a little dab of it, though it looks big to the householder. A tremendous lot of half-burned coal must be wasted, too, especially toward the discouraged end of the season. But what puzzles me most of all is: What are coal-ashes good for? I once knew a man that put them on his garden and raised the most beautiful tomatoes; but then his soil was naturally of the consistency of laundry soap, and what was good for clay might not be good for other soils. Isn't there some chemical in coal-ashes that somebody could use for something or other? Oh! if you could hear the heart-break in my voice you'd tell me.

The editorial writers of the great metropolitan dailies, who have plumbed the depths of every mystery and from whom no secrets are hid, cannot conceal their vexation at being unable to say why people will persist in being



YOU WORK FOR TWO OR THREE HOURS AND GET ALL OF A HODFUL.

such awful fools as to prefer existence in six rooms and a bath in the crowded, unwholesome city to living—really *living*, don't you understand—out in the country where you can get fresh air and fresh eggs, out where the birds and the northwest winds whistle, and the children have room to play and nobody to play with, while they twine them wreaths of clover blossoms and poison-ivy and get as brown as a berry. By the way, what sort of berries are these brown berries you hear so much about? Blackberries and blueberries I know, and strawberries are red, and 'most every kind of berry is green at the start, and there's a front-yard bush that bears white berries, but what for kind of berry is brown?

In the spring and summer, in addition to these editorials bewailing the clotted folly of the human race in wanting to live in town, are letters from reclaimed sinners who have seen the error of their ways and now have little places of their own (subject to a first and a second mortgage and a mechanic's lien) out in the country, where life is one grand, sweet song. Though meat and vegetables and groceries and clothing and a few other little things are somewhat higher than in town, and you cannot keep help except at the muzzle of a shotgun, you can live so much more happily and inexpensively. Why *will* folks be so blind to their own best interests? Come on in, the water's fine!

Poor people actually starving in town, you know, because they cannot find employment, and all the time the farmers crying for help. Right along they are paying ten dollars a week (or is it a month?), and the hours are only eight or sixteen a day, I forget which, and you can sleep in the haymow, and have steady work two months a year as regularly as the year comes round, and still the city is congested—mostly with farmers' sons. Isn't it mysterious?

Not to me. I know the answer. I can say it off the book: The furnace. The Furnace of Affliction. Coal in all its hideous aspects, and the ash problem, may be exasperating; the furnace would make a preacher swear.

Real-estate men don't calculate to do much

business in acre property or beautiful suburban homes before the frost gets well out of the ground. It's mighty hard to grow effusive over the charms of nature and jig-saw architecture from a front stoop on which there is a ridge of drifted snow three feet high. When the empty rooms are cold with that quiet, deep, bone-searching, marrow-curdling cold a vacant house lays in by standing all the winter through without a fire; when you have to slap your hands to start the blood in fingers chilled by the lines in driving to this

"exceptional opportunity for investment," and knock your feet on the floor to keep your toes from freezing fast to one another, you can't linger in that cold-storage vault to expatiate on the tropical exuberance of closet-room and the excellence of the well-water—so cold it makes the roof of your mouth ache. The visitor will likely want to know about how much coal it will take to run him through the winter, and when you feel that nothing short of a hundred tons will more than take the chill off, it is hard to bunch your mouth judicially and say "O-o-o-oh. I don't know. Eight or ten, I should say. Eleven at the outside."

But when the springtime comes and the wild-flowers bloo-hoo-hoo-hoom agayn, the real-estate agent sees freedom ahead of him, freedom from bondage to that cussed furnace. All looks bright and gay to him, and he can lie faster than a horse can trot and believe every word of it himself. Oh, my, yes, values will never again be so low as they are now. Sure, sure,



EVEN TRYING TO CHOP BARREL-STAVES IN TWO.

they are going to double-track the railroad, and put on twice as many trains, and run 'em twice as fast for half the fare, and now that the tunnel is opened up, or as good as opened up, why . . . And there's a pipe that never goes out—what the railroad is going to do.

Why didn't I turn my attention to Real-Estate instead of *Literatoor*? I'd have become rancidly rich by this time. I've got just that happy faculty of adding the realistic touch to what is essentially a romanticistic story. And buyers of country property seem to be much more responsive to a "touch" than buyers of *Literatoor*. But I tell you what: I should pass rapidly over the furnace question. The heart interest in fiction, and the hot air interest in real-estate talk are both extremely difficult. Extremely so.

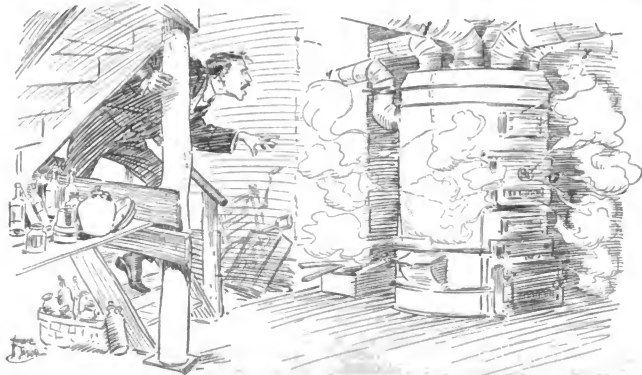
George Bernard Shaw has said (and every practised writer knows it's so) that nobody has yet dared portray a love story truthfully. He'd be run out of town. Just a sort of look-in, touch-and-go, a mere suggestion for the reader to fill in, is as much as ever. If I were a real-estate agent, that would be my treatment of the furnace. I'd stand on the cellar-steps and say: "Cement floor, you observe; plenty of head-room and ventilation; nothing molds or freezes here; furnace over yonder, hanging shelves for fruit, you'll find them very convenient, Mrs. Ah—ah—I've such a poor memory for names. Oh, I didn't show you the kitchen closet, did I? Let's go take a

look at it. I'm a married man myself, and I know how interested the ladies are in such matters."

Let sleeping dogs lie, I say. If women want to know about closet-room, men *should* know about furnaces. But I'd never tell 'em. That's how I'd make my money.

Let us say you take the house. I don't doubt you'll write a letter to the papers your own self, that summer, saying, "Come on in, the water's fine." It'd be just like you. But the happy summertime will end; the mosquitoes and the flies won't last forever; the leaves will flame and fade, and "the prettiest season of the year" will be upon you. (I don't know where people get such crazy notions about the chilly fall. Not from me.) One evening your wife will pull her knitted shawl tight on her shoulders and shudder: "We ought to have a fire. It's cold as charity in this house."

The experienced man answers, in such a case: "Whew! Why, I'm roasting. I was going to ask you to open a window. No? You're dreadfully afraid of a breath of fresh air." But the other kind of man, curious to know how a furnace operates, bustles downstairs and begins smashing boxes, and even trying to chop barrel-staves in two. (Excuse me while I snigger, but don't you ever try to chop a barrel-stave in two. That's another sleeping dog you should let lie.) He piles on the coal, and comes up into the



THE MONSTER, HAIRY WITH LONG, WHITE, FUZZY SKEINS OF SMOKE.

sitting-room knocking the dust off his clothes. Oh, he's the devil of a fellow, he is. He has a smouch of black across the back of his hand, and another at the root of his nose, this last a little more scumbled in. "There!" says he. "Just as soon as the chimney gets warmed up a little, it'll draw like a yoke of oxen." And he sits down and enjoys his paper, reading a joke or two out loud, and the news about the Vanderbilts and the Astors and all such, well knowing how the women-folks keep track of the nobility and gentry. And the house gets foggier and foggier, and more and more creosote-flavored as it fills up with the smell of burning kindling.

"Smf? smf?" inquires your wife with her nose. "You sure you didn't drop a lighted match somewhere? It would be just like you to—I mean it would be just our luck, and you know I told you how it would be, moving out here where there is no fire protection."

When the cellar-door is opened, you nearly choke to death. You gasp and snort and fan the air in front of you, and your red-rimmed eyes behold the monster hairy with long, white, fuzzy skeins of smoke exuding from every pore, of which there are very many. You open the feed-door to look in, when **WOOF!** the whole inside flashes into flame and singes you (you hear your eyebrows sizzle) and scares you speechless.

Your wife comes running to the cellar-door. "Oh, George!" she gasps. "What *did* you do then? Was that canned fruit?"

"No. Just that dag-gon furnace. Exploded."

"Exploded?" shrieks your wife. "What did you do to it to make it explode?"

"I didn't do anything to it," you answer testily.

"There can't a thing go wrong in this house but *I'm* to blame for it. I just opened the front door and it exploded."

"I was afraid something had happened to you. It gave me *such* a shock. Sure you

didn't knock anything down? It *sounded* like canned peaches."

"It didn't to me," you growl, picking at the frizzled ends of your eyebrows. "Say! Will you come down here and tell me what to do with this thing?"

Now, that's an insult, if you only knew it. It implies that your wife is one of that low, degraded class that do their own work and know about ranges and such. But she's a good sort, your wife is, and she descends.

"Did you put plenty of kindling in?" she asks. She knows you did.

"Yes, I 'put plenty of kindling in,'" you mimic, being kind of cross by this time, and you sneeze, the smoke having irritated your nose.

"Now, you've gone and caught more cold from this damp house. Well, I don't know a *thing* about furnaces. Did you shake it down good?"

"My dear," you explain with ominous patience, "I didn't think it was necessary, seeing that it was perfectly bare inside, and all cleaned out."

"Well, you needn't take my head off. I was only trying to help you. Did you open the door?"

"How d'ye s'pose I got the kindling in? Be reasonable, woman."

"I mean the bottom door, goosey. There! How can it draw with the bottom draft shut off? I sh'd think common sense would have told you that. It'll be all right now."

That's one on you, and you keep still. But when it yet isn't all right, you taunt her with it. She knows a lot, she does.

"Maybe the oven damper is up," she muses.

"Oh sure!" you say.

"Sure! Last batch o' cookies I made in the furnace, I left the oven damper up."

"It's when you try to be funny that you're the hardest to stand," she tells you cuttingly. "Isn't there some kind of a jigger that throws the heat—Why, here's the directions nailed on this post. That'll tell you all about it."



YOU WALK ROUND AND ROUND AND
ROUND THE POST.

So it ought. But it doesn't. You walk round and round and round the post, round and round and round, following the lines of reading as if you were unwinding a rope, and when you get to the last line you are in a kind of be-added condition, so that if you were asked your own name you'd have to stop and think. Maybe it's the circular motion that has that effect, but my own opinion is that it's the business man's English in which the instructions are couched. Nobody living ever made head or tail of those instructions.

You just draw a long breath, and realize that all the world's against you, and you must fight your own battles. It's a terrible sensation. But there's such a thing as human sympathy and help, and whenever a suburban

express stops on a side-track to let a freight go by, you can hear all over the car: "Well, I tell you what I do with *my* furnace——" By the light of pure reason they have figured out a policy, and from what you can gather *you* figure out a policy, but it's all tentative and experimental, and every day you find out more and more dampers and drafts and jiggers and what-you-call-ums that influence the making and keeping of a fire; this week you are convinced that the proper-sized coal comes in lumps that you can just barely crowd through the feed-door, and next week you are convinced that the proper-sized coal is just the next grade coarser than tooth-powder.

And all the time the haunting fear is with you that you are burning lots more coal than there's any need for. There's the man that lives in that big house up on the hill; fourteen rooms he's got, all of 'em with a northwest exposure. D'ye know how much coal he burns? A ton a month in zero weather. Well, he told me that himself. You try the way he says to do, and the goose-flesh is like plush on

you an inch deep. But *he's* got a good furnace. Best make there is. Such a good make that those two sharp days last week his house was "warm as toast"—his very words

—and he didn't have any fire at all. Now, you know, it's a good furnace that'll keep a house "warm as toast" without burning coal. I think it's the Radium Furnace Company makes it.

I once knew a man, a tinner he was by trade, that lived in a two-family house with two sets of "improvements." The landlord ran the fire, and also had the fear that he was burning too much coal. So . . . Well, the tinsmith put up a roar that they were cold on their floor. And the landlord took him down cellar and showed him that there was a good fire, and that the flue-dampers were turned so that

the tinsmith got all the hot air there was. And then the landlord let his tenant go ahead of him while he turned the gas out, and didn't that suspicious tinsmith look behind him and see the landlord quietly and unostentatiously shut the flue-dampers off again? It just shows how narrow and selfish a tenant can be.

But wait. That isn't the limit of his meanness. The next Sunday morning while the landlord and his family were at church (where he ought to have been), the tenant went down into the cellar and took the flues apart and took out the flue-dampers so that the landlord could turn the handles all he liked, and not shut off the heat a mite. Was that the right way for a tenant to act, I want to know? And especially on Sunday? I think it was unconstitutional, if you want my opinion. But after that, the tenant was so warm he had to have the windows open part of the time, and the landlord wondered and wondered how it was he couldn't keep inside a ton a month.

It says in the hymn-book something about the Furnace of Affliction being good for the morals; it isn't at all. It makes people reck-



WAS IT FOR THIS WE STRUGGLED UPWARD
FROM THE BEASTS?

less about telling the truth, as in the case of the man with the fourteen-room house on the hill who says he burns only eight tons the coldest winter that ever blew (he's a liar); it makes people violate the constitution of the United States and break the Sabbath, as in the case of the tinsmith I just told you about; it causes you to use unparliamentary language; it makes you censorious and fault-finding, as when you go down to see what's the matter with the spiteful thing and find out that though your wife has opened the lower drafts she has failed to turn the pipe-damper, or shut the "family entrance" to the smoke-pipe; it dries up the well-spring of hope within the human breast. And that isn't the worst: It dries up the furniture, so that some Sunday afternoon when you are proving to a visitor that even if you did divide everything up, it would all be back in the hands of the rich before the week's end, and you get excited and throw your leg over the arm of your chair, there is a splintering crash and there you are on the floor with your heels up, and a bump on the back of your head, and the thread of your discourse broken.

Under the withering influence of the Furnace of Affliction the planks of the floor shrivel into mere slats. But there's no great loss without some small gain. I'll show you:

"Why can't we have currant jelly with this roast mutton?" you inquire at Sunday dinner.

"Because, my dear, the currant jelly's 'all.' You can have grape jelly, but there's no more currant."

"Now don't sit there and tell me that. Don't you suppose I've got eyes in my head? From where I am I can look down on the swing-shelf in the cellar and see it. 'Currant Jelly.' Right past the corner of the rug. A-a-a-ah! What'd I tell you? Now, you mosey down there and get me that currant jelly and no more words about it."

Ah yes, my brother in affliction, the melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year. From now until the dandelions bloom again the hideous octopus in the cellar shall hold you in the clutch of its tin tentacles. No more for you, until the springtime comes, the glad, free, careless life. A chain more tenuous than the air, yet tougher than forged steel, shall bind you to the shovel and the shaker. The question "How's the fire?" shall be with you in your down-sittings and your up-risings, shall haunt your every waking hour. With a wild start you'll bound up from your beauty-sleep to paddle down the chilly stairs to "open up," and your parting kiss be hurried and perfunctory because the jealous furnace comes between you and your love for her. And when the day is done at last, it is not all done until, meticulously careful, you pontificate the full ritual of the compline of the furnace. Just so you shake it down until the ash-pan glows a rosy red; just so you toss and spread the quarter of a ton or so of the choice blend of anthracite, slate, slag, and good, hard money; with watchful eye you heed its coming up so that you and yours may not smother in your beds with gas; you shut the slide in the ash-door; you turn the jigger of the ash-damper so that it stands straight up and down; you open the grating of the feed-door, lift up the lid at the entrance of the smoke-pipe, turn the pipe-damper crosswise, pour some more water in the side-tank, turn out the gas, find the cellar stairway by the approved process of bumping your head against it, and toil up the weary steps, scrunching cinders as you go, your whole heart heavy with the fear that in the morning you will find no fire. Merciful heaven! Was it for this we struggled upward from the beasts?

Oh, summertime! Why did you die? Come back! Come back to us!



EDGAR SELWYN
AS PIERRE IN
"PIERRE OF THE PLAINS"

*Photograph by Raugel,
New York.*



THE PLAYERS

IT would seem that the success of "The Devil," which was the sensation of the early part of the theatrical season in New York—a sensation that managers are earnestly endeavoring to extend throughout the country—indicated a remarkable change in popular taste. On the surface it appears to be a highly immoral, or at least unmoral, play.

Certain shrewd observers, viewing the matter through the box-office window, satisfied themselves that the success of the play was due to the rivalry between the producers of different versions presented simultaneously in two theatres, both of which were crowded to overflowing. Each producer brought forth documentary evidence that he alone was authorized to make the production in this country. The play was written by Franz Molnar, a young Hungarian journalist, and the fact is that, as it was produced in Hungary, there is no copyright convention to protect it in America, so anybody can make a version of his own without fear of legal proceedings.

Undoubtedly the energy and the money spent by each of the rival managers to exploit the superiority of his own production did much to arouse public interest. Each apparently depended upon the sensationalism of the idea to make a financial success, and with the belief that this would be ephemeral. But the reasons for the success of the play are far deeper than managerial exploitation or theatric sensationalism.

For "The Devil" is really intellectual drama; it is pure symbolism. Probably not a fourth of the people in the audiences grasp its subtleties nor understand its extraordinary cleverness. But they all know what it means, and they are profoundly impressed. So potent is the symbolic element, the deeper meaning, that if the drama were presented without the actual satanic character there would arise against it a wave of moral indignation that would put some people in jail. It is the presence of the *Devil* that makes it respectable!

If you should ask a man of books about this play, he might tell you that the *Devil* ex-



Photograph by Hall, New York.

FRANK SHERIDAN AS MATT DONOVAN AND WILL ARCHIE AS
BUD IN "WILDFIRE."

presses Schopenhauer's doctrine of the blind, impersonal will, translated into highly dramatic form. From the very beginning you feel that the tempted wife and the artist—her girlhood lover—cannot escape, struggle as hard and as earnestly as they may, because a force stronger than they is arrayed against them, a force personified in a polished, smiling man of the world—and by that term we mean, in Oliver Wendell Holmes's phrase, one who is familiar with all of the world's wickedness.

It is a brilliant, superlatively clever conception, especially in these days of the Higher Criticism and advanced theology, which have tried to make the idea of a personal devil a mere myth, thereby robbing life of much of its picturesqueness. Down in our inmost soul we may not be sure that the personal devil is a myth, after all. The belief of thousands upon thousands of years, handed down from one generation to another, is not so easily destroyed. Besides, the idea of a soul wrestling with the devil has something real about it. The concept of a personal devil gives something tangible to fight against; there is the quality and zest of actual combat. And, if we be victorious, there is the exhilaration of having conquered a real enemy. Or, if we be worsted, it is so comfortably convenient to place the blame on the supernatural strength of the Evil One rather than on our own weakness.

A marvelous creation is this stage *Devil* who preaches—even the devil can preach—pure hedonism (and that is centuries older than Schopenhauer), the alluring siren song of the Cyrenaic school that the pleasure of the moment is the



Photograph by Sarony, New York.

BILLIE BURKE AS JACQUELINE IN "LOVE WATCHES."



ALEXANDRA CARLISLE AS *MRS. BAXTER* AND JOSEPH COYNE AS *TOM KEMP* IN "THE MOLLUSC."

highest good. Always we hear that song, you and I and all the world—through all our lives.

There is no explanation of the *Devil's* presence on the stage, whence he came and why. And beyond his startlingly sudden appearance on one or two occasions and certain rather hazy references, there is no suggestion of the supernatural, unless his remarkable knowledge of the weakness of human nature be counted more than human. A wonderful psychologist is this Hungarian journalist who is the author, and the way he develops his idea is almost uncanny.

Considering the conditions of rivalry that prevailed in New York, it is impossible to escape comparisons. George Arliss headed one of the rival casts and Edwin Stevens the other. The spirit of the adaptation in which he appeared undoubtedly influenced each of these really able actors. That in which Mr. Stevens played the rôle of the *Devil* was made by Oliver Herford, a professional humorist, who emphasizes the fantastic, the grotesque, one might almost say the comic aspects of the idea, yet without destroying the deeper meaning in the play. Mr. Stevens makes his portrayal approach somewhat the familiar idea of *Mephistopheles* in "Faust." He is *Mephistopheles* stripped of the usual attributes and wearing conventional attire, but he is of the earth, earthy. In some scenes this conception enables him to score brilliantly.

The Herford version makes a better acting play than that of Alexander Konta and William T. Larned, which, however, shows a much clearer application of the idea, and is brilliantly subtle. In ac-



Photograph by Rixard, New York.

FRITZI SCHEFF AS *ATHENIA* IN "THE PRIMA DONNA."



Photograph by Otto Sargus, Inc., New York.

CHARLOTTE WALKER AS AGATHA IN "THE
WARRENS OF VIRGINIA."

cordance with this latter version, George Arliss makes the *Devil* almost an intellectual abstraction. His natural subtlety as a player, his delicate, finical mannerisms, his disposition to exaggerate in a peculiar, finished fashion all contribute to the success of his portrayal.

"Love Watches" is a merry, sprightly comedy with something of the grace, the truth, and the sting of a well-turned epigram—and with about the same value. It speeds swiftly and makes fun all the time. One is sure that the adaptation from the French made by Gladys Unger shows many changes from the original. For one thing, there has been the elimination of the kind of wickedness that is airily and indefinitely characterized as French.

Surely it is not conceivable that Miss Billie Burke could have a rôle better suited to her joyous, effervescent personality. She presents the most charmingly irresponsible, the most, delightfully unreasonable, and altogether the most waywardly adorable heroine the stage has known in a long time. She herself is a dainty, impudently pretty, very human sprite, bubbling over with a hundred charms, while back of it all is a really fine acting skill, far greater than most people suspect. In "Love Watches" she triumphantly justifies her elevation to the rank of star. To an older generation of playgoers, she will revive memories of Lotta, and of Minnie Maddern before she became Mrs. Fiske.

Chiefly because she was graduated from the chorus, it is natural to conclude that Miss Burke's first name is one of the familiar affectations of musical performers. But it

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isn't. Her father was William Burke, a clown in a circus and proud of his calling. Her mother was also a performer. Before the baby was born in Washington about a quarter of a century ago, William Burke, hopeful of a son, named the child in advance, after himself. So all the things prepared for a baby, like birth spoons and cups and the layette were marked "Billy," and when the child came into the world the father and mother called her "Billy." When she grew up, instead of changing the name, she feminized the spelling as much as she could, but clung to it, for she is very fond of the memory of her father.

Of course Billie Burke drifted on to the stage. She went into musical comedy in this country, but no one ever heard of her until she made her hit in England, by singing "My Little Canoe" with Edna May in "The School Girl." She soon became prominent in musical comedy on the other side. Then Charles Frohman decided that she would make a greater success as an actress than as a singer, and engaged her to play the leading rôle with John Drew in "My Wife," in which she appeared last season. This was her first "straight" part.

In "Love Watches" Miss Burke plays the rôle of a young girl head over heels in love with a young man who is flirting with a widow and to whom she proposes in the frankest



Photograph by White, New York.

EDWIN STEVENS AS THE DEVIL.

fashion, marrying him offhand. Her guardians wanted her to marry a bashful bookworm, a part played with delightful humor by Ernest Lawford, who was the pirate chief in "Peter Pan." To this very young wife, her love for her husband is the most important thing in the world, and the way she sacrifices everything and everybody to it is irresistibly humorous for every one—except her victims.

Much has been said and written about a new English dramatist, W. Somerset Maugham, whose first work to be presented on this side of the water is "Jack Straw," with John Drew as the star. It is a whimsical, improbable affair, palpably manufactured to amuse, which it does in a mild, cheerful fashion. The hero, calling himself *Jack Straw*, is introduced as a waiter in a fashionable London hotel, where he is recognized by a friend who knew him at Oxford as a mysterious, adventurous person. In order to aid private vengeance against a very rich and vulgar family, *Jack Straw* is induced to impersonate a Continental nobleman and he elects to be an archduke of Pomerania, which he really is, though the fact is concealed to the end. Of course *Jack Straw* has fallen in love with the charming daughter of the common millionaires. Mr. Maugham displays much ingenuity in extracting fun from

this attenuated plot, and his skill is evident in the fact that the last act is the best of the three. Most of the dialogue is very clever, but the play is tiresome in spots—many spots.

The admirable acting sustains the comedy. John Drew has a rôle that is admirably suited to his personality and gives him abundant opportunity to display his skill. He gains his effects by infinite detail and a clear, humorous understanding. But really the chief honors go to Rose Coghlan, who long ago was recognized as one of the best actresses on the stage, and whose *Lady Gay Spanker* lingers in my memory as the best I ever saw. In "Jack Straw" she plays *Mrs. Parker Jennings*, the ambitious, capable vulgarian, who realizes the power of her millions and their limitations; and she presents a well-nigh perfect characterization. It is an unceasing delight to watch her by-play, to hear her speak. There is not a movement without significance and not a syllable is lost. Of all the people in the comedy *Mrs. Jennings* and her son, ably played by Edwin Nicander, seem to me the most real.

There is a brand-new idea, so far as the stage is concerned, in "The Mollusc," and it is worked out very cleverly indeed. The fundamental truth of the chief character, which is absolutely new to the footlights, is likely to make "mollusc" a recognized word in our vocabulary. The notion is that a mollusc is a sort of educated clam, a person who is capable of resisting all pressure toward energetic activity, and does nothing except invent excuses and reasons for having other people do things for him.

"Nothing so delights a mollusc"—according to the play—"as to lie in bed feeling that she [the mollusc in the drama is a woman] is strong enough to get up and do anything."

We are pleased with the thought that certain folk we know have been identified at last. The word crystallizes a general impression in a definite form and labels it—and this, you know, is the chief business of language. The comedy is very clever as to lines, admirably constructed, and admirably performed.

Mrs. Baxter is the mollusc. She has subjugated her husband, her children, and their governess to her powerful will. The rôle is played by a very beautiful English actress, Alexandra Carlisle, who impresses one as a strong and finished player. But in this little drama she is called upon only to look very

lovely, to be very good-tempered and infinitely resourceful in getting her own way.

Joseph Coyne returned to America to play the part of *Mrs. Baxter's* brother—the one person who opposes her successfully. He appeared on the stage as a human being, and proved himself so natural, so unaffected, and so finished as a light comedian that he was hardly recognizable. Mr. Coyne made his reputation in musical comedy, in which he was wont to figure as the most impossible of the "silly ass" type of Englishman that the New York stage has ever known, and none can say worse than that. He went to England and, after meeting the genuine "silly ass," reformed and became a real actor.

To those who have been listening to Lillian Russell sing ever since they can remember, it seems strange to have her on the stage a whole evening without once bursting into melody. Also it is curious that a prima donna whose acting was a joke should succeed in comedy. To be sure, she isn't likely to make a sensation as a *comédienne*, but certainly she has improved greatly, although along conventional lines. Her acting no longer offends; and she is still one of the most beautiful women on the stage.

"Wildfire" is one of those meretricious but highly amusing entertainments that are called comedies by courtesy. It is the work of George Broadhurst, who constructed it by a familiar pattern, and George V. Hobart, who has a gift for writing the kind of lines that appeal to the Great White Way. The action turns upon the effort of a widow, who is supposedly rich, but has been left with only a racing-stable and many debts, to recoup on the track without letting any one know about it. There are two real acting stars in "Wildfire." One is Frank Sheridan, that really capable player who made such a hit last season as the sea captain in "Paid in Full," and who plays *Matt Donovan*, a trainer, in the racing comedy. The other is Will Archie, a dwarf, who portrays *Bud*, a stable-boy, with an unctuous humor, a wide smile, and an acting skill that make amends for the claptrap.

Several years ago a mysterious person named Owen Kildare published a book called "My Mamie Rose," an elaboration of newspaper sketches in which the writer told of his own development from an ignorant Bowery tough through the teaching of a young woman with whom he fell in love. The writing was so vivid, so convincing that

he was hailed as "the Bowery Kipling." Arnold Daly read the book and decided it would make a fine play. The author and Walter Hackett, assisted by Mr. Daly, produced a dramatic version that is called "The Regeneration." It has some moving scenes, and one or two with real power, but for the most part it is dangerously near the cheapest melodrama, and not well knit at that. To those who do not know the particular kind of character Mr. Daly attempts to portray, his work seems very fine. But to those who do know, it is plain that he has no clear understanding of the type represented by *Owen Conway*. His conception is purely theatric, as indeed are the conceptions of all the other characters, save *Nellie, Conway's* slum sweetheart, which is finely played by Helen Ware; but even she is given speeches that make her absurd.

The real Bowery has never been written up, and probably it never will be, because it is swiftly passing. Hundreds of attempts have been made by those who have not even penetrated the surface of its reserve. Its heart and soul—for the Bowery has both, as well as reserve—are a sealed book to the writers. It is a Sargasso Sea littered with derelicts of all worlds, drifting back and forth with the endless ebb and flow of the tide, while all about them is the ceaseless activity of commerce, of development, moving onward and upward despite the ceaseless cross current, which no literary mariner, cruising in these uncharted waters, can understand.

Those who know it best, and have some skill in writing as well as some understanding, are so overwhelmed by its endless complications, its infinity of contradictions—its astonishing goodness and its frightful depravity—the baffling mystery of its wonderful humanness, and its fantastic mystery, that they do not dare attempt to write even what they know. Only one man in all literature could have interpreted the Bowery—*Balzac* is dead.

Most of us know the Bowery through fugitive newspaper sketches and fearsome, lurid melodramas. The sketches present certain phases more or less intelligently, but the melodramas are weird burlesques, unworthy even of being scoffed at, so far as any consideration of truth is concerned. But these cheap melodramas, endlessly repeated, have built up a fiction that has come to be accepted as the reality.

It is small wonder, therefore, that Arnold

Daly does not grasp completely the character he attempts to portray, that he makes it so unreal. Back of this play, indeed, is an idea that is true, and it is this that gives the drama its grip; but it is worked out so crudely, so ineffectively that it could not make a real success.

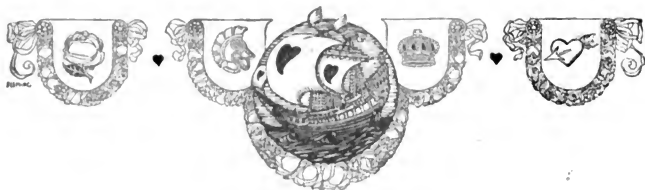
The music of "Algeria" is worthy of a W. S. Gilbert to make a book for it. Long ago Victor Herbert proved that he is our foremost composer, that is, if we can claim as ours a man who is pure Irish and speaks with a German accent, having spent most of his early life in Germany. Still, he won his fame and fortune in this country. It seems to me his latest work shows him at his best in writing popular music of a high class. The score of "Algeria" is very beautiful.

Apart from the lyrics, which are charming, for the most part, the book is soggy, unoriginal, and somehow lacking in humor, although there seems to be a groundwork for humor. And because the book is unworthy of the music, the opera failed to make the impression that the score and the magnificent production deserved. It has William Pruette as a testy old general, singing as well as ever, and George Lord Day, who comes very near to being a real tenor, while *Ida Brooks Hunt* makes a very beautiful and imposing *Sultana*.

"The Girls of Gottenberg" is very English despite its name—one of those mildly amusing, pleasingly melodious Gaiety shows without any distinction whatever. The book is by George Grossmith, Jr., with L. E. Berman also partly responsible, while *Ivan Caryll* and *Lionel Monckton* wrote the music. Sometimes it happens that one man, like *Paul Rubens*, writes both book and music, but usually it takes from four to six people to produce an English musical comedy.

The most interesting thing about the production was the first American appearance of *Gertie Millar*, who occupies a high place in musical comedy in London. She has a certain charm that grows on one, as well as intelligence and grace. Though she hasn't much of a voice, she makes the most of it, and she can dance, and, like most of the English players, she has learned how to act.

With the inimitable *James Blakeley*, *John E. Hazzard*, *Edward Garvie*, and *Lionel Mackinder*, the comedy had enough fun-makers to create no end of laughs, but they had small opportunity, and for some reason the whole performance seemed negative.



Little Stories of Real Life

GETTING CHRISTMAS DINNER ON A RANCH

By Theodore Roosevelt

NOTE:—This vivid little sketch of President Roosevelt's was written twenty years ago, and published in a paper of small circulation, now defunct. We are glad of the opportunity of republishing it now.

ONE December, while I was out on my ranch, so much work had to be done that it was within a week of Christmas before we were able to take any thought for the Christmas dinner. The winter set in late that year, and there had been comparatively little cold weather, but one day the ice on the river had been sufficiently strong to enable us to haul up a wagonload of flour, with enough salt pork to last through the winter, and a very few tins of canned goods, to be used at special feasts. We had some bushels of potatoes, the heroic victors of a struggle for existence in which the rest of our garden vegetables had succumbed to drought, frost, and grasshoppers; and we also had some wild plums and dried elk venison. But we had no fresh meat, and so one day my foreman and I agreed to make a hunt on the morrow.

Accordingly one of the cowboys rode out in the frosty afternoon to fetch in the saddle-band from the plateau three miles off, where they were grazing. It was after sunset when he returned. I was lounging out by the corral, my wolf-skin cap drawn down over my ears, and my hands thrust deep into the pockets of my fur coat, gazing across the wintry landscape. Cold red bars in the winter sky marked where the sun had gone down behind a row of jagged, snow-covered buttes.

Turning to go into the little bleak log

house, as the dusk deepened, I saw the horses trotting homeward in a long file, their unshod hoofs making no sound in the light snow which covered the plain, turning it into a glimmering white waste wherein stood dark islands of leafless trees, with trunks and branches weirdly distorted. The cowboy, with bent head, rode behind the line of horses, sometimes urging them on by the shrill cries known to cattlemen; and as they neared the corral they broke into a gallop, ran inside, and then halted in a mass. The frost lay on their shaggy backs, and little icicles hung from their nostrils.

Choosing out two of the strongest and quietest, we speedily roped them and led them into the warm log stable, where they were given a plentiful supply of the short, nutritious buffalo-grass hay, while the rest of the herd were turned loose to shift for themselves. Then we went inside the house to warm our hands in front of the great pile of blazing logs, and to wait impatiently until the brace of prairie chickens I had shot that afternoon should be fixed for supper. Then our rifles and cartridge belts were looked to, one of the saddles which had met with an accident was overhauled, and we were ready for bed.

It was necessary to get to the hunting grounds by sunrise, and it still lacked a couple of hours of dawn when the foreman wakened me as I lay asleep beneath the buffalo robes. Dressing hurriedly and breakfasting on a cup of coffee and some mouthfuls of bread and jerked elk meat, we slipped out to the barn, threw the saddles on the horses, and were off.

The air was bitterly chill; the cold had been severe for two days, so that the river ice would again bear horses. Beneath the light

covering of powdery snow we could feel the rough ground like wrinkled iron under the horses' hoofs. There was no moon, but the stars shone beautifully down through the cold, clear air, and our willing horses galloped swiftly across the long bottom on which the ranch-house stood, threading their way deftly among the clumps of sprawling sagebrush.

A mile off we crossed the river, the ice cracking with noises like pistol shots as our horses picked their way gingerly over it. On the opposite side was a dense jungle of bullberry bushes, and on breaking through this we found ourselves galloping up a long, winding valley, which led back many miles into the hills. The crannies and little side ravines were filled with brushwood and groves of stunted ash. By this time there was a faint flush of gray in the east, and as we rode silently along we could make out dimly the tracks made by the wild animals as they had passed and repassed in the snow. Several times we dismounted to examine them. A couple of coyotes, possibly frightened by our approach, had trotted and loped up the valley ahead of us, leaving a trail like that of two dogs; the sharper, more delicate footprints of a fox crossed our path; and outside one long patch of brushwood a series of round imprints in the snow betrayed where a bobcat—as plainsmen term the small lynx—had been lurking around to try to pick up a rabbit or a prairie fowl.

As the dawn reddened, and it became light enough to see objects some little way off, we began to sit erect in our saddles and to scan the hillsides sharply for sight of feeding deer. Hitherto we had seen no deer tracks save inside the bullberry bushes by the river, and we knew that the deer that lived in that impenetrable jungle were cunning whitetails which in such a place could be hunted only by aid of a hound. But just before sunrise we came on three lines of heart-shaped footmarks in the snow, which showed where as many deer had just crossed a little plain ahead of us. They were walking leisurely, and from the lay of the land we believed that we should find them over the ridge, where there was a brush coulee.

Riding to one side of the trail, we topped the little ridge just as the sun flamed up, a burning ball of crimson, beyond the snowy waste at our backs. Almost immediately afterward my companion leaped from his horse and raised his rifle, and as he pulled the trigger I saw through the twigs of a brush patch on our

left the erect, startled head of a young black-tailed doe as she turned to look at us, her great mule-like ears thrown forward. The ball broke her neck, and she turned a complete somersault downhill, while a sudden smashing of underbrush told of the flight of her terrified companions.

We both laughed and called out "dinner" as we sprang down toward her, and in a few minutes she was dressed and hung up by the hind legs on a small ash tree. The entrails and viscera we threw off to one side, after carefully poisoning them from a little bottle of strychnine which I had in my pocket. Almost every cattleman carries poison and neglects no chance of leaving out wolf bait, for the wolves are sources of serious loss to the unfenced and unhoused flocks and herds. In this instance we felt particularly revengeful because it was but a few days since we had lost a fine yearling heifer. The tracks on the hillside where the carcass lay when we found it, told the story plainly. The wolves, two in number, had crept up close before being discovered, and had then raced down on the astounded heifer almost before she could get fairly started. One brute had hamstringed her with a snap of his vise-like jaws, and once down, she was torn open in a twinkling.

No sooner was the sun up than a warm west wind began to blow in our faces. The weather had suddenly changed, and within an hour the snow was beginning to thaw and to leave patches of bare ground on the hillsides. We left our coats with our horses and struck off on foot for a group of high buttes cut up by the cedar canyons and gorges, in which we knew the old bucks loved to lie. It was noon before we saw anything more. We lunched at a clear spring—not needing much time, for all we had to do was to drink a draught of icy water and munch a strip of dried venison. Shortly afterward, as we were moving along a hillside with silent caution, we came to a sheer canyon of which the opposite face was broken by little ledges grown up with wind-beaten cedars. As we crept over the edge, my companion touched my arm and pointed silently to one of the ledges, and instantly I caught the glint of a buck's horns as he lay half behind an old tree trunk. A slight shift of position gave me a fair shot slanting down between his shoulders, and though he struggled to his feet, he did not go fifty yards after receiving the bullet.

This was all we could carry. Leading the horses around, we packed the buck behind my

companion's saddle, and then rode back for the doe, which I put behind mine. But we were not destined to reach home without a slight adventure. When we got to the river we rode boldly on the ice, heedless of the thaw; and about midway there was a sudden, tremendous crash, and men, horses, and deer were scrambling together in the water amid slabs of floating ice. However, it was shallow, and no worse results followed than some hard work and a chilly bath. But what cared we? We were returning triumphant with our Christmas dinner.

A SURE ENOUGH SANTY

By Bessie R. Hoover

AIN'T there no Santy Claus—nowhere?" blubbered little Butch Paner disconsolately. He was at his Grandmother Flickinger's, and his Aunt Jule had just been maligning the good old patron saint of children for the small boy's benefit.

"No, there ain't," answered Jule decidedly; "your ma and pa's the only Santy there is."

"Who told you?" inquired Butch suspiciously between sobs.

"Nobody—always knew it."

"It's jest as nice to have your pa and ma git the presents when you're used to it," assured his small Aunt Opal, who was helping her mother peel the potatoes for supper.

"Ain't there no reindeers?" Butch inquired dolefully.

"No nothin'," returned Jule.

"Don't he come down the chimbley?"

"Naw—fat man like him—what's got into you, Butch, to believe such foolishness?" she jeered.

"Then there *is* a Santy," cried Butch, unexpectedly brightening.

"Naw there ain't," again denied Jule.

"But you said 'a fat man like him,'" repeated her small nephew.

"Can't a feller open his head without you ketch 'im up? Everybody plays there's a Santy and that he's fat—that's all there is to it. Ast your grandma," concluded Jule triumphantly.

"Ain't there a Santy, Gramma?" questioned Butch.

"No-o, I guess there ain't none," answered Ma Flickinger reluctantly, disliking to put her daughter Jule in a lie.

"But Jimmie Bistle seen him twict," urged Butch.

"I dunno much about it; ast your grandpa," evaded ma, as Pa Flickinger, a tall, shambling man, lounged into the room; for it was Saturday afternoon, a half-holiday at the factory.

"Ain't there a sure enough Santy, Grandpa?" asked Butch.

"A sure enough Santy? Bless your little heart, Butch, of course there is," answered pa.

"But grandma says there ain't—and Aunt Jule, too—and if there ain't I won't git no s'penders for Christmas, 'cause pa and ma says I ain't big enough for 'em."

"I'll write a letter to Santy myself and tell him jest what you want," consoled Opal.

"But grandma says there ain't none," wailed Butch, bursting into fresh grief.

"Your grandma means all right, but she don't know nothin' about it. Hey, old woman?" inquired pa jocularly.

"Mebbe I be mistaken," said Ma Flickinger, relieved.

"What's the use in keepin' up the lie any longer? Butch ain't a baby," put in Jule boldly.

"And what's the use of your comin' over here and blabbin' of things you'd better keep shut of?" growled her father.

"Jimmie Bistle he seen Santy—" began Butch plaintively.

"Then Jimmie knows," asserted pa genially.

"Does he come down the chimbley?" questioned Butch, only too ready to have his faith restored.

"Sure," affirmed pa.

"And have reindeers?"

"Eight," informed pa with conviction.

"And he'll bring me red s'penders, won't he, Grandpa?"

"If you're good," promised pa.

And Butch went noisily out to hunt up Jimmie Bistle and to have his faith further confirmed.

"I'd rather you wouldn't 'a' told Butch yet a while, Jule; he ain't much more'n a baby." And pa shook his head at the sacrilege.

"I don't think it's right to string out a lie like that till doomsday," snapped Jule.

"I dunno as 'tis a lie," grumbled pa; "but if 'tis, it's the whitest lie I ever heard—and it's good enough for me."

"Butch'll find out sooner or later," stated

ma practically, without looking up from her work.

"Find out nothin'," disagreed pa. "I never found out nothin' ag'in Santy Claus yet—and I ain't no greeny, neither. But here's our other grandchildren, Jule's twins, Janice and Jasper, and Elvie's baby, Beulah, ain't they goin' to be fetched up on Santy Claus?"

"Every one of 'em, if I have my way," answered ma emphatically.

"Of course my twins believe in Santy; but I'm goin' to tell 'em the truth *long* afore they're as old as Butch," put in Jule.

"Well, I wish there was some way we could brace Butchie up now," said pa; "somebody else'll be tellin' him it ain't so ag'in, and then he'll feel worse'n ever."

"Why couldn't we have a Christmas tree and a Santy Claus here at home, all of us Flickingers?" inquired Opal eagerly.

"Hurrah! jest the figger," shouted pa. "Let's do it to celebrate me gettin' a better job at the factory."

"If that ain't jest like a man—no forethought. We don't have much more money now than we did afore you got that job," said ma sharply, "now we're savin' money for Jed to go to college—you know it's goin' to cost a lot more'n we reckoned at first. Anybody'd think you was a Rockefeller."

But just then Sophie, the pretty young Polish wife of their son Bill, who lived next door, came in, and pa told her about Butch.

"Let's all put in together and have a real Christmas," planned Sophie, "all of us married children, Jule and Mandy and Elvie and Billie and me—it wouldn't cost so awful much—what you think, Mamma Flickinger?"

"What I think is that you and Billie're payin' the instalments on your home," ma dryly reminded her, "and it does seem to me, Sophie, that you'd better keep right at it."

"Couldn't we squeeze the money out someway yet?" coaxed Sophie.

"Yes, but we don't want to," discouraged Jule; "it's muss and fuss and young ones gettin' sick on candy, and breakin' their presents afore they're fairly off'n the tree."

And us all a-strainin' to git each other presents—that ain't worth nothin' when they're bought."

"That's about right, Jule," commented ma.

"And we can git our young ones some little thing for Christmas, and they'll never know the difference," declared Jule.

"Still it'd be nice to have a big time right here at home," said pa, after Sophie had gone. "Ain't it Longfeller," he went on, in an expansive holiday mood, "who says 'it's better to give than to receive'?"

"I dunno—I ain't up on them things any more," replied ma. "Mebbe 'tis better to give than to receive, but when you ain't got

nothin' to give—and then strain up and give it—where's the justice in that?"

"If I was rich," grumbled pa, "you bet I'd do things Christmas time like white folks—"

"If you was rich," retorted ma, "folks'd do things for you all right, all right—your Christmas stockin'd be overflowin'—but I dunno about your returnin' any of it—if you was rich."

"Still there's a kinder feel in the air about Christmas time that gits into a feller—rich or poor," maintained pa, "and makes him want to live up to the peace on earth, goodwill to man business—"

"I never felt it," disagreed ma, "and I'll bet you wouldn't if you had to cook and scrub from mornin' to night like I have to. Opal, start the kitchen fire, and then set the table."

"Nobody ought to be too busy nor too poor to feel it," returned pa. "We ought to look about us Christmas time," he added



"AIN'T THERE NO SANTY CLAUS—NOWHERE?"

largely, "and see if we can't find some one to be friendly with——"

"I wouldn't have to look far," broke in ma. "There's Mis' Bistle, Jimmie's ma, the best neighbor I ever had, she's mad at me. And if there's so much in the peace on earth, good-will to man business, why don't she come over and make up with me?"

"Jest as much your place to go over there," pa informed her.

"Watch me go first," sniffed ma.

"You never seemed to set such a store by Mis' Bistle till you fell out with her," observed Jule shrewdly.

"Well, I dunno's I did," admitted ma honestly, "though I always liked her. Mis' Bistle's awful good company."

"I've heard you say a hundred times that Mis' Bistle's too finicky to live," reminded Jule.

"Well, she is a little finicky," admitted ma, "or she'd never 'a' got mad at me about my keepin' that water-set we bought for her sister's crystal weddin', the time we started up there and couldn't find the place."

"Mis' Bistle's jest every-day plain mean," spoke up Jule.

"No, I wouldn't call it that," corrected ma. "Mis' Bistle's different from us. She's always lived different. She's always been well-to-do, and hired her washin' done, and never lacked for decent clothes to wear; why, Mis' Bistle never knowed the time when she didn't have a black silk dress (and I never knowed the time when I did have one). She jest naturally hain't had hard times enough to make her think of other people."

"I'd call her jest plain selfish," asserted Jule.

"Mis' Bistle is a good woman," maintained ma loyally, "and if she is a little selfish it's because the littleness of it ain't never been brought home to her. And she's a good deal more generous than I be——"

"She's got more to be generous with; but she ain't neither, for you know, Ma, you'd take the clothes off'n your back for one of us young ones."

"Land knows!" cried ma, "I never be-

grudged anything to my own folks; but that ain't the height of unselfishness. I never could hand out things to neighbors as free as I'd like to—I'm always thinkin' of what it costs. Why, Mis' Bistle's sent me over a whole can of peaches, or a whole pie at onc— and when Sophie was sick she furnished every blessed thing that girl et for a week."

"Oh, I don't suppose Mis' Bistle's a regular heathen," qualified Jule; "but I shouldn't think you'd want to be friends with her after the way she treated you."

"As you git older you don't care so much about the little faults of your friends," stated ma, "knowin' you're chuckfull of 'em yourself. And it don't make no difference whether she likes me or not, I like *her*, and I miss her more at Christmas time when everybody's blabbin' about good-will——"

"It'd be a good miss to me," remarked Jule loftily.

"But it's the good times me and Mis' Bistle's had together—partly, I suppose—that makes me feel kind to her. She's terrible jolly."

"She pokes fun at folks," observed Jule bluntly.

"Well, who don't?" inquired ma tartly. "Ain't I heard you poke fun at Milo, your own husband, 'cause he's so wishy-washy?"

"That's in the family," defended Jule.

"All the worse then," retorted ma.

Though pa had strengthened Butch's faith in Santa Claus, the next time Jule saw her little nephew she took pains to undo all her father's good work; and Butch was once more disenchanted, and not even Pa Flickinger could then repair the fractured faith of the doubting small boy.

But Sophie could not bear to think of the Flickingers going without a holiday celebration, and invited the entire family over there to supper Christmas Eve. They met at Ma Flickinger's before going to Sophie's. Besides ma and pa and Opal and her big brother Jed, there were Jule and Milo with their twin babies, Janice and Jasper; Elvie and Mort with baby Beulah; and Mandy



WASHING THE DISHES TOGETHER, ALL COOLNESS MELTED BETWEEN THEM.

Panner, the eldest daughter, her husband, big Butch Panner, and, lastly, little Butch, their son.

"I'm turrible sorry that kid ain't goin' to have no Santy," sighed pa, as they started over to Sophie's.

"I never had no Santy when I was young," complained ma, "and I guess Butch can stand it. I'm so dead tired I'd ruther take a lickin' than go over to Sophie's this evenin'. I like to git Christmas over; it's a disagreeable time to me—because we ain't got money to do it up like other folks. But Sophie's been fetched up different; she's always puttin' on airs and actin' like she was swell."

"Still she never wastes no money; and she always manages to git a good time out'n life—and to give a good time to others," declared pa.

"But when Sophie's as old as me she won't be quite so chipper—life'll take the spring out'n her," prophesied ma.

"And remember there's a Santy, Butch," whispered pa, as they filed into Sophie's house; "don't let the women folks cheat you out'n that—yet awhile."

But Butch only gave voice to an irresponsible, doubting "uh-huh," which made pa bluer than ever. "What a cussed thing it is," he mused, "to scrush an innocent make-believe for a baby like Butch."

Sophie had her dining-room table pulled out to its fullest extent to accommodate the Flickingers; and she made everybody so welcome, and Bill, her husband, dished out such enormous plates of turkey and mashed potatoes, that all enjoyed themselves. And Butch for a time drowned his grief in a generous helping of gravy, and filled the void that Santa Claus had left with Christmas turkey.

But there was one guest at the table who was not a Flickinger, even by marriage, and that was ma's neighbor, Mrs. Bistle. On account of a severe cold, she had not been

able to go with her family to spend the day in the country with her own relatives, so Sophie had invited her over there at the last minute.

Ma Flickinger and Mis' Bistle had exchanged painfully polite greetings, but later, when they were washing the dishes together, all coolness melted between them.

Soon after supper Bill Flickinger disappeared up-stairs, grinning and mumbling an excuse that nobody understood. When all the company had gathered in the sitting room—for the parlor had been closed—Sophie threw open the double doors, crying:

"Welcome, everybody, to the Christmas tree!"

And there, bright with gleaming candles, gay with festoons of snowy popcorn and red berries, sprinkled over with shining silver stars, and laden with mysterious packages, was a beautiful Christmas tree, a gorgeous, glittering, shimmering vision from its moss-covered base to its topmost green

tassel. And before they had recovered from the surprise of the Christmas tree, Santa Claus himself burst with a jingle of bells from the stairway door, splendid in fur-trimmed coat and cap, with great white whiskers, and a string of sleigh-bells about his waist.

"Merry Christmas!" cried Santa Claus in a queer, high-keyed voice. "Fetch out that kid that don't believe in Santy Claus—and lemme give him a present."

Butch, scared and delighted at once, was dragged to the tree by his father.

"I do believe in Santy, I do believe in Santy," vociferated Butch, with noisy, whole-souled enthusiasm, his waning faith in the jolly old saint completely restored.

But when Santa Claus selected one of the mysterious packages from the tree and called out in a squeaky but jovial voice Butch's name, and Butch grabbed the alluring package and tore off the wrapper, then was the supreme moment of that enchantingly happy



THE SUPREME MOMENT OF THAT ENCHANTINGLY HAPPY CHRISTMAS EVE.

Christmas Eve; for Butch held in his eager hands a pair of fire-red suspenders—just his size.

Like a delightful fairy dream passed the rest of the evening to Butch. Opal was happy with hair ribbons, made from Sophie's old wedding finery, and the twins and Beulah were joyous over impossible woolen dogs. Everybody had a home-made present, even to Mrs. Bistle; and Sophie, with a little help from Bill, had done it all.

"Now do you believe in a sure enough Santy, Butch?" inquired pa, after Santa Claus had disappeared.

"Uh-huh," grunted Butch, in an inarticulate but happy affirmative.

"How does that happen?" asked pa.

"I seen him," answered Butch conclusively.

"And he seen you," returned pa, "and he give you as gay a pair of s'penders as he had by him—and it's up to you now, Butch, to live up to them s'penders—and to show Santy that he ain't made a mistake and give 'em to a cry-baby—hey, Butch?"

"Uh-huh," agreed Butch, contentedly munching home-made candy.

"And the presents never cost a cent," exulted ma at Sophie's thrift, when she and pa were talking over the tree that night after the children had gone to bed. "Butch's present was made out'n Billie's old weddin' s'penders. Looky, Pa, at my new flatiron holders."

But pa only gave a hasty glance, for he was busily trying on half a dozen linen finger stalls that Sophie had made for him in case of an accident at the factory. "I'll be anxious to scrush a finger now," declared pa; "looky, Ma, what could be thoughtfuller?"

"And it never cost nothin'," repeated ma. "Land! when I looked at that splendid tree that

Billie dragged up from the swamp, and seen them strings of popcorn and red marsh berries, and the little stars cut out'n tin foil from Billie's tobacco wrappers, and the candles saved from some Christmas doin's in the Poles' country, I was plumb flabbergasted to see such smart decorations turned out'n nothin'."

"Sophie'd change a 'tato into a peach if she set out," affirmed pa admiringly.

"And it give me a turn," went on ma, "to see Mis' Bistle there, and I ups and says to her when we had washed the dishes, 'I've wished a thousand times I'd sent that present up to your sister; but my folks persuaded me to keep it.' And Mis' Bistle says, 'I never onct thought about the present, I jest thought you acted cool and queer, so I made up my mind to stay away till you come over ag'in.'"

"I acted kinder cool 'cause I thought you'd be mad," I says.

"Why, land!" cried Mis' Bistle, "my sister got three water-sets jest like the one you bought for her and kept yourself!" Then we both broke out laughin'—and now we're better friends than ever."

"Women git me," remarked pa, shaking his head thoughtfully.

"And to think that I thought that we couldn't have a nice Christmas unless we was rich," laughed ma, "and here Sophie's give us a good time out'n nothin' jest because she couldn't bear to have a little child go without his Santy."

"Sophie is rich," declared pa emphatically; "she's what you call rich in spirit."

"And there's a kinder peace on earth, good-will to man feelin' in the air, jest as you said, Pa——"

"Sure there is," responded pa softly. "I knowed you'd feel it if you got a chanct."



"SOPHIE IS RICH," DECLARED PA; "SHE'S WHAT YOU CALL RICH IN SPIRIT."



A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT

IF you happen, mentally, to be thirty-five, you should read Robert Herrick's remarkable novel-story of the relations of marriage to American conditions and of American conditions to marriage, "Together" (Macmillan). It seems a pity that the purveyors of fiction should not be able to devise some such simple system, indicative of the approximate intellectual fit of their wares, as that used by manufacturers, say, of youths' clothing. In this field it is assumed that each person who has passed twenty knows his own chest measure. Before that he finds the age for which the garment is suited plainly ticketed on the collar of the coat and the waistband of the trousers. We venture therefore to ticket "Together" after a similar fashion. It saves sending some one ahead of it with a red flag (as though it were a moral road-engine), to warn immature wayfarers and drivers of skittish intelligences from the highway. Mr. Herrick's literary method has ever combined that of the plodder and the artist. Leisurely, painstaking, thorough, running at times long chances on the patience of his readers, he yet proves himself, in the event, a seer. In his latest work he has at once carried his slowgoing thoroughness to its limit of safety and justified his mastery of it as a means to an end. "Together" is an excellent story and a really wonderful statement, fictionally made, of the conditions that underlie the familiar ferment about marriage and divorce, the equality of the sexes, and the right of individual self-fulfilment; a ferment that after the manner of the age reflects itself in current literature through half-baked novels by half-fledged thinkers offering meaningless solutions of half-grasped issues.

It has always been a peculiarity of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's artistic sorcery that we were conscious of, and yet negligent of, our loss of

bearings. We moved, not only satisfied but convinced, in a world self-fulfilling and self-sufficient, which yet differed from the real world by the un-isolatable factor of the author's idealism. And this has been true whether we peered through the mist of years at the tender beauty of "The Forest Lovers" or through the mere haze of national remoteness at the tragic-comedy of "The Spanish Jade." Moreover, we read "The Queen's Quair" and never after were able to visualize any other Mary, Queen of Scots. Yet we knew this visualization to consist of the Mary of history plus the unknown X of the factor in question. But Mr. Hewlett's "Halfway House" (Scribner), apart from the delicate beauty of the tale and the ingrained charm of its telling, provides us with a point of orientation. It establishes, so to speak, a meridian of Greenwich from which, if we choose, we may calculate longitude upon the sapphire sea of his romance. For "Halfway House" is a story of to-day, of life as we know and live it, transposed into the key of Mr. Hewlett's temperament, and removed, by the exact measure of his idealism, from the plane of what we call reality. Photographers of the Pyramids are fond of posing an Arab sheik upon one of the lower tiers of masonry in order that the eye, inferring the unknown from the known, may form a true judgment of dimension. "Halfway House," very exquisitely, furnishes us with a like argument from analogy.

It has been pointed out, I forget by what student of the fossil skeletons of literature, that in all fiction there is but a baker's half dozen of plot roots; and that all the stories ever told, reduced to their simplest terms, are variations of these seven themes, used singly or in combination. This fact seems sufficiently amazing. But it is, after all, closely analogous to that other

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 a world withstanding work
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 ...has been true about
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 ...Forest Lovers" or the
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to us in a brand-new novel by a brand-new writer, "The Post-Girl" (Century), by Edward C. Booth. The story, reduced to its simplest terms, is an absurdly obvious combination of two of fiction's most threadbare makeshifts. One recognizes them instantly. It is not too much to say that one hears them coming and recognizes their steps. But, far from being either bored by them or contemptuous of them, one laughingly realizes their utter insignificance in face of another and more meaningful combination—that of the human personality of the characters and of the literary personality of the author. The quality of "The Post-Girl" is indisputable; and, a first novel though it be, one is impelled to look upon Mr. Booth not, as the critical cant has it, as "a discovery," but definitely as an acquisition.



Some one has said that a man with a grievance is like a small boy with a drum. He meant, I think, a man with a grouch. For a grievance, properly cared for, is a dynamic asset. It bears the same relation to a reformer that a dam does to a grist-mill: backs up his sense of justice and turns it into horsepower. A grouch is a grievance fallen into disrepair; delivering indignation, like a leaky dam, through a hundred holes, but leaving the sluiceway empty and the turbine

thrill, to which, I take it, more English-speaking readers have responded than to any others. The first is that in which Crusoe (poor fellow, how he must have sweltered on Juan Fernandez in that arctic get-up of his!) comes across the footprint on the beach. The other is where, to the cries of "A champion! A champion!" Wilfred of Ivanhoe, reeling in the saddle on his jaded horse, rides into the lists at Templestowe. The first satisfies that most deep-seated of all our dramatic longings, a proof of the presence of evil. The second tickles that most flattering of all our sensibilities, the Saxon sympathy for the under-dog. Mr. Charles Edward Russell, through his biography of "Thomas Chatterton" (Moffat, Yard), has contrived to supply the second of these emotions from a source long relied upon to furnish the first. For a hundred and forty years, in literary annals, the character of Chatterton has been held up as a footprint—a cloven hoof print, indeed—upon the beach. We have, a good many of us, turned aside to look at it for the pure excitement of shuddering at its implications. And now Mr. Russell, his sharp pen brandished spear-wise and crying "A Rescue! A Rescue!" rides into the lists; and those of us who appreciate such things will take joy in his tilting. Not, let us own frankly, because we care for Chatterton. We have none of us read him and we probably never shall read him, since he wrote in an archaic language of his own in-

literature. There are reputations that are ambulatory. And there are, too, parts and portions of talent, or the subtler and less definable attributes of particular insights and of literary personality, that carry over into less perfect productions the glamour of better things. One is pleasantly conscious of this associational bias in one's enjoyment of one of the recent books, Mrs. Margaret Deland's "R. J.'s Mother and Some Other People" (Harper). Mrs. Deland's stories, these particular stories, judged by the strict standards of their class, are fictional fragments; dramatic cul-de-sacs that lead, very temptingly, nowhither. Yet they are delightful specimens of that femininity of insight and of that simple yet pregnant intimacy of observation that form so strong a link in the chain of Mrs. Deland's hold on us. In short, should we happen to be making Mrs. Deland's acquaintance through these tales, we should be likely to lose sight of their characteristic excellences in the realization of their shortcomings; but, thanks to our ambulatory impressions, it is the other way about.

I was eating a cherry-pie a few nights ago. It was a delicious pie; one of those cherry-pies that seem, almost, to have a soul. I don't know if you feel that way about it, but to me there are very few things that, on a purely material foundation, can come as near to being spiritual as a good cherry-pie. This was one of that order, and I was just beginning to close my eyes so as to get the full effect of the illusion when I discovered, quite suddenly, that the cook had been careless about pitting the cherries. I suppose we are all poor creatures and weak in faith; at any rate I couldn't, for the life of me, regain my attitude toward that pie. I finished my share of it, but with a divided personality; one half of me searching, consciously, for the flavor, and that part of me that the psychologists call the subconscious ego on the *qui vive* for pits. J. Breckenridge Ellis has told, in "Arkinsaw Cousins" (Holt), a story of one of the inland, happy-go-lucky, dry-rotted settlements of Arkansas where Southern traditions, gone-a-pioneering, have blundered into a no-thoroughfare. It is an unmistakably human story, full of people whom we like and laugh at and whom, somehow, we feel are not only real in the fictional sense but are, or have been, flesh and blood somewhere in the author's experience. But

alas, whether through lack of practice or lack of pains, the cook has been careless about the cherries. We stumble, at inopportune moments, just perhaps when the illusion is most alluring, upon hard bits of unrelated realism or tooth-cracking little solecisms of style or of feeling. We read the book with genuine enjoyment, but, for the life of us, we cannot quite help shrinking from the possibility of pits.

OTHER BOOKS

"Santa Lucia" (Harper). A novel by Mary Austin dealing, with up-to-date openness and at the same time with a graceful common sense, with some of the problems of marriage only recently admitted to be legitimate material of fiction.

"The Open Window" (Macmillan). A series of "tales of the months" by that Barbara best known to most of us as "the Commuter's Wife." The interest of the volume lies more in our re-introduction to a familiar entourage than in the tales themselves.

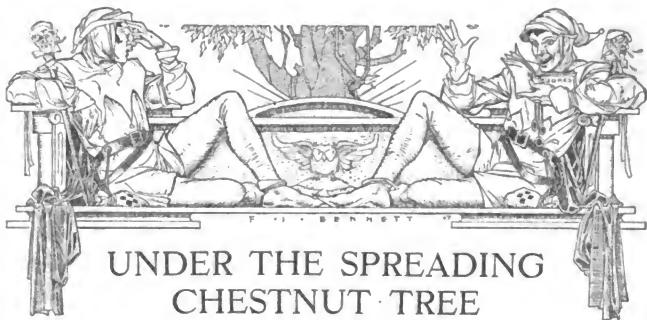
"Quickened" (Little, Brown). A story of Quebec and of the rehabilitation of an American fugitive from justice, told by Anna Chapin Ray. An entertaining book, touching with considerate skill upon religious influences and prejudices.

"John Greenleaf Whittier" (Houghton, Mifflin). A biographical sketch by Bliss Perry, executed with the admirable understanding and the critical nicety already familiar in Mr. Perry's work.

"The Courage of Blackburn Blair" (Moffat, Yard). The second novel in a "thought trilogy" by Eleanor Talbot Kinkaid. The hero is a Kentuckian involved in the political turmoil of the Gobel campaign, and his courage is of that moral order which it requires some other-worldliness to contemplate.

"Faust" (Macmillan). Goethe's dramatic poem liberally translated by Stephen Phillips and J. Comyns Carr into dignified and frequently beautiful English verse.





UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

A LADY in a Southern town was approached by her colored maid.

"Well, Jenny?" she asked, seeing that something was in the air.

"Please, Mis' Mary, might I have the aft'noon off three weeks from Wednesday?" Then, noticing an undecided look in her mistress's face, she added hastily—"I want to go to my finance's funeral."

"Goodness me," answered the lady—"Your fiancé's funeral! Why, you don't know that he's even going to die, let alone the date of his funeral. That is something we can't any of us be sure about—when we are going to die."

"Yes'm," said the girl doubtfully. Then, with a triumphant note in her voice—"I'se sure about him, Mis', 'cos he's goin' to be hung!"

A doctor came up to a patient in an insane asylum, slapped him on the back, and said: "Well, old man, you're all right. You can run along and write your folks that you'll be back home in two weeks as good as new."

The patient went off gayly to write his letter. He had it finished and sealed, but when he was licking the stamp it slipped through his fingers to the floor, lighted on the back of a cockroach that was passing, and stuck. The patient hadn't seen the cockroach—what he did see was his escaped postage stamp zigzagging aimlessly across the floor to the baseboard, wavering up over the baseboard, and following a crooked track up the wall and across the ceiling. In depressed silence he tore

up the letter that he had just written and dropped the pieces on the floor.

"Two weeks! Hell!" he said. "I won't be out of here in three years."

A gypsy, upon release from jail, met a friend.

"What were you in for?" asked the friend.

"I found a horse."

"Found a horse? Nonsense! They wouldn't jug you for finding a horse."

"Well, but you see I found him before the owner lost him."

A man who stuttered badly went to a specialist and after ten difficult lessons learned to say quite distinctly, "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers." His friends congratulated him upon this splendid achievement.

"Yes," said the man doubtfully, "but it's s-s-such a d-d-deucedly d-d-d-difficult rem-mark to w-w-work into an ordin-n-nary c-c-convers-s-sation, y' know."

The garrulous old lady in the stern of the boat had pestered the guide with her comments and questions ever since they had started. Her meek little husband, who was hunched toad-like in the bow, fished in silence. The old lady had seemingly exhausted every possible point in fish and animal life, woodcraft, and personal history when

she suddenly espied one of those curious paths of oily, unbroken water frequently seen on small lakes which are ruffled by a light breeze.

"Oh, guide, guide," she exclaimed, "what makes that funny streak in the water— No, there— Right over there!"

The guide was busy re-baiting the old gentleman's hook and merely mumbled "U-m-m-m."

"Guide," repeated the old lady in tones that were not to be denied, "look right over there where I'm pointing and tell me what makes that funny streak in the water."

The guide looked up from his baiting with a sigh.

"That? Oh, that's where the road went across the ice last winter."

Muriel, a five-year-old subject of King Edward, has been thought by her parents too young to feel the weight of the rod, and has been ruled by moral suasion alone. But when, the other day, she achieved disobedience three times in five minutes, more vigorous measures were called for, and her mother took an ivory paper-knife from the table and struck her smartly across her little bare legs. Muriel looked astounded. Her mother explained the reason for the blow. Muriel thought deeply for a moment. Then, turning toward the door with a grave and disapproving countenance, she announced in her clear little English voice:

"I'm going up-stairs to tell God about that paper-knife. And then I shall tell Jesus. And if *that* doesn't do, I shall put flannel on my legs!"

"Dennis," inquired Mr. Hogan, glancing up over the door of the post-office building, "what is the meanin' of thim letters 'MDCCCXCVIII'?"

"They mean 'eighteen hundred an' ninety-eight.'"

"Dennis, don't it sthrike you thot they're carryin' this shpellin' reform entoiirely too far?"

The officers' mess was discussing rifle shooting.

"I'll bet anyone here," said one young lieutenant, "that I can fire twenty shots at two hundred yards and call each shot correctly without waiting for the marker. I'll stake a box of cigars that I can."

"Done!" cried a major.

The whole mess was on hand early next morning to see the experiment tried.

The lieutenant fired.

"Miss," he calmly announced.

A second shot.

"Miss," he repeated.

A third shot.

"Miss."

"Here, there! Hold on!" protested the major. "What are you trying to do? You're not shooting for the target at all."

"Of course not," admitted the lieutenant. "I'm firing for those cigars." And he got them.

One Saturday, shortly before the close of business, Kuhn, Loeb and Company had occasion to send some bonds to J. Pierpont Morgan. As all the other employees had left, it was necessary to entrust the negro porter with the errand. He received careful instructions to take the valuable package to Mr. Morgan's office, and to insist upon giving it to "Mr. Morgan of J. P. Morgan and Company and to no one else."

By commendable persistence and many repetitions of his instructions he finally succeeded in reaching Mr. Morgan, who was in session with several other gentlemen in his private office.

"Ah wants to see Mr. Mawgan ob J. Piehpon' Mawgan an' Comp'ny," he doggedly insisted.

Mr. Morgan arose. "Well, I'm Mr. Morgan," he said. "Who are you?"

"Who—er—me?" stammered the porter. "Why, I'se de coon ob Kuhn, Loeb an' Comp'ny, an' heah's de papers Ah done brung yo'."

A young artist once persuaded Whistler to come and view his latest effort. The two stood before the canvas for some moments in silence. Finally the young man asked timidly, "Don't you think, sir, that this painting of mine is—well—er—tolerable?"

Whistler's eyes twinkled dangerously.

"What is your opinion of a tolerable egg?" he asked.

At a London dinner recently the conversation turned to the various methods of working employed by literary geniuses. Among the examples cited was that of a well-known poet, who, it was said, was wont to arouse his wife about four o'clock in the morning and exclaim, "Maria, get up; I've thought of a good word!" Whereupon the poet's obedient helpmate would crawl out of bed and make a note of the thought-of word.

About an hour later, like as not, a new inspiration would seize the bard, whereupon he would again arouse his wife, saying, "Maria, Maria, get up! I've thought of a better word!"

The company in general listened to the story with admiration, but a merry-eyed American girl remarked: "Well, if he'd been my husband I should have replied, 'Alpheus, get up yourself; I've thought of a bad word!'"

Everybody's Magazine

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WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

IT would be interesting to know how the Christmas numbers of the magazines came to be published a whole month before Christmas. The newspapers regularly publish Easter and Thanksgiving and Christmas numbers a week before the celebration; but the magazines issuing once a month must, in order to be as "progressive," publish special numbers anywhere from four to six weeks before the event. We are writing this on October 25th, just two months before Christmas Day, at 4.30 P.M. All day we have been wooing the Christmas spirit, trying to get ourselves into the frame of mind to wish you a Merry Christmas as heartily and sincerely as we should if we could meet you face to face bright and early Christmas morning. But it won't woo—and that's the truth. We tried to create an atmosphere of Christmas by walking out of doors without an overcoat to get the chill of December, then coming into the cosy house and an especially nice dinner, with ice-cream and all that; but a miserable fly, revived by the Indian summer, flicked across the tablecloth, and the illusion fled.

Along about three o'clock, by thinking of last Christmas—the good times and the presents—we were just getting into a nice, mellow imitation of the Christmas feeling when we happened to think that it takes two to make Christmas. We might write beautiful Christmas greetings on October 25th; but what would they mean to you when you read them about November 25th, and when you had not put in a whole day creating an atmosphere of Christmas but were probably thinking how to make this year's business as

good as last in spite of the panic, or whether you could afford to buy that new fur coat the wife wants?

CAINE'S TRIBUTE

But while it is true that very few men have as yet begun to think of Christmas, there are thousands of loving, forehanded women who are already planning for the dear time. Last Saturday we came across a miss of eight sitting deep in a grown-up's chair, industriously knitting. It was play-day, and we wondered. Questioning developed that it was to be an afghan for a dolly's carriage, a Christmas present for a little cousin in the West. Rather a nice picture, don't you think?—and a whole volume on Christmas.

Have you ever thought how intelligently we have timed our national holidays? On July 4th, and for weeks before, and after, our thought is love for our common country, when martial music and ringing addresses kindle anew the fires of patriotism. At Thanksgiving we stop long enough to consider our material prosperity and express our gratitude to the bountiful Giver. Then comes Christmas, the glad time, the dear time when all the world shows that it has a heart and is proud of it. And then when the rose light of the Christmas afterglow is dimming, and hearts are slipping back into hiding, and men are hardening up in the daily struggle, and the steady star of peace on earth is forgotten before the flaming star of conquest for position and gold, the Easter time is ushered in, pointing its hope to the hereafter and turning our thoughts from the

things that perish with time, to those that may weather eternity. Anyone who will observe these holidays as they come and go is likely to be a vigilant citizen, a faithful steward, a loyal brother, a good man. America teems with such men and women. Hall Caine in "My Story" says of America:

"I love its people because they are free, with a freedom which the rest of the world takes as by stealth, and they claim openly as their right. I love them because they are the most industrious, earnest, active, and ingenious people on the earth; because they are the most moral, religious, and, above all, the most sober people in the world; because, in spite of all shallow judgments of superficial observers, they are the most childlike in their national character, the easiest to move to laughter, the readiest to be touched to tears, the most absolutely true in their impulses, and the most generous in their applause. I love the men of America because their bearing towards the women is the finest chivalry I have yet seen anywhere, and I love the women because they can preserve an unquestioned purity with a frank and natural manner and a fine independence of sex."

It is a beautiful tribute, and we believe deserved. Only, he has done less than justice to our women—their tireless energy, their mental alertness, their splendid efforts in all uplift movements, their burning patriotism, their religious convictions, their superb idealism for their families and for themselves. The faithful observance of our holidays will help us to continue to merit such tribute.

AXES TO GRIND

Christmas is likely to be made a trying time by some folks. Some attempt to do too much, others are not forerhand like the little miss with her knitting. We give here a few hints which may help to make Christmas of 1908 a little easier for you. When you come to the last hint, please imagine that we are looking at you steadily with the right eye, while the left is closed. That is our little joker; but if our hints have not helped you, don't turn our grindstone.

1—Let the children, and *make* father, help. Your children will know what your brother's children want.

2—Make a list of all the folks to be remembered. Do it now. Divide the list among the members of the family, and let the ones whose judgment you doubt report plans before making purchases.

3—If you have a tree, make a lark instead of labor of decorating. Let all the adults help, and neighbors who have no children.

4—A gift is supposed to represent your wealth of affection, not your bank balance.

5—You will give more pleasure with a thoughtful gift than with an expensive one.

6—Getting a big show for the money may do for some wedding, but never for any Christmas.

7—If the panic or any other upset has made it impossible for you to give as usual, write letters instead. Your friends will like you all the better, sure.

8—Don't leave letters and cards till the last moment. Write them at your convenience and hold them till the proper time.

9—Mail everything to reach your friends before Christmas, and mark the packages "Open Christmas." Late guests and late Christmas packages are of a class.

10—Do your shopping early; you avoid the crowd; you help the merchant and salespeople, and you get a larger selection.

11—Wrap your gifts carefully and daintily. They give so much more pleasure than a sloppy package, evidently rushed as if you begrudged the time.

12—If you send cigars, discover his brand and don't send worse.

13—Remember the people who have served you.

14—Any poor near you?

15—And here is the joker: Remember that a year's subscription to EVERYBODY'S makes a splendid Christmas remembrance. May we send a beautiful Christmas card, inscribed as below, to a list of your friends? Send the names early enough to give us time to get the cards addressed and mailed.



REQUESTS

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

TO ANNOUNCE THAT

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

WILL BE SENT TO YOU FOR ONE YEAR

COMMENCING WITH

THE FIRST ISSUE OF THE NEW YEAR

THE PUBLISHERS

WISH TO JOIN THE DONOR IN THE HOPE

THAT YOU WILL RECEIVE FROM EVERY

NUMBER THE SAME ENJOYMENT

THAT PROMPTED THE GIFT

To

Christmas, and mark the packages are of a class your shopping early; for you help the merchant and you get a larger selection. Wrap your gifts carefully and not so much more pleasure in the package, evidently rushed at the time. If you send cigars, discover his to send worse. Remember the people who are poor near you? Here is the joker: Remember the description to EVERYBODY'S Christmas remembrance. A beautiful Christmas card follows, to a list of your friends. Comes early enough to get the cards addressed and mailed.



things that
may weather
serve the
likely
steward
America
Hall

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"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

The best results in shaving come from the constant use of Williams' Shaving Stick.

No other yields the same thick, creamy lather; no other keeps the face so soft and smooth.

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Williams' Shaving Stick comes in the Nickeled Box, Hinged Cover.

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